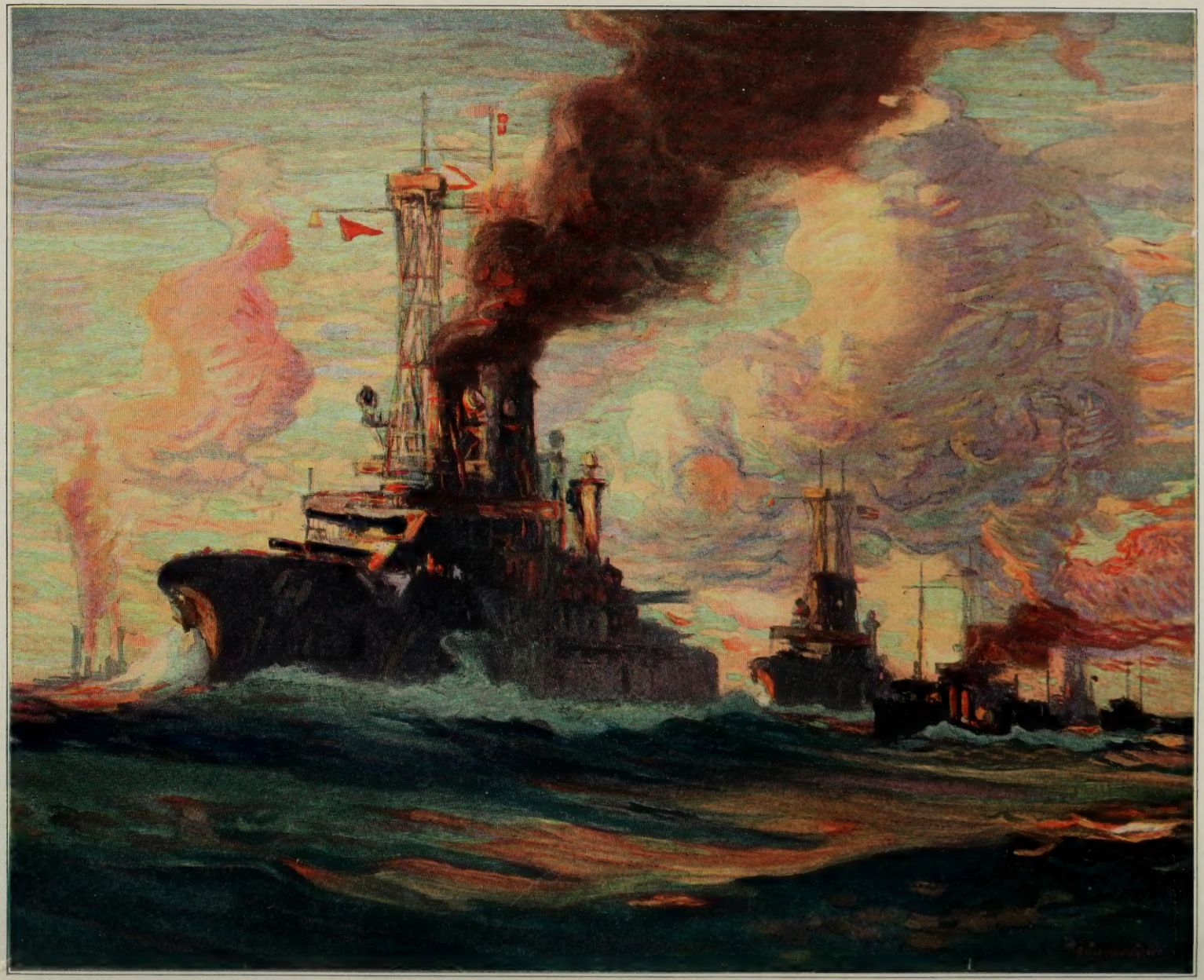
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THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

BY EDITH WHARTON

BOOK I

I

"UNDINE SPRAGG—how *can* you?" her mother wailed, raising a prematurely-wrinkled hand heavy with rings to defend the note which a languid "bell-boy" had just brought in.

But her defence was as feeble as her protest, and she continued to smile on her visitor while Miss Spragg, with a turn of her quick young fingers, possessed herself of the missive and withdrew to the window to read it.

"I guess it's meant for me," she merely threw over her shoulder at her mother.

"Did you *ever*, Mrs. Heeny?" Mrs. Spragg murmured with deprecating pride.

Mrs. Heeny, a stout professional-looking person in a waterproof, her rusty veil thrown back, and a shabby alligator bag at her feet, followed the mother's glance with good-humoured approval.

"I never met with a lovelier form," she agreed, answering the spirit rather than the letter of her hostess's enquiry.

Mrs. Spragg and her visitor were enthroned in two heavy gilt armchairs in one of the private drawing-rooms of the Hotel Stentorian. The Spragg rooms were known as one of the Looey suites, and the drawing-room walls, above their wainscoting of highly-varnished mahogany, were hung with salmon-pink damask and adorned with oval portraits of Marie Antoinette and the Princess de Lamballe. In the centre of the florid carpet a gilt table with a top of Mexican onyx sustained a palm in a gilt basket tied with a pink bow. But for this ornament, and a copy of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" which lay beside it, the room showed no traces of human use, and Mrs. Spragg herself wore as complete an air of detachment as if she had been a wax figure in a show-window. Her attire was fashionable enough to justify such a post, and her pale soft-cheeked face, with puffy eye-lids and drooping mouth, suggested a partially-melted wax figure which had run to double-chin.

Mrs. Heeny, in comparison, had a reassuring look of solidity and reality. The planting of her firm black bulk in its chair, and the grasp of her broad red hands on the gilt arms, bespoke an organized and self-reliant activity, accounted for by the fact that Mrs. Heeny was a "society" manicure and masseuse. Toward Mrs. Spragg and her daughter she filled the double rôle of manipulator and friend; and it was in the latter capacity that, her day's task ended, she had dropped in for a moment to "cheer up" the lonely ladies of the Stentorian.

The young girl whose "form" had won Mrs. Heeny's professional commendation suddenly shifted its lovely lines as she turned back from the window.

"Here—you can have it after all," she said, crumpling the note and tossing it with a contemptuous gesture into her mother's lap.

"Why—isn't it from Mr. Popple?" Mrs. Spragg exclaimed unguardedly.

"No—it isn't. What made you think I thought it was?" snapped her daughter; but the next instant she added, with an outbreak of childish disappointment: "It's only from Mr. Marvell's sister—at least she says she's his sister."

Mrs. Spragg, with a puzzled frown,

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groped for her eye-glass among the jet fringes of her tightly-girded front.

Mrs. Heeny's small blue eyes shot out sparks of curiosity. "Marvell—what Marvell is that?"

The girl explained languidly: "A little fellow—I think Mr. Popple said his name was Ralph"; while her mother continued: "Undine met them both last night at that party downstairs. And from something Mr. Popple said to her about going to one of the new plays, she thought——"

"How on earth do you know what I thought?" Undine flashed back, her grey eyes darting warnings at her mother under their straight black brows.

"Why, you *said* you thought—" Mrs. Spragg began reproachfully; but Mrs. Heeny, heedless of their bickerings, was pursuing her own train of thought.

"What Popple? Claud Walsingham Popple—the portrait painter?"

"Yes—I suppose so. He said he'd like to paint me. Mabel Lipscomb introduced him. I don't care if I never see him again," the girl said, bathed in angry pink.

"Do you know him, Mrs. Heeny?" Mrs. Spragg enquired.

"I should say I did. I manicured him for his first society portrait—a full-length of Mrs. Harmon B. Driscoll." Mrs. Heeny smiled indulgently on her hearers. "I know everybody. If they don't know *me* they ain't in it, and Claud Walsingham Popple's in it. But he ain't nearly *as* in it," she continued judicially, "as Ralph Marvell—the little fellow, as you call him."

Undine Spragg, at the word, swept round on the speaker with one of the quick turns that revealed her youthful flexibility. She was always doubling and twisting on herself, and every movement she made seemed to start at the nape of her neck, just below the lifted roll of reddish-gold hair, and flow without a break through her whole slim length to the tips of her fingers and the points of her slender restless feet.

"Why, do you know the Marvells? Are *they* stylish?" she asked.

Mrs. Heeny gave the discouraged gesture of a pedagogue who has vainly striven to implant the rudiments of knowledge in a rebellious mind.

"Why, Undine Spragg, I've told you all about them time and again! His mother was a Dagonet. They live with old Urban Dagonet down in Washington Square."

To Mrs. Spragg this conveyed even less than to her daughter. "Way down there? Why do they live with somebody else? Haven't they got the means to have a home of their own?"

Undine's perceptions were more rapid, and she fixed her eyes searchingly on Mrs. Heeny.

"Do you mean to say Mr. Marvell's as swell as Mr. Popple?"

"*As swell?* Why, Claud Walsingham Popple ain't in the same class with him!"

The girl was upon her mother with a spring, snatching and smoothing out the crumpled note.

"Laura Fairford—is that the sister's name?"

"Mrs. Henley Fairford; yes. What does she write about?"

Undine's face lit up as if a shaft of sunset had struck it through the triple-curtained windows of the Stentorian.

"She says she wants me to dine with her next Wednesday. Isn't it queer? Why does *she* want me? She's never seen me!" Her tone implied that she had long been accustomed to being "wanted" by those who had.

Mrs. Heeny laughed. "*He* saw you, didn't he?"

"Who? Ralph Marvell? Why, of course he did—Mr. Popple brought him to the party here last night."

"Well, there you are. . . When a young man in society wants to meet a girl again, he gets his sister to ask her."

Undine stared at her incredulously. "How queer! But they haven't all got sisters, have they? It must be fearfully poky for the ones that haven't."

"They get their mothers—or their married friends," said Mrs. Heeny omnisciently.

"Married gentlemen?" enquired Mrs. Spragg, slightly shocked, but genuinely desirous of mastering her lesson.

"Mercy, no! Married ladies."

"But are there never any gentlemen present?" pursued Mrs. Spragg, feeling that if this were the case Undine would be distinctly disappointed.

"Present where? At their dinners? Of

course—Mrs. Fairford gives the smartest little dinners in town. There was an account of one she gave last week in this morning's *Town Talk:* I guess it's right here among my clippings." Mrs. Heeny, swooping down suddenly on her bag, drew from it a handful of newspaper cuttings, which she spread on her ample lap and proceeded to sort with a moistened forefinger. "Here," she said, holding one of the slips at arm's length; and throwing back her head she read, in a slow unpunctuated chant: "'Mrs. Henley Fairford gave another of her natty little dinners last Wednesday as usual it was smart small and exclusive and there was much gnashing of teeth among the left-outs as Madame Olga Loukowska gave some of her new steppe dances after dinner'—that's the French for new dance steps," Mrs. Heeny concluded, thrusting the documents back into her bag.

"Do you know Mrs. Fairford too?" Undine asked eagerly; while Mrs. Spragg, impressed, but anxious for facts, pursued: "Does she reside on Fifth Avenue?"

"No, she has a little house in Thirty-eighth Street, down beyond Park Avenue."

The ladies' faces drooped again, and the masseuse went on promptly: "But they're glad enough to have her in the big houses!—Why, yes, I know her," she said, addressing herself to Undine. "I mass'd her for a sprained ankle a couple of years ago. She's got a lovely manner, but *no* conversation. Some of my patients converse exquisitely," Mrs. Heeny added with discrimination.

Undine was brooding over the note. "It *is* written to mother—Mrs. Abner E. Spragg—I never saw anything so funny! 'Will you *allow* your daughter to dine with me?' Allow! Is Mrs. Fairford peculiar?"

"No—you are," said Mrs. Heeny bluntly. "Don't you know it's the thing in the best society to pretend that girls can't do anything without their mothers' permission? You just remember that, Undine. You mustn't accept invitations from gentlemen without you say you've got to ask your mother first."

"Mercy! But how'll mother know what to say?"

"Why, she'll say what you tell her to, of course. You'd better tell her you want to dine with Mrs. Fairford," Mrs. Heeny added humorously, as she gathered her water-proof together and stooped for her bag.

"Have I got to write the note, then?" Mrs. Spragg asked with rising agitation.

Mrs. Heeny reflected. "Why, no. I guess Undine can write it as if it was from you. Mrs. Fairford don't know your writing."

This was an evident relief to Mrs. Spragg, and as Undine swept to her room with the note her mother sank back, murmuring plaintively: "Oh, don't go yet, Mrs. Heeny. I haven't seen a human being all day, and I can't seem to find anything to say to that French maid."

Mrs. Heeny looked at her hostess with friendly compassion. She was well aware that she was the only bright spot on Mrs. Spragg's horizon. Since the Spraggs, some two years previously, had moved from Apex City to New York, they had made little progress in establishing relations with their new environment; and when, about four months earlier, Mrs. Spragg's doctor had called in Mrs. Heeny to minister professionally to his patient, he had done more for her spirit than for her body. Mrs. Heeny had had such "cases" before: she knew the rich helpless family, stranded in lonely splendour in a sumptuous West Side hotel, with a father compelled to seek a semblance of social life at the hotel bar, and a mother deprived of even this contact with her kind, and reduced to illness by boredom and inactivity. Poor Mrs. Spragg had done her own washing in her youth, but since her rising fortunes had made this occupation unsuitable she had sunk into the relative inertia which the ladies of Apex City regarded as one of the tokens of affluence. At Apex, however, she had belonged to a social club, and, until they moved to the Mealey House, had been kept busy by the incessant struggle with domestic cares; whereas New York seemed to offer no field for any form of lady-like activity. She therefore took her exercise vicariously, with Mrs. Heeny's help; and Mrs. Heeny knew how to manipulate her imagination as well as her muscles. It was Mrs. Heeny who peopled the solitude of the long ghostly days with lively anecdotes of

the Van Degens, the Driscolls, the Chauncey Ellings and the other social potentates whose least doings Mrs. Spragg and Undine had followed from afar in the Apex papers, and who had come to seem so much more remote since only the width of the Central Park divided the mother and daughter from their Olympian portals.

Mrs. Spragg had no ambition for herself—she seemed to have transferred her whole personality to her child—but she was passionately resolved that Undine should have what she wanted, and she sometimes fancied that Mrs. Heeny, who crossed those sacred thresholds so familiarly, might some day gain admission for Undine.

"Well—I'll stay a little mite longer if you want; and supposing I was to rub up your nails while we're talking? It'll be more sociable," the masseuse suggested good-naturedly, lifting her bag to the table and covering its shiny onyx surface with bottles and polishers.

Mrs. Spragg consentingly slipped the rings from her small mottled hands. It was soothing to feel herself in Mrs. Heeny's grasp, and though she knew the attention would cost her three dollars she was secure in the sense that Abner wouldn't mind. It had been clear to Mrs. Spragg, ever since their rather precipitate departure from Apex City, that Abner was resolved not to mind—resolved at any cost to "see through" the New York adventure. It seemed likely now that the cost would be considerable. They had lived in New York for two years without any social benefit to their daughter; and it was of course for that purpose that they had come. If, at the time, there had been other and more pressing reasons, they were such as Mrs. Spragg and her husband never touched on, even in the gilded privacy of their bedroom at the Stentorian; and so completely had silence closed in on the subject that to Mrs. Spragg it had become non-existent: she really believed that, as Abner put it, they had left Apex because Undine was too big for the place.

She seemed as yet—poor child!—too small for New York: actually imperceptible to its heedless multitudes; and her mother trembled for the day when her invisibility should be borne in on her. Mrs. Spragg did not mind the long delay for herself—she had stores of lymphatic patience. But she had noticed lately that Undine was beginning to be nervous, and there was nothing that Undine's parents dreaded so much as her being nervous. Mrs. Spragg's maternal apprehensions unconsciously escaped in her next words.

"I do hope she'll quiet down now," she murmured, feeling quieter herself as her hand sank into Mrs. Heeny's roomy palm.

"Who's that? Undine?"

"Yes. She seemed so set on that Mr. Popple's coming round. From the way he acted last night she thought he'd be sure to come round this morning. She's so lonesome, poor child—I can't say as I blame her."

"Oh, he'll come round. Things don't happen as quick as that in New York," said Mrs. Heeny, driving her nail-polisher cheeringly.

Mrs. Spragg sighed again. "They don't appear to. They say New Yorkers are always in a hurry; but I can't say as they've hurried much to make our acquaintance."

Mrs. Heeny drew back to study the effect of her work. "You wait, Mrs. Spragg, you wait. If you go too fast you sometimes have to rip out the whole seam."

"Oh, that's so—that's *so!*" Mrs. Spragg exclaimed, with a tragic emphasis that made the masseuse glance up sharply.

"Of course it's so. And it's more so in New York than anywhere. The wrong set's like fly-paper: once you're in it you can pull and pull, but you'll never get out of it again."

Undine's mother heaved another and more helpless sigh. "I wish *you'd* tell Undine that, Mrs. Heeny."

"Oh, I guess Undine's all right. A girl like her can afford to wait. And if young Marvell's really taken with her she'll have the run of the place in no time."

This solacing thought enabled Mrs. Spragg to yield herself unreservedly to Mrs. Heeny's ministrations, which were prolonged for a happy confidential hour; and she had just bidden the masseuse good-bye, and was restoring the rings to her fingers, when the door opened to admit her husband.

Mr. Spragg came in silently, setting his

high hat down on the centre-table, and laying his overcoat across one of the gilt chairs. He was tallish, grey-bearded and somewhat stooping, with the slack figure of the sedentary man who would be stout if he were not dyspeptic; and his cautious grey eyes with pouch-like underlids had straight black brows like his daughter's. His thin hair was worn a little too long over his coat collar, and a Masonic emblem dangled from the heavy gold chain which crossed his crumpled black waistcoat.

He stood still in the middle of the room, casting a slow pioneering glance about its gilded void; then he said gently: "Well, mother?"

Mrs. Spragg remained seated, but her eyes dwelt on him affectionately.

"Undine's been asked out to a dinner-party; and Mrs. Heeny says it's to one of the first families. It's the sister of one of the gentlemen that Mabel Lipscomb introduced her to last night."

There was a mild triumph in her tone, for it was owing to her insistence and Undine's that Mr. Spragg had been induced to give up the house they had bought in West End Avenue, and move with his family to the Stentorian. Undine had early decided that they could not hope to get on while they "kept house"—all the fashionable people she knew either boarded or lived in hotels. Mrs. Spragg was easily induced to take the same view, but Mr. Spragg had resisted, being at the moment unable either to sell his house or to let it as advantageously as he had hoped. After the move was made it seemed for a time as though he had been right, and the first social steps would be as difficult to make in a hotel as in one's own house; and Mrs. Spragg was therefore eager to have him know that Undine really owed her first invitation to a meeting under the roof of the Stentorian.

"You see we were right to come here, Abner," she added, and he absently rejoined: "I guess you two always manage to be right."

But his face remained unsmiling, and instead of seating himself and lighting his cigar, as he usually did before dinner, he took two or three aimless turns about the room, and then paused in front of his wife.

"What's the matter—anything wrong down town?" she asked, her eyes reflecting his anxiety.

Mrs. Spragg's knowledge of what went on "down town" was of the most elementary kind, but her husband's face was the barometer in which she had long been accustomed to read the leave to go on unrestrictedly, or the warning to pause and abstain till the coming storm should be weathered.

He shook his head. "N—no. Nothing worse than what I can see to, if you and Undine will go steady for a while." He paused and looked across the room at his daughter's door. "Where is she—out?"

"I guess she's in her room, going over her dresses with that French maid. I don't know as she's got anything fit to wear to that dinner," Mrs. Spragg added in a tentative murmur.

Mr. Spragg smiled at last. "Well—I guess she *will* have," he said prophetically.

He glanced again at his daughter's door, as if to make sure of its being shut; then, standing close before his wife, he lowered his voice to say: "I saw Elmer Moffatt down town today."

"Oh, Abner!" A wave of almost physical apprehension passed over Mrs. Spragg. Her jewelled hands trembled in her black brocade lap, and the pulpy curves of her face collapsed as if it were a pricked balloon.

"Oh, Abner," she moaned again, her eyes also on her daughter's door.

Mr. Spragg's black eyebrows gathered in an angry frown, but it was evident that his anger was not against his wife.

"What's the good of Oh Abner-ing? Elmer Moffatt's nothing to us—no more'n if we never laid eyes on him."

"No—I know it; but what's he doing here? Did you speak to him?" she faltered.

He slipped his thumbs into his waistcoat pockets. "No—I guess Elmer and I are pretty well talked out."

Mrs. Spragg took up her moan. "Don't you tell her you saw him, Abner."

"I'll do as you say; but she may meet him herself."

"Oh, I guess not—not in this new set she's going with! Don't tell her *anyhow*."

He turned away, feeling for one of the cigars which he always carried loose in his pocket; and his wife, rising, stole after him, and laid her hand on his arm.

"He can't do anything to her, can he?"

"Do anything to her?" He swung about furiously. "I'd like to see him touch her—that's all!"

II

UNDINE'S white and gold bedroom, with sea-green panels and old rose carpet, looked along Seventy-second Street toward the leafless tree-tops of the Central Park.

She went to the window, and drawing back its many layers of lace gazed eastward down the long brown-stone perspective. Beyond the Park lay Fifth Avenue —and Fifth Avenue was where she wanted to be!

She turned back into the room, and going to her writing-table laid Mrs. Fairford's note before her, and began to study it minutely. She had read in the "Boudoir Chat" of one of the Sunday papers that the smartest women were using the new pigeon-blood note-paper with white ink; and rather against her mother's advice she had ordered a large supply, with her monogram in silver. It was a disappointment, therefore, to find that Mrs. Fairford wrote on the old-fashioned white sheet, without even a monogram—simply her address and telephone number. It gave Undine rather a poor opinion of Mrs. Fairford's social standing, and for a moment she thought with considerable satisfaction of answering the note on her pigeon-blood paper. Then she remembered Mrs. Heeny's emphatic commendation of Mrs. Fairford, and her pen wavered. What if white paper were really newer than pigeon-blood? It might be more stylish, anyhow. Well, she didn't care if Mrs. Fairford didn't like red paper—*she* did! And she wasn't going to truckle to any woman who lived in a small house down beyond Park Avenue. . .

Undine was fiercely independent and yet passionately imitative. She wanted to surprise every one by her dash and originality, but she could not help modelling herself on the last person she met, and the confusion of ideals thus produced caused her much perturbation when she had to choose between two courses. She hesitated a moment longer, and then drew from the drawer a plain sheet with the hotel address.

It was amusing to write the note in her mother's name—she giggled as she formed the phrase "I shall be happy to permit my daughter to take dinner with you" ("take dinner" seemed more elegant than Mrs. Fairford's "dine")—but when she came to the signature she was met by a new difficulty. Mrs. Fairford had signed herself "Laura Fairford"—just as one schoolgirl would write to another. But could this be a proper model for Mrs. Spragg? Undine could not tolerate the thought of her mother's abasing herself to a denizen of regions beyond Park Avenue, and she resolutely formed the signature: "Sincerely, Mrs. Abner E. Spragg." Then uncertainty overcame her, and she re-wrote her note and copied Mrs. Fairford's formula: "Yours sincerely, Leota B. Spragg." But this struck her as an odd juxtaposition of formality and freedom, and she made a third attempt: "Yours with love, Leota B. Spragg." This, however, seemed excessive, as the ladies had never met; and after several other experiments she finally decided on a compromise, and ended the note: "Yours sincerely, Mrs. Leota B. Spragg." That might be conventional, Undine reflected, but it was certainly correct.

This point settled, she flung open her door, calling imperiously down the passage: "Céleste!" and adding, as the French maid appeared: "I want to look over all my dinner-dresses."

Considering the extent of Miss Spragg's wardrobe her dinner-dresses were not many. She had ordered a number the year before but, vexed at her lack of use for them, had tossed them over impatiently to the maid. Since then, indeed, she and Mrs. Spragg had succumbed to the abstract pleasure of buying two or three more, simply because they were too exquisite and Undine looked too lovely in them; but she had grown tired of these also—tired of seeing them hang unworn in her wardrobe, like so many derisive points of interrogation. And now, as Céleste spread them out on the bed, they seemed disgustingly common-place, and as famil-

iar as if she had danced them to shreds. Nevertheless, she yielded to the maid's persuasions and tried them on.

The first and second did not gain by prolonged inspection: they looked old-fashioned already. "It's something about the sleeves," Undine grumbled as she threw them aside.

The third was certainly the prettiest; but then it was the one she had worn at the hotel dance the night before, and the impossibility of wearing it again within the week was too obvious for discussion. Yet she enjoyed looking at herself in it, for it reminded her of her sparkling passages with Claud Walsingham Popple, and her quieter but more fruitful talk with his little friend—the young man she had hardly noticed.

"You can go, Céleste—I'll take off the dress myself," she said: and when Céleste had passed out, laden with discarded finery, Undine bolted her door, dragged the tall pier-glass forward and, rummaging in a drawer for fan and gloves, swept to a seat before the mirror with the air of a lady arriving at an evening party. Céleste, before leaving, had drawn down the blinds and turned on the electric light, and the white and gold room, with its blazing wall-brackets, formed a sufficiently brilliant background to carry out the illusion. So untempered a glare would have been destructive to all half-tones and subtleties of modelling; but Undine's beauty was as vivid, and almost as crude, as the brightness suffusing it. Her black brows, her reddish-tawny hair and the pure red and white of her complexion defied the searching decomposing radiance: she might have been some fabled creature whose home was in a beam of light.

Undine, as a child, had taken but a lukewarm interest in the diversions of her playmates. Even in the early days when she had lived with her parents in a ragged outskirt of Apex, and hung on the fence with Indiana Frusk, the freckled daughter of the plumber "across the way," she had cared little for dolls or skipping-ropes, and still less for the riotous games in which the loud Indiana played Atalanta to all the boyhood of the quarter. Already Undine's chief delight was to "dress up" in her mother's Sunday skirt and "play lady" before the wardrobe mirror. The taste had outlasted childhood, and she still practised the same secret pantomime, gliding in, settling her skirts, swaying her fan, moving her lips in soundless talk and laughter; but lately she had shrunk from everything that reminded her of her baffled social yearnings. Now, however, she could yield without afterthought to the joy of dramatizing her beauty. Within a few days she would be enacting the scene she was now mimicking; and it amused her to see in advance just what impression she would produce on Mrs. Fairford's guests.

For a while she carried on her chat with an imaginary circle of admirers, twisting this way and that, fanning, fidgeting, twitching at her draperies, as she did in real life when people were noticing her. Her incessant movements were not the result of shyness: she thought it the correct thing to be animated in society, and noise and restlessness were her only notion of vivacity. She therefore watched herself approvingly, admiring the light on her hair, the flash of teeth between her smiling lips, the pure shadows of her throat and shoulders as she passed from one attitude to another. Only one fact disturbed her: there was a hint of too much fulness in the curves of her neck and in the spring of her hips. She was tall enough to carry off a little extra weight, but excessive slimness was the fashion, and she shuddered at the thought that she might some day deviate from the perpendicular.

Presently she ceased to twist and sparkle at her image, and sinking into her chair gave herself up to retrospection. She was vexed, in looking back, to think how little notice she had taken of young Marvell, who turned out to be so much less negligible than his brilliant friend. She remembered thinking him rather shy, less accustomed to society; and though in his quiet deprecating way he had said one or two droll things he lacked Mr. Popple's masterly manner, his domineering yet caressing address. When Mr. Popple had fixed his black eyes on Undine, and murmured something "artistic" about the colour of her hair, she had thrilled to the depths of her being. Even now it seemed incredible that he should not turn out to be more distinguished than young Marvell: he seemed so much more in the

key of the world she read about in the Sunday papers—the dazzling auriferous world of the Van Degens, the Driscolls and their peers.

She was roused by the sound in the hall of her mother's last words to Mrs. Heeny. Undine waited till their adieux were over; then, darting out into the passage, she seized the astonished masseuse and dragged her into the room.

Mrs. Heeny gazed in admiration at the luminous apparition in whose hold she found herself.

"Mercy, Undine—you do look stunning! Are you trying on your dress for Mrs. Fairford's?"

"Yes—no—this is only an old thing." The girl's eyes glittered under their black brows. "Mrs. Heeny, you've got to tell me the truth—*are* they as swell as you said?"

"Who? The Fairfords and Marvells? If they ain't swell enough for you, Undine Spragg, you'd better go right over to the court of England!"

Undine straightened herself. "I want the best. Are they as swell as the Driscolls and Van Degens?"

Mrs. Heeny sounded a scornful laugh. "Look at here, now, you unbelieving girl! As sure as I'm standing here before you, I've seen Mrs. Harmon B. Driscoll of Fifth Avenue laying in her pink velvet bed with Honiton lace sheets on it, and crying her eyes out because she couldn't get asked to one of Mrs. Paul Marvell's musicals. She'd never 'a dreamt of being asked to a dinner there! Not all of her money couldn't 'a bought her that—and she knows it!"

Undine stood for a moment with bright cheeks and parted lips; then she flung her soft arms about the masseuse.

"Oh, Mrs. Heeny—you're lovely to me!" she breathed, her lips on Mrs. Heeny's rusty veil; while the latter, freeing herself with a good-natured laugh, said as she turned away: "Go steady, Undine, and you'll get anywheres."

Go steady, Undine! Yes, that was the advice she needed. Sometimes, in her dark moods, she blamed her parents for not having given it to her. She was so young . . . and they had told her so little! As she looked back she shuddered at some of her escapes. Even since they had come to New York she had been on the verge of one or two perilous adventures, and there had been a moment during their first winter when she had actually engaged herself to the handsome Austrian riding-master who accompanied her in the Park. He had carelessly shown her a card-case with a coronet, and had confided in her that he had been forced to resign from a crack cavalry regiment for fighting a duel about a Countess; and as a result of these confidences she had pledged herself to him, and bestowed on him her pink pearl ring in exchange for one of twisted silver, which he said the Countess had given him on her deathbed with the request that he should never take it off till he met a woman more beautiful than herself.

Soon afterward, luckily, Undine had run across Mabel Lipscomb, whom she had known at a middle western boarding-school as Mabel Blitch. Miss Blitch occupied a position of distinction as the only New York girl at the school, and for a time there had been sharp rivalry for her favour between Undine and Indiana Frusk, whose parents had somehow contrived—for one term—to obtain her admission to the same establishment. In spite of Indiana's unscrupulous methods, and of a certain violent way she had of capturing attention, the victory remained with Undine, whom Mabel pronounced more refined; and the discomfited Indiana, denouncing her schoolmates as a "bunch of mushes," had disappeared forever from the scene of her defeat.

Since then Mabel had returned to New York and married a stock-broker; and Undine's first steps in social enlightenment dated from the day when she had met Mrs. Harry Lipscomb, and been again taken under her wing.

Harry Lipscomb had insisted on investigating the riding-master's record, and had found that his real name was Aaronson, and that he had left Cracow under a charge of swindling servant-girls out of their savings; in the light of which discoveries Undine noticed for the first time that his lips were too red and that his hair was pommaded. That was one of the episodes that sickened her as she looked back, and made her resolve once more to trust less to her impulses—espe-

cially in the matter of giving away rings. Since then, however, she thought she had learned a good deal, especially since, by Mabel Lipscomb's advice, the Spraggs had moved to the Stentorian, where that lady was herself established.

There was nothing of the monopolist about Mabel, and she lost no time in making Undine free of the Stentorian group and its affiliated branches: a society addicted to "days," and linked together by membership in countless clubs, mundane, cultural or "earnest." Mabel took Undine to the days, and introduced her as a "guest" to the club-meetings, where she was supported by the presence of many other guests—"my friend Miss Stager, of Phalanx, Georgia," or (if the lady were literary) simply "my friend Ora Prance Chettle of Nebraska—you know what Mrs. Chettle stands for."

Some of these reunions took place in the lofty hotels moored like a sonorously-named fleet of battle-ships along the upper reaches of the West Side: the Olympian, the Incandescent, the Ormolu; while others, perhaps the more exclusive, were held in the equally lofty but more romantically styled apartment-houses: the Parthenon, the Tintern Abbey or the Lido. Undine's preference was for the worldly parties, at which games were played, and she returned home laden with prizes in Dutch silver; but she was duly impressed by the debating clubs, where ladies of local distinction addressed the company from an improvised platform, or the members argued on subjects of such imperishable interest as: "What is charm?" or "The Problem-Novel"—after which pink lemonade and rainbow sandwiches were consumed amid heated discussion of the "ethical aspect" of the question.

It was all very novel and interesting, and at first Undine envied Mabel Lipscomb for having made herself a place in such circles; but in time she began to despise her for being content to remain there. For it did not take Undine long to learn that introduction to Mabel's "set" had brought her no nearer to Fifth Avenue. Even in Apex, Undine's tender imagination had been nurtured on the feats and gestures of Fifth Avenue. She knew all of New York's golden aristocracy by name, and the lineaments of its most distinguished scions had been made familiar by passionate poring over the daily press. In Mabel's world she sought in vain for the originals, and only now and then caught a tantalizing glimpse of one of their familiars: as when Claud Walsingham Popple, engaged on the portrait of a lady whom the Lipscombs described as "the wife of a Steel Magnet," felt it his duty to attend one of his client's teas, where it became Mabel's privilege to make his acquaintance and to name to him her friend Miss Spragg.

Unsuspected social gradations were thus revealed to the attentive Undine, but she was beginning to think that her sad proficiency had been acquired in vain when her hopes were revived by the appearance of Mr. Popple and his friend at the Stentorian dance. She thought she had learned enough to be safe from any risk of repeating the hideous Aaronson mistake; yet she now saw she had blundered again in distinguishing Claud Walsingham Popple while she almost snubbed his more retiring companion. It was all very puzzling, and her perplexity had been farther increased by Mrs. Heeny's tale of the great Mrs. Harmon B. Driscoll's despair.

Hitherto Undine had imagined that the Driscoll and Van Degen clans and their allies held undisputed suzerainty over New York society. Mabel Lipscomb thought so too, and was given to bragging of her acquaintance with a Mrs. Spoff, who was merely a second cousin of Mrs. Harmon B. Driscoll's. Yet here was she, Undine Spragg of Apex, about to be introduced into an inner circle to which Driscolls and Van Degens had laid siege in vain! It was enough to make her feel a little dizzy with her triumph—to work her up into that state of perilous self-confidence in which all her worst follies had been committed.

She stood up and, going close to the glass, gazed at the reflection of her bright eyes and glowing cheeks. This time her fears were superfluous: there were to be no more mistakes and no more follies now! She was going to know the right people at last—she was going to get what she wanted!

As she stood there, smiling at her happy image, the sound of her father's voice

came from the room beyond, and instantly she began to tear off her dress, strip the long gloves from her arms and unpin the rose in her hair. Tossing the fallen finery aside, she slipped on a dressing-gown and opened the door into the drawing-room.

At the farther end of the room she saw Mr. Spragg standing near her mother, who sat in a drooping attitude, her head sunk on her breast, as she did when she had one of her "turns." Mr. Spragg looked up abruptly as Undine entered.

"Father—has mother told you? Mrs. Fairford has asked me to dine. She's Mrs. Paul Marvell's daughter—Mrs. Marvell was a Dagonet—and they're sweller than anybody; they *won't know* the Driscolls and Van Degens!"

Mr. Spragg surveyed her with humorous fondness.

"That so? What do they want to know you for, I wonder?" he jeered.

"Can't imagine—unless they think I'll introduce *you!*" she jeered back in the same key, her arms around his stooping shoulders, her shining hair against his cheek.

"Well—and are you going to? Have you accepted?" he took up her joke as she held him pinioned; while Mrs. Spragg, behind them, stirred in her seat with a little moan.

Undine threw back her head, plunging her eyes in his, and pressing so close that to his tired elderly sight her face was a mere bright blur.

"I want to, awfully," she declared, "but I haven't got a single thing to wear."

Mrs. Spragg, at this, moaned more audibly. "Undine, I wouldn't ask father to buy any more clothes right on top of those last bills," she said.

"I ain't on top of those last bills yet—I'm way down under them," Mr. Spragg interrupted jocosely, raising his hands to his shoulders and imprisoning his daughter's slender wrists.

"Oh, well—if you want me to look like a scarecrow, and not get asked again, I've got a dress that'll do *perfectly*," Undine threatened, in a tone between banter and vexation.

Mr. Spragg held her away at arm's length, a smile drawing up the loose wrinkles about his eyes.

"Well, that kind of dress might come in mighty handy on *some* occasions; so I guess you'd better hold on to it for future use, and go and select another for this Fairford dinner," he said; and before he could finish he was in her arms again, and she was smothering his last word in little cries and kisses.

III

Though she would not for the world have owned it to her parents, Undine was disappointed in the Fairford dinner.

The house, to begin with, was small and rather shabby. There was no gilding, no lavish diffusion of light: the room they sat in after dinner, with its green-shaded lamps making faint pools of brightness, and its rows of books from floor to ceiling, reminded Undine of the old circulating library at Apex, before the new marble building was put up. Then, instead of a gas-log, or a polished grate with electric bulbs behind ruby glass, there was an old-fashioned wood-fire, like pictures of "Back to the farm for Christmas"; and when the logs fell forward Mrs. Fairford or her brother had to jump up to push them in place, and the ashes scattered messily over the hearth.

The dinner too was disappointing. Undine was not of an age to take note of culinary details, but she had expected a table adorned with orchids, and pretty-coloured *entrées* served up in ruffled papers. Instead, there was only a low centre-dish of ferns, and plain roasted and broiled meats that one could recognize—as if they'd all been dyspeptics on a diet! With all the hints in the Sunday papers, she thought it dull of Mrs. Fairford not to have picked up something newer; and as the evening progressed she began to suspect that it wasn't a real "dinner party" at all, but that they had just asked her in to share what they had when they were alone.

But a glance about the table convinced her that Mrs. Fairford could not have meant to treat her other guests so lightly. They were only eight in number, but one was no less a person than young Mrs. Peter Van Degen—the one who had been a Dagonet—and the consideration which this young lady, herself one of the choicest

ornaments of the Society Column, displayed toward the rest of the company, convinced Undine that they must be more important than they looked. She liked Mrs. Fairford, a small incisive woman, with a big nose and good teeth revealed by frequent smiles. In her dowdy black and antiquated ornaments, she was not what Undine would have called "stylish"; but she had a kind droll merry way which reminded the girl of her father's manner when he was not tired or worried about money. One of the other ladies, having white hair, did not long arrest Undine's attention; and the fourth, a girl like herself, who was introduced as Miss Harriet Ray, she dismissed at a glance as plain and wearing a last year's "model." The men, too, were less striking than she had hoped. She had not expected much of Mr. Fairford, since married men were intrinsically uninteresting, and his baldness and grey moustache seemed naturally to relegate him to the background; but she had looked for some brilliant youths of her own age—in her inmost heart she had looked for Mr. Popple. He was not there, however, and of the other men one, whom they called Mr. Bowen, was hopelessly elderly—she supposed he was the husband of the white-haired lady—and the other two, who seemed to be friends of young Marvell's, were both destitute of Claud Walsingham's dash.

Undine sat between Mr. Bowen and young Marvell, who struck her as very "sweet" (it was her word for friendliness), but even shyer and quieter than at the hotel dance. Yet she was not sure if it were shyness, or only a new kind of self-possession which expressed itself negatively instead of aggressively. Small, well-knit, fair, he sat stroking his slight blond moustache and looking at her with kindly, almost tender eyes; but he left it to his sister and the others to draw her out and fit her into the pattern.

Mrs. Fairford talked so well that the girl wondered why Mrs. Heeny had found her lacking in conversation. But though Undine thought silent people awkward she was not easily impressed by verbal fluency. All the ladies in Apex City were more voluble than Mrs. Fairford, and had a larger vocabulary: the difference was that with Mrs. Fairford conversation seemed to be a concert and not a solo. She kept drawing in the others, giving each a turn, beating time for them with her smile, and somehow harmonizing and linking together what they said. She took particular pains to give Undine her due part in the performance; but the girl's expansive impulses were balanced by odd reactions of mistrust, and to-night the latter prevailed. She meant to watch and listen without letting herself go, and she sat very straight and pink, answering promptly but briefly, with the nervous laugh that punctuated all her phrases—saying "I don't care if I do" when her host asked her to try some grapes, and "I wouldn't wonder" when she thought her interlocutors were trying to astonish her.

This state of intense lucidity enabled her to take note of all that was being said. The talk ran more on general questions, and less on people, than she was used to; but though the allusions to pictures and books escaped her, she caught and stored up every personal reference, and the pink in her cheeks deepened suddenly at a random mention of Mr. Popple.

"Yes—he's doing me," Mrs. Peter Van Degen was saying, in her slightly drawling voice. "He's doing everybody this year, you know——"

"As if that were a reason!" Undine heard Mrs. Fairford breathe to Mr. Bowen; who replied, at the same pitch: "It's a Van Degen reason, isn't it?"—to which Mrs. Fairford shrugged assentingly.

"That delightful Popple—he paints so exactly as he talks!" the white-haired lady took the theme up gaily. "All his portraits seem to proclaim what a gentleman he is, and how he fascinates women! They're not pictures of Mrs. or Miss So-and-so, but simply of the impression Popple thinks he's made on them."

Mrs. Fairford smiled. "I've sometimes thought," she mused, "that Mr. Popple must be the only gentleman I know; at least he's the only man who has ever told me he was a gentleman—and Mr. Popple never fails to mention it."

Undine's ear was too well attuned to the national note of irony for her not to perceive that for some incomprehensible reason her companions were making sport of the painter. She winced at their banter as if it had been at her own expense, yet

it gave her a dizzy sense of being at last in the very stronghold of fashion. Her attention was diverted by hearing Mrs. Van Degen, under cover of the general laugh, say in a low tone to young Marvell: "I thought you liked his things, or I wouldn't have had him paint me."

Something in her tone made all Undine's perceptions bristle, and she strained her ears for the answer.

"I think he'll do you capitally—you must let me come and see some day soon." Marvell's tone was always so light, so unemphasized, that she could not be sure of its being as indifferent as it sounded. She looked down at the fruit on her plate and shot a side-glance through her lashes at Mrs. Peter Van Degen.

Mrs. Van Degen was neither beautiful nor imposing: just a dark girlish-looking creature with plaintive eyes and a fidgety frequent laugh. But she was more elaborately dressed and jewelled than the other ladies, and her elegance and her restlessness made her seem less alien to Undine. She had turned on Marvell a gaze at once pleading and possessive; but whether betokening merely an inherited intimacy (Undine had noticed that they were all more or less cousins) or a more personal feeling, her observer was unable to decide; just as the tone of the young man's reply might have expressed the open avowal of good-fellowship or the disguise of a different sentiment. All was blurred and puzzling to the girl in this world of half-lights, half-tones, eliminations and abbreviations; and she felt a violent longing to brush away the cobwebs and assert herself as the dominant figure of the scene.

Yet in the drawing-room, with the ladies, where Mrs. Fairford came and sat by her, the spirit of caution once more prevailed. She wanted to be noticed but she dreaded to be patronized, and here again her hostess's gradations of tone were confusing. Mrs. Fairford made no tactless allusions to her being a newcomer in New York—there was nothing as bitter to the girl as that—but her questions as to what pictures had interested Undine at the various exhibitions of the moment, and which of the new books she had read, were almost as open to suspicion, since they had to be answered in the negative. Undine did not even know that there were any pictures to be seen, much less that "people" went to see them; and she had read no new book but "When The Kissing Had to Stop," of which Mrs. Fairford seemed not to have heard. On the theatre they were equally at odds, for while Undine had seen "Oolaloo" fourteen times, and was "wild" about Ned Norris in "The Soda-Water Fountain," she had not heard of the famous Berlin comedians who were performing Shakespeare at the German Theatre, and knew only by name the clever American actress who was trying to give "repertory" plays with a good stock company. The conversation was revived for a moment by her recalling that she had seen Sarah Burnhard in a play she called "Leg-long," and another which she pronounced "Fade"; but even this did not carry them far, as she had forgotten what both plays were about and had found the actress a good deal older than she expected.

Matters were not improved by the return of the men from the smoking-room. Henley Fairford at once replaced his wife at Undine's side; and since it was unheard-of at Apex for a married man to force his society on a young girl, she inferred that the others didn't care to talk to her, and that her host and hostess were in league to take her off their hands. This discovery resulted in her holding her vivid head very high, and answering "I couldn't really say," or "Is that so?" to all Mr. Fairford's ventures; and as these were neither numerous nor striking it was a relief to both when the rising of the elderly lady gave the signal for departure.

In the hall, where young Marvell had managed to precede her, Undine found Mrs. Van Degen putting on her cloak. As she gathered it about her she laid her hand on Marvell's arm.

"Ralphie, dear, you'll come to the opera with me on Friday? We'll dine together first—Peter's got a club dinner." They exchanged what seemed a smile of intelligence, and Undine heard the young man accept. Then Mrs. Van Degen turned to her.

"Goodbye, Miss Spragg. I hope you'll come—"

"—*to dine with me too?*" That must be what she was going to say, and Undine's heart gave a bound.

"—to see me some afternoon," Mrs. Van Degen ended, descending the steps to her motor, at the door of which a much-furred footman waited with more furs on his arm.

Undine's face burned as she turned to receive her cloak. When she had drawn it on with haughty deliberation she found Marvell at her side, in hat and overcoat, and her heart gave a higher bound. He was going to "escort" her home, of course! This brilliant youth—she felt now that he *was* brilliant—who dined alone with married women, whom the "Van Degen set" called "Ralphie, dear," had really no eyes for any one but herself; and at the thought her lost self-complacency flowed back warm through her veins.

A sleety rain had coated the street with ice, and she had a delicious moment descending the steps on Marvell's arm, and holding it fast while they waited for her cab to come up; but when he had helped her in he closed the door on her and held his hand out over the lowered window.

"Goodbye," he said, smiling; and she could not help the break of pride in her voice, as she faltered out stupidly, from the depths of her disillusionment: "Oh—goodbye."

IV

"Father, you've got to take a box for me at the opera next Friday."

From the tone of her voice Undine's parents knew at once that she was "nervous."

They had counted a great deal on the Fairford dinner as a means of tranquillization, and it was a blow to detect signs of the opposite result when, late the next morning, their daughter came dawdling into the sodden splendours of the Stentorian breakfast-room.

The symptoms of Undine's nervousness were unmistakable to Mr. and Mrs. Spragg. They could read the approaching storm in the darkening of her eyes from limpid grey to slate-colour, and in the way her straight black brows met above them and the red curves of her lips narrowed to a parallel line below.

Mr. Spragg, having finished the last course of his heterogeneous meal, was adjusting his gold eye-glasses for a glance at the paper when Undine trailed down the magnificent stuffy room, where stale coffee-fumes hung perpetually under the emblazoned ceiling and the spongy carpet might have absorbed a year's crumbs without a sweeping.

About them sat other pallid families, richly dressed, and silently eating their way through a bill-of-fare which seemed to have ransacked the globe for gastronomic incompatibilities; and in the middle of the room a knot of equally pallid waiters, engaged in languid conversation, turned their backs by common consent on the persons they were supposed to serve.

Undine, who rose too late to share the family breakfast, usually had her chocolate brought to her in bed by Céleste, after the manner described in the articles on "A Society Woman's Day" which were appearing in *Boudoir Chat*. Her mere appearance in the restaurant therefore prepared her parents for those symptoms of excessive tension which a nearer inspection confirmed, and Mr. Spragg folded his paper and hooked his glasses to his waistcoat with the air of a man who prefers to know the worst and have it over.

"An opera box!" faltered Mrs. Spragg, pushing aside the bananas and cream with which she had been trying to tempt an appetite too languid for fried liver or crab mayonnaise.

"A parterre box," Undine corrected, ignoring the exclamation, and continuing to address herself to her father. "Friday's the stylish night, and that new tenor's going to sing again in 'Cavaleeria'," she condescended to explain.

"That so?" Mr. Spragg thrust his hands into his waistcoat pockets, and began to tilt his chair till he remembered there was no wall to meet it. He regained his balance and said: "Wouldn't a couple of good orchestra seats do you?"

"No; they wouldn't," Undine answered with a darkening brow.

He looked at her humorously. "You invited the whole dinner-party, I suppose?"

"No—no one."

"Going all alone in a box?" She was disdainfully silent. "I don't s'pose you're thinking of taking mother and me?"

This was so obviously comic that they

all laughed—even Mrs. Spragg—and Undine went on more mildly: "I want to do something for Mabel Lipscomb: make some return. She's always taking me 'round, and I've never done a thing for her—not a single thing."

This appeal to the national belief in the duty of reciprocal "treating" could not fail of its effect, and Mrs. Spragg murmured: "She never *has*, Abner,"—but Mr. Spragg's brow remained unrelenting.

"Do you know what a box costs?"

"No; but I s'pose you do," Undine returned with unconscious flippancy.

"I do. That's the trouble. *Why* won't seats do you?"

"Mabel could buy seats for herself."

"That's so," interpolated Mrs. Spragg—always the first to succumb to her daughter's arguments.

"Well, I guess I can't buy a box for her."

Undine's face gloomed more deeply. She sat silent, her chocolate thickening in the cup, while one hand, almost as much beringed as her mother's, drummed on the crumpled table-cloth.

"We might as well go straight back to Apex," she breathed at last between her teeth.

Mrs. Spragg cast a frightened glance at her husband. These struggles between two resolute wills always brought on her palpitations, and she wished she had her phial of digitalis with her.

"A parterre box costs a hundred and twenty-five dollars a night," said Mr. Spragg, transferring a tooth-pick to his waistcoat pocket.

"I only want it once."

He looked at her with a quizzical puckering of his crows'-feet. "You only want most things once, Undine," he remarked.

It was an observation they had made in her earliest youth—Undine never wanted anything long, but she wanted it "right off." And until she got it the house was uninhabitable.

"I'd a good deal rather have a box for the season," she rejoined, and he saw the opening he had given her. She had two ways of getting things out of him against his principles; the tender wheedling way, and the harsh-lipped and cold—and he did not know which he dreaded most. As a child they had admired her assertiveness, had made Apex ring with their boasts of it; but it had long since cowed Mrs. Spragg, and it was beginning to frighten her husband.

"Fact is, Undie," he said, weakening, "I'm a little mite strapped just this month."

Her eyes grew absent-minded, as they always did when he alluded to business. *That* was man's province; and what did men go "down town" for but to bring back the spoils to their women? She rose abruptly, leaving her parents seated, and said, more to herself than the others: "Think I'll go for a ride."

"Oh, Undine!" fluttered Mrs. Spragg. She always had palpitations when Undine rode, and since the Aaronson episode her fears were not confined to what the horse might do.

"Why don't you take your mother out shopping a little?" Mr. Spragg suggested, conscious of the limitation of his resources.

Undine made no answer, but swept down the long room, and out of the door ahead of her mother, with scorn and anger in every line of her arrogant young back. Mrs. Spragg tottered meekly after her, and Mr. Spragg lounged out into the marble hall to buy a cigar before taking the Subway to his office.

Undine went for a ride, not because she felt particularly disposed for the exercise, but because she wished to discipline her mother. She was almost sure she would get her opera box, but she did not see why she should have to struggle for her rights, and she was especially annoyed with Mrs. Spragg for seconding her so half-heartedly. If she and her mother did not hold together in such crises she would have twice the work to do.

Undine hated "scenes": she was essentially peace-loving, and would have preferred to live on terms of unbroken harmony with her parents. But she could not help it if they were unreasonable. Ever since she could remember there had been "fusses" about money; yet she and her mother had always got what they wanted, apparently without lasting detriment to the family fortunes. It was therefore natural to conclude that there were ample funds to draw upon, and that Mr. Spragg's occasional resistances were

merely due to an imperfect understanding of what constituted the necessities of life.

When she returned from her ride Mrs. Spragg received her as if she had come back from the dead. It was absurd, of course; but Undine was inured to the absurdity of parents.

"Has father telephoned?" was her first brief question.

"No, he hasn't yet."

Undine's lips tightened, but she proceeded deliberately with the removal of her habit.

"You'd think I'd asked him to buy me the Opera House, the way he's acting over a single box," she muttered, flinging aside her smartly-fitting coat.

Mrs. Spragg received the flying garment and smoothed it out on the bed. Neither of the ladies could "bear" to have their maid about when they were at their toilet, and Mrs. Spragg had always performed these ancillary services for Undine.

"You know, Undie, father hasn't always got the money in his pocket, and the bills have been pretty heavy lately. Father was a rich man for Apex, but that's different from being rich in New York."

She stood before her daughter, looking down on her appealingly.

Undine, who had seated herself while she detached her stock and waistcoat, raised her head with an impatient jerk. "Why on earth did we ever leave Apex, then?" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Spragg's eyes usually dropped before her daughter's inclement gaze; but on this occasion they held their own with a kind of awe-struck courage, till Undine's lids sank above her suddenly flushing cheeks.

She sprang up, tugging at the waistband of her habit, while Mrs. Spragg, relapsing from temerity to meekness, hovered about her with obstructive zeal.

"If you'd only just let go of my skirt, mother—I can unhook it twice as quick myself."

Mrs. Spragg drew back, understanding that her presence was no longer wanted. But on the threshold she paused, as if overruled by a stronger influence, and said, with a last look at her daughter: "You didn't meet anybody when you were out, did you, Undie?"

Undine's brows drew together: she was struggling with her long patent-leather boot.

"Meet anybody? Do you mean anybody I know? I don't *know* anybody—I never shall, if father can't afford to let me go round with people!"

The boot was off with a wrench, and she flung it violently across the old rose carpet, while Mrs. Spragg, turning away to hide a look of inexpressible relief, slipped discreetly from the room.

The day wore on. Undine had meant to go down and tell Mabel Lipscomb about the Fairford dinner, but its aftertaste was flat on her lips. What would it lead to? Nothing, as far as she could see. Ralph Marvell had not even asked when he might call; and she was ashamed to confess to Mabel that he had not driven home with her.

Suddenly she decided that she would go and see the pictures of which Mrs. Fairford had spoken. Perhaps she might meet some of the people she had seen at dinner —from their talk one might have imagined that they spent their lives in picture-galleries.

The thought reanimated her, and she put on her handsomest furs, and a hat for which she had not yet dared present the bill to her father. It was the fashionable hour in Fifth Avenue, but Undine knew none of the ladies who were bowing to each other from interlocked motors. She had to content herself with the gaze of admiration which she left in her wake along the pavement; but she was used to the homage of the streets and her vanity craved a choicer fare.

When she reached the art gallery which Mrs. Fairford had named she found it even more crowded than Fifth Avenue; and some of the ladies and gentlemen wedged before the pictures had the "look" which signified social consecration. As Undine made her way among them, she was aware of attracting almost as much notice as in the street, and she flung herself into rapt attitudes before the canvases, scribbling notes in the catalogue with her pencil, in imitation of a tall girl in sables, while ripples of self-consciousness played up and down her watchful back.

Presently her attention was drawn to a lady in black who was examining the

pictures through a tortoise-shell eye-glass adorned with diamonds and hanging from a long pearl chain. Undine was instantly struck by the opportunities which this toy presented for graceful wrist movements and supercilious turns of the head. It seemed to her suddenly plebeian and promiscuous to look at the world with a naked eye, and all her floating desires were merged in the wish for a jewelled eye-glass and pearl chain. So violent was this wish that Undine, drawn on in the wake of the owner of the eye-glass, found herself suddenly bumping against a stout frock-coated young man whose impact knocked her catalogue from her hand.

As the young man picked the catalogue up and held it out to her she noticed that his bulging eyes and queer retreating face were suffused with a glow of admiration. He was so unpleasant-looking that she would have resented his homage had not his odd physiognomy called up some vaguely agreeable association of ideas. Where had she seen before this grotesque saurian head, with eye-lids as thick as lips and lips as thick as ear-lobes? It fled before her down a perspective of innumerable newspaper portraits, all, like the original before her, tightly frock-coated, with a huge pearl transfixing a silken tie. . .

"Oh, thank you," she murmured, all gleams and graces, while he stood hat in hand, saying sociably: "The crowd's simply awful, isn't it?"

At the same moment the lady of the eye-glass drifted closer, and with a tap of her wand, and a careless "Peter, do look at this," swept the young man to the other side of the gallery.

Undine's heart was beating excitedly, for as he turned away she had identified him. Peter Van Degen—who could he be but young Peter Van Degen, the son of the great banker, Thurber Van Degen, the husband of Ralph Marvell's cousin, the hero of "Sunday Supplements," the captor of Blue Ribbons at Horse-Shows, of Gold Cups at Motor Races, the owner of winning race-horses and "crack" sloops: the supreme exponent, in short, of those crowning arts that made all life seem stale and unprofitable outside the magic ring of the Society Column?

Undine smiled as she recalled the look with which his pale protruding eyes had rested on her—it almost consoled her for his wife's indifference!

When she reached home she found that she could not remember anything about the pictures she had seen. . .

There was no message from her father, and a reaction of disgust set in. Of what good were such encounters if they were to have no sequel? She would probably never meet Peter Van Degen again—or, if she *did* run across him in the same accidental way, she knew they could not continue their conversation without being "introduced." What was the use of being beautiful and attracting attention if one were perpetually doomed to relapse again into the obscure mass of the Uninvited?

Her gloom was not lightened by finding Ralph Marvell's card on the drawing-room table. She thought it unflattering and almost impolite of him to call without making an appointment: it seemed to show that he did not wish to continue their acquaintance. But as she tossed the card aside her mother said: "He was real sorry not to see you, Undine—he sat here nearly an hour."

Undine's attention was roused. "Sat here—all alone? Didn't you tell him I was out?"

"Yes—but he came up all the same. He asked for me."

"Asked for *you?*"

The social order seemed to be falling in ruins at Undine's feet. A visitor who asked for a girl's mother!—she stared at Mrs. Spragg with cold incredulity. "What makes you think he did?"

"Why, they told me so. I telephoned down that you were out, and they said he'd asked for me." Mrs. Spragg let the fact speak for itself—it was too much out of the range of her experience to admit of even a hypothetical explanation.

Undine shrugged her shoulders. "It was a mistake, of course. Why on earth did you let him come up?"

"I thought maybe he had a message for you, Undie."

This plea struck her daughter as not without weight. "Well, did he?" she asked, drawing out her hat-pins and tossing down her hat on the onyx table.

"Why, no—he just conversed. He was lovely to me, but I couldn't make out what he was after," Mrs. Spragg was obliged to own.

Her daughter looked at her with a kind of chill commiseration. "You never *can*," she murmured, turning away.

She stretched herself out moodily on one of the pink and gold sofas, and lay there brooding, an unread novel on her knee. Mrs. Spragg timidly slipped a cushion under her daughter's head, and then dissembled herself behind the lace window-curtains and sat watching the lights spring out down the long street and spread their glittering net across the Park. It was one of Mrs. Spragg's chief occupations to watch the nightly lighting of New York.

Undine lay silent, her hands clasped behind her head. She was plunged in one of the moods of bitter retrospection when all her past seemed to her to have been a struggle for something she could not have, from a trip to Europe to an opera box; and when she felt sure that, as the past had been, so the future would be. And yet, as she had often told her parents, all she sought for was improvement: she honestly wanted the best.

Her first struggle—after she had ceased to scream for candy, or sulk for a new toy—had been to get away from Apex in summer. Her summers, as she looked back on them, seemed to typify all that was dreariest and most exasperating in her life. The earliest had been spent in the yellow "frame" cottage where she had hung on the fence, kicking her toes against the broken palings and exchanging moist chewing-gum and half-eaten apples with Indiana Frusk. Later on, she had returned from her boarding-school, to the comparative gentility of summer vacations at the Mealey House, whither her parents, forsaking their squalid suburb, had moved in the first flush of their rising fortunes. The tessellated floors, the plush parlours and organ-like radiators of the Mealey House had, aside from their intrinsic elegance, the immense advantage of lifting the Spraggs high above the Frusks, and making it possible for Undine, when she met Indiana in the street or at school, to chill her advances by a careless allusion to the splendours of hotel life. But even in such a setting, and in spite of the social superiority it implied, the long months of the middle western summer, fly-blown, torrid, exhaling stale odours, soon became as insufferable as they had been in the little yellow house.

At school Undine met other girls whose parents took them to the Great Lakes for August; some even went to California, others—oh bliss ineffable!—went "east."

Pale and listless under the stifling boredom of the Mealey House routine, Undine secretly sucked lemons, nibbled slate-pencils and drank pints of bitter coffee to aggravate her look of ill-health; and when she learned that even Indiana Frusk was to go on a month's visit to Buffalo it hardly needed any artificial aids to emphasize the ravages of envy. Her parents, alarmed by her appearance, were at last convinced of the immediate necessity of change, and timidly, tentatively, they transferred themselves for a month to a staring hotel on a glaring lake.

There Undine enjoyed the satisfaction of sending ironic post-cards to Indiana, and discovering that she could more than hold her own against the youth and beauty of the other visitors. Then she made the acquaintance of a pretty woman from Richmond, whose husband, a mining engineer, had brought her west with him while he inspected the newly developed Eubaw mines; and the southern visitor's dismay, her repugnances, her recoil from the faces, the food, the amusements, the general bareness and stridency of the scene, were a terrible initiation to Undine. There was something still better beyond, then—more luxurious, more exciting, more worthy of her! She once said to herself, afterward, that it was always her fate to find out just too late about the "something beyond." But in this case it was not too late—and obstinately, inflexibly, she set herself to the task of forcing her parents to take her "east" the next summer.

Yielding to the inevitable, they suffered themselves to be impelled to a Virginia "resort," where Undine had her first glimpse of more romantic possibilities—leafy moonlight rides and drives, picnics in mountain glades, and an atmosphere of Christmas-chromo sentimentality that tempered her hard edges a little, and gave her glimpses of a more delicate kind of

pleasure. But here again everything was spoiled by a peep through another door. Undine, after a first mustering of the other girls in the hotel, had, as usual, found herself easily first—till the arrival, from Washington, of Mr. and Mrs. Wincher and their daughter. Undine was much handsomer than Miss Wincher, but she saw at a glance that she did not know how to use her beauty as the other used her plainness. She was exasperated, too, by the discovery that Miss Wincher seemed not only unconscious of any possible rivalry between them, but actually unaware of her existence. Slender, listless, supercilious, the young lady from Washington sat apart reading novels or playing solitaire with her parents, as though the huge hotel's loud life of gossip and flirtation were invisible and inaudible to her. Undine never even succeeded in catching her eye: she always lowered it to her book when the Apex beauty trailed or rattled past her secluded corner. But one day an acquaintance of the Winchers' turned up—a lady from Boston, who had come to Virginia on a botanizing tour; and from scraps of Miss Wincher's conversation with the newcomer, Undine, straining her ears behind a column of the long veranda, obtained a new glimpse into the unimagined.

The Winchers, it appeared, found themselves at Potash Springs merely because a severe illness of Mrs. Wincher's had made it impossible, at the last moment, to move her farther from Washington. They had let their house on the North Shore, and as soon as they could leave "this dreadful hole" were going to Europe for the autumn. Miss Wincher simply didn't know how she got through the days; though no doubt it was as good as a rest-cure after the rush of the winter. Of course they would have preferred to hire a house, but the "hole," if one could believe it, didn't offer one; so they had simply shut themselves off as best they could from the "hotel crew"—had her friend, Miss Wincher parenthetically asked, happened to notice the Sunday young men? They were queerer even than the "belles" they came for—and had escaped the promiscuity of the dinner-hour by turning one of their rooms into a dining-room, and picnicking there—one couldn't, with the Persimmon House standards, describe it in any other way! But luckily the awful place was doing mamma good, and now they had nearly served their term. . .

Undine turned sick as she listened. Only the evening before she had gone on a "buggy-ride" with a young gentleman from Deposit—a dentist's assistant—and had let him kiss her, and given him the flower from her hair. She loathed the thought of him now: she loathed all the people about her, and most of all the disdainful Miss Wincher. It enraged her to think that the Winchers classed her with the "hotel crew"—with the "belles" who awaited their Sunday young men. The place was forever blighted for her, and the next week she dragged her amazed but thankful parents back to Apex.

But Miss Wincher's depreciatory talk had opened ampler vistas, and the pioneer blood in Undine would not let her rest. She had heard the call of the Atlantic seaboard, and the next summer found the Spraggs at Skog Harbour, Maine. Even now Undine felt a shiver of boredom as she recalled it. That summer had been the worst of all. The bare wind-beaten inn, all shingles without and blueberry pie within, was "exclusive," parochial, Bostonian; and the Spraggs wore through their interminable six weeks there in blank unmitigated isolation. The incomprehensible part of it was that every other woman in the hotel was plain, dowdy or elderly—and most of them all three. If there had been any competition on ordinary lines Undine would have won, as Van Degen said, "hands down." But there wasn't—the other "guests" simply formed a cold impenetrable group who walked, boated, played golf, and discussed Christian Science and the Subliminal, unaware of the tremulous organism drifting helplessly against their rock-bound circle.

It was on the day the Spraggs left Skog Harbour that Undine vowed to herself with set lips: "I'll never try anything again till I try New York." Now she had gained her point and tried New York, and so far, it seemed, with no better success. From small things to great, everything went against her. In such hours of self-searching she was ready enough to acknowledge her own mistakes, but they

exasperated her less than the blunders of her parents. She was sure, for instance, that she was on what Mrs. Heeny called "the right tack" at last: yet just at the moment when her luck seemed about to turn she was to be thwarted by her father's stupid obstinacy about the opera box. . .

She lay brooding over these things till long after Mrs. Spragg had gone away to dress for dinner, and it was nearly eight o'clock when she heard her father's dragging tread in the hall.

She kept her eyes fixed on her book while he entered the room and moved about behind her, laying aside his hat and overcoat; then his steps came close and a small parcel dropped upon the pages of her book.

"Oh, father!" She sprang up, all alight, the novel on the floor, her fingers twitching for the tickets. But a substantial packet emerged, like nothing she had ever seen. She looked at it, hoping, fearing—she beamed blissful interrogation on her father while his sallow smile continued to tantalize her. Then she closed on him with a rush, smothering his words against her hair.

"It's for more than one night—why, it's for every other Friday! Oh, you darling, you darling!" she exulted.

Mr. Spragg, through the glittering meshes, feigned dismay. "That so? They must have given me the wrong —!" Then, convicted by her radiant eye as she swung round on him: "I knew you only wanted it *once* for yourself, Undine; but I thought maybe, off nights, you'd like to send it to some of your friends."

Mrs. Spragg, who from her doorway had assisted with moist eyes at this closing pleasantry, came forward as Undine hurried away to dress.

"Abner—can you really manage it all right?" she questioned, laying her hand on her husband's arm.

He answered with one of his awkward brief caresses. "Don't you fret about that, Leota. I'm bound to have her go round with these people she knows. I want her to be with them all she can."

A pause fell between them, while Mrs. Spragg looked anxiously into his fagged eyes.

"You seen Elmer again?"

"No. Once was enough," he returned, with a scowl like Undine's.

"Why—you *said* he couldn't come after her, Abner!"

"No more he can. But what if she was to get nervous and lonesome, and want to go after him?"

Mrs. Spragg shuddered away from the suggestion. "How'd he look? Just the same?" she whispered.

"No. Spruced up. That's what scared me."

It scared her too, to the point of blanching her habitually lifeless cheek. She continued to scrutinize her husband broodingly. "You look fairly sick, Abner. You better let me get you some of those stomach drops right off," she proposed.

But he parried this with his unfailing humour. "I guess I'm too sick to risk that." He passed his hand through her arm with the conjugal gesture familiar to Apex City. "Come along down to dinner, mother—I guess Undine won't mind if I don't rig up to-night."

V

She had looked down at them, enviously, from the balcony—she had looked up at them, reverentially, from the stalls; but now at last she was on a line with them, among them, she was part of the sacred semicircle whose privilege it is, between the acts, to make the mere public forget that the curtain has fallen.

As she swept to the left-hand seat of their crimson niche, waving Mabel Lipscomb to the opposite corner with a gesture learned during her apprenticeship in the stalls, Undine felt that quickening of the faculties that comes in the high moments of life. Her consciousness seemed to take in at once the whole bright curve of the auditorium, from the unbroken lines of spectators below her to the culminating blaze of the central chandelier; and she herself was the core of that vast illumination, the sentient throbbing surface which gathered all the shafts of light into a centre.

It was almost a relief when, a moment later, the lights sank, the curtain rose, and the focus of illumination was shifted. The music, and the movement on the stage, were like a rich mist tempering the acute

radiance that shot on her from every side, and giving her time to subside, draw breath, adjust herself to this new clear medium which made her feel so queerly brittle and transparent.

When the curtain fell on the first act she began to be aware of a subtle change in the house. In all the boxes cross-currents of movement had set in: groups were coalescing and breaking up, fans waving and heads twinkling, black coats emerging among white shoulders, late comers dropping their furs and laces in the red penumbra of the background. Undine, for the moment unconscious of herself, swept the house with her opera-glass, searching for familiar faces. Some she knew without being able to name them—fixed figure-heads of the social prow—others she recognized from their portraits in the papers; but of the few from whom she could herself claim recognition not one was visible, and as she pursued her investigations the whole scene grew gradually blank and featureless.

Almost all the boxes were full now, but one, just opposite, tantalized her by its continued emptiness. How queer to have an opera-box and not use it! What on earth could the people be doing—what rarer delight could they be tasting? Undine remembered that the numbers of the boxes and the names of their owners were given on the back of the programme, and after a rapid computation she turned to consult the list. Mondays and Fridays, Mrs. Peter Van Degen. That was it: the box was empty because Mrs. Van Degen was dining alone with Ralph Marvell! "*Peter will be at one of his club dinners.*" Undine had a sharp vision of the Van Degen dining-room—she pictured it as oak-carved and sumptuous with gilding—with a small table in the centre, and rosy lights and flowers, and Ralph Marvell, across the hot-house grapes and champagne, leaning to take a light from his hostess's cigarette. Undine had seen such scenes on the stage, she had encountered them in the glowing pages of fiction, and it seemed to her that every detail was before her now, from the glitter of jewels on Mrs. Van Degen's bare shoulders to the way young Marvell stroked his slight blond moustache while he smiled and listened.

Undine blushed with anger at her own simplicity in fancying that he had been "taken" by her—that she could ever really count among these happy self-absorbed people! They all had their friends, their ties, their delightful crowding obligations: why should they make room for an intruder in a circle already so packed with the initiated?

As her imagination developed the details of the scene in the Van Degen dining-room it became clear to her that fashionable society was horribly immoral and that she could never really be happy in such a poisoned atmosphere. She remembered that an eminent divine was preaching a series of sermons against Social Corruption, and she determined to go and hear him on the following Sunday.

This train of thought was interrupted by the feeling that she was being intently observed from the neighbouring box. To satisfy her curiosity she turned around with a feint of speaking to Mrs. Lipscomb, and met the bulging stare of Peter Van Degen. He was standing behind the lady of the eye-glass, who had replaced her tortoise-shell implement by one of closely-set brilliants, which, at a word from her companion, she critically turned on Undine.

"No—I don't remember," she said indifferently; and the girl reddened, divining herself unidentified after this protracted scrutiny.

But there was no doubt as to young Van Degen's remembering her. She was even conscious that he was trying to provoke in her some sign of reciprocal recognition; and the attempt drove her to the haughty scrutiny of her programme.

"Why, there's Mr. Popple over there!" exclaimed Mabel Lipscomb, making large signs across the house with fan and playbill.

Undine had already become aware that Mabel, planted, blonde and brimming, too near the edge of the box, was somehow out of scale and out of drawing; and the freedom of her demonstrations increased the effect of disproportion. No one else was wagging and waving in that way: a gestureless mute telegraphy seemed to pass between the other boxes. Still, Undine could not help following Mrs. Lipscomb's glance, and there in fact was Claud

Popple, taller and more dominant than ever, and bending easily over what she felt must be the back of a brilliant woman.

He replied by a discreet salute to Mrs. Lipscomb's intemperate emotions, and Undine saw the brilliant woman's opera-glass turn in their direction, and said to herself that in a moment Mr. Popple would be "round." But the entr'acte wore on, and no one turned the handle of their door, or disturbed the peaceful somnolence of Harry Lipscomb, who, not being (as he put it) "onto" grand opera, had abandoned the struggle and withdrawn to the seclusion of the inner box. Undine jealously watched Mr. Popple's progress from box to box, from brilliant woman to brilliant woman; but just as it seemed about to carry him to their door he reappeared at his original post across the house.

"Undie, do look—there's Mr. Marvell!" Mabel began again, with another conspicuous outbreak of signalling; and this time Undine flushed to the nape as Mrs. Peter Van Degen appeared in the opposite box with Ralph Marvell behind her. The two seemed to be alone in the box—as they had doubtless been alone all the evening!—and Undine furtively turned to see if Mr. Van Degen shared her disapproval. But Mr. Van Degen had disappeared, and Undine leaned forward nervously, touching Mabel's arm.

"What's the matter, Undine? Don't you see Mr. Marvell over there? Is that his sister he's with?"

"No.—I wouldn't beckon like that," Undine whispered between her teeth.

"Why not? Don't you want him to know you're here?"

"Yes—but the other people are not beckoning."

Mabel looked about unabashed. "Perhaps they've all found each other. Shall I send Harry over to tell him?" she shouted above the blare of the wind instruments.

"*No!*" gasped Undine, as the curtain rose on the second act.

She was no longer capable of following the action on the stage. Two presences possessed her imagination: that of Ralph Marvell, small, unattainable, remote, and that of Mabel Lipscomb, near-by, dilated, irrepressible.

It had become clear to Undine that Mabel Lipscomb was ridiculous. That was the reason why Claud Popple did not come to the box. No one would care to be seen talking to her while Mabel was at her side: Mabel, monumental and moulded while the fashionable were flexible and diaphanous, Mabel strident and explicit while they were subdued and allusive. At the Stentorian she was the centre of a brilliant group—here she revealed herself as unknown and unknowing. Why, she didn't even know that Mrs. Peter Van Degen was not Ralph Marvell's sister! And she had a way of trumpeting out her ignorances that jarred on Undine's subtler methods. It was precisely at this point that there dawned on Undine what was to be one of the guiding principles of her career: "*It's better to watch than to ask questions.*"

The curtain fell again, and Undine's eyes flew back to the Van Degen box. Several men were entering it together, and a moment later she saw Ralph Marvell rise from his seat and pass out. Half-unconsciously she shifted her own position in such a way as to have an eye on the door at her back. But its handle remained unturned, and Harry Lipscomb, leaning back on the sofa, his head against the opera cloaks, continued to breathe stertorously through his open mouth and stretched his legs a little farther across the threshold. . .

The entr'acte was nearly over when the door opened and two gentlemen stumbled over Mr. Lipscomb's extended legs. The foremost was Claud Walsingham Popple; and above his shoulder shone the batrachian countenance of young Mr. Peter Van Degen. A brief murmur from Mr. Popple made his companion known to the two ladies, and Mr. Van Degen seated himself promptly behind Undine, relegating the painter to Mrs. Lipscomb's elbow.

"Queer go—I happened to see your friend there waving to old Popp across the house. So I bolted over and collared him: told him he'd got to introduce me before he was a minute older. I tried to find out who you were the other day at the Motor Show—no, where was it? Oh, those pictures at Goldmark's. What d'you think of 'em, by the way? You ought to be painted yourself—no, I mean it, you know—you ought to get old Popp to do you.

He'd do your hair rippingly. You must let me come and talk to you about it. . . About the picture or your hair? Well, your hair if you don't mind. Where'd you say you were staying? Oh, you *live* here, do you? I say, that's first rate!"

Undine sat well forward, curving toward him a little, as she had seen the other women do, but holding back sufficiently to let it be visible to the house that she was conversing with no less a person than Mr. Peter Van Degen. Mr. Popple's talk was certainly more brilliant and purposeful, and she saw him cast longing glances at her from behind Mrs. Lipscomb's shoulder; but she remembered how lightly he had been treated at the Fairford dinner, and she wanted—oh, how she wanted!—to have Ralph Marvell see her talking to Van Degen.

She poured out her heart to him, improvising an opinion on the pictures and an opinion on the music, falling in gaily with his suggestion of a jolly little dinner some night soon, at the Café Martin, and strengthening her position, as she thought, by an easy allusion to her acquaintance with Mrs. Van Degen. But at the word her companion's eye clouded, and a shade of constraint dimmed his enterprising smile.

"My wife—? Oh, *she* doesn't go to restaurants—she moves on too high a plane. But we'll get old Popp, and Mrs.——, Mrs.——, what'd you say your fat friend's name was? Just a select little crowd of four—and some kind of a cheerful show afterward. . . Jove! There's the curtain, and I must skip."

As the door closed on him Undine's cheeks burned with resentment. If Mrs. Van Degen didn't go to restaurants, why had he supposed that *she* would? and to have to drag Mabel in her wake! The leaden sense of failure overcame her again. Here was the evening nearly over, and what had it led to? Looking up from the stalls, she had fancied that to sit in a box was to be in society—now she saw that it might merely emphasize one's exclusion. And she was burdened with the box for the rest of the season! It was really stupid of her father to have exceeded his instructions: why had he not done as she told him? . . . Undine felt helpless and tired . . . hateful memories of Apex crowded back on her. Was it going to be as dreary here as there?

She felt Lipscomb's loud whisper in her back: "Say, you girls, I guess I'll cut this, and come back for you when the show busts up." They heard him shuffle out of the box, and Mabel settled back to undisturbed enjoyment of the stage.

When the last entr'acte began Undine stood up, resolved to stay no longer. Mabel, lost in the study of the boxes, had not noticed her movement, and as she passed alone into the back of the box the door opened and Ralph Marvell came in.

Undine stood with one arm listlessly raised to detach her cloak from the wall. Her attitude showed the long slimness of her figure and the fresh curve of the throat below her bent-back head. Her face was paler and softer than usual, and the eyes she rested on Marvell's face looked deep and starry under their fixed brows.

"Oh—you're not going?" Marvell exclaimed.

"I thought you weren't coming," she answered simply.

He reddened a little. "I waited till now on purpose . . . to dodge your other visitors," he said.

She laughed with pleasure. "Oh, we hadn't so many!"

Some intuition had already told her that frankness was the tone to take with him. They sat down together on the red damask sofa, against the hanging cloaks. As Undine leaned back her hair caught in the spangles of the wrap behind her, and she had to sit motionless while the young man freed the captive mesh. Then they settled themselves again, laughing a little at the incident.

A glance had made the situation clear to Mrs. Lipscomb, and they saw her return to her absorbed inspection of the boxes. In their mirror-hung recess the light was subdued to a rosy dimness and the hum of the audience came to them through half-drawn silken curtains. Undine noticed the delicacy and finish of her companion's features as his head detached itself against the red silk walls. The hand with which he stroked his small moustache was finely-finished too, but sinewy and not effeminate. She had always associated finish and refinement entirely with her own sex, but she began to think they might be

even more agreeable in a man. Marvell's eyes were grey, like her own, with chestnut eyebrows and darker lashes; and his skin was as clear as a woman's, but pleasantly reddish, like his hands.

As he sat talking in a low tone, questioning her about the music, asking her what she had been doing since he had last seen her, she was aware that he looked at her less than usual, and she also glanced away; but when she turned her eyes suddenly they always met his gaze.

His talk remained impersonal. She was a little disappointed that he did not compliment her on her dress or her hair—Undine was accustomed to hearing a great deal about her hair, and the episode of the spangles had opened the way to a graceful allusion—but the instinct of sex told her that, under his quiet words, he was throbbing with the sense of her proximity. And his self-restraint sobered her, made her refrain from the flashing and fidgeting which were the only way she knew of taking part in the immemorial love-dance. She talked simply and frankly of herself, of her parents, of how few people they knew in New York, and of how, at times, she was almost sorry she had persuaded them to give up Apex.

"They did it entirely on my account, you see; they're awfully lonesome here; and I don't believe I shall ever learn New York ways either," she confessed, turning on him the eyes of youth and truthfulness. "Of course I know a few people; but they're not—not the way I expected New York people to be." She risked what seemed an involuntary glance at Mabel. "I've seen girls here to-night that I just *long* to know—they look so lovely and refined—but I don't suppose I ever shall. New York's not very friendly to strange girls, is it? I suppose you've got so many of your own already—and they're all so fascinating you don't care!" As she spoke she let her eyes rest on his, half-laughing, half-wistful, and then dropped her lashes while the pink stole slowly up to them.

When he left her he asked if he might hope to find her at home the next day.

The night was fine, and Marvell, having put his cousin into her motor, started to walk home to Washington Square. At the corner he was joined by Mr. Popple.

"Hallo, Ralph, old man—did you run across our auburn beauty of the Stentorian? Who'd have thought old Harry Lipscomb'd have put us onto anything as good as that? Peter Van Degen was fairly taken off his feet—pulled me out of Mrs. Monty Ballinger's box and dragged me 'round by the collar to introduce him. Planning a dinner at Martin's already. Gad, young Peter must have what he wants *when* he wants it! I put in a word for you—told him you and I ought to be let in on the ground floor. Funny the luck some girls have about getting started. I believe this one'll take if she can manage to shake the Lipscombs. I think I'll ask to paint her; might be a good thing for the spring show. She'd show up splendidly as a *pendant* to my Mrs. Van Degen—blonde and brunette. . . Night and Morning. . . Of course I prefer Mrs. Van Degen's type—personally, I *must* have breeding—but as a mere bit of flesh and blood . . . hallo, ain't you coming into the club with me?"

But Marvell was not coming into the club, and he drew a long breath of relief as his companion left him.

Was it possible that he had ever thought leniently of the egregious Popple? The tone of ruthless social omniscience which he had once found so innocently diverting now seemed as offensive as a coarse physical touch. And the worst of it was that Popple, with the slight exaggeration of a caricature, really expressed the ideals of the world he adorned. As he spoke of Miss Spragg, so others at any rate would think of her: almost every one in Ralph's set would agree that it was luck for a girl from Apex to be started by Peter Van Degen at a Café Martin dinner. . .

Ralph Marvell, mounting his grandfather's door-step, looked up at the symmetrical old red house-front, with its frugal marble ornament, as he might have looked into a familiar human face.

"They're right,—after all, in some ways they're right," he murmured, slipping his key into the door.

"They" were his mother and old Mr. Urban Dagonet, both, from Ralph's earliest memories, so closely identified with the old house in Washington Square that they might have passed for its inner consciousness as it might have stood for their out-

ward form; and the question as to which the house now seemed to affirm their intrinsic rightness was that of the social disintegration expressed by widely-different architectural physiognomies at the other end of Fifth Avenue.

As Ralph pushed the bolts behind him, and passed into the hall, with its dark mahogany doors and the quiet "Dutch interior" effect of its black and white marble paving, he said to himself that what Popple called society was really just like the houses it lived in: a muddle of misapplied ornament over a thin steel shell of utility. The steel shell was built up in Wall Street, the social trimmings were hastily added in Fifth Avenue; and the union between them was as monstrous and factitious, as unlike the gradual homogeneous growth which flowers into what other countries know as society, as that between the Blois gargoyles on Peter Van Degen's roof and the skeleton walls supporting them.

That was what "they" had always said; what, at least, the Dagonet attitude, the Dagonet view of life, the very lines of the furniture in the old Dagonet house expressed.

Ralph sometimes called his mother and grandfather the Aborigines, and he likened them to those vanishing denizens of the American continent doomed to rapid extinction with the advance of the invading race. He was fond of describing Washington Square as the "Reservation," and of prophesying that before long its inhabitants would be exhibited at ethnological shows, pathetically engaged in the exercise of their primitive industries.

Small, cautious, middle-class, had been the ideals of aboriginal New York; but it suddenly struck the young man that they were singularly coherent and respectable as contrasted with the chaos of indiscriminate appetites which made up its modern tendencies. He too had wanted to be "modern," had revolted, half-humorously, against the restrictions and exclusions of the old code; and it must have been by one of the ironic reversions of heredity that, at this precise point, he perversely recognized what there was to be said on the other side—*his* side, as he now felt it to be.

(To be continued.)

AWAKENING

By Julia C. R. Dorr

Dost thou remember how that one fair day
  Dawned just like other days? Earth gave no sign,
  Nor did far heaven proclaim the gift divine
It held in store for us, as buds of May
Pledge the year's wealth of fruitage, or as clay
  Guards the rich promise of the slumbering vine.
  And I—half child—dreamed of no rarer wine
Than Life had poured in my gold cup alway.
Then suddenly, as out of darkling space
  One sees the glory of the Evening Star
  Clear shining through the cloud-rifts floating by,
Love touched my eyelids and I saw thy face!
  That day was in no earthly calendar;
  Only God knew it, dear, and thou and I!



French land excavator and bridge conveyer near Tabernilla; 160 feet gauge. Length over all, 225 feet. Abandoned in 1888.

THE FRENCH AT PANAMA

BY JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP

Secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission

FOR several years after the Americans entered upon the task of opening a water-way across the Isthmus, there were visible from the car windows of Panama railway trains long rows of abandoned locomotives, dump-cars, excavating and other machinery partially hidden by a jungle growth of creeping vines. Visitors were told that this was "old French machinery," standing where it had been left when the French company collapsed twenty years earlier. The little locomotives and cars, almost toy-like in appearance when compared with those in use by the Americans, bore eloquent testimony to the irresistible onward march of mechanical invention. Time had retired them from active service as completely as if they had never existed, leaving them stranded as mere "junk" along the way-side of progress. Covered with the softening mantle of vine and leaf and flower and overshadowed by waving palms, they stood in silent dignity as the fitting monuments of a "lost cause," making a spectacle so eloquent with the sadness of failure, the pathos of defeat, that few beholders could contemplate it unmoved, and no Frenchman could look upon it with eyes undimmed.

The story told by these silent witnesses was a true one, for the record of French effort and failure at Panama, with its mingling of folly, absurdity, greed, and heroism of the highest quality, is one of the most pathetic, as it is one of the most diverting, in the history of human endeavor. The project was doomed to failure from the outset, and was fairly rushed to

destruction by reckless and rascally management, but it deserved to succeed because of the rare courage and patriotic devotion of the men, many of them the very flower of young France, who did the work in the field. The shame of the failure has been told by many pens, and not always with either charity or careful regard of truth, but the deeds of the men who faced pestilence and death with unflinching courage, many of them dropping into unnamed graves, have passed with slight and far from adequate mention. The Americans who have succeeded them in the task at Panama, and who have studied the results of their work, have a very high appreciation of their intelligence and zeal and the warmest admiration for their courage. They were a brave and skilled army led to pitiful disaster by incompetent and unworthy commanders.



Old French locomotives left in the jungle, Empire.

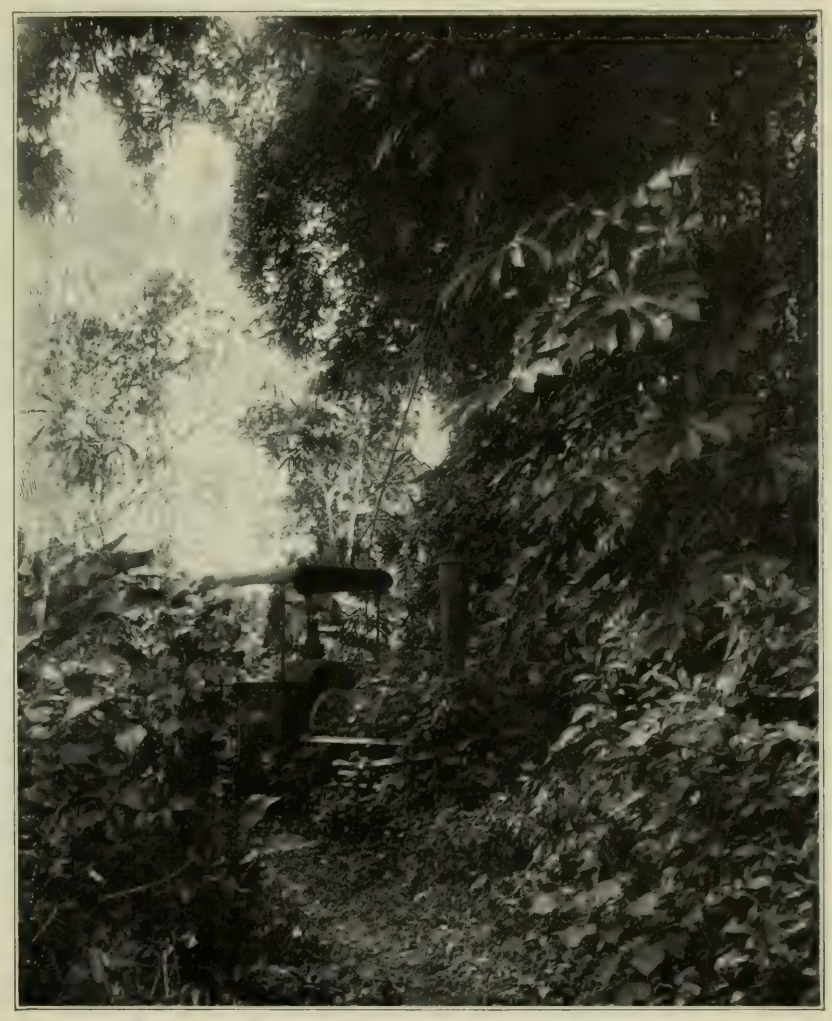
I have said that the story of the French endeavor is one of the most diverting, as well as one of the most pathetic, in human annals, and this is the simple truth. One reads the narrative in bewilderment and wonder. Through it comedy and tragedy walk hand in hand. At intervals there is presented a performance of opera-bouffe in a grisly setting of pestilence and death, with the leading actor, the all-powerful director of the entertainment, dancing and pirouetting in the front of the stage, blissfully unconscious apparently of everything except his own capers. His deeds and doings fill large space in the record, and have for many years been the subject of animated and bitter controversy. Was he an enthusiast so blind as to be irresponsible, or was he so bent upon success that he was willing to adopt any means to secure it, or was he the foremost impostor of his time? The record of his proceedings may be left to supply the correct answer to these questions.

Surely no great engineering work was ever undertaken in a more jocund spirit than Ferdinand de Lesseps exhibited when he entered upon his second task as the world's chief canal-builder. His success with the Suez Canal seemed to have turned his head so completely that all obstacles were virtually invisible to him. He was the first promoter of the age, the flamboyant collector of capital under whose seductive appeals all French purses flew open. Had he been an engineer his appeals would necessarily have been deprived of that appearance of boundless confidence, that jaunty disregard of all difficulties, which made them so attractive and so nearly irresistible to his own people. If he saw obstacles, he refused to take cognizance of

them. When trained engineers called his attention to them, he pushed them aside as unworthy of serious attention. He had cut a sea-level canal through the Isthmus of Suez; he would cut a sea-level canal through the Isthmus of Panama. He ruled his so-called "Scientific Congress" at Paris, in 1879, carefully constituted to do his bidding, with a rod of iron, "jamming through," in a manner which would do credit to a modern American political boss, his sea-level plans for Panama, turning a deaf ear to all arguments advanced by the few experienced engineers in that body against the feasibility of those plans, and securing adoption through the votes of delegates who were not engineers and who had never been on the Isthmus of Panama.

As soon as he had secured this prearranged approval of his plans, he established in Paris, on September 1, 1879, a fortnightly publication, called *Bulletin du Canal Interocéanique*, which, from its first issue till its final one in February, 1889, was devoted mainly to his personal glorification and the unqualified defence of all his proceedings. In it he published his circulars appealing for funds, stating at the outset his conviction that "*Le Canal de Panama sera plus facile à commencer, à terminer et à entretenir que le Canal de Suez.*"

The stage having been set, the performance opened with the first visit of Lesseps to the Isthmus in December, 1879. Every step of preparation, every stage of his journey was heralded and accompanied by an unbroken blare of trumpetings in the *Bulletin*. His party comprised his wife and three children and an International Technical Commission of nine members. They reached the Isthmus on December 30, and were joined there by a party of American visitors, guests of Lesseps, among whom were Colonel Totten, builder of the Panama Railroad; Trenor W. Park, president of that road; and Nathan Appleton, of Boston.



Old French Decauville locomotive near Frijoles.

Lesseps was at this time in his seventy-fifth year, but alert and active and bubbling over with enthusiasm. To all questions about the proposed canal, all suggestions of difficulties or obstacles, he replied with smiling amiability: "The canal will be made!" In fact, he began to make it at once in person. Two days after landing he conducted his guests across the Isthmus from Colon to Panama to take part in an elaborately organized ceremony of striking the first blow of the pick (*le premier coup de pioche*) at the Pacific entrance of the proposed canal. A small steam-boat had been chartered for the purpose of conveying the party to the mouth

of the Rio Grande, in the Bay of Panama, where the ceremony was to take place. It had been stocked liberally with provisions and champagne, and the Bishop of Panama, officials of the Colombian Government, and other distinguished personages had been invited. A reception, with much toasting, was held on board, and many of the guests were dilatory in arriving. The tide in the Bay of Panama, which has an average oscillation of about twenty-one feet, is no respecter of persons. It began to recede while the toasting and feasting were in progress, and, having a considerable distance to go, it travelled with rapidity. The result was that when the expedition finally got under way it was discovered that the steam-boat could not get within two miles of the spot chosen for the ceremony.

This would have been disheartening to an ordinary master of ceremonies, but it was not a particle so to Lesseps. As for the guests, they were at the time in a condition of cheerfulness that rose superior to any disappointment. Lesseps promptly assembled them on the deck of the steamboat, armed with a beautiful shovel and pickaxe which he had brought from Paris for the purpose, and proceeded to address them. He explained the heedless action of the tide and said that, while it was in a way disappointing, it really did not matter, since the proposed ceremony, being only a *simulacro*, could as well be given on shipboard as on land, and he had decided to proceed with it accordingly. A champagne box filled with earth was then brought forward, and a young daughter of Lesseps administered the first blow of the pick to its contents, amid enthusiastic applause. The representatives of Colombia and other distinguished visitors also gave successive blows of the pick and delivered their speeches, and the venerable Bishop of Panama invoked a benediction upon the entire performance. So far as the testimony of eye-witnesses still living goes, no one giggled while this delightful bouffe act was in progress.

In the faithful *Bulletin* no mention of the delay or the champagne box of earth was made, but the events of the day were set forth in the best Lesseps manner in the text of his speech over the box concluding the ceremony, which was as follows: (I give the French text. Translation would so far deprive it of its theatric merits as to be little less than criminal.)

"Sous l'autorité de la République des États-Unis de Colombie:

"Avec la bénédiction de Monseigneur l'evêque de Panama:

"En présence du déléguéd u gouvernement général et de ceux des États-Unis de Colombie:

"Avec l'assistance des membres de la Commission technique des études définitives du Canal maritime universel interocéanique:

"Il sera donné, aujourdhui, 1er Janvier 1880, par Mlle. Ferdinande de Lesseps, le premier coup de pioche, sur le point qui marquera l'entrée du Canal maritime sur la côte de l'Océan Pacifique.

"Tous les assistants donneront successivement leur coup de pioche, en signe de l'alliance de tous les peuples qui contribuent a l'union des deux océans, pour le bien de l'humanité." *

The second act in this entertaining drama was performed a few days later, on January 10, with the neighborhood of Culebra Cut as the scene. Lesseps was accompanied on this occasion by the same distinguished party that had assisted at the first blow of the pick. A heavy charge of dynamite had been placed in advance deep in a rock, near the line of the canal, and an electric battery had been connected with it. Mademoiselle Ferdinande de Lesseps was on hand to press the button. According to the faithful *Bulletin*, the operation was "perfectly successful," and all present "hailed the explosion as the beginning of an immense series of labors that should have for their termination the opening of the interoceanic canal." It was added with much gravity that the explosion showed that the "rocks were much less resistant than we had anticipated, which is a good augury of the rapidity with which the great trench will be made." It was also stated that the performance took place on the summit of Cerro di Culebra. Again the official narrative is in sad conflict with the testimony of eye-witnesses. Mr. Tracy Robinson, who was a member of the local committee of reception, and was present at the time, gives in his in-

* *Bulletin du Canal Interocéanique*, February 1, 1880.

teresting book of reminiscences,* this account of the affair:

"In order that the enterprise might have the blessing of Heaven and be officially inaugurated at the same time, with that gayety so dear to the French heart, a numerous audience was invited to Empire Station, on the line, to witness the good Bishop of Panama bestow his benediction upon the great undertaking; and then to see what dynamite could do in the way of blowing up a few hundred thousand cubic metres of rock and earth, along a part of the canal where tons of that explosive had been placed for the purpose.

"Was it prophetic? The blessing had been pronounced, and the champagne, duly iced, was waiting to cool the swelter of that tropic sun, as soon as the explosion 'went off.' There the crowd stood, breathless, ears stopped, eyes blinking half in terror lest this artificial earthquake might involve general destruction. *But there was no explosion!* It wouldn't go! Then a humorous sense of relief stole upon the crowd. With one accord everybody exclaimed, 'Good gracious!' and hurried away, lest after all the dynamite should see fit to explode."

While Lesseps was engaged in these diverting performances, the nine members of his International Technical Commission were making careful studies and estimates of the work and cost of his proposed canal. On February 14, about six weeks after their arrival, they made their report. The head of this commission was Colonel George M. Totten, the builder of the Panama Railway. The report, which was signed by all the members and which was a very thorough and scientific document, estimated the cost of the canal at 843,000,000 francs ($168,600,000) and the period of construction at eight years.

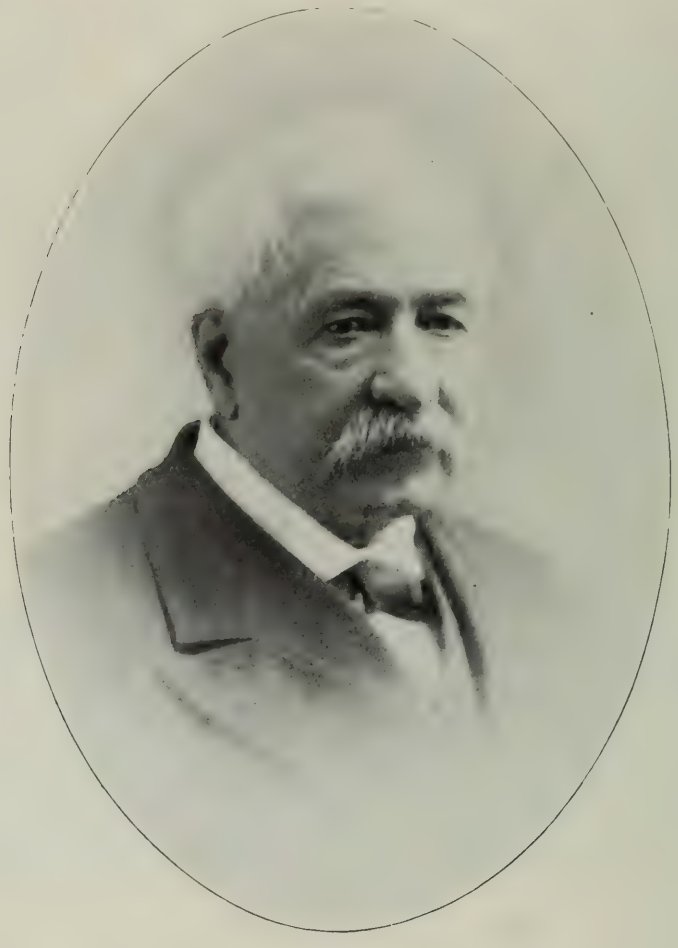
Lesseps took the report and, on the following day, set sail with it for New York. During the voyage, pursuing his regular policy of disregarding the opinions of experienced engineers, he composed a "note" on the report, in which he reduced the



Old French locomotives near Empire.

*"Fifty Years at Panama, 1861–1911," Tracy Robinson.

estimated cost of construction to 658,000,000 francs ($131,600,000), a cool cut of about $37,000,000, or not much less than a quarter of the commission's estimate. When he reached New York he issued a circular to "*Les Banquiers Américains*," in which he announced that he had fixed the capital of his company at 600,000,000 francs ($120,000,000), because of his "conviction" that there would be much economy in the execution of the work. In the same circular he declared that, since the European capitalists who had taken part in the Suez enterprise had expressed their intention to subscribe for 300,000,000 francs of this capital, that amount had been reserved for them, leaving an equal amount for all the States of America, which had been set aside for them.



Count Ferdinand de Lesseps.

Photograph taken at time of first visit to the Isthmus, 1879-80, in his 75th year.

Lesseps was received with much cordiality in New York. There were many receptions and dinners in his honor, including a great banquet by the citizens of New York at Delmonico's, but there were no subscriptions to the stock of his company. He went to Washington in the hope of getting the support of the United States Government for his proposed "Isthmian canal under European control," but was disappointed. He had an interview with President Hayes, which resulted in the President's sending to the Senate a special message avowing the principle that the "policy of this country is a canal under American control." While this message was a distinct and serious repulse to his plans, Lesseps rallied quickly from it and sent on the following day a cable message to his *Bulletin* in Paris, saying: "*Le message du President Hayes assure la securité politique du Canal.*"

From Washington he visited Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and other American cities, receiving everywhere flattering attentions which he described in brief and stirring cable messages to his *Bulletin* as "*une adhésion enthousiaste et unanime à notre entreprise*," "*un accueil cha-*



Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, his second wife and nine children.
Photograph taken about the time of his first visit, 1879–80.

leureux," "*un plein succès.*" But the enthusiasm, however warm, was unaccompanied by subscriptions to the capital stock of the Lesseps company, and when he sailed from New York, on April 1, 1880, for France by way of England, Holland, and Belgium, he had still in his possession the 300,000,000 francs of that stock which he had reserved for the United States.

In France it was quite another story. He made a tour of its principal cities during the summer of 1880 and aroused such enthusiastic faith in his project that when he opened his subscription in November, for a capital of 300,000,000 francs ($60,000,000) in 600,000 shares of 500 francs each, the stock was subscribed for twice. He announced during that tour that a firm of French contractors had offered to build the canal for 512,000,000 francs ($102,400,000) and to complete it within eight years. The subscription was closed on December 10, and the first assembly of shareholders was held in Paris on January 31, 1881. At a second assembly, on March 3 following, the "*Compagnie Universelle du Canal Interocéanique*" was definitely constituted (*définitivement constituée*) with a capital of 300,000,000 francs ($60,000,000) and with 102,230 subscribers, of whom 16,000 were women.

The great promoter was thus entering, in the jauntiest manner, upon the task of constructing with a capital of $60,000,000 a canal which, according to the estimate of his own chosen commission of engineers, was to cost $168,000,000, and, according to the lowest estimate which he himself was able to reach, would cost $131,600,000.

In beginning active work on the Isthmus, he pursued the same methods that he had employed in forming his company. The arrival of the first detachment of canal-construction force at Colon, on January 29, 1881, was announced in the *Bulletin* in this cable message to Lesseps: "*Travail commencé,*" which he characterized as "*ce télégramme éloquent dans son laconism,*" and upon which the newspaper *La France* made the comment: "*Voilà de l'éloquence en peu de mots.*" This was



Avenue on water-front, Cristobal, where official Lesseps residences were situated. Now Roosevelt Avenue.

pure humbug. Aside from crossing the Isthmus on the Panama Railroad, responding to addresses of welcome from Panama officials, and finding living quarters in Panama, there had been no *travail* of any kind, nor, from the nature of the case, could there be any for many months. As a matter of fact, actual work did not begin till a year later.

The tragic and heroic phases of the enterprise began with the arrival of the French engineering and organizing forces on the Isthmus. They landed in a country which, with the exception of two cities, one on the shores of either ocean, was little more than a wilderness. Along the line of the railroad there were a few scattered villages composed of rude buildings and shacks whose population was mainly native. As for the section through which the proposed canal was to run, it was for the most part an impenetrable jungle. Throughout the entire country pestilence and the worst forms of malarial fever were epidemic. The two ocean cities, Colon and Panama, were the permanent abodes of disease, for they were without even the most elementary provisions for health protection. They had no sewers, no water supply, no sanitary appliances whatever. Their only scavengers were the huge flocks of buzzards that circled constantly above them.

Colon was a collection of wooden buildings harboring a population which contained more of the dregs of humanity than could be found in any other settlement of its size on the face of the globe. Panama was superior to Colon in its buildings, which were mostly of stone; and, while the bulk of its population was mongrel, a mixture of many races—Indian, negro, Spanish, Chinese, Japanese, and other—it contained also a white element of merchants, bankers, and persons engaged in other occupations, who were the dominating class. But with these elements of superiority, its sanitary condition was as bad as that of Colon, and its moral condition differed only in degree. Both cities had, in fact, all the debasing qualities of a mining camp, or rude frontier town, with the usual facilities for gambling, drinking, vice, and general de-



Grand Hotel, Panama. Made administration head-quarters of French company about 1884. Used for a time as administration head-quarters by Americans.

bauchery supplemented by tropical laxity in morals and conduct.

A graphic picture of life in Panama at this period is given in a narrative of personal experience on the Isthmus, published in Paris in 1886, under the title of "*Deux Ans à Panama.*" Its author, H. Cermoise, was a French engineer who went to the Isthmus with the third party that was sent out by the French company. He arrived on the Isthmus in the spring of 1881, and was in the canal service for two years. Describing the scenes which he witnessed in the Grand Hotel at Panama on the evening of his arrival, he wrote:

"A great, an enormous hall with a stone floor was the bar-room, in which all persons about the hotel were now assembled. In the centre were two billiard tables, the largest I have ever seen. They were so large that there were four balls to a game; with three it was impossible, in most of the strokes, to reach the ball to be played, lost as it was in the middle of this *steppe* of green cloth.

"Beyond the billiard tables, at one end of the hall, stood one of those vast bars which are so much a part of American life.

"In front of these rows of bottles with many-colored labels, most of the commercial business of Panama is transacted —standing and imbibing cocktails—always the eternal cocktail!

"Afterward, if the consumer had the time and money to lose, he had only to cross the hall to find himself in a little room crowded with people, where roulette was going on.

"Every diversion was there at hand in the hall of this hotel. But then, it was useless to look for other pleasures. They were nowhere to be found. In this town there was neither theatre, concert, nor café—nothing, nothing but the hall of the Grand Hotel, to which one must always return.

"Oh, this roulette, how much it has cost all grades of canal employees! Its proprietor must make vast profits. Admission is absolutely free; whoever wishes may join in the play. A democratic mob representing every class of society pushes



One of the oldest buildings in Panama, opposite Santa Ana Plaza. Hotel in French days (still standing).

and crowds around the table. One is elbowed at the same time by a negro, almost in rags, anxiously thrusting forward his ten sous and by a portly merchant with his pockets stuffed with piasters and bank-notes."

Very like a mining-town episode is the following:

"Some time before our arrival on the Isthmus, on an evening when the play was especially high and furious, a band of thieves planned to rob the roulette table. Under it they concealed a powerful petard or bomb, which they lighted at the critical moment. There was an explosion and a frightful panic. Every one, believing that the house was blown up, rushed for the doors and windows. The lights went out. When the panic subsided it was discovered that all the stakes had disappeared under cover of the tumult.

"This accident was more disagreeable than serious and the authorities paid little heed to it. But then the authorities never minded anything, letting the manager of the game take such steps as he saw fit to prevent the repetition of the occurrence. He, accordingly, surrounded himself with certain precautions which at first seemed odd to us until we understood them.

"Before each turn of the wheel, at the solemn moment of 'Make your plays, gentlemen!' the following dialogue took place between the chief croupier and his assistants:

"'*Mira la bomba!*' ('Look for the bomb!') he commanded.

"A croupier immediately went down on all-fours, lifted the carpet, inspected the under side of the table, reappeared, and announced that he had seen no bomb.

"'Very well!' gravely replied the chief croupier.

"And only then, strong in this assurance, he pronounced the 'Make your plays, gentlemen!'

"He threw the ball. When it stopped he announced the number in three languages, as was necessary for the cosmopolite attendance with which he had to deal: '*Treinta y seis, colorado!* Thirty-six and red! *Trente-six, rouge!*'"

Colon differed from Panama in having no central point for its debauchery. It



Front Street, Colon, during the flourishing French times.

had no Grand Hotel in which all its gambling, drinking, and accompanying vices were congregated, but it had a single main street, running along the water-front, which was composed almost entirely of places in which these diversions were in full progress day and night with such abandon as to make the town uninhabitable for decent persons. It was a veritable sink of iniquity, if ever one existed.

In these two centres of Isthmus life, Panama and Colon, the French canal builders found their sole places of abode outside the jungle. There was nowhere else to go for habitation or recreation. The advent of the various detachments from France, with plenty of money and generous cargoes of wines and other liquors, gave a tremendous incentive to the wild gayety of the two towns. Nothing like the supply of liquor which the French poured out upon the Isthmus during their eight years of occupation was ever seen there before, or has been seen there since. It was wellnigh unlimited in quantity, and was sold to everybody at the prices at which it had been bought in large quantities at wholesale in France. Nothing was added for transportation across the ocean or to defray the cost of handling. Champagne, especially, was comparatively so low in price that it flowed very like water, and other wines were to be had in scarcely less profusion and cheapness. The lack of a pure water supply was doubtless the moving cause for this abundance, which was justified on the ground of health preservation, but the consequences were as deplorable as they were inevitable. The ingredients for a genuine Bacchanalian orgy being supplied, the orgy naturally followed.

Money was scarcely less abundant than wine. Vast sums were sent from France to the Isthmus during the first five or six years of canal work, and at least one-half of it, according to most competent authorities, was either misapplied or stolen. The chief canal officials received enormous salaries, ranging from $50,000 to $100,000 a year, were allowed travelling expenses ranging from $5 to $50 a day, were provided with expensive residences and with fine horses and carriages. Pre-

vious to June, 1886, there was expended for office buildings and residences $5,250,000. The residence of the director-general cost $150,000, including a $40,000 bath-house. He had a private railway car which cost $42,000. In order to select a suitable carriage and horses for him, a commission of seven of his assistants was sent to New York at the expense of the company to make the purchase. The hospital buildings at Ancon cost $5,600,000, and those at Colon, $1,400,000. Stables had cost $600,000, carriages and horses for employees, $215,000, and $2,700,000 had been spent for servants for employees. Three men were employed in nearly every instance to do the work of one, and all were extravagantly paid. Every house, hospital, stable, or other building that was erected, nearly or quite every purchase that was made of machinery and supplies of every sort, were charged to the company at double or treble the original cost, and the surplus was divided. If there was an orgy of gambling and drinking and vice, there was in progress with it one of the most unrestrained orgies of extravagance, corruption, and "graft" that the world has ever seen. Froude scarcely overpainted the picture when he wrote, after visiting the Isthmus during his tour of the West Indies in 1885–6:



Columbus statue on water-front, Cristobal, near Lesseps residences.

Presented to the United States of Colombia by the Empress Eugénie, and by Colombia presented to the French Canal Company to be erected at the Atlantic entrance to the canal. Formally dedicated by Lesseps on February 24, 1886, during his second visit to the Isthmus.

"In all the world there is not, perhaps, now concentrated in any single spot so much swindling and villany, so much foul disease, such a hideous dung heap of moral and physical abomination, as in the scene of this far-famed undertaking of nineteenth-century engineering. . . . The scene of operations is a damp, tropical jungle, intensely hot, swarming with mosquitoes, snakes, alligators, scorpions, and centipeds, the home, even as Nature made it, of yellow-fever, typhus, and dysentery, and now made immeasurably more



Group of Lesseps and his friends taken at Cristobal at the time of the dedication of the Columbus statue, with Bishop Thiel, of Costa Rica, standing at the right of Lesseps.

deadly by the multitudes of people who crowd thither."

Behind it all lurked constantly the grim shadow of death. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die!" This could well have been the motto to hang above the bars and gambling-tables in Colon and Panama, and in the camps amid the jungle. The most vigorous among the living to-day might be among the dead and buried to-morrow, smitten without warning by the swift and (at that time) mysterious scourge of yellow-fever. It is not surprising, when one reads the authentic accounts of the ravages of this disease, that men sought to forget their peril by plunging into the wildest forms of diversion. What is surprising is that so many remained and faced the danger—faced it only to fall before it.

Estimates of the number of the French who lost their lives, by this disease mainly, vary greatly because no accurate record was kept; but it is a reasonably safe assertion that two out of every four who went from France died of it, and possibly two out of every three. It is said that many of them were induced to go to the Isthmus in the first place and to remain there by the very high salaries paid and by the opportunities for illicit gain; but this is not, in my opinion, either an adequate or a just explanation. There was something more than desire for pecuniary profit necessary to induce men to remain under the conditions which prevailed both in the working camps and in the two cities. It required no ordinary kind or degree of courage to induce a man who saw his companions fall one after another dead beside him to continue at his post; yet this is what hundreds of Frenchmen did. To get a proper estimate of their courage and devotion, let me cite a few authentic instances of the silent and swift working of disease.

Sir Claude Coventry Mallet, at present British minister at Panama, was, in the early days of French occupation, British consul at the same place. Through love of adventure he accompanied one of the French surveying parties to the upper



The port of Colon in 1884.

waters of the Chagres River. The expedition started with twenty-two men. Within a few weeks all its members, except Mallet and the engineer in charge, were incapacitated by disease. Twenty men went into hospital, where ten died. Mallet and the engineer in charge, a Russian named Dziembowski, returned to Panama, both in apparently unimpaired health. Dziembowski asked Mallet to advance him money with which to buy a suit of clothes, since he could get no money till his accounts had been rendered and approved. On the afternoon of the day of their return the suit was bought, and Dziembowski accepted Mallet's invitation to luncheon on the following day. The luncheon hour arrived, but the guest did not appear. Going to the Grand Hotel in the evening, Mallet inquired for Dziembowski, saying he had promised to lunch with him but had failed to appear. "Why," was the reply, "have you not heard of his death? He died of yellow-fever at three o'clock this morning and was buried at six!" He had been buried in the new suit of clothes.

M. Cermoise, from whose book I have quoted on previous pages, records several equally dramatic cases. A dinner had been arranged at a field camp near Gamboa, in one instance, in honor of Henry Bionne, secretary-general of the company, who was on the Isthmus charged with a confidential mission:

"The guests had assembled and were waiting to sit down when M. Bionne should arrive. Suddenly a lady present, who had been looking at the table with particular attention, cried out in much agitation: 'We are thirteen at table!'

"At this moment M. Bionne arrived. He heard her exclamation. 'Be assured, madame,' said he, gayly. 'In such a case it is the last to arrive who pays for all.' And he sat down without seeming in the least disturbed by this sinister portent.

"Never was there so gay, so lively a meal. M. Bionne was at his best, a delightful and witty conversationalist. He drank to our success on the Isthmus; we drank to his good luck, for in fifteen days he was to take the steamer and return to Europe.

"Fifteen days later he sailed from Colon. At the end of forty-eight hours he was taken with yellow-fever and died in a few days. The body was thrown into



"La Folie Dingler."
The $150,000 residence of the first French director-general as it appeared in 1904.

the Gulf of Mexico. He had not long delayed the payment of his debt!"

Continuing, M. Cermoise gives a further history of what happened in the same camp:

"Blasert had also left the camp. His wife wished to return to Europe with her children. He accompanied them to Colon, put them on board a steamer, and returned to Panama that same evening.

"What could have affected him? Was it the result of the sudden change from life in the open air to that in town? At all events, the day after his return he took to his bed with yellow-fever.

"And he had crossed the Far West and believed himself invulnerable. Certainly his moral character was above reproach. Alas! Nothing, neither strict morality nor crossing the Far West, renders one invulnerable to yellow-fever. Some days later the unfortunate man died like a new arrival from Europe.

"He had also taken part at M. Bionne's dinner.

"His wife and children, who had left him in good health, learned of his death on reaching France. That was a sad period for the administration. It seemed as though a wind of death were blowing over its employees.

"After M. Bionne, Blasert; after Blasert, M. Blanchet continued the black series. He had just made an expedition on horseback into the interior of the Isthmus, during which he had endured great fatigue. On his return, the yellow-fever declared itself, he took to his bed, and died in three days."

Perhaps the most tragic case was that of Jules Dingler, who was the first director-general of canal work on the Isthmus. It was for him that the $150,000 residence had been erected. This was placed high upon the southern slope of Ancon Hill, overlooking La Boca, now Balboa, and the Bay of Panama. Before he could occupy it his wife, son, and daughter died of yellow-fever within a few months of each other, and he returned to France a broken-hearted man, where he died soon afterward. The house was known for many years as "La Folie Dingler," on account of its excessive cost and rather inaccessible location. It was used for a time as a small-pox isolation house, later as barracks for Colombian troops, still later by the Americans as a quarantine detention station,



The village of Empire in French days.

and finally, in February, 1910, was razed to the ground to make room for works in connection with canal construction.

Dingler was succeeded by Léon Boyer, who arrived on the Isthmus in January, 1886, and had hardly entered upon his duties when he was smitten with yellow-fever, dying on May 1.

Philippe Bunau Varilla, who was a division engineer during this period, makes many references to the ravages of yellow-fever in his book on the "Past, Present, and Future" at Panama. He says the effect the disease had upon the courage and activity of the working force cannot be estimated; that the elusive and mysterious malady defied all precautions, laughed at all remedies, and that all that the most expert physicians could do for its victims was to administer palliatives whose effect was moral rather than curative.

"Two talented engineers," he says, "Messrs. Petit and Sordillet, were sent to me from Paris to occupy posts as chiefs of division. Their coming had given me hope of a strong reinforcement, but unfortunately, arriving together, they were taken to the cemetery fifteen days later, victims of the fatal malady which had so terribly thinned the ranks of the personnel of all classes."

Speaking generally of the working force, he says:

"Out of every one hundred individuals arriving on the Isthmus, I can say without exaggeration that only twenty have been able to remain at their posts at the working stations, and even in that number many who were able to present an appearance of health had lost much of their courage."

Colonel Gorgas, in an address delivered at Los Angeles, Cal., in June, 1911, gives the following instances which came within his personal knowledge:

"One of the French engineers, who was still on the Isthmus when we first arrived, stated that he came over with a party of seventeen young Frenchmen. In a month they had all died of yellow-fever except himself. The superintendent of the railroad brought to the Isthmus his three sisters; within a month they had all died of yellow-fever. The mother superior of the sisters nursing in Ancon Hospital told me that she had come out with twenty-four sisters. Within a few years twenty-one had died, the most of yellow-fever."

Conditions like these were calculated



Showing the French system of excavation in the Culebra Cut.

to try even the strongest nerves. That for eight years Frenchmen were found in considerable numbers who were willing to fill the constantly thinning ranks is a fact of which their nation may well be proud. They kept the force recruited sufficiently to enable the work to be carried forward till funds for its prosecution were exhausted.

How many of them gave up their lives in the struggle? It is impossible to state the number accurately. The Ancon Hospital records show that, during the nine years of work by the French, 1,041 patients died of yellow-fever. As the West Indian negroes are immune to yellow-fever, these were all white persons and nearly all French. Colonel Gorgas estimates that as many died of yellow-fever outside the hospital as in, and places the number of victims at 2,082. This is, of course, mere surmise, but it is not unreasonable. Neither is the supposition, quite general among those who have studied the subject carefully, that two out of every three Frenchmen who went to the Isthmus died there. But there is no exact information obtainable. Lesseps, in accordance with his uniform policy, minimized or suppressed the truth, and outside the hospital rolls no records were kept. The hospital rolls show that during the nine years of French work 5,618 employees of all kinds died of various diseases. As the French contractors were charged a dollar a day for each hospital patient, only a small proportion of sick laborers were sent to them. It is not an unreasonable supposition, quite generally made, that for one laborer who died in hospital two died outside, which would raise the total death roll during the nine years to about 16,500. This again is mere surmise, but, after carefully weighing all attainable evidence, it seems to me to be a plausible estimate. Colonel Gorgas, who adopted that figure for several years, raised it later to about 22,000, but his reasons for doing so, which he has not published but which he has stated to me, do not strike me as convincing.

It is the undivided testimony of the Americans who succeeded the French that they did their work well and accomplished results which were little short of marvellous, when the conditions which surrounded them are taken into consideration. It is also the opinion of those Americans that, had similar conditions prevailed when the United States undertook the task, no better, if as good, results could

have been secured. The French were ignorant of the mosquito transmission of disease, for the discovery had not been made. They erected and equipped admirable hospitals and, in their ignorance, furnished them with the means of spreading rather than checking disease. To protect their patients from annoyance from the hordes of ants which infest the Isthmus, they placed the posts of the hospital bedsteads in bowls of water. In these bowls the deadly *stegomyia* mosquito was bred, and when a yellow-fever patient came in the mosquito fed on him and carried the germs of the pest throughout the hospital, infecting other patients. Being ignorant also that another mosquito, *anopheles*, transmitted malaria, they placed no screens in the windows and doors of hospitals and other buildings, and thus permitted the unchecked dissemination of that disease.

The Americans arrived on the Isthmus in the full light of these two invaluable discoveries. Scarcely had they begun active work when an outbreak of yellow-fever occurred which caused such a panic throughout their force that nothing except the lack of steam-ship accommodation prevented the flight of the entire body from the Isthmus. Prompt, intelligent, and vigorous application of the remedies shown to be effective by the mosquito discoveries not only checked the progress of the pest, but banished it forever from the Isthmus. In this way, and in this alone, was the building of the canal made possible. The supreme credit for its construction, therefore, belongs to the brave men, surgeons of the United States army, who by their high devotion to duty and to humanity risked their lives in Havana in 1900–1 to demonstrate the truth of the mosquito theory. One of them, Dr. Jesse W. Lazear, not only risked but lost his life, dying a martyr to his country and to humanity. The story of this heroic devotion is too long to be told here, but mention of it is necessary for a realization of the courage which the French displayed. It was made clear by the panic in 1905 that, had not the ability to suppress and abolish yellow-fever been demonstrated at that time, it would have been impossible to retain an American force on the Isthmus; and if it had been possible to retain such a force, it is doubtful if public opinion in the United States would have consented to its retention there at such a cost of human life.

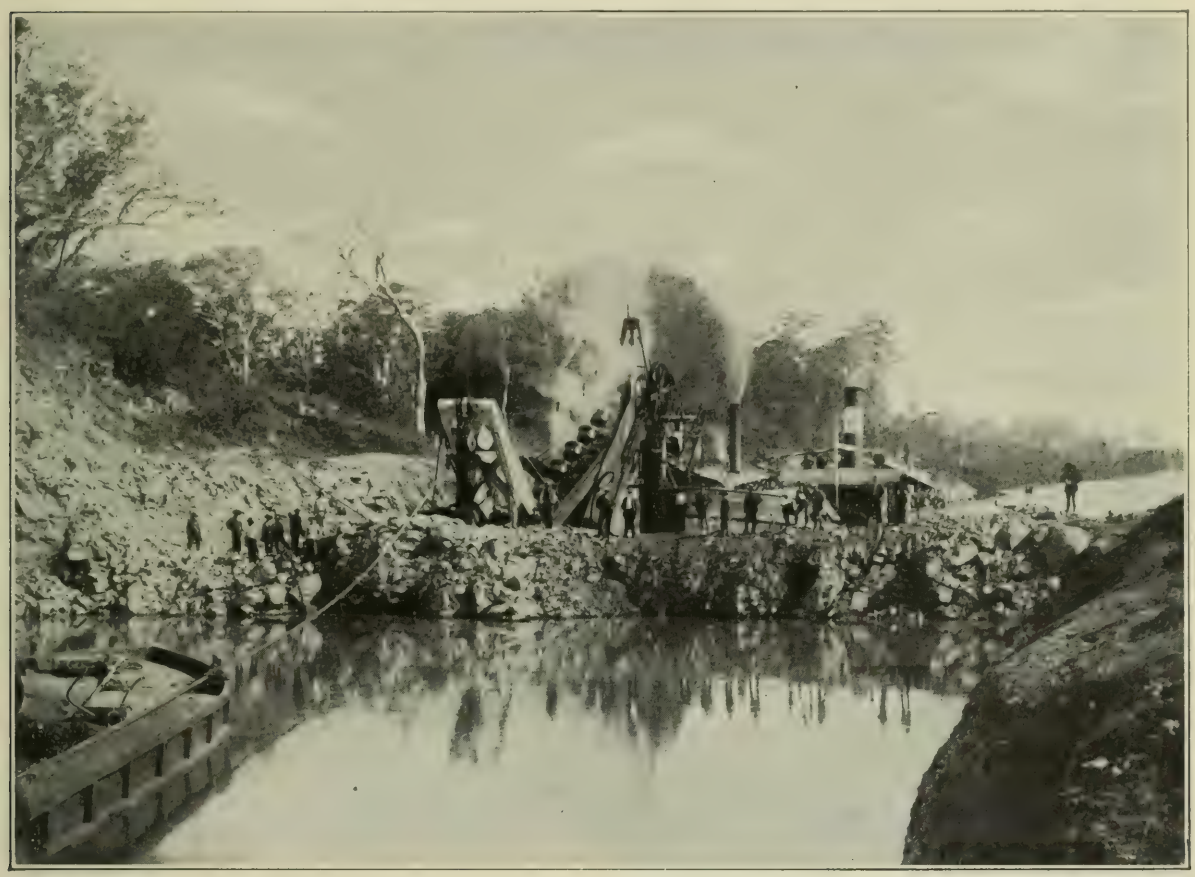
What was Lesseps doing during these eight years? If he was aware of the loss of life which the work entailed, he gave no sign that he was troubled by it. During those years he made only two visits to the Isthmus, spending only about two months there—forty-seven days in his first visit in 1881 and fourteen days in his second in 1886.

When he left Paris on the latter visit the affairs of his company were in serious straits. All the money in its treasury had been expended and there was no more in sight. In May, 1885, he had asked the French Government for authority to issue lottery bonds for a loan of 600,000,000 francs ($120,000,000), and the government decided, before acting on the request, to send a special commissioner of its own, Armand Rousseau, an eminent engineer, to investigate conditions and report.

In July, 1885, at a meeting of the shareholders of the company, Lesseps admitted that the cost of the canal would reach the amount fixed by the International Congress of 1879—1,070,000,000 francs ($214,000,000)—and postponed the date of completion six months, or till July, 1889. He then took steps to forestall the report of the government commission by assembling a sort of commission of his own to accompany him to the Isthmus. He invited representatives of the chambers of commerce of the principal cities of France, an eminent engineer from Germany, and another from Holland. The party sailed from France in January, 1886, reaching Colon on February 17, where it was joined by the Duke of Sutherland and Admiral Carpenter of the British navy, and by John Bigelow, representing the Chamber of Commerce of New York, Nathan Appleton, representing the Chamber of Commerce of Boston, and Admiral Jewett of the United States navy. This second visit, only a fortnight in length, was as continuously theatric as Lesseps could make it. There was an almost unbroken series of banquets and speeches, and an unrestrained flood of adulation and eulogy for Lesseps, to which the most ex-

pert contributor was Monsignor Thiel, Bishop of Costa Rica. When Panama was reached the whole city, according to the faithful *Bulletin*, waited to "render homage to the Creator of Canals."

The homage found expression in a gor-



French dipper dredges at work in canal.

geous procession with allegorical floats; triumphal arches upon which Lesseps was acclaimed the "genius of the nineteenth century" and his portrait was displayed with Glory crowning him with laurel; an obelisk in his honor; and a garden of flowers into which Lesseps stepped from his carriage to receive a crown of laurel from the hands of a little girl. The line of march from the railway station to the central square of the city was "*une véritable procession triomphale*." In the evening there was a popular fête, with fireworks and illuminations, a banquet with innumerable speeches and felicitations, and a grand ball.

The tour of inspection along the line of the canal was also a "*procession triomphale*" with Lesseps in the front, usually on a prancing horse. "M. de Lesseps," says a member of the party, recorded in the *Bulletin*, "always indefatigable, held the head of the caravan. I saw him escalade at a gallop an escarpment of Culebra amid a roar of enthusiastic hurrahs from blacks and whites astounded by so much ardor and youthfulness." There is a tradition on the Isthmus that he went about in a flowing robe of gorgeous colors, like an Eastern monarch.

Delightful opera-bouffe this, but in a very grim setting. If Lesseps had even the most superficial knowledge of the financial condition of his company he must have known that it was on the verge of collapse. His spectacular antics on the Isthmus can only be construed as a final, frantic effort to conceal the truth about the situation and raise more funds. If ever a man danced above the crater of a volcano, he did during that fortnight of his last visit. He was in the eighty-first year of his age and the bodily vigor which he displayed was amazing. That he knew what he was about, knew how to succeed with his own countrymen, subsequent events were to prove. He sailed for France on March 3, and on arrival declared, with customary

buoyancy and disregard of facts, that the situation on the Isthmus was all that could be desired and that the canal would be completed in 1889. The delegates of the French chambers of commerce, docile as ever to the great promoter, made favorable reports, but nothing was heard from the eminent engineers of the party.



Dredges working on a lock during final French days.

In the meantime, the government's special commissioner, M. Rousseau, had returned and had reported that the completion of the proposed canal was impossible unless there was a change to a lock plan. Similar reports were made by two engineers in the employ of the Lesseps company, Léon Boyer, at the time its director-general on the Isthmus, and L. Jacquet. Lesseps paid no heed to these reports, and refused to consent to a change of plan. He withdrew his request for authority to issue lottery bonds, and in July, 1886, obtained permission from the shareholders of his company to issue a new series of bonds. The success of this issue, in the face of all that had been disclosed, was an astonishing proof of the hold Lesseps had upon the French people. It resulted in the sale of bonds to the value of about 354,000,000 francs, or $70,000,000. This was, however, only a temporary relief. The outflow of money was so tremendous that even Lesseps was compelled, finally, to give heed to the demand for a change in canal plan. At a meeting of the stockholders of the company in July he gave out the information that a new plan was under consideration for a temporary canal with locks which would not prevent the ultimate construction of a sea-level canal. A superior commission, appointed by him, reported in October, 1887, that such a plan was feasible, that the cost would not exceed 600,000,000 francs ($120,000,000), and that the date of completion would not be later than 1891.

A plan was adopted which provided a lock canal at a summit level above the flood line of the Chagres River, to be supplied with water by elevating machinery. Alexandre Gustave Eiffel, known to fame a year later as the constructor of the Eiffel Tower in Paris, early in 1888 was awarded a contract for the lock construction. He

pushed work on the new plan till the collapse of the Lesseps company, accomplishing very little.

In November, 1887, Lesseps again applied to the government for permission to issue lottery bonds. Permission was granted in June, 1888, and on June 26 an issue of 2,000,000 bonds was made, but only 800,000 were taken. A new issue was made on November 29, when the 1,200,000 bonds remaining were offered, but less than 200,000 were taken. The end had come. On December 14 Lesseps petitioned the courts to appoint temporary managers of the company, which was done. The temporary managers sought to reorganize the enterprise, but were unsuccessful, and they informed the shareholders, at a general meeting on January 26, 1889, that they considered the appointment of a judicial receiver necessary. The shareholders so informed the court, and in accordance with that expression the Civil Court of the Seine, on February 4, appointed a receiver for the company.

When the affairs of the company were examined, it appeared that about $260,000,000 had been received and expended. About 800,000 persons held stock in it, or obligations against it, and its treasury was empty. Of the total expenditure, nearly $157,000,000, in addition to $18,000,000 for the Panama Railroad, had been spent on the Isthmus and $78,000,000 in Paris. A total excavation of 78,000,000 cubic yards, about one-fourth of their proposed canal, had been accomplished and nearly or quite 2,000 Frenchmen had lost their lives.

The revelations which were made when the affairs of the company were investigated not only filled France with consternation and humiliation, but the civilized world with amazement. Wholesale bribery of legislators and government officials in France, reckless extravagance and misuse of funds by the directors of the company, and a total disregard of legal or moral obligations of all kinds, these were the distinguishing features of the company's policy and conduct. It was shown that the chief financial agent of the company had received over 6,000,000 francs, partly as commissions on the sale of stock, partly as "expense of publicity," a euphemism for bribery of government officials. When the full exposure came the chief financial agent committed suicide. Another financial agent received nearly 4,000,000 francs for services and commissions. Charles de Lesseps, son of Ferdinand, confessed that he paid 600,000 francs to another agent "because of his great influence with the government." He paid 375,000 francs to the French Minister of Public Works, who confessed that he kept 300,000 of it and gave 75,000 to another person as reward for having tempted him to accept the bribe. The press of Paris received 1,362,000 for advertising the various stock subscriptions. One favored editor alone received 100,000 francs. A distinguished contractor received 12,000,000 for material amounting to 2,000,000 francs in value, and 6,000,000 francs for "transporting material" which was never delivered. It cost a handsome sum to convert a majority of the Parliamentary Committee of the Chamber of Deputies to a favorable view of the lottery project, one member receiving 500,000 francs, another 400,000, another 300,000, and others 200,000 each. The Minister of the Interior was persuaded to view the project with favor by a present of 300,000 francs.

Charles de Lesseps justified his conduct in making these payments on the ground that they were absolutely necessary to protect the interests of the stockholders. Public opinion in France took a surprisingly lenient view both of his conduct and that of his father. Several years had elapsed between the collapse of the company and the trial, and the first bitterness felt by the stockholders over their loss had been softened by time. Their faith in Lesseps and in his good intentions was still strong, and they regarded him as the victim of dishonest agents and associates rather than as the responsible author of the disaster.

Lesseps and his son Charles were sentenced by the court to fine and five years' imprisonment, and similar sentences were passed upon others of their associates. The sentence against Charles de Lesseps was annulled by the Court of Appeals. That against his father was never executed, for he was eighty-eight years old at the time, January 10, 1893, and a physical and mental wreck. He died in December following.

"A LAND OF DAMNED PROFESSORS"

BY PRICE COLLIER
Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View," "The West in the East," etc.

IT can hardly be doubted that could Lord Palmerston have seen what I have seen of the changes in Germany, he would at least have placed the "damned" in another part of his famous sentence. These professors have turned their prowess into channels which have given Germany, in this scientific industrial age, a mighty grip upon something more than theories. It may be dull reading to tell the tale of damned professordom, but it is to Germany that we must all go to school in these matters.

The American chooses his university or college because it is in the neighborhood; because his father or other relatives went there; because his school friends are going there; on account of the prestige of the place; sometimes, too, because one is considered more democratic than another; sometimes, and perhaps more often than we think, on account of the athletics; because it is large or small; or on account of the cost.

The German youth, owing to widely different customs and ideals, chooses his university for other reasons. If he be of the well-to-do classes, and his father before him was a corps student, he is likely to go first to the university where his father's corps will receive him and discipline him in the ways of a corps student's life, and rigorous ways they are, as we shall see. Young men of small means, and who can afford to waste little time in the amusements of university life, go at once where the more celebrated professors in their particular line of work are lecturing.

Few students in Germany reside during their whole course of study at one university. The student year is divided into two so-called semesters. The student remains, say, in Heidelberg two years or perhaps less, and then moves on, let us say, to Berlin, or Göttingen, or Leipsic, or Kiel, to hear lectures by other professors, and to get and to see something of the best work in law, theology, medicine, history, or belles-lettres, along the lines of his chosen work.

One can hardly say too much in praise of this system. Many a medical, or law, or theological, or philosophical student, or one who is going in for a scientific course in engineering or mining, would profit enormously could he go from Harvard to Yale, or to Johns Hopkins, or to Princeton, or to Columbia, and attend the lectures of the best men at these and other universities. Many a man would have gone eagerly to Harvard to hear James in philosophy, Peirce in mathematics, Abbot in exegesis, or to read Greek with Palmer; or to Yale to have heard Whitney in philology in my day; or now, to name but a few, Van Dyke at Princeton, Sloane at Columbia, Wheeler at the University of California, Paul Shorey at Chicago, and many others, are men whom not to know and to hear in one's student days is a loss.

The German student is at a distinct advantage in this privilege of hearing the best men at whatever university they may be. The number of students, indeed, at particular German universities rises and falls in a large measure according to the fame and ability of the professors who may be lecturing there. One can readily imagine how such men as Hegel, or Ranke,

or Mommsen, who lectured at Berlin; or Liebig or Döllinger, at Munich; or Ewald, at Göttingen; or Sybel, at Bonn; or Leibnitz or Schlegel, in their day, or Kuno Fischer, in my day, at Heidelberg, must have drawn students from all parts of Germany; just as do Harnack, and Schmidt, and Lamprecht, and Adolph Wagner, Schmoller, or Gierke, or Schiemann, or Wach, Haeckel, List, Deitsch, Hering, or Verworm, in these days. Though the German professors are somewhat hampered by the fact that they are servants of the state, and their opinions therefore on theological, political, and economic matters restricted to the state's views, they are free as no other teachers in the world to exploit their intellectual prowess for the benefit of their purses. Each student pays each professor whose lectures he attends, and as a result there are certain professors in Germany whose incomes are as high as $50,000 a year.

Even in intellectual matters state control produces the inevitable state laziness and indifference. One could tell many a tale of these professors who arrive late at their lecture-rooms, who read slowly, who give just as little matter as they can in order to make their preferred work go as far as possible. Some of them, too, read the same lectures over and over again, year after year, quite content that they have made a reputation, gained a fixed tenure of their positions, and are sure of a pension.

There are twenty-one universities in Germany, with another already provided for this year in Frankfort, and practically the equivalent of a university in Hamburg. The total number of students is 66,358, an increase since 1895 of 37,791. Geographically speaking, one has the choice between Kiel, Königsberg, and Berlin in the north, Munich in the south, Strassburg on the boundaries of France, or Breslau in Silesia. At the present writing Berlin has 9,686 students, and some 5,000 more authorized to attend lectures, over half of them grouped under the general heading "Philosophy"; next comes Munich with 7,000, nearly 5,000 of them grouped under the headings "Jurisprudence" and "Philosophy"; then Leipsic with 5,000; then Bonn with 4,000; and last in point of numbers Rostock with 800 students. There are now some 1,500 women students at the German universities, but a total of 4,500 who attend lectures, and Doctor Marie Linden at the beginning of 1911 was appointed one of the professors of the medical faculty at Bonn, but the appointment was vetoed by the Prussian ministry.

In addition to the universities is the modern development of the technical high-schools, of which there are now eleven, one each in Berlin, Dresden, Braunschweig, Darmstadt, Hanover, Karlsruhe, Munich, Stuttgart, Danzig, Aix, and Breslau. These schools have faculties of architecture, building construction, mechanical engineering, chemistry, and general science, including mathematics and natural science. They confer the degree of Doctor of Engineering, and admit those students holding the certificate of the *Gymnasium*, *Realgymnasium*, and *Oberrealschule*. They rank now with the universities, and their 17,000 students may fairly be added to the grand total number of German students, making 83,000 in all, and if to this be added the 4,000 unmatriculated students, we have 87,000. While the population of Germany has increased 1.4 per cent in the last year, the number of students has increased 4.6 per cent, and of the total number 4.4 per cent are women. Since the founding of the empire the population has increased from 40,000,000 to 65,000,000, but the number of students has increased from 18,000 to 60,000. The teaching staffs in the universities number 3,400, and in the technical high-schools 753, or, roughly, there are, in the higher-education department of Germany, at the least nearly 90,000 persons engaged, as these figures do not include officials and many unattached teachers and students indirectly connected with the universities. There are in addition agricultural high-schools, agricultural institutes, and technical schools such as veterinary high-schools, schools of mining, forestry, architecture and building, commercial schools, schools of art and industry; a naval school at Kiel, military academies at Berlin and Munich, besides some 50 schools of navigation, and 20 military and cadet institutions. There are also courses of lectures given under the auspices of the German foreign office to instruct candidates for the consular service in the commercial and industrial affairs of Germany.

At several of the universities now evening extension lectures are given, an innovation first tried at Leipsic, where more than seven thousand persons paid small fees to attend the lectures in a recent year.

If one considers the range of instruction from the Volkschulen and Fortbildungsschulen up through the skeleton list I have mentioned to the universities, and then on beyond that to the thousands still engaged as students in the commerce and industry of Germany, as for example the technically employed men in the Krupp Works at Essen, or the Color Works at Elberfeld, to mention two of hundreds, it is seen that Germany is gone over with a veritable fine-tooth comb of education. There is not only nothing like it, there is nothing comparable to it in the world. If training the minds of a population were the solution of the problems of civilization, they are on the way to such solution in Germany. Unfortunately there is no such easy way out of our troubles for Germany or for any other nation. Some of us will live to see this fetich of regimental instruction of everybody disappear as astrology has disappeared. There is a Japanese proverb which runs, "The bottom of lighthouses is very dark."

As early as 1717 Frederick William I in an edict commanded parents to send their children to school, daily in summer, twice a week in winter. Frederick the Great at the close of the Seven Years' War, 1764, insisted again upon compulsory school attendance, and prescribed books, studies, and discipline. At the beginning of the nineteenth century began a great change in the primary schools due to the influence of Pestalozzi, and in the secondary schools owing to the efforts of Herder, Frederic August Wolf, William Humboldt, and Sünern. The schools then were part of the ecclesiastical organization and have never ceased to be so wholly, and until recently the title of the Prussian minister has been: "Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, Instruction, and Medical Affairs." That part of the minister's title, "Medical Affairs," has within the last few months been eliminated.

The French Revolution, and the dismemberment of Prussia at Tilsit, put a stop to orderly progress. Stein and his colleagues, however, started anew; students were sent to Switzerland to study pedagogical methods; provincial school-boards were established, and about 1850 all public-school teachers were declared to be civil servants; and later, in 1872, during Bismarck's campaign against the Jesuits, all private schools were made subject to state inspection. In Prussia to-day no man or woman may give instruction even as governess or private tutor without the certificate of the state.

This control of education and teaching by a central authority is an unmixed blessing. In Prussia, at any rate, the officials are hard-working, conscientious, and enthusiastic, and the system, whether one gives one's full allegiance to it or not, is admirably worked out. Above all, it completely does away with sham physicians, sham doctors of divinity, sham engineers and mining and chemical experts, sham dentists and veterinary surgeons, who abound in our country, where shoddy schools do a business of selling degrees and certificates of proficiency in everything from exegesis to obstetrics. These fakir academies are not only a disgrace but a danger in America, and here as in other matters Germany has a right to smile grimly at certain of our hobbledehoy methods of government.

The elementary schools, or *Volkschulen*, are free, and attendance is compulsory from six to fourteen; in addition, the *Fortbildungsschulen*, or continuation schools, can also be made compulsory up to eighteen years of age. There are some 61,000 free public elementary schools with over 10,000,000 pupils, and over 600 private elementary schools with 42,000 pupils who pay fees.

Under a regulation of the Department of Trade and Industry towns with more than twenty thousand inhabitants are empowered to make their own rules compelling commercial employees under eighteen to attend the continuation schools a certain number of hours monthly, and fining employers who interfere with such attendance. It has even been suggested that this law be extended to include girls.

In Berlin this has already been put into operation, and this year some 30,000 girls will be compelled to attend continuation

schools, where they will be taught cooking, dress-making, laundry work, house-keeping economy, and for those who wish it, office work. It will require some training even to pronounce the name of this new institution, which requires something more than the number of letters in the alphabet to spell it, for it has this terrifying title: *Mädchenpflichtfortbildungsschule.* The work in these *Pflichtfortbildungsschulen*, or compulsory continuation schools, is practical and thorough. The boys are from fourteen to eighteen years of age, and are obliged to attend three hours twice a week. Shopkeepers and others employing lads coming under the provisions of the law are obliged by threat of heavy fines to send them. The boys pay nothing. There are some thirty-four thousand of such pupils under one jurisdiction in Berlin, and the cost to the city is three hundred thousand dollars annually. The curriculum includes letter-writing, book-keeping, exchange, bank-credits, checks and bills, the duty of the business man to his home, to the city, and to his fellow business men, his legal rights and duties, and, in great detail, all questions of citizenship. Methods of the banks, stock exchange, and insurance companies are explained. The business man's relations in detail to the post-office, the railways, the customs, canals, shipping agencies are dealt with. The investigation of credits and the general management from cellar to attic of what we call a "store" are taught, and lectures are given upon business ethics and family relations and morals.

In towns where factories are more common than shops there are schools similar in kind, as at Dortmund for example, where you may begin with horse-shoeing in the cellar, and go up through the work of carpenter, mason, plumber, sign-painter, poster-designer, to the designing of stained-glass windows and the modelling of animals and men.

In the strictly agricultural districts of Prussia the extent of courses open to those who work upon the land has steadily increased. In 1882 there were 559 courses of instruction and 9,228 pupils; in 1902, 1,421 such courses and 20,666 pupils; and in 1908, 3,781 courses and 55,889 pupils. About five per cent of the cost of such instruction, which cost the state 566,599 marks in 1908, is paid by the fees of the pupils themselves.

To those interested in ways and means it may serve a purpose to say that the total cost of these elementary schools amounts to nearly $131,000,000 a year, of which the various state governments pay $37,500,000 and local authorities the rest. In 1910 the city of Berlin spent $9,881,987 on its schools. The average cost per pupil is $13.50. In some of the towns of different classes of population that I have visited the number of pupils per 100 inhabitants stands as follows: Berlin, 11.1; Essen, 16.5; Dortmund, 16; Düsseldorf, 13.2; Charlottenburg, 9; Duisburg, 16.7; Oberhausen, 17.7; Bielefeld, 14.7; Bonn, 11.1; Cologne, 13.1.

There are 170,000 teachers in these elementary schools, of whom 30,000 are women. They begin with $250 a year, which is raised to $300 when they are given a fixed position. By a graduated scale of increase a teacher at the age of forty-eight (when he may retire) may receive a maximum of $725. A woman teacher's salary would vary from $300 to $600 as the maximum. These figures are for Prussia. In other states of the Empire, in Bavaria and Saxony for example, the scale of wages is somewhat higher.

The secondary schools are the well-known *Gymnasien* and *Progymnasien*, the *Realgymnasien*, and the *Realschulen*. Roughly the *Gymnasia* prepare for the universities, and the *Realschulen* for the technical schools. Admission to the universities and to any form of employment under the civil service demands a certificate from one or another of these secondary schools. In 1890, two years after the present Emperor came to the throne, he called together a conference of teachers and in an able speech suggested that these secondary schools devote more time and attention to technical training. As a result of this, the certificates of the *Realgymnasien* and *Realschulen* are now received as equivalent to those conferred by the *Gymnasien* where Latin and Greek are as they were then still paramount.

Of these secondary schools some are state schools; others are municipal or trade-supported schools; some are private institutions; but all are amenable to the rules, organization, and curricula ap-

proved by the state. All secondary and elementary teachers must meet the examinational requirements of the state, which fixes a minimum salary and contributes thereto. In the universities and technical high-schools all professors are appointed by the state, and largely paid by the state as well. In the year 1910 the German Empire expended under the general heading of instruction $101,188,900. Prussia alone spent $60,424,325; Bavaria, $8,955,825 (though nearly $750,000 of this total went for building and repairs for both churches and schools); Baden, $4,176,075; Saxony, $457,325; the free city of Hamburg, $5,561,900. The total expenditures of the empire and of the states of the empire combined, in 1910 amounted to $2,225,225,000; of this, as we have seen, more than $101,000,000 went for instruction and allied uses; $198,748,775 was the cost of the army; and $82,362,650 the cost of the navy, not counting the extraordinary expenditures for these two arms of the service, which amounted to $5,624,775 for the army, and $28,183,125 for the navy. The total expenditure of the Fatherland for schools, army, and navy amounted, therefore, to one-fifth of the total, or $416,108,225.

I have grouped these expenditures together for the reason that I am still one of those who remain distrustful and disdainful of the Carnegie holy water, and a firm believer that the two best schools in Germany, or anywhere else where they are as well conducted as here, are the army and the navy. Even if they were not schools of war, they would be an inestimable loss to the country were they no longer in existence as manhood-training schools. This is the more clear when it is remembered that, according to the army standard, both the German peasant and the urban dweller are steadily deteriorating. In ten years the percentage of physically efficient men in the rural districts decreased from 60.5 to 58.2 per cent, and this decrease is even more marked in particular provinces. Infant mortality, despite better hygienic conditions and more education, has not decreased, and in some districts has increased; while the birth-rate, especially in Prussia and Thuringia, has fallen off as well. For the whole of Germany, the births to every thousand of the inhabitants were: in 1876, 42.63; in 1891, 38.25; in 1905, 34; and in 1909, 31.91. In Berlin the births per thousand in 1907 were 24.63 and in 1911 only 20.84.

Even the observer who cares nothing for statistics, who rambles about in the district of Leipsic, Chemnitz, Riesa, Oschatz, and even in the mountainous district of south-east Saxony, may see for himself a population lacking in size, vigor, and health, noticeably so indeed. Education at one end turning out an unwholesome, "white-collared, black-coated proletariat," as the Socialists call them; and industry and commerce, which even tempt the farmer to sell what he should keep to eat, at the other, are making serious inroads upon the health and well-being of the population.

The chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg, speaking in the Reichstag February 11, 1911, said: "The fear that we may not be working along the right lines in the education of our youth is a cause of great anxiety to many people in Germany. We shall not solve this problem by shunning it!"

Many social economists hold that higher education is unfitting numbers of young men from following the humbler pursuits, while at the same time it is not making them as efficient as are their ambitions; and such men are recognized as the most potent chemical in making the milk of human kindness to turn sour. At a meeting of the Goethebund this year, advocating school reform, it was evident that many intelligent men in Germany were not satisfied with present methods of education, which were characterized as wasting energy in mechanical methods of teaching, and so robbing youth of its youth. It is beginning to be understood in Germany, as it has been understood by wise men in all ages, that "to spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of the scholar." This same commentary of Bacon should be on the walls of every school and university in Germany.

In America, it is true, we have gone ahead along educational lines. In 1800, it is said, the average adult American had 82 days of school attendance; in 1900,

146 days. In the last quarter of a century our secondary schools have increased in number from 1,400 to 12,000; and during the last 18 years the proportion of our youth receiving high-school instruction has doubled, and attendance at American colleges has increased 400 per cent, while the population increased by 100 per cent. But education is by no means so strenuous as in Germany. The hours are shorter, holidays longer, standards lower, and the emphasis far less insistent. A boy who has not the mental energy to pass the entrance examinations at Harvard for instance, and proceed to a degree there, ought to be drowned, or to drown himself. I would not say as much of the requirements in Germany, for they are far more severe. Prince von Hohenlohe in his memoirs gives an account of a conversation between the Emperor, the Emperor's tutor, and himself. The Emperor was regretting the severity of the examinations in the secondary schools, and it was replied to him that this was the only way to prevent a flood of candidates for the civil service!

There is another all-important factor in Germany bearing upon this point. A boy must have passed into the upper section of the class before the last, "*Secunda*," as it is called, or have passed an equivalent examination, in order to serve one year instead of three in the army. To be an *Einjähriger* is, therefore, in a way the mark of an educated gentleman. The tales of suicide and despair of school-boys in Germany are, alas, too many of them true; and it is to be remembered that not to reach a certain standard here means that a man's way is barred from the army and navy, civil service, diplomatic or consular service, from social life, in short. The uneducated man of position in Germany does not exist, cannot exist. This is, therefore, no phantom, but a real terror. The man of twenty-five who has not won an education and a degree faces a blank wall barring his entrance anywhere; and even when, weaponed with the necessary academic passport, he is permitted to enter, he meets with an appalling competition, which has peopled Germany with educated inefficients who must work for next to nothing, and who keep down the level of the earnings of the rest because there is an army of candidates for every vacant position. On the other hand, the industries of Germany have bounded ahead, because the army of chemists and physicists of patience, training, and ability who work for small salaries provide them with new and better weapons than their rivals.

There are two sides to this question of fine-tooth-comb education. Its advantages both America and England are seeing every day in these stout rivals of ours; but its disadvantages are not to be concealed, and are perhaps doing an undermining work that will be more apparent in the future than now it is. The very fact that an alien, an oriental race, the Jews, have taken so disproportionate a share of the cream of German prosperity, and have turned this technical prowess to purposes of their own, is, in and of itself, a sure sign that there may be an educated proletariat working slavishly for masters whom, with all their learning and all their mental discipline, they cannot force to abdicate.

Strange to say, the federal constitution of 1871, which gave Germany its emperor, did not include the schools, and each state has its own school system, but in 1875 an imperial school commission was formed which has done much to make the system of all the states uniform.

The three classes of schools recognized as leading later to a university career are the *Gymnasium*, in which Latin and Greek are still the fundamental requirements; the *Realgymnasium*, in which Latin but no Greek is required; the *Oberrealschule*, in which the classics are not taught at all, but emphasis is laid upon modern languages and natural science. In addition to these there are the so-called *Reformschulen*, of very recent growth, which are an attempt to put less emphasis upon the classics, but without excluding them entirely from the course, and to pay more attention proportionately to modern languages, French in particular. There are in addition some four hundred public and one thousand or more private higher girls' schools, with an attendance of a quarter of a million, all subject to state supervision. If one were to make a genealogical tree of the German schools which educate the children from the age of six up to the age of entrance to the university, it might be described as follows:

First are the *Volkschulen*, which every child must attend from six to fourteen. In the smaller country schools the children of all ages may be in one school-room and under one teacher; in another, divided into two classes; in another, into three or four classes; up to the large city schools, in which there are eight classes. Next would come the *Mittelschulen*, where the pupils are carried on a year farther, and where the last year corresponds to the first year of the so-called *Lehrerbildungsanstalten*, or training schools for teachers. These again are divided into two, one called *Praeparanda*, the other *Seminar*, the former carrying the pupil on to his sixteenth year, the latter to the nineteenth year and turning him out a full-fledged *Volkschule* teacher and giving him the right to serve only one year in the army.

If boy or girl goes on from the fourteenth year, the höhere Knabenschulen and the höhere Mädchenschulen take them on to the eighteenth or nineteenth year. Many boys go on till they have passed from the lower *Secunda*, next to the last class which is divided into upper and lower *Secunda*, into the upper *Secunda*, when their certificate entitles them to serve one year only in the army when they quit school. Many boys, too, intending to become officers, leave school at sixteen or seventeen and go to regular cramming institutions, where they do their work more quickly and devote themselves to the special subjects required. For boys intending to go on through the higher schools, there are schools taking them on from the age of nine, with a curriculum better adapted than that of the *Volkschulen* to that end.

In all these higher schools there is less attention paid to mere examinations, and more attention paid to the general grip the pupils have on the work in hand; and of the teaching, as mentioned elsewhere, too much cannot be said in its praise.

For those boys who finish their public schooling at the age of fourteen and then turn to earning their living, there are the continuation schools, which are in many parts of the country compulsory, and which are nicely adapted, according to their situation in shopkeeping cities, in factory towns, or in the country, to give the pupils the drilling and instruction necessary for their particular employment.

According to the last census the proportion of illiterates among the recruits for the army was 0.02 per cent. The number of those who could neither read nor write in Germany was, in 1836, 41.44 per cent; in 1909, 0.01 per cent. If one were to name all the agricultural schools; technical schools; schools of architecture and building; commercial schools, for textile, wood, metal, and ceramic industries; art schools; schools for naval architecture and engineering and navigation; and the public music schools, it would be seen that it is no exaggeration to speak of fine-tooth-comb education.

I have visited scores of all sorts of schools all over Germany, from a peasant common school in Posen up to that last touch in education, the schools in Charlottenburg, the Schulpforta Academy, and such a private boys' school as Die Schülerheim-Kolonie des Arndt-Gymnasiums in the Grünewald near Berlin, and the training schools for the military cadets. Through the courtesy of the authorities I was permitted, when I wished it, to sit in the class-rooms, and even to put questions to the boys and girls in the classes. From the small boys and girls making their first efforts at spelling to the young woman of seventeen who translated a paragraph of the "Germania" of Tacitus, not into German but into French, for me (a problem I offered as a good test of whether I was merely assisting at a prepared exhibition of the prowess of the class or whether the minds had been trained to independence), I have looked over a wide field of teaching and learning in Germany. If that young person was typical of the pupils of this upper girls' school, there is no doubt of their ability to meet an intellectual emergency of that kind.

Of one feature of German education one can write without reservation, and that is the teaching. Everywhere it is good, often superlatively good, and half a dozen times I have listened to the teaching of a class in history, in Latin, in German literature, in French literature, where it was a treat to be a listener. I remember in particular a class in physical geography, another reading Ovid, another reading

Shakespeare, and another reading Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea," where I enjoyed my half-hour as though I had been listening to a distinguished lecturer on his darling subject.

We know how little these men and women teachers are paid, but there is such a flood of intellectual output in Germany that the competition is ferocious in these callings, and the schools can pick and choose only from those who have borne the severest tests with the greatest success. The teaching is so good that it explains in part the amount of work these poor children are enabled to get through. School begins at seven in summer, at eight in winter. The course for those intending to go to the university is nine years; the recitation hours alone range from twenty-five to thirty-two hours a week; to which must be added two hours a week of singing and three hours a week of gymnastics, and this for forty-two weeks in the year. The preparation for class-work requires from two and a half to four hours more. It foots up to something like fifty hours a week!

At Eton, in England, the boys grumble because they only have a half-holiday every other day and four months of the year vacation. It will be interesting to see which educational method is to produce the men who are to win the next Waterloo. No wonder that nearly seventy per cent of those who reach the standard required of those who need serve only one year instead of three in the army are near-sighted, and that more than forty-five per cent are put on one side as physically unfit. The increase in population in Germany is so great, however, and the candidates for the army so numerous, that the authorities are far more strict in those they accept than in France, for example. There is more manhood material for the German army and navy every year than is needed.

In the first year of the nine-years' course in a Gymnasium the 25 hours a week are divided: religion, 3 hours; German, 4 hours; Latin, 8 hours; geography, 2 hours; mathematics, 4 hours; natural science, 2 hours; writing, 2 hours. In the last year: religion, 2 hours; German, 3 hours; Latin, 7 hours; Greek, 6 hours—Greek is begun in the fourth year; French, 3 hours—French is begun in the third year; history, 3 hours; mathematics, 4 hours; natural science, 2 hours.

In the first year in a Realgymnasium: religion, 3 hours; German, 4 hours; Latin, 8 hours; geography, 2 hours; mathematics, 4 hours; natural science, 2 hours; writing, 2 hours. In the last year of the course: religion, 2 hours; German, 3 hours; Latin, 4 hours; French—begun in third year—4 hours; English—begun in fourth year—3 hours; mathematics, 5 hours; natural science, 5 hours; drawing, 2 hours.

In the first year in an Oberrealschule: religion, 3 hours; German, 5 hours; French, 6 hours; geography, 2 hours; mathematics, 5 hours; natural science, 2 hours; writing, 2 hours. In the last year: religion, 2 hours; German, 4 hours; French, 4 hours; English—begun in the fourth year—4 hours; history, 3 hours; geography, 1 hour; mathematics, 5 hours; natural science, 6 hours; free-hand drawing—begun in the second year—2 hours.

It may be seen from these schedules where the emphasis is laid in each of these schools. So far as results are concerned, the pupils about to leave for the universities seemed to me to know their Latin, Greek, French, German, and English, and their local and European history well. Their knowledge of Latin and of either French or English, sometimes of both, is far superior to anything required of a student entering any college or university in America. I have asked many pupils to read passages at sight in Latin, French, and English in schools in various parts of Germany and there is no question of the grip they have upon what they have been taught. I am, alas, not a scholar, and can only judge of the requirements and of the training and its results in subjects where I am at home; and I must take it for granted that these boys and girls are as well trained in other subjects where I am incapable of passing judgment. It is improbable, however, that the same thoroughness does not characterize their work throughout the whole curriculum. The examination at the end of the secondary-school period, called Abiturientenexamen, is more thorough and covers a wider range than any similar examination in America. It is a test of intellectual maturity. It permits no gaps, covers a

wide ground, leaves no subject dropped on the way, and sends a man or woman to the university with an equipment entirely adequate for such special work as the individual proposes to undertake.

It seemed to me that in many class-rooms the ventilation was distinctly bad, but here too I must admit an exaggerated love for fresh air, born of my own love of out-door exercise.

There are practically no schools in Germany like the public schools for boys in England, and our own private schools for boys, like Saint Paul's, Groton, Saint Mark's, and others, where the training of character and physique are emphasized. Here again I admit my prejudice in favor of such education. I should be made pulp, indeed, did I try to run through the boys of a fifth or sixth form at home, but, from the look of them, I would have undertaken it for a wager in Germany.

It is not their fault, poor boys. Practically the whole emphasis is laid upon drilling the mind. Moral and physical matters are left to the home, and in the home there are no fathers and brothers interested in games or sport, and in this busy, competitive strife, and with the small means at the disposal of the majority, there is no time and no opportunity. Boys and girls seldom leave home for distant boarding-schools. They go from home to school and from school home every day, and have none of the advantages to be gained from intercourse with men outside their own circles. It shows itself in a deplorable lack of orientation as compared with our lads of the same relative standing. In dress and bearing, in at-homeness in the world, in ability to take care of themsleves under strange conditions or in an emergency, and in domestic hygiene they are inferior, and yet they are so competent to push the national military, industrial, and commercial ball along as men, that one wonders whether Bagehot's gibe at certain well-to-do classes of the Saxons, that "they spend half their time washing their whole persons," may not have a grain of truth in it.

Another feature of the school life which is prominent, especially in Prussia, is the incessant and insistent emphasis laid upon patriotism. In every school, almost in every class-room, is a picture of the Emperor; in many, pictures also of his father and grandfather. Even in a municipal lodging-house, where I found some tiny waifs and strays being taught, there were pictures of the sovereign, and brightly colored pictures of the war of 1870–71, generally with German personalities on horseback, and the French as prisoners with bandages and dishevelled clothing. This war, which began with the first movement of the German army on August 4, and on the 2d of September next Napoleon was a prisoner; this war, in which the German army at the beginning of operations consisted of 384,000 officers and men and which had grown to 630,000 on March 1, during the truce, lost in killed and those who died from wounds 28,278, of whom 1,871 were officers; this war is flaunted at the population of Germany continually, and from every possible angle. We hear very little of our war of 1861–66, that cost us $8,000,000,000 with killed and wounded numbering some 700,000. We do not find it necessary to feed our patriotism with a nursing-bottle.

At a kindergarten two tots, a boy and a girl, stood at the top of some steps while the rest marched by and saluted; they later descended and went through the motions of reviewing the others. They were playing they were Kaiser and Kaiserin!

Two small boys in a school-yard discussing their relative prowess as jumpers end the discussion when one says as a final word: "Oh, I can jump as high as the Kaiser!"

We have noted in another article how even police sergeants must be familiar with the history of the House of Hohenzollern.

I am an admirer of Germany and her Emperor, with a distinct love of discipline and a bias in favor of military training, and with an experience of actual warfare such as only a score or so of German officers or men of my generation have had; but I am bound to say I found this pounding in of patriotism on every side distinctly nauseating. Boys and girls, and men and women, ought not to need to be pestered with patriotism. We had a controversy in America some ten years before the Franco-German War, where in more than one battle more men were killed

and wounded than in all the battles Prussia, and later Germany, has fought since 1860.

In the South, at any rate, we bear the scars and the mourning of those days still, but nobody would be thanked for pummelling us with patriotism. In the skirmish with Spain our military authorities were pestered with candidates for the front. Germany itself is not more a nation in arms than America would be at the smallest threat of insult or aggression. But we take those things for granted. If we have the honor to possess a medal or a decoration, the gentlemen among us wear it only when asked to do so, or perhaps on the Fourth of July.

Germany is even now somewhat loosely cemented together. Their leaders may feel that it is necessary to keep ever in the minds even of the children that Germany is a nation with an Emperor and a victory over France, France in political rags and patches at the time, behind them.

They even carry this teaching of patriotism beyond the boundaries of Germany. The *Allgemeiner Deutscher Schulverein zur Erhaltung des Deutschtums im Auslande* is a society with head-quarters in Berlin devoting itself to the advancement of German education all over the world. The society was started privately in 1886, and is now partly supported by the state. It controls some sixteen hundred centres for the teaching of German and German patriotism, and German learning. There are such centres in China, South America, the United States, Spain, and elsewhere. They number 90 in Europe; 25 in Asia; 20 in Africa; 70 in Brazil; 40 in Argentina; and 100 in Australia and Canada. The society is instrumental in having German taught in 5,000 schools and academies in the United States to 600,000 pupils. The work is not advertised, rather is it concealed so far as possible, but it is looked upon as a valuable force for the advancement of German interests throughout the world.

In the schools, too, there is an enemy of which we know nothing, and that is the active propagandism of socialism, which is anti-military, anti-monarchical, and anti-status quo. Leaflets and books and pamphlets are widely distributed among the school children; many of the teachers are in sympathy with these obstructionist methods; and the authorities may feel that they must do what they can to combat this teaching. In Prussia, on every side, and in the industrial towns of Saxony, one sees the evidence of this impotent discontent expressing itself either openly or in surly malice of speech and manner. The streets of Berlin, and of the industrial towns, show this condition at every turn, and when the Reichstag closes with cheers for the Emperor, the Socialist members leave in a body before that loyal ceremony takes place.

We in America are brought up to believe that the best cure for such maladies is to open the wound, to give freedom of speech, to let every boy and girl and man and woman find out for himself his citizen's path to walk in. We have no policemen on our public platforms, no gags in the mouths of our professors or preachers, no lurid pictures of battles, no plastering of the walls of our schools and seminaries with pictures of our rulers, and withal our German immigrants are perhaps our best and most patriotic citizens.

Self-consciousness is the prince of mental and social diseases, as vanity is the princess, and even self-conscious patriotism seems a little unwholesome, not quite manly, and often even grotesque. It is easy to say: "Dic mihi si fueris tu leo, qualis eris?" and if one is a person of no great importance, it is an embarrassing question to answer. In this connection I can only say that I should assume that my lionhood was taken for granted without so much roaring, bristling of the mane, and switching of the tail. It irritates those who are discontented, it positively infuriates the redder democrats, and it bores the children, and, worst of all, proclaims to everybody that the lion is not quite comfortable and at his ease. The German lion is a fine, big fellow now, with fangs, and teeth, and claws as serviceable as need be, and it only makes him appear undignified to be forever looking at himself in the looking-glass.

Whatever may be the right or wrong of these comparative methods of training, Germans trained in the investigation of such matters agree in telling me that the boys who come up to the universities, especially in the large cities and towns, are

somewhat lax in their moral standards as regards matters upon which the puritan still lays great stress.

In Berlin particularly, where there are some thirty-five hundred registered and nearly fifty thousand unregistered women devoting themselves to the seemingly incompatible ends of rapidly accumulating gold while frantically pursuing pleasure, there is an amount of immorality unequalled in any capital in Europe. In the whole German Empire the average of illegitimacy is ten per cent, but in Berlin the average for the last few years is twenty per cent. Out of every five children born in Berlin each year one is illegitimate! It is questionable whether the increasing demands of the army and navy require such laxity of moral methods in providing therefor.

There is, however, a state church in Germany with its head in Berlin, and no doubt we may safely leave this matter in these better hands than ours. I beg to say that in mentioning this subject I am quoting unprejudiced scientific investigators, who, I may say, agree, without a dissenting voice of importance, that Berlin has become the classical problem along such lines. In the endeavor to compete with the gayeties elsewhere, a laxity has been encouraged and permitted that has won for Berlin in the last ten years an unrivalled position as a purveyor of after-dark pleasures. Berlin not only produces a disproportionate number of such people as Diotrephes, in manners, but also a veritable horde of those who are like unto the son of Bosor.

After the sheltered home life and the severe discipline of the higher schools, a German youth is permitted a freedom unknown to us at the university. There is no record kept of how or where he spends his time. He matriculates at one or another of the universities, and for three, four, or, in the case of medical students, five years, he is free to work or not to work, as he pleases.

There are, however, three factors that serve as bit and reins to keep him in order. The final examination is severe, thorough, and cannot be passed successfully by mere cramming; very few of the students have incomes which permit of a great range of dissipation; and not to pass the examination is a terrible defeat in life, which cuts a man off from further progress and leaves him disgraced.

These are forces that count, and which prevail to keep all but the least serious within bounds. German life as a whole is so disciplined, so fitted together, so impossible to break into except through the recognized channels, that few men have the optimistic elasticity of mind and spirits, the demoniac confidence in themselves, that overrides such considerations.

We suffer from a superabundance of men of aleatory dispositions, men who love to play cards with the devil, who rejoice to wager their future, their reputation, their lives, against the world. I admit a sneaking fondness for them. They are a great asset, and a new country needs them, but if we have too many, Germany has too few. They are forever crying out here for another Bismarck. Whenever in political matters, in foreign affairs, even in their religious controversies, things go wrong, men lift their hands and eyes to heaven and say, "How different if Bismarck were here!" Bismarck and two of his predecessors as nation-builders were not afraid to throw dice with the world, and what "the land of damned professors" could not do, they did.

When the young men from the Gymnasium come into the freedom of university life, they toss their heads a bit, kick up their heels, laugh long and loud at the Philister, but just as every German climax is incomplete without tears, so they too are soon singing: "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten dass ich so traurig bin!" the gloom of the Teutoburger Wald settles down on them, and they buckle to and work with an enduring patience such as few other men in the world display, and join the great army here, who, bitted and harnessed, are pulling the Vaterland to the front.

The British Empire between 1800 and 1910 grew from 1,500,000 square miles to 11,450,000 square miles, and its trade from $400,000,000 to $11,020,000,000; not to mention the United States of America, now considered to be of noticeable importance, though we are universally sneered at by the Germans, to an extent that no American dreams of who has not lived here, as a land of dollars, and,

from the point of view of book-learning, dullards. But it is this, none the less, that Germany envies, and has set out to rival and if possible to surpass. No wonder the training must be severe for the athletes who propose to themselves such a task.

For a semester or two, perhaps for three, the German student gives himself up to the rollicking freedom of the corps student's life. That life is so completely misunderstood by the foreigner that it deserves a few words of explanation.

I am not yet old enough to envy youth, nor sourly sophisticated enough to deal sarcastically or even lightly with their worship and their creeds, that once I shared, and with which lately I have been, under the most hospitable circumstances, invited to renew my acquaintance at the *Commers* and the *Mensur*.

One may be no longer a constant worshipper at the shrine of blue eyes, pink cheeks, flaxen hair, and the enshrouding mystery of skirts, which make for curiosity and reverence in youth; one may have learned, however, the far more valuable lesson that the best women are so much nobler than the best men, that the best men may still kneel to the best women; just as the worst women surpass the worst men in consciencelessness, brutal selfishness, disloyalty, and degradation. The female bandit in society, or frankly on the warpath outside, takes her weapons from an armory of foulness and cruelty unknown to men; just as the heroines and angels among women fortify themselves in sanctuaries to which few if any men have the key.

One returns, therefore, to the playground of one's youth with not less but with more sympathy and understanding. Far from being "brutalizing guilds," far from being mere unions for swilling and slashing, the German corps, by their codes, and discipline, and standards of manners and honor, are, from the chivalrous point of view, the leaven of German student life. In these days many of them have club-houses of their own, where they take their meals in some cases and where they meet for their beer-drinking ceremonies.

There is of course a wide range of expenditure by students at the German universities, whether they are members of the corps or not. At one of the smaller universities in a country town like Marburg, for example, a poor student, with a little tutoring and the system of *frei Tisch*—money left for the purpose of giving a free midday meal to poor students—may scrape along with an expenditure of as little as twenty dollars a month. A member of a good corps at this same university is well content with, and can do himself well on, seventy dollars a month. I have seen numbers of students' rooms, with bed, writing-table, and simple furniture, perhaps with a balcony where for many months in the year one may write and read, which rent for sixty dollars a year. One may say roughly that at the universities outside the large towns, and not including the fashionable universities, such as Bonn, the student gets on comfortably with fifty dollars a month. They have their coffee and rolls in the morning, their midday meal which they take together at a restaurant, and their supper of cold meats, preserves, cheese, and beer where they will. For seventy-five cents a day a student can feed himself.

The hours are Aristotelian, for it was Aristotle in his "Economics," and not a nursery rhymer, who wrote: "It is likewise well to rise before daybreak, for this contributes to health, wealth, and wisdom." "Early to bed and early to rise" is a classic.

At Bonn, a member of one of the three more fashionable corps spends far more than these sums, and his habits may be less Spartan. The ridiculous expenditure of some of our mamma-bred undergraduates, who go to college primarily to cultivate social relations, are unknown anywhere in Germany, for a student would make himself unpopularly conspicuous by extravagance. Two to three thousand dollars a year, even at Bonn as a member of the best corps, would be amply sufficient and is considered an extravagant expenditure.

The origin of the Landmannschaften, Burschenschaften, and the Corps among the students dates back to the days when the students aligned themselves with more rigidity than now according to the various German states from which they came. The names of the corps still bear this sug-

gestion, though nowadays the alignment is rather social than geographical. The Burschenschaften societies of students had their origin in political opposition to this separation of the students into communities from the various states. The originators of the Burschenschaften movement, for example, were eleven students at Jena. Sobriety and chastity were conditions of entrance, and "Honor, Liberty, Fatherland" were their watchwords. It was deemed a point of honor that a member breaking his vows should confess and retire from the society.

The societies of the Burschenschaften are still considered to have a political complexion and the corps proper have no dealings with them.

In any given semester the number of students in one of these corps varies from as few as ten to as many as twenty-five, depending, much as do our Greek-letter societies and college clubs, upon the number of available men coming up to the university. Certain corps are composed almost exclusively of noblemen, but none is distinctly a rich man's club.

An active member of a corps during his first two semesters may do a certain amount of serious work, but as a rule it is looked upon as a time "to loaf and invite one's soul," and little attempt is made to do more. Not a few men whom I have known have not even entered a class-room during the two or three semesters of this blossoming period.

I have spent many days and nights with these gentlemen, at Heidelberg, at Leipsic, at Marburg, at Bonn, and been made one of them in their jollity and good-fellowship, and I have agreed and still agree that "Wir sind die Könige der Welt, wir sind's durch unsere Freude."

They are by no means the swashbuckling, bullying, dissolute companions painted by those who know nothing about them. They may drink more beer than we deem necessary for health, or even for comfort, and they may take their exercise with a form of sword practice that we do not esteem, they may be proud of the scars of these imitation duels, but these are all matters of tradition and taste.

When one writes of eating and drinking, it is hardly fair to make comparisons from a personal stand-point. An adult of average weight requires each day 125 grams of proteid or building material, 500 grams of carbohydrates, 50 grams of fat. This equals, in common parlance, one pound of bread, one-half pound of meat, one-quarter pound of fat, one pound potatoes, one-half pint of milk, one-quarter pound of eggs, assumed that one egg equals two ounces, and one-eighth pound of cheese. Divided into three meals, this means for breakfast: two slices of bread and butter and two eggs; for dinner: one plateful potato soup, large helping of meat with fat, four moderate-sized potatoes, one slice bread and butter; for tea: one glass of milk and two slices of bread and butter; for supper: two slices of bread and butter and two ounces of cheese.

Plain white bread supplies more caloric, or energy, for the price than any other one food and, with one or two exceptions, more proteid, or building material, than any other one food.

One to one and a half fluid ounces of alcohol is about the amount which can be completely oxidized in the body in a day. This quantity is contained in two fluid ounces of brandy or whiskey; five fluid ounces of port or sherry; ten of claret or champagne or other light wines, and twenty of bottled beer. All this means that a pint of claret, or two glasses of champagne or a bottle of beer, or a glass of whiskey with some aerated water during the day will not hurt a man, and adds perhaps to the "agreeableness of life," as Matthew Arnold phrases it. At any rate this table of contents is a much safer standard of comparison in judging the eating and drinking habits of other people than either your habits or mine.

The German student probably drinks too much, and it is said by safe authorities here in Germany that his heart, liver, and kidneys suffer; but he has been at it a long time, and in certain fields of intellectual prowess he is still supreme, and as we only drink with him now occasionally when he is our host, perhaps he had best be left to settle these questions without our criticism.

In general terms, I have always considered, as a test of myself and others, that a healthy man is one who lies down at night without fear, rises in the morning cheerfully, goes to a day's serious

work of some kind rejoicing in the prospect,. meets his friends gayly, and loves his loves better than himself.

It is folly to maintain that it does not require pluck and courage to stand up to a swinging *Schläger* and take your punishment without flinching, and then to sit without a murmur while your wounds are sewn up and bandaged. I cannot help my preference for foot-ball, or base-ball, or rowing, or a cross-country run with the hounds, or grouse or pheasant shooting, or the shooting of bigger game, or the driving of four horses, or the handling of a boat in a breeze of wind, but the "world is so full of a number of things" that he has more audacity than I who proposes to weigh them all in the scales of his personal experience, and then to mark them with their relative values.

First of all, it is to be remembered that these *Schläger* contests between students are in no sense duels; a duel being the setting by one man of his chance of life against another's chance, both with deadly weapons in their hands. These contests with the *Schläger* at the German universities, wrongly called duels, are so conducted that there is no possibility of permanent or even very serious injury to the combatants. The attendants who put them into their fighting harness, the doctors who look after them during the contest and who care for them afterward, are old hands at the game and no mistakes are made.

There is no feeling of animosity between the swordsmen as a rule. They are merely candidates for promotion in the corps who meet candidates from other corps, and prove their skill and courage *auf die Mensur*, or fighting-ground.

When a youth joins a corps he chooses a counsellor and friend, a *Leibbursch*, as he is called, from among the older men, whose special care it is to see that he behaves himself properly in his new environment; he pledges himself to respect the traditions and standards of the corps and to keep himself worthy of respect among his fellows and among those whom he meets outside. A companion and guardianship not unlike this used to exist in the Greek-letter society to which I once belonged. He of course abides by the rules and regulations of the order. It is a time of freedom in one sense, but it is a freedom closely guarded, and there is rigid discipline here as in practically all other departments of life in Germany.

The young students, or *Füchse* as they are called, are instructed in the way they should go by the older students, or *Burschen*, whose authority is absolute. This authority extends even to the people whom they may know and consort with, either in the university or in the town; and to all questions of personal behavior, debts, dissipation, manners, and general bearing. In many of the corps there are high standards and old traditions as regards these matters, and every member must abide by them. Every corps student is a patriot, ready to sing or fight for Kaiser and Vaterland, and socialism, even criticism of his country or its rulers, are as out of place among them as in the army or navy. They are particular as to the men whom they admit, and a man's lineage and bearing and relations with older members of the corps are carefully canvassed before he is admitted to membership. Both the present Emperor and one of his sons have been members of a corps.

Let us spend a day with them. It is Saturday. We get up rather late, having turned in late after the *Commers* of Friday, when the men who are to fight the next day were drunk to, sung to, and wished good fortune on the morrow, and sent home early. The trees are turning green at Bonn, the shrubs are feeling the air with hesitating blossoms, you walk out into the sunshine as gay as a lark, for the champagne and the beer of the night before were good, and you sang away the fumes of alcohol before you went to bed. There was much laughter, and a speech or two of welcome for the guest, responded to at 1 A. M. in German, French, English, and gestures with a beer-mug and punctuated with the appreciative comments of the company.

It was a time to slough off twenty years or so and let Adam have his chance, and the company was of gentlemen who sympathize with and understand the "Alter Herr," and are only too delighted if he will let the springs of youth bubble and sparkle for them, and glad to encourage him to return to reminiscences of his prowess in love and war, and ready to pledge him

in bumper after bumper success in the days to come. You might think it a carouse. Far from it.

The ceremony is presided over by a stern young gentleman, who never for a moment allows any member of the company to get out of hand, and who, when a speech is to be made, makes it with grace and complete ease of manner. Indeed, these young fellows surprise one with their easy mastery of the art of speech-making. Even the spokesman for the *Füchse*, or younger students, at the lower end of the table, rises and pledges himself and his companions in a few graceful words, with certain sly references to the possibility that the guest may not have lost his appreciation of the charms of German womankind, which the guest in question here and now and frankly admits; but not a word of coarseness, not a hint that totters on the brink of an indiscretion, and what higher praise can one give to speech-making on such an occasion!

My particular host and introducer to his old corps is youngest of all, and though seemingly as lavish in his potations as any one, sings his way home with me, head as clear, legs as steady, eyes as bright, as though it were 10 A. M. and not 2 A. M., and as though I had not seemed to see his face during most of the evening through the bottom of a beer-mug.

That was the night before. The next morning we stroll over to the room where the *Schläger* contests are to take place. It is packed with students in their different-colored caps. Beer there is, of course, but no smoking allowed till the bouts are over.

I go down to see the men dressing for the fray. They strip to the waist, put on a loose half-shirt half-jacket of cotton stuff, then a heavily padded half-jerkin that covers them completely from chin to knee. The throat is wrapped round and round with heavy silk bandages. The right arm and hand are guarded with glove and a heavily padded leather sleeve; all these impervious to any sword blow. The eyes are guarded with steel spectacle frames fitted with thick glass. Nothing is exposed but the face and the top of the head. The exposed parts are washed with antiseptics, as are also the swords, repeatedly during the bout. The sword, hilt and blade together, measures one hundred and five centimetres. There is a heavy, well-guarded hilt, and a pliable blade with a square end, sharp as a razor on both edges for some six inches from the end.

The position in the sword-play is to face squarely one's opponent, the sword hand well over the head with the blade held down over the left shoulder. The distance between the combatants is measured by placing the swords between them lengthwise, each one with his chest against the hilt of his own weapon, and this marks the proper distance between them. When they are brought in and face one another, the umpire, with a bow, explains the situation. The two seconds with swords crouch each beside his man, ready to throw up the swords and stop the fighting between each bout. Two other men stand ready to hold the rather heavily weighted sword arm of his comrade on the shoulder during the pauses. Two others with cotton dipped in an antiseptic preparation keep the points of the swords clean. Still another official keeps a record in a book of each cut or scratch, the length of time, the number of bouts, and the result. The doctor decides when a wound is bad enough to close the contest.

At the word "Los!" the blades sing and whistle in the air, the work being done almost wholly with the wrist, some four blows are exchanged, there is a pause, then at it again, till the alloted number of bouts are over, or one or the other has been cut to the point where the doctor decides that there shall be no more. We follow them downstairs again, where, after being carefully washed, the combatants are seated in a chair one after the other, their friends crowd around and count the stitches as the surgeon works, and comment upon what particular twist of the wrist produced such and such a gash.

I have seen scores of these contests, and during the last year as many as a dozen or more. There is no record of any one ever having been seriously injured; indeed, I doubt if there are not more men injured by too much beer than too much sword-play.

It is perhaps expected that the foot-ball player should sneer at bull-fighting; the boxer at fencing; the rider to hounds at these *Schläger* bouts; and that we game-

players should say contemptuous things of the contests of our neighbors. Personally, if one could eliminate the horse from the contest, I go so far as to believe that even bull-fighting is better than no game at all. As for these *Schläger* contests, they seem to me no more brutal than our own foot-ball, which is only brutal to the shivering crowd of the too tender who have never played it, and not so dangerous as polo or pick-sticking, and a thousand times better than no contest at all.

I am not of those who believe that the human body and that human life are the most precious and valuable things in the world. They are only servants of the courageous hearts and pure souls that ought to be their masters. Without training, without obedience, without the instant willingness to sacrifice themselves for their masters, the human body and human life are contemptible and unworthy. I claim that it braces the mind to expose the body; that an education in the prepared emergencies of games and sport is the best training for the unprepared emergencies with which life is strewn.

The most cruel people I have ever known were gentle enough physically, but they were hard and sour in their social relations, and often enough called "good" by their fellows. The disappointments, losses, sorrows, defeats, of each one of us, trouble, even though imperceptibly, the waters of life that we all must drink of; and to ignore or to rejoice at these misfortunes is only muddying what we ourselves must drink. I believe the hardening of the body goes some way toward softening the heart and cleansing the soul, and toward fitting a man with that cheerful charity that supplies the oil of intercourse in a creaking world of rival interests.

To see a youth swinging a sword at his fellow's face with delighted energy; to see a man riding off vigorously at polo; to see a man hard at it with the gloves on; to see another flinging himself and his horse over a wall or across a ditch; to see these things without seeing that—perhaps often enough in a muddy sort of way—the soul is making a slave of the body, that courage is mastering cowardice, that in an elementary way the youth is learning how to give himself generously when some great emergency calls upon him to give his life for an ideal, a tradition, a duty, is to see nothing but brutality, I admit. Who does not know that the Carthaginians at Cannæ were one thing, the Carthaginians at Capua another! I have therefore no acidulous effeminacy to pour upon these German *Schläger* bouts. I prefer other forms of exercise, but I am a hardened believer in the manhood bred of contests, and though their ways are not my ways, I prefer a world of slashed faces to a world of soft ones.

Prosit, gentlemen! Better your world than the world of Semitic haggling and exchange; of caution and smoothness; of the disasters born of daintiness; of sliding over the ship's side in women's clothes to live, when it was a moral duty to be drowned. Better your world than any such worlds as those, for

> "If one should dream that such a world began
> In some slow devil's heart that hated man,
> Who should deny it?"

Milton held that "a complete and generous education fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." It is my opinion that the *Schläger* has its part to play in this matter of education. A mind trained to the keenness of a razor's edge, but without a sound body controlled by a steel will, is of small account in the world. The whole aim of education is, after all, to make a man independent, to make the intelligence reach out in keen quest of its object, and at its own and not at another's bidding. An education is intended to make a man his own master, and so far as any man is not his own master, in just so far is he uneducated. What he knows, or does not know, of books does not alter the fact.

Much of the pharisaism and priggishness on the subject of education arises from the fact that the world is divided into two camps as regards knowledge: those who believe that the astronomer alone knows the stars, and those who believe that he knows them best who sleeps in the open beneath them. In reality, neither type of mind is complete without the other.

To turn from any theoretical discussion

of the subject, it remains to be said that Germany has trained her whole population into the best working team in the world. Without the natural advantages of either England or America she has become the rival of both. Her superior mental training has enabled her to wrest wealth from by-products, and she saves and grows rich on what America wastes. Whether Germany has succeeded in giving the ply of character to her youth, as she folds them in her educational factories, I sometimes doubt. That she has not made them independent and ready to grapple with new situations, and strange peoples, and swift emergencies, their own past and present history shows.

It is a very strenuous and economical existence, however, for everybody, and it requires a politically tame population to be thus driven. The dangerous geographical situation of Germany, ringed round by enemies, has made submission to hard work and to an iron autocratic government necessary. To be a nation at all it was necessary to obey and to submit; to sacrifice and to save. These things they have been taught as have no other European people. Greater wealth, increased power, a larger rôle in the world, are bringing new problems. Education thus far has been in the direction of fitting each one into his place in a great machine, and less attention has been paid to the development of that elasticity of mind which makes for independence; but men educate themselves into independence, and that time is coming swiftly for Germany.

"Also he hath set the world in their heart," and one wonders what this population, hitherto so amenable, so economical, and so little worldly, will do with this new world. The temptations of wealth, the sirens of luxury, the opportunities for amusement and dissipation, are all to the fore in the Germany of to-day as they were certainly not twenty-five years ago. "The land of damned professors" has learned its lessons from those same professors so well, that it is now ready to take a post-graduate course in world politics; and as I said in the beginning, some of our friends are putting the word "damned" in other parts of this and other sentences when they describe the rival prowess and progress of the Germans.

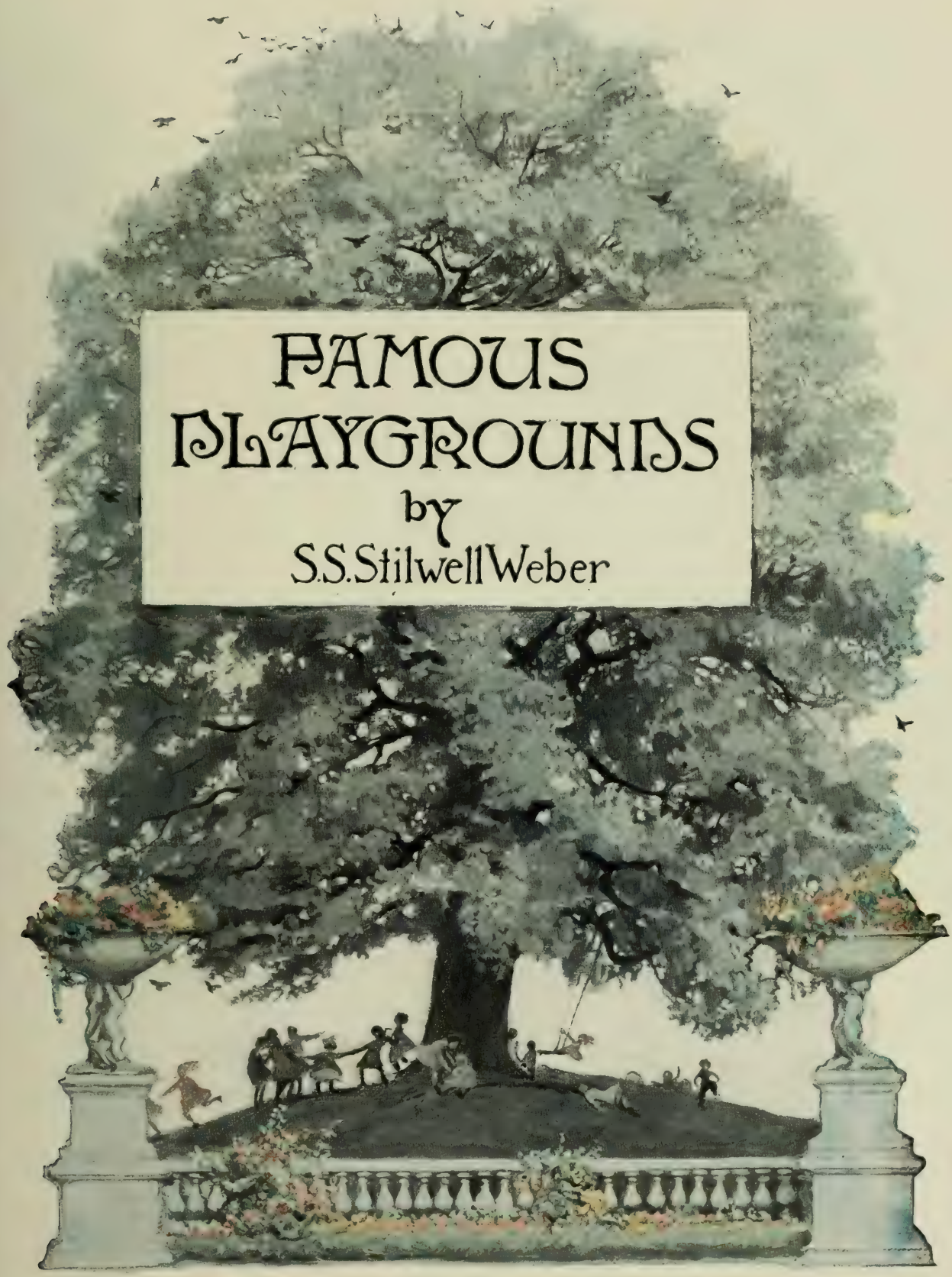
FORGET ME NOT

By Oliver Herford

"I wish that we had never met,
All that I ask is to forget—
To be forgot!"
She sighed, and turned away her head.
He did not see her eyes that said,
"Forget me not!"

"Why have you come again," she said,
"Now that the Memory is dead,
The Love forgot?"
He bowed his head, his pain to hide;
He did not see her eyes that cried,
"Forget me not!"

Now at his side she kneels and cries
His name, and white and still he lies,
All pain forgot.
His eyes will never look again
Into her eyes, that cry in vain,
"Forget me not!"


FAMOUS
PLAYGROUNDS
by
S.S. Stilwell Weber



Jardin du Luxembourg
Paris







Kensington Gardens London







Central Park
New York







SOME EARLY MEMORIES

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

Senator from Massachusetts

IV

IT is no more possible to draw definite lines dividing one part of life from another than it is to separate historical periods with exactness by the rigid number of a given year. Yet when a man passes from the irresponsibility of the years of school and college, and when the artificial period fixed by law for coming of age is attained and coincides, as it did in my case, with marriage, with the assumption of responsibilities, and with the first vague questionings as to what one is to do with life, there seems at that moment a natural separation between that which has befallen us since the *annus mirabilis* and that which has gone before. The early days appear to be shut off from those which follow, although in reality they glided quite imperceptibly into each other. As one looks back one instinctively pauses at this point, and the temptation to compare the world and society as one knew them at the outset of life and as one knows them today, after forty years have wrought their changes, becomes irresistible.

That human environment has altered more in the last seventy years, since the first application of steam and electricity to transportation and communication, than it had in two thousand or, indeed, in six thousand years previously is a truism to those who have taken the trouble to consider this subject. And since the first application of steam and electricity the revolution in the conditions of human existence has gone forward with constantly accelerating force and rapidity. When I was born the fundamental change had already taken place. For more than forty years the world had possessed the steamboat, for twenty years the railroad, and messages had been carried for six years at least by the electric wire. I have never known, therefore, the world and society as they were before these great instruments of communication and transportation existed. But these far-reaching inventions were nevertheless still in their infancy when I was advancing from the cradle to boyhood and from boyhood to manhood. The steam-boat, although widely used, was still, comparatively speaking, undeveloped, especially on the ocean. Railroads were limited in extent and were even less developed than steam-boats. The enormous spread of both in all quarters of the globe and the corresponding increase in rapidity of movement have been the work of the last sixty years. The sleeping-car, the parlor-car, the fast through trains, the huge steamships, ten or twelve times as large as any existing in my boyhood, which now cross the Atlantic in less than a week, have all made their gradual appearance during my lifetime. In the world upon which I opened my eyes, and in which I lived and played contentedly for many years, there were no ocean cables and only a very limited system of telegraphs. I remember the beginning of street railways, which in their growth and by the application of electricity as a motive power have revolutionized (there is no other word) local communications upon which the daily life of the people so largely depends. I have seen the telephone come and spread until it has grown insensibly to be an integral part of our existence. I have seen wireless telegraphy begin, electric lighting introduced, the motor-car come into general use, and if I should live a few years longer I suppose I shall behold, with the indifference born of familiarity, the outlines of flying-machines dark against the sky. There have been many other inventions, many marvellous scientific discoveries, of course, in my time, but I mention only those which have changed radically human environment and the conditions of life, thereby affecting the evolution of the human race as only a changed environment can affect it. If new conditions

powerful enough to produce evolutionary movements have been created, then society, customs, and manners, which are the mere reflections of the desires and tendencies of mankind at any given moment, must be profoundly affected also by such extraordinary changes in environment.

To any man who has lived beyond middle age, the alterations which he has witnessed and the contrasts between the world he knows and that in which he began life must be, and at any period of human history must have always been, very apparent. How much more startling are such changes and how much more profound and far-reaching when the years cover the birth and growth of new conditions more radical in their meaning and effects than any which have occurred in man's environment within historic times! The men and women born since 1830, and still living, have passed through this period and, unconsciously for the most part, have watched these bewildering changes come and have beheld the new order establish itself. Realizing, as I think I do, these contrasts and changes, it is, perhaps, not amiss to note them down. I am not concerned with whether, in my opinion, the changes in custom, society, and manners, born of the new environment and the new conditions of life, are for better or worse. That is a matter of personal taste. One can take the Homeric position that the men of old time were worth more than those of the present, or, if one prefers, that of early Christian pessimism, and hold, with Bernard of Clairvaux, that

> "The world is very evil,
> The times are growing late."

On the other hand, we can, if we are of a cheerful temperament, cling to the creed of the nineteenth century, that mankind is steadily advancing and that we are moving slowly upward to perfection; or we can fall back on the opinion with which Machiavelli shocked the world, that although customs alter, humanity is ever the same, never really progressing but always possessed of the same virtues and, still more distinctly, of the same vices. These are all arguable propositions, but I have no thought of arguing anything. I wish merely to point out certain facts without any attempt to pass judgment upon their merits or to praise or blame existing conditions.

The society into which I was born and of which I became a part was, aside from politics, in its standards and fashions essentially English. The colonial habits, very natural in their time, still held sway. In reading lately the reminiscences of Mr. George Russell and of Sir Algernon West, in which they contrast the society of their youth with London society as it is to-day, I was struck by the absolute identity of many of the vanished manners and customs which they recall with those which I remember. It seemed to me as I read as if in many respects they were writing of the Boston which I knew as a boy. The dominance of English habits, fashions, and beliefs may have been more pronounced in Boston and New England than elsewhere in the United States, but I doubt if there was any great difference. I am satisfied that American society, in its opinions and habits, was much the same in all the Atlantic States; that is, in the former colonies, and that they impressed their views upon the new Western States as the latter gradually emerged from the backwoods, pioneer stage of development. The books we read from those of childhood onward were English, our fashions of dress were English, our long, generous, heavy dinners were English; the ladies left the men in the dining-room, as in England, and as they still do in Boston, and the continental habit of escorting the women from the dining-room to the drawing-room was unknown. Our literary standards, our standards of statesmanship, our modes of thought, apart from politics and diplomacy, where we were really independent, were as English as the trivial customs of the dinner-table and the ballroom.

I turn to the "Autocrat," a very great book which has not even yet come to its proper place, and there, at the very beginning, I find the delightful passage about mutual admiration societies. Dr. Holmes had read more widely, more curiously, more thoroughly than almost any man of his time, and analogies, illustrations, and quotations teemed in his memory and sprang into life as he wrote. Yet what are the examples he gives to sustain his theme of the mutual admiration societies of men of genius or talent? Two very

local from New York and two examples from England, the Shakesperian and the Johnsonian groups. The poets of the "Pléiade," the men who gathered about Lorenzo de Medici or Petrarch or Boccaccio, the Venetian group of Aretino and Titian and Sansovino, the French Romanticists of 1830, and many others were as familiar to him as to the rest of the world, but instinctively, in order to illustrate his text, he takes two English groups and no others. Turn to Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi" and read his satire about the influence of Scott as displayed in the Southern fancy for the words "knightly" and "chivalrous," and in their talk about "Norman blood" and "cavaliers" and all the rest of the stage machinery of the famous novels; a queer trick which has endured to much later times than those of which I am writing at this moment. It all tells the same story of the manners, customs, and social ideals of the United States in the early Victorian period.

The only foreign opinion for which we cared was that of England, and we showed how much we cared by our childish sensitiveness to the arrogant and ignorant brutality which disfigured most English criticism. The colonial attitude of mind was shown as clearly by the deep hatred of England which most Americans felt as it could have been by the most servile admiration.

The English observers of changes in their own societies note many alterations which are common to American society as well, but in the United States forces which had no existence in England have been at work and have resulted in social changes far more sweeping and more profound than anywhere else. The colonial spirit and the English influence have alike disappeared. The Civil War disposed of the one finally and destroyed with it our crude and youthful sensitiveness. The huge increase of immigration, drawing its armies no longer from the British Isles alone, but from all Europe, has so diluted the other that it is no longer important. Owing to our immigrants and to the vast development of communication and transportation, the United States, so far as its relations to other countries are concerned, has become cosmopolitan. I do not mean by this that we have ceased to have characteristics of our own. Far from it. The American characteristics have changed, and are still changing from those which were familiar and wellnigh universal when I was a boy, but they are none the less definite and are growing constantly more marked. The American of to-day is cosmopolitan in his attitude toward other countries, but he is more than ever strongly American. His patriotism may not be more intense than that of his predecessor in the days before the Civil War, but it is more uniform and more contented. Sixty years since our patriotism was restless, uneasy, self-assertive toward the rest of the world, while at home it was shadowed by the dark clouds of the slavery question and was suspicious and highly localized. The United States was divided by slavery, and when a man's patriotism was aroused it followed sectional lines and did not as now cover with impartial affection the entire country. Improvement in communications, the spread of railroads and telegraphs, have had their part in this change as well as the sacrifices of the Civil War which wrought it.

It is to steam and electricity, also, that we owe the material development of the country which, under old conditions, it would have taken as many centuries almost as it has years to bring to its present point of wealth and prosperity. This rapid development of practically unlimited natural resources has, of course, brought with it not only general prosperity, but huge and quickly acquired fortunes. Vast fortunes are no new thing. Poverty and wealth are as old as civilization. The money-maker, the speculator, and the financier were a class as familiar to ancient Rome as they are to-day to London or New York or Paris. The tax-gatherers, the courtiers, the officials of Egypt, the Phœnicians circling the Mediterranean and stealing down the African and up the European coast, the Greek colonists and traders, the Athenian merchants, the mediæval bankers of Italy and Germany, the Venetian ship-owners, the manufacturers of the Low Countries, were not essentially unlike their prototypes. That which differentiates our own time is the rapidity with which wealth has been amassed and the size of the fortunes which have thus been gathered. In these re-

spects mankind has never seen their like any more than it has seen railroads and steam-boats and electricity or the thousand inventions by which in a few months we have been able to make the earth yield up its riches to our relentless grasp and seize remorselessly and with utter wastefulness every resource which is offered by the bounty of nature. If we may believe Macaulay, Lars Porsena numbered among his followers a rich mine-owner:

> "Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
> Sicken in Ilva's mines."

But the modern mine-owner, with highly paid free labor, is able to extract a colossal fortune from ore which Seius would have rejected as utterly worthless. Indeed, until within the last thirty years we had not gone far beyond the methods of mining which contributed to the wealth of the Etruscan King.

In the United States, moreover, the change has not only been quicker but the contrast with what had gone before is much more violent than in the Old World. The conditions of the Revolutionary days, when foreign observers admired us because they found here neither great poverty nor great wealth, neither very rich nor very poor, but a general equality of well-being, had passed away long before my memories begin. Yet the difference, nevertheless, between 1850 and 1910 is sufficiently striking. Some years ago, in 1880, a Boston newspaper published a list of the principal tax-payers of Boston in 1830, giving the amount of the personal property upon which they were severally taxed. By far the richest man was taxed upon three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There was no one else who came anywhere near this amount. When I was a boy a hundred thousand dollars was considered a comfortable property, and the very rich man, with wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, was spoken of as a millionaire. Now three hundred and fifty thousand dollars would be regarded, in fashionable society at least, as a very modest provision; a hundred thousand would be looked upon as genteel poverty; and to describe adequately a really rich man, we are forced to "multi-millionaire," for a million is no longer great wealth. These simple figures imply, of course, a complete and universal change in the scale of living and a corresponding alteration in the social structure. Society, as I first remember it, was based on the old families; Dr. Holmes defines them in the "Autocrat" as the families which had held high position in the colony, the province, and during the Revolution and the early decades of the United States. They represented several generations of education and standing in the community. They had traditions running back not infrequently to the first white settlement and the days of Elizabeth and James. They had ancestors who had filled the pulpits, sat upon the bench, and taken part in the government under the crown; who had fought in the Revolution, helped to make the State and national constitutions and served in the army or navy; who had been members of the House or Senate in the early days of the republic, and who had won success as merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, or men of letters. In many places these people have been pushed out of sight if not actually driven against the conventional wall. Unless they were able to hold on to a certain amount of money or to add to their inherited fortune, they have been swept away. The people who now fill society, as depicted in the hideous vulgarisms of the daily press, are for the most part the modern, very modern, plutocrats who are widely different from their modest predecessors of the middle of the nineteenth century. In my early memory, the man who, rising from the ranks, had made a fortune and wished to establish himself, sought entrance to the society of the old families and hoped, and sometimes endeavored, to marry his children among them. To the modern and recent plutocrat the old American family means nothing. He knows naught of the history or traditions of his State and country and cares less. He has but one standard, money or money's worth. He wants his children to marry money, and he prefers the children of other plutocrats, no matter how new, for that purpose, or he will buy a European title, because he comprehends that the title has value as a trade-mark and a trade-mark he understands. Old family, whether at home or abroad, no matter how distinguished, if it is without a title, is meaningless to

him. His theory, which he has every reason to believe to be sound, is that if he has enough money he can have everything he desires, and that his money will open to him all the social doors, not only in America, but in Europe, and that there is no court of the Old World which will not welcome him, no royal personage who will not receive him, if he only has money enough. Did not Mr. George Bernard Shaw, for once abandoning the tiresome paradox, say that when Mr. Carnegie landed in the British Isles all England was one universal cringe, and has any one had the hardihood to contradict him?

"Novi homines," as the name imports, are no new thing under the sun. We should get on ill if it were not for the men who, starting with nothing, make their own way to the top. It has always been a powerful class in every civilization of which we have knowledge, and in this class, as in every other, the members vary among themselves, from those who wear, as if born to it, the purple they have attained to those who can only realize and understand mere money and who are the exponents of that vulgarity which is typical of their class and which, indeed, they come very near monopolizing. So I am far from suggesting that the newly rich man is a modern phenomenon. He is as old as commercial civilization. What I would point out is merely that he is more portentous than fifty years ago or, indeed, than at any period of which we have record. The great inventions of the nineteenth century have so quickened everything that the plutocrat is richer than ever before and of larger and much more rapid growth. The pace has been so accelerated that families which were just struggling into positions when I was young are now regarded as ancient and long established, so fast and in such numbers have the creations of the last twenty years crowded upon their heels. They have taken possession of the society columns of the newspapers, and fill them with their performances, with their entertainments, their expenditures, their marriages, their divorces, and their scandals. The world at large which reads those delectable columns believe that this is what constitutes fashionable society and are probably quite right in so thinking. Whether it is what used to be technically called in an elder day "good" society is another question. These same people have also taken possession of society itself in some places, and they are flagrant and not to be overlooked in any society, either here or in Europe.

In force, in insistence, in vulgarity, they do not, I imagine, differ widely from their predecessors dimly seen in the receding vistas. But they are much more numerous and much richer than their earlier prototypes. There are two facts about them which seem to me to be new, although I venture the assertion of novelty with much diffidence. It seems to me that the children, the second generation, who come suddenly to the enjoyment of wealth which they have not earned and who have no restraining habit or tradition, are in a surprisingly large proportion failures, sometimes degenerates who end in an early wreck. The girls do better, perhaps, than the boys, although the story of their marriages and divorces, both foreign and domestic, does not furnish exhilarating subjects either for contemplation or study.

The other fact in regard to them which seems to me obvious is their lawlessness, their disregard of the rights of others, especially of others about whom they are not informed, and as they know only money, their information is limited. I do not mean by this to say merely that they are arrogant; that is an old characteristic of the type. I use the word "lawless" in its exact sense. They pay no regard to the laws of the land or the laws and customs of society if the laws are in their way. They seem to think that money warrants everything and can pay for everything and that nothing must be allowed to stand in the way of what money wants. The maker of the sudden fortune may have disregarded written statutes and the unwritten laws of honor, but he did it consciously, certainly with full knowledge in the case of the statutes. His children, however, do it all unconsciously, so far as my observation goes, which means that they think themselves born to a position above the laws. There have been classes of people before who have taken this same view of their position, although on different and less ignoble ground. But

the result in modern times has been the same. When the people at large who had to obey the laws finally rose, the end was ruin to the lawless, and sometimes the guillotine. This process of reformation is expensive, and even the most confirmed optimist may therefore regard the gigantic modern plutocracy and its lawless ways with some uneasiness. I am not a "laudator temporis acti." I shun the rôle. I do not say that the modern plutocrat is worse than the plutocrat of my youth, if such existed, but I say decidedly that he is different and that he merits observation.

Social changes, then, in the United States during the past fifty years have been obviously much more marked, much more rapid than in the Old World. The fact that we were a young and swiftly growing people made this greater rapidity, one might almost say this violence of change, inevitable. Yet it is curious, as I have already remarked, how similar the changes have been along many lines in England and in America if we may trust to such good observers as Mr. George Russell and Sir Algernon West. They both, for example, comment upon the adoption of money and disease as subjects for general and especially for dinner-table conversation. I was taught in my youth, and very vigorously taught, that it was not good manners to discuss physical ailments in general society, and that it was the height of vulgarity to refer to money or to what anything cost whether in your own case or in that of other people. I now hear surgical operations, physical functions, disease and its remedies freely and fully discussed at dinner and on all other occasions by the ingenuous youth of both sexes. Money is no longer under a taboo. One's own money and that of one's neighbors is largely talked about, and the cost of everything or anything recurs as often in polite conversation as in a tariff debate. I am not concerned to decide which is the better fashion, the old or the new. I merely note the difference.

The world of Boston, when I opened my eyes upon it, was a very small and simple world as I look back at it now in the glare and noise of the twentieth century. There was an abundance of gayety, but expenditures were small. Everybody knew everybody else and all about everybody else's family. Most people were related, for in the small colonial communities of the eighteenth century the established families had intermarried in a manner most bewildering even to the trained genealogists. Yet the extreme familiarity and ease of intercourse which I now observe among young men and young women entirely unrelated did not then exist. However intimate people might be, a certain formality of address was thought to be demanded by good manners. It was firmly believed that the observance of these conventions was necessary to maintain the dignity of polite society as well as self-respect and respect for others. In that old time, which is really not so very old or so very distant, but which seems to grow more and more unreal as I try to reproduce it before the surprised stare of the exemplars of modern habits and standards, it was an accepted tenet that children not only ought to honor their father and mother, but that they owed them a great debt and were bound to respect them, to help them, to sympathize with them, and, if need were, to care for them. This theory has now been almost reversed. The present view seems to be that parents owe an unlimited debt to children because they brought them into the world, and are bound to defer to them in all possible ways, one reason, perhaps, among many more potent, for the decline in the size of families. Again I do not offer any opinion as to the respective merits of the two systems. I will only go so far as to say that my own generation, owing to this change, has found itself in the subordinate and reverential attitude both at the beginning and at the end of life, both as child and as parent.

The rapidity of fortune-making is but one form of the increased and increasing swiftness which marks to-day every kind of occupation, whether useful or otherwise, as well as every function of daily life. To all societies it has brought haste in living, and hurry and restlessness are the keynotes of existence. The leisure class rush uneasily from one amusement to another, the busy transact business and push forward their affairs with feverish and often break-neck speed. That repose which our ancestors so prized and which they thought comported best with dignity of

life and manners has departed. Quiet and repose would now be considered stupid and dreary, while contentment is looked upon as the sign of a poor, unaspiring soul. It might be urged that repose of manner and contentment of spirits have not been found incompatible with high achievements, with daring deeds, or with noble aspirations. But it is to be feared that this suggestion would fall now upon deaf ears. The point is not, perhaps, worth pressing, but the restlessness and hurry so prevalent and so beloved to-day have produced certain far-reaching results which affect profoundly every activity of life and thought and thereby the very nature of our civilization. I can best express what I mean by saying that we are now in such a hurry that form is being abandoned, that it has, indeed, been very largely given up. This may seem at the first glance an unimportant matter, but it is really very serious when it is carefully considered, for form has always been one of the essential qualities of all the best work which, in the last analysis, has been the justification and the fine flower of a high civilization. It is form which has preserved for humanity, which has given life and savor to all that mankind has cherished most as it has passed along its toilsome road, choked with the dust of material strife, deafened by the din, and broken and wounded by the blows of the struggle for life and by the shocks of wars and revolutions.

Let me take a familiar instance. It is a commonplace to say that the old and graceful art of letter-writing has wellnigh vanished. The letters of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early nineteenth centuries, which it is such a delight to read and which revive for us the life, the loves, the hopes, the ambitions, the manners, the scandals, the gossip, the thoughts of a bygone day, are no longer written. It is not merely that the telegraph, the telephone, and the type-writer are the enemies of letter-writing. These might, no doubt these inventions must, reduce the number of letters, but that is no reason why those letters which are written should for the most part be dry, condensed, and ungraceful, and fall as dead as a withered leaf as soon as they have been read. The fact is that it requires time to write a good letter, one worthy of preservation for some reason other than business or historical purposes. A really good letter should have style; thought should be expended upon it, and it should be carefully framed and composed. It ought to possess both form and substance, and if it is easily written that is the result of training, practice, and care. Robert Louis Stevenson, the best letter-writer of our time, took infinite pains even with a note. But all these qualities consume time, and we have in these days, apparently, no time to give to a particular letter or to the training which is needful if we would have the letter a good one. We are restless and in a hurry, and therefore we abandon any attempt at form and content ourselves with what will do well enough for the moment. Thus it comes to pass that the charming art of the letter-writer, with a few lonely exceptions, dies out from among us.

In sculpture and painting we see the same tendency. Because Rodin, a great genius, sees fit in his later work to leave parts uncut or merely roughly indicated, a herd of imitators who are not geniuses at all rush forward to reproduce the great man's trick or oddity or mannerism, which he makes effective, and announce in shrill tones that the very art which above all others depends on form is best expressed by formlessness. We call the same thing in a Greek statue an injury from time or bad treatment. In the case of Michael Angelo we say with regret that the statue is unfinished, and no one quarrels with the correctness of the definition. But the imitators of Rodin, who have never proved their mastery of form by noble works like the "Age of Bronze" or the "St. John" or "Le Penseur," insist that crude marble, amorphous and rough-hewn, is true sculpture. The truth is that in the hands of the imitators formlessness is only a convenient way of saving time and avoiding labor; a method of escaping from the work they cannot do and which demands a skill and a talent they do not possess.

There have been "impressionists" here and there who have produced beautiful pictures, but the crowd who have practised impressionism and sung its praises as the only true form of art in painting are, as a rule, the incapables, dominated by the restlessness and hurry of the present day.

They proclaim the doctrine that the vague, the unfinished, the undrawn, the flat surface, and the childish lines are the real qualities of true art. This theory, loudly asserted, is merely the dust which is raised to cover the true cause of the movement, which is to give to those of inferior talent an opportunity and a reason for bad work, for work done quickly in order to meet the clamorous haste which calls aloud to them on every corner and from every house-top. Form requires time and study.

In writing, style, which is the essence of form, is now neglected. The reason is obvious. Style requires infinite pains, and taking pains means time. Why waste it when the main object is to pour out books or magazine articles and swell the vast flood which sweeps under the bridge to the delectation of the idle crowd looking over the railings and in a day has rushed on to the ocean of oblivion? The writers who with infinite care perfect their style as Stevenson did, and who maintain the standards of the great models which have come down to us from a long past, delight the judicious and have a crescent and enduring fame. But it is to be feared that they are looked upon just now by the great mass of readers as pleasing eccentricities, and that the crowd goes on contentedly absorbing daily the printed word from the most obvious sources which range from the vulgarisms and slovenliness of most newspapers to the loose, careless, colorless, formless articles which pad out, together with advertisements written in the same cheerful dialect, the pages of many magazines. The world is in a hurry, the writer is in a hurry—why waste time over style which has no obvious money value? Form and style, be it said again, require time, and what we desire are new articles and new stories and new sensations so that we may rush from one to another. We do not seek for or demand work well done, work which rests securely on the slow accretions of civilization, and which is inspired by the labors of the men of genius who have added to the intellectual possessions of mankind and then gone their way into the covering darkness.

To those who listen with attentive ears or read with careful eyes it is apparent that the decline in outward form, in that which strikes the senses, is accompanied by a similar and growing indifference to that inner form which is wholly intellectual in its appeal. From writing, painting, or carving in a formless way to thinking in slovenly fashion is but a step. Incoherence of expression is nearly allied to incoherence of thought. Deep thought may lurk under an obscure style and has often been hidden in that way, but an obscure style does not of itself mean depth of thought, although some people appear to think so. An involved, diffuse style frequently conceals nothing but emptiness and confusion. Clearness and simplicity are entirely compatible with profound and original thought, but to those who are neither profound nor original, simplicity and clearness are impossible because they relentlessly expose the void within. Under cover of obscure sentences, vague brush strokes, or shapeless marble, poverty of ideas may claim, if it does not really produce, an effect. It may lead people to mistake eccentricity for originality. It may startle for the moment, and that seems the key-note of much modern work, which imperatively recalls the fat boy in "Pickwick" when he frightens old Mrs. Wardle by saying to her: "I want to make your flesh creep." But when we tear aside the veil the reality is disclosed, and we find only too often that the argument is as formless as the sentences in which it is dressed, the inner thought as meaningless and amorphous as its shapeless wrappings. How seldom, comparatively speaking, do we find in speech or book the argument or thesis in proper form, rising from premise to conclusion in ordered sequence. *Disjecta membra* are flung together, but the thought as a whole is broken and disconnected. To think clearly and connectedly, to know how to begin at the beginning and thence carry the mind of the reader or hearer smoothly on to the inevitable conclusion is a great art, rare in its perfection but in a reasonable degree not uncommon in the past. Now, however, it is becoming more and more infrequent, for such thinking demands painful effort, much training, and much time. Is the modern rapidity going to prove altogether fatal to connected thinking and to well-ordered argument? We are in a great hurry, we are terribly afraid of being bored, the philosophy of life seems to be to do

what we want at the moment provided that we know what our want is. We are far removed from the days when a great poet could put the aspiration of a generation into the lines:

"When duty whispers low, You must!
The youth replies, I can."

I am far from saying that the old attitude was the best. Perhaps the modern theory is the better of the two. It is not for me to decide. I merely note the great change. Hitherto in the history of mankind, the decline of a civilization, the break-up of a great social and political system, the sinking into ruin of a nation or an empire were revealed in literature and art by the devotion to mere outward form, to over-refinement, to tricks of expression, with nothing behind them. At such periods form became everything and under the elaborate forms no substance was to be found. When the final catastrophe came and form and dexterity of manufacture vanished there was nothing left. Formlessness once more, as at the beginning, reigned in expression, and there was no thought to express. We can see this process in the latter days of Rome's empire, in the condition of Italy after the reformation there had failed and the glories of the Renaissance had faded. It was from these conditions that men worked upward, rough in form at first but with vigor of thought struggling for expression. They gradually recovered the standard of a great past and once more brought literature and the arts to the high levels of both form and substance. We do not show the symptom of decay almost infallible in its prophecy and which is unmistakable when form is everything and substance nothing. Our situation is quite different. The tendency now is to abandon outer form and then to be content with formlessness in thought because we are in too much of a hurry to spend time in securing the one or avoiding the other. Are we going to bring out of a chaos created by ourselves new forms and a new order, or are we deliberately returning to the twilight which precedes the dawn, determined to live in that dim zone because we have not time to spare for the patient labors, for the careful establishment of standards by which, and by which alone, civilization, carrying arts and letters and thought in its train, has hitherto emerged after many conflicts from the bondage of barbarism.

EUROPE—1871–1872

I shall not give any account of our journey in Europe, which began immediately after graduation, for this is not a narrative of travels and our wanderings were along much-trodden paths and among familiar places. We made our way to London after landing at Southampton, and there saw sights in abundance but few people, for we were not of an age to crave society when everything about us was so new and strange and interesting, especially to the eager eyes of youth. Nevertheless, under maternal directions, we went one afternoon to call upon Mrs. William Story, who was staying with Mrs. Benzon, then living in a very charming house in the Kensington region. The visit is made memorable to me by the fact that we found other callers already there, Mrs. Leslie Stephen and her sister, Miss Thackeray. We were very unknown, very shy, I think, and we certainly felt very keenly our youthful insignificance in a strange house, in a strange land, but it interested me profoundly to know that I was actually face to face with Thackeray's daughters. I recall nothing that they said, but I remember well just how they looked, and their presence seemed to bring me very near to their father, whose books I had read while I was in college and for whom, both as writer and man, I had acquired an intense admiration.

From London we crossed to the Continent, went up the Rhine, and so on to Munich, whence we made our way to the hills in order to see the passion play at Oberammergau. We stayed with an old white-bearded peasant who played the part of one of the high-priests, and the whole experience was most interesting. The play was then given only once in ten years—fashion had but just began to gather round it and it had not yet become sophisticated and conscious. The old simplicity of feeling and intention was still present, and one felt strongly the atmosphere of faith and the devotion of the villagers. It was an extraordinary performance: most solemn, most impressive, with

a great deal of fine acting and a remarkable sense of scenic and artistic effect. Among those hills the old faith still lingered in its entirety, and one felt distinctly the "tender grace of a day that was dead," stripped of all the evils which had surrounded it when the system of which it was a part was still powerful and flourishing. From the hills of Bavaria we journeyed into Switzerland, and as the summer waned, at the beginning of September, we betook ourselves to Paris. Although I have no intention, as I have said, of rehearsing our sight-seeing and our little adventures, yet I must pause for a moment as the evening of our arrival at Paris comes back to me. When I had last seen the most beautiful of modern cities, the empire was in its glory. Now the empire had vanished and war and rebellion had swept across the scene, leaving ruin and desolation in their track. Scarcely three months had elapsed since the Versailles troops had made themselves masters of the city after a week of savage street fighting. Every effort had been put forth to repair the wellnigh incalculable damage inflicted by the siege and by the Commune, but it was impossible to progress far in two months. The Tuileries was a wreck and the Hôtel de Ville a heap of untouched ruins. The column of the Place Vendôme was down, many streets were still torn up; even the repaving of the Rue de Rivoli was not completed. In other streets the remnants of barricades still lingered, and at all the principal corners and along the lines of the fighting were remnants of half-burned houses, while on every side one saw the mark of the rifle-ball, the shell, and the obus. The Bois de Boulogne was a treeless plain and the palace of Saint Cloud had perished. The signs of mourning, both national and personal, were painfully visible.

One morning I saw a Communard arrested in the Champs Elysées and carried off, screaming, cursing, and fighting, by four sergents de ville, who handled their prisoner with little mercy, for they gave but short shrift in those days to any one who was even suspected of connection with the Commune. Dr. Campbell, a leading physician of Paris, whom I came to know well in the following spring, told me of two little incidents which illustrate the condition of public opinion in regard to the members of the Commune better than volumes of description. Just after the entry of the troops he was passing up the Rue Royale, when he saw an officer and two or three soldiers dragging along a prisoner whom they had apparently taken red-handed at one of the barricades. A crowd had gathered on the sidewalk, and as the prisoner came by a woman cried out: "Achevez le." The officer looked around, drew his sword, gave the prisoner a sweeping blow across the back of his neck, severing the spine, and the soldiers pushed the body into the gutter and marched on. A little later, the upper part of the city having been cleared, Dr. Campbell went out to the cemetery of Montmartre to see if his mother's tomb had been injured by the firing. He found the tomb untouched, but as he passed around behind it he came upon over three hundred bodies stretched out on the slope side by side, lying in windrows "as the mower rakes the hay." The soldiers had taken these Communists out there, stood them up in a row, and shot them down. It was a savage time, much worse, I imagine, than any one not actually present ever realized.

When I returned to Paris the following spring an auction sale of some of the effects of the imperial household took place in an upper room of the Louvre. It seemed a suitably mean ending for a government which, under all its glitter, was not only sordid but a sham. My one regret is that I was not wise enough to buy more than I did, for the things sold, chiefly fine china, went absurdly cheap, and such opportunities arising from the fall of empires do not occur often in a lifetime.

But in that September of 1871 the contrast between what I remembered and what I saw was tragic in its intensity, and made a deep impression upon me, young and careless as I then was. It was not merely the heaps of ruins and the destruction of monuments and noble buildings which weighed one down, but the atmosphere seemed still heavy with the terrible storm which had torn its way over Paris. Even the sufferings of the siege and the humiliations of the conqueror's presence seemed effaced for the moment by the horrors of the Commune. Paris in the hands

of the mob had tried once again to control France as she had done so often before. This time France declined to be controlled. France had marched on Paris, taken it, put down the revolution, and restored order. It was said that thirty thousand people had been killed in the fighting which resulted in the capture of the capital. It was a fearful slaughter, but it had its effect and was not without its compensation. Paris has not attempted since then to take possession of the government and the country. As Cotton Mather said after the extermination of the Pequots: "And the land rested for forty years."

After I had written down from memory the impressions made upon me by Paris in 1871, I came across those written at the moment. Contemporary description gives some details which memory had let slip, but the general impression has remained curiously unchanged after forty years, and shows how sharp and vivid that impression was. The letter was written on September 23, 1871, and runs as follows:

"There is one subject, however, which interests me very much and which would interest you, too, in a like manner; I mean the country and the city where we now are, the recent theatre of such vast events in the history of the world. When we first entered France everything seemed unchanged. There was no general gloom that we could perceive, and the damages to bridges and houses were being quickly effaced. The country, as you know, is very fertile and looked rich and smiling with its load of grapes. In fact, we were beginning to feel that they had not had such a very hard time after all. But our feelings soon changed. As the train stopped at Dijon, a large town half-way between the frontier and Paris, as you are aware, the first sight that met our eyes was a company of Prussian soldiers, bronzed men who had been fighting hard, and their dusty, dark uniforms and glittering helmets presented a strange appearance although a most noble one. All at once the terrible fact seemed to burst full on me, and most impressively. Here was a troop of foreigners from the cold North, speaking another language, standing on French soil, and detailed to the station in order to search every train for concealed arms or men. And most thoroughly was it done by two stout fellows. It was war, terrible war in very fact, with the conquerors showing their power by searching a French train on French soil, and you can believe that there was no lack of sullen, gloomy Frenchmen there. But impressive as all this was to us, it is nothing to Paris. The first experience was the harsh evidence of hard, destructive war, but of a manly, stand-up fight between two brave nations. But Paris looks as if it had been the scene of a savage, barbarian massacre. The whole mournful tale is easily read in a few glances at the things around us. In the list of sights is now 'Les Ruines de Paris'; Paris, the handsomest city of the civilized world, now makes money by showing her ruins. On every side are awful ruins—from my window, as I write (we were in the Hôtel Meurice), I can see the total wreck of the Tuileries and, farther, the like utter ruin of the Hôtel de Ville. But besides the ruins of her beautiful public buildings, whole blocks are gone, and at every turn in the street the remnants of stately houses meet your eyes. Whole corners are shot away, and almost every house bears the rents of bullets or the jagged seams of fresh cement, showing where the scars are but just healed. It is folly to say Paris is but little changed, as many of our people have said; it is terribly changed; not only the buildings are in ruins, but the people seem to be. The shops are filled with inflammatory books and pictures crammed with lies about the Prussians, and everybody seems ill at ease and restless. As far as papers and appearances tell—and straws show the wind, especially large straws like popular books, papers, and pictures—it seems to me that the French are worse than ever, and that all they cherish is not the prosperity of their country but a wild desire for revenge and military glory, the bane and poison of the life of France. My friend Munroe told me to-day, what I had inferred, that the whole fabric of society seemed to him to be perfectly dissolved and demoralization to be very general. Time may cure it all, but the signs of the time are not favorable, to say the least. Another change, and one I do not like to see, is the fancy for words, mere

words. For instance, all public buildings have printed on them, in large, staring letters:

"'RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.
LIBERTÉ, EGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ.'

At every turn this meets one, and it must afford them the greatest satisfaction from the number of times in all places it is written up, with much stuff like it. This is a decidedly pessimistic view, I know, and very extreme, as is natural to a young man, of course, but I cannot help feeling that the French nation, great as it has been and can be, is wanting in the steadiness and strength which make a nation, and no amount of terrible teaching seems to supply those qualities."

The reflections in this letter are superficial enough, the prejudice against France owing to her attitude during our Civil War, then still so near, is obvious, and, after the fashion of the young, no allowances are made. Yet the keenness of the impression of a great country and a noble city in the hour of their desolation remain, and I know now what I did not understand then, that it was all due to the miserable imperial government and not to the French people, and that the overwhelming victory of Germany was anything but an unmixed blessing.

From Paris we went to Germany, stopping at Cassel and seeing Wilhelmshöhe, where Napoleon III had been held a prisoner, and also the Rembrandts in the galleries, much better worth seeing than the retreat of the fallen emperor, for they are a very fine and comparatively little-visited collection. Thence we went to Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna, on to Venice and the cities of northern Italy, and so southward to Rome, where we passed most of the winter. Here we renewed our inherited friendship with the Storys, who were, as always, most kind, and Mr. Story as clever, amusing, and charming as ever. But that winter in Rome is now chiefly memorable to me on account of an influence which then came into my life, affected me much, and passed away from me after a few brief months. That influence emanated from a character and an intelligence which, most untimely lost, have always seemed to me so unusual as to deserve at least the slight commemoration of a friend's recollection.

Among my classmates at Harvard was a man named Michael Henry Simpson. He was a Bostonian born and bred, but it so happened that I had never known him until we met at Cambridge. His father was a rich manufacturer and well known in the business world. Simpson stood high in scholarship from the beginning, but two years passed before the other boys began to find out that he was a "good fellow" also, two things which in youthful philosophy are apt to be regarded as well-nigh incompatible. It may be said in behalf of the boyish philosophy that it has in it an element of truth. The hard students and first scholars, the "digs," as we used to call them, do not as a rule shine in the lighter side of life. The combination of the successful student, the pleasant companion, and the good fellow is not very common, but Simpson was one of these exceptional men and united all these qualities. In time he was discovered, became one of the most popular men in the class, was elected to the societies, and caused us all to wonder at the fact that we had not known him before. I came to know him well in the theatricals of the Hasty Pudding Society, where we acted and managed together, and in Henry Adams's course in mediæval history, which appealed strongly to Simpson as it did to me. He came to Europe soon after my departure from the United States, and we corresponded and discussed our experiences in foreign lands with youthful energy. I was very fond of pictures and statues, and knowing little about them I set myself to learn, if it were possible, something in regard to them and the history of art as well, by studying the galleries and reading all the books I could get hold of which related to art or to architecture, for which I also entertained a great, if ignorant, admiration. In these eccentricities I had few friends of my own age, and I was charmed to discover that Simpson had precisely the same weaknesses. I also liked to see sights, if only to make sure on Dr. Johnson's principle that I did not care to see them again, and here, too, I found that Simpson, differing from our other young friends, who frankly found "sight-seeing" a bore, was at one with me. So

when we met in Rome no more congenial pair of companions could have been imagined. We saw everything in Rome and its neighborhood, and all with a diligent minuteness which left traces never to be effaced. We read Suetonius together and then pored over the busts of the Cæsars in the Capitoline Museum. We wandered over the Campagna and among the ruins of Ostia and of Hadrian's Villa; then we went together to Naples and to Pæstum. It was a delightful winter, a happy time, a charming companionship, but in such close association we talked of many things besides pictures and statues, ruins, architecture, and history. We became very intimate, and in the blessed fashion of youth opened our hearts to each other and talked of ourselves without the dreadful and well-founded suspicion, which is brought by advancing years, that such conversation with another man is not, as a rule, conversation at all, but something to be shunned as the mark of the egotist, most unbearable of bores to his fellow being. In this way I came in contact for the first time with a young man of my own age who had done some thinking for himself upon various matters of importance. This was an exercise in which up to that time I had never indulged. I was a Gallio and had been very happy and contented in that careless condition. I had taken the world as it came and had found it on the whole a very pleasant world. I had been brought up in a family holding the liberal tenets of Unitarianism, and about those tenets I had never troubled myself. But although the old doctrines of the church of my ancestors had been abandoned, the hand of the puritan was still felt even among the Unitarians of Boston in such matters as church-going and Sunday observance. I regarded both these fixed habits as necessary interferences with the pleasures of life, but accepted them as part of the established order to be shirked when possible and dropped when I should become my own master. As to what I should do with my life or in my life I had given to that somewhat important subject—important, I mean, so far as I was concerned—no attention at all. I was not pressed by need of money. I had everything I desired, and there was nothing to goad me to think about the future. When I was in college I read Macaulay and conceived for him an intense admiration; his force, his rhetoric, his sure confidence in his own judgment, his simplicity of thought, all strike a boy very vividly. He did not seem to me a great or in the true sense a real poet, even then, and so I passed successfully Matthew Arnold's primary test of poetical judgment, but I profoundly admired Macaulay's prose writings and felt that his career, which combined that of the public man and of the man of letters, was the most enviable which could be imagined. Later, when I came to Europe, when I read more and began to realize history and art, I also began to cherish some vague desires for a literary life. But beyond these nebulous fancies I had not progressed. Then I became intimate with Simpson. In him I found a man brought up in the same town as myself, who had thought much upon all these things and had come to some very definite conclusions, starting from premises to which I was wholly a stranger. His family were strict Congregationalists of the old New England type, devoted not only to the austere forms but to the rigid doctrines of the Puritans. They were of the people who locally were called "Orthodox," a term well understood in the days of the Unitarian schism. In such an atmosphere the conception of a man's duties in life had sunk deep into the boy's mind. He had joined the church, taught in the Sunday-school, and accepted the stern creed of Calvin. Then he began to think about religion and man's place in the universe. The old creed dropped away, and so he went on until he found that he could no longer accept the dogmas in which he had been bred and was content to call himself an agnostic. All this he had kept to himself, for he was loath to hurt or wound those whom he loved unless it became absolutely necessary, and he told me that he had never before confided to any one the bitterness of the struggle through which he had passed or the conclusions he had reached. He was as far removed as possible from a prig; he seemed to the world simply an exceptionally clever, lively young man of unusual intelligence, full of fun and humor and of the joy of life. His serious side he kept to himself.

But although the dogmas had vanished

and the belief in the Bible legends had crumbled away before a clear, uncompromising reason and a finely honest mind, the inborn and strongly inculcated sense of duty remained. He saw neither intelligence nor pleasure in an idle, self-indulgent life. He felt very deeply that there were certain duties which must be fulfilled and that the more fortunate a man was in his circumstances and conditions the heavier the responsibility which rested upon him. He had no desire for more money and no love for business. He wished to give his life to literature and public service. But he felt also that he owed a great deal to his father, and to gratify him he intended to enter at once into business and to aid in carrying on the great industry which was part of his inheritance. He meant to keep on with his reading and studies in the hope that some day he might be able to turn to literature as he even then longed to do. But he also felt that whether his work was in literature or in business he owed a duty to his country, and that every American, especially every educated American, ought to take part in politics and make himself effectively useful. No thought of public office was in his mind, for the business claimed him, but he proposed to make himself felt in the work of politics and to exercise influence and power for what he believed to be right and in behalf of the Republican party, in which he had been bred and in the principles of which he had entire faith.

I have been thus minute in describing the thoughts and opinions of Simpson, not merely because he was a lovable man and a dear friend, but because his experience, his mental conflicts, and his conclusions, which are rare at that age, made a profound impression upon me and greatly affected my life at a moment when I was drifting vaguely and was very susceptible to outside influences. All this consideration given to serious things, all this thought about man's place in the universe, about the undiscovered future and the meaning and uses of life coming from a man, a boy really, of my own age, were, to me, at once very strange and very impressive. Hitherto, like Mrs. Quickly in her consolation to Falstaff, "I had hoped there was no need to trouble myself with any such thoughts yet." And now here by my side was a man of my own age who had troubled himself much with these thoughts and who had faced them and come to certain conclusions thereon. It made a great and lasting impression upon me; I, too, began to think and try to reach conclusions, and to long to do something with my opportunities. A life of unoccupied leisure no longer attracted me.

So the pleasant winter wore away and we left Simpson in Rome and took our way to Paris. Soon after our arrival I had a long letter from him, written in Florence. We were planning a little journey to Spain later in the spring. Then I heard that he was ill. It was malignant typhoid, and in a few days news came of his death. The blow fell heavily. He had become so much to me that I could hardly realize that I should see him no more. His death left a gap in my life which after all these years has still remained unfilled.

From Paris we went to Belgium and then to Holland. We found the Motleys established at The Hague and we saw much of them. I remember particularly one evening when we dined with them, only the family and ourselves. We were just in the longest days of the year, and although we dined late it was still daylight. I can see the room now as we sat there after dinner in the gathering twilight and listened to Mr. Motley as he talked, with the eloquent energy of which he was so capable, about the treatment he had received at the hands of the Grant administration. He had turned for relief to his own work and had come to Holland to complete his life of John of Barneveld. It was peculiarly interesting to hear him describe the great Dutch statesman there in The Hague among the very scenes in which he had won his triumphs and gone to his death.

After our little journey through the Low Countries we crossed over to England, and I, with some friends, made a tour through England to see the cathedral towns, and then through Scotland, which, owing to my love for Scott and the Waverley novels, was to me most interesting and at the same time seemed strangely familiar, so deeply were all the scenes imprinted on my mind by what I had read. In August we sailed for home and reached Boston safely toward the end of the month.

After Simpson's death I turned for advice and help as to my future to Henry Adams, to whom I already owed so much for the first glimmering of real education that I had ever received. He replied at once with a kindness and an interest which I shall never forget, and I give his letter here because it not only encouraged me, but had upon me at that turning-point of my life a profound effect.

CAMBRIDGE, 2 *June*, 1872.

MY DEAR LODGE—

Your letter of May 6 arrived safely a few days since and gave me the pleasant sensation of thinking that I may after all have done some good at college; if you ever try it, you will know how very doubtful a teacher feels of his own success and how much a bit of encouragement does for him. Poor Simpson's death, too, seemed utterly disheartening. What is the use of training up the best human material only to die at the start!

There is only one way to look at life and that is the practical way. Keep clear of mere sentiment whenever you have to decide a practical question. Sentiment is very attractive and I like it as well as most people, but nothing in the way of action is worth much which is not practically sound.

The question is whether the historico-literary line is practically worth following; not whether it will amuse or improve you. Can you make it *pay*, either in money, reputation, or any other solid value?

Now if you will think for a moment of the most respectable and respected products of our town of Boston, I think you will see at once that this profession does pay. No one has done better and won more in any business or pursuit than has been acquired by men like Prescott, Motley, Frank Parkman, Bancroft and so on in historical writing; none of them men of extraordinary gifts, or who would have been likely to do very much in the world if they had chosen differently. What they did can be done by others.

Further there is a great opening here at this time. Boston is running dry of literary authorities. Any one who has the ability can enthrone himself here as a species of literary lion with ease, for there is no rival to contest the throne. With it comes social dignity, European reputation and a foreign mission to close.

To do it requires patient study, long labor and perseverance that knows no limit. The Germans have these qualities beyond all other races. Learn to appreciate and to use the German historical *method* and your style can be elaborated at leisure. I should think you could do this here.

I shall be in London, I hope, on the 1st of August, to be heard of at Barings. If we are there together we will have a dinner and talk it over. Remember me to your wife.

Yrs truly,

HENRY ADAMS.

Encouraged by this letter, I set to work when I reached home and was fairly established in Boston. I had no definite plan, nothing in particular beckoned me into any path. I merely desired to read history and to write, if I could. So I turned to the early law of the Germanic tribes, toward which my studies in mediæval history had led me, as the foundation of the legal and political history of the English-speaking people. I doubt if I could have selected a drier subject. I certainly could not have found drier reading than the latest and most authoritative German writers of that day upon this subject, Sohm, Von Maurer, and the rest, at whose books I toiled faithfully for some weary months. The work was not inspiriting, it was in fact inexpressibly dreary, and I passed a depressing winter so far as my own labors were concerned. I seemed to be going nowhere and to be achieving nothing. I led a solitary life, except for my immediate family, and I found it a doleful business struggling with the laws and customs of the Germanic tribes, without any prospect, so far as I could see, of either reward or result. I am inclined to think now that the discipline of forcing myself to work, when I did not need to work at all, and upon an unattractive and difficult subject, was of real value in giving me control of such faculties as I possessed, and in enabling me to apply my mind to any subject which it was necessary for me to understand no matter how little I cared for the subject itself.

As winter was fading a visit to Norfolk, Va., made a most helpful break. The climate was a pleasant change from Boston, and there was opportunity for exercise by rowing on the river and taking long walks. I threw aside German authors and Germanic law, and read all the principal Elizabethan dramatists, which was a pure delight. I returned to Boston sufficiently refreshed to go on with my apparently pointless studies, and so the spring wore away and summer came, and Nahant.

Then one day Henry Adams appeared at luncheon, and afterward, as I was walking down with him to take the wagon for Lynn, he told me that he had accepted the editorship of the *North American Review* and wished me to be his assistant editor. I have had since that summer morning in 1873 my share of rewards and honors, more, very likely, than I have deserved, but nothing has ever come to me which gave me such joy as that offer from Henry Adams. I know the exact spot on the road where he made the announcement to me, and I can see the whole familiar scene as it looked upon that day. I came home, my heart swelling with pride and with a feeling of intense relief, for it seemed to me that the darkness in which I had been groping had suddenly lifted and that at last I could see my way to doing something. The *North American Review*, then a quarterly, old, famous, and respected, appeared to me, who had always looked at its pages with distant awe, one of the most important publications in the world. To be connected with it, to have a chance to write for it, was a dazzling prospect which I had never dreamed would open to me except possibly after long years. Now I was to be one of its editors. I trod on air as I walked, and the whole world was changed.

THE UNSUSPECTED SAGACITY OF BILLY SANDS

By Albert Lee

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

JIMMY OLIVER could drive his car fairly well. That is, he could turn corners, he could pass other cars without colliding, he could crank up, he could handle his speed gears, and he was familiar with such a rudimentary proceeding as the retarding of his spark on a hill; likewise he seldom ran more than twenty-five yards before discovering that he had forgotten to throw off the safety brake. But as to what was going on in that rapidly revolving and snorting machinery under the hood in front of him, and as to how and why all this went on, he was as ignorant as a little child. He had a chauffeur who knew all this; so he did not feel it necessary for him to master such mechanical mysteries; and when he drove without his chauffeur, he trusted to Billiken and to the frequency of garages by the way. The automobile, as constructed to-day, is almost fool proof; and Jimmy had come to realize that when the chauffeur keeps the engine in good condition, it is ill-luck, indeed, if anything happens on the road. Tire trouble was all he dreaded; but he had discovered that any passing chauffeur will replace a shoe for you if properly approached with the currency of the realm. Some of Jimmy's acquaintances said that Jimmy had more coin of the realm than brains; but no one ever accused him of having a faint or ungenerous heart. He was a good soul, in whom one might pardon almost any shortcoming.

It was on an occasion when the chauffeur had asked for a couple of days off, to go to the city and nurse a sick aunt, or for some other equally plausible purpose, that Jimmy decided to brave fate and go on a little trip all by himself. That is, all by himself so far as mechanical science

was concerned, because he took Billy Sands along for company. Billy would be about as valuable as ballast if anything happened to the car, for he did not know a connecting-rod from a cam-shaft; and sometimes he made himself extremely obnoxious by asking such questions as, "Why did you do that with your foot just then?" On these occasions Jimmy always felt like doing something else with his foot. But Billy was the most jovial companion in the world, and he had been a classmate of Jimmy's in college.

They had planned and discussed the trip for several days, and had finally determined to go to Milford, Pa. Milford is about a hundred miles from where Jimmy Oliver lives in Westchester County; but the roads are good, and the way lies through many towns at frequent intervals—which is an advantage to a driver who is not sufficient unto himself.

They set forth at about nine o'clock in the morning, and the gentle purr of the motor inspired Jimmy with confidence in his adventure. They made Tarrytown in a little over an hour, and Jimmy got the car aboard the ferry-boat without scraping a mud-guard or bumping the man ahead of him. Of this he felt quite proud, and casually called Billy's attention to the hazardous feat. Billy admitted that Jimmy was getting to be a great driver.

From Nyack, where they left the ferry, they drove on through Suffern and Tuxedo, through the Ramapo hills, and on past Goshen and Chester and other picturesque little villages, until their healthy appetites began to give warning that it was long past noon.

"Me for the thermos bottle," suggested Billy presently. "How about you?"

"As soon as we come to a good shady place, we'll stop for lunch," agreed Jimmy, for they had brought an elaborate collation with them. Jimmy was particular as to what he ate; he preferred his own catering to that of the casual inn of this uncivilized country—for we *are* uncivilized with respect to inns.

He stopped the car under a great tree by the road-side, at a spot where the view of the multi-colored fields and the rolling hills stretched away pleasantly for miles ahead of them.

"Some class to this kind of touring, eh, Bill?" he asked, as they toasted one another with the cold, tawny contents of the thermos. "Very few duffers like you have skilful friends who take them off on little jaunts through the picturesque countryside. I dare say this is the only opportunity you ever had of seeing America first."

Billy Sands merely grunted. "You had better talk big while you have the chance," he added. "And I want to warn you that if we do get stuck, you walk for help while I sit and guard the car."

Whereat Jimmy merely laughed confidently and bit into a tender sandwich.

It was really a very pleasant picnic. They sat on the grass and talked and smoked; and every now and then other cars rolled smoothly by, affording them a sense of security and companionship which added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion. And after an hour's rest they prepared to proceed upon their way. Jimmy manipulated his switch and his throttle quite properly, and when he gave the crank a sharp twist the motor leaped into a rhythmic rumble which gratified him exceedingly and added to his confidence and pride.

When they came to the dividing of the ways, just this side of Middletown, Jimmy hesitated as to whether he should make Port Jervis by way of Snake Hill or go on through Middletown. The smooth new State road climbed high over the mountains and was sure to be much more picturesque than the other route, but it led through a region devoid of repair-shop or garage.

"Oh, take a chance," urged Billy, when his opinion was asked. "The old boat seems to be working all right. Be a sport, and cut away from oil-cans and monkey-wrenches."

And so it was that they swung to the left and started over one of the most beautiful highways in the State.

The road was broad and level and the ascent was gradual; and when they reached the top of the plateau they had a feeling of being on the roof of the world. Only an occasional farm-house broke into the wildness of the scenery. Here was an excellent place for Jimmy to have a mishap; and here, sure enough, is where he had it. The first warning was a vicious

sputtering as the car shot up a short hill.

"What's that noise?" promptly inquired Billy.

"Something in the engine," growled Jimmy, who had not the slightest idea what the trouble was; but he knew from the peculiar jerking of the car that all was not well.

"I did not suppose it was something in a tree," retorted Billy scornfully; and then there were a lot of little pops and spurts directly under their feet, and the motor quietly died away.

The two young men looked at one another and Billy grinned. They both got out and walked around the car with wise looks, and then Billy suggested that Jimmy crank her up. As this was all Jimmy could think of himself, he slowly proceeded to do so. After he had nearly wrenched his arm off, the engine started up with a roar, sputtered and spat a few times again, and stopped.

"I'll bet nobody ever comes along this road, either," remarked Billy consolingly, as he gazed up and down the great stretch of way.

"Cheerful beast, you!" retorted Jimmy, and he proceeded to open the hood and look into it.

"See anything?" inquired Billy.

"I would not know it if I did," snarled Jimmy, and he began cranking once more. The same thing happened all over again. He wiped the perspiration from his brow and looked helplessly about.

"Let's sit down and think," he sighed mournfully.

"You think," said Billy, lighting a pipe. "It would not do any good for me to think. I know what I think, but it doesn't do any good."

"Well, we're stuck," decreed Jimmy after a pause.

"Did it take you all that time to think that?" asked his companion.

"I'll match you to see who foots it for the nearest telephone," he continued, disregarding Billy's observation.

"Let's wait fifteen minutes," suggested Billy, "on the chance of another car or a farm wagon of some kind coming along. Then I'll match you."

This was satisfactory to Jimmy, who never had been keen on pedestrianism, and the two sat down on the running-board and puffed at their pipes in bitter melancholy.

"A sail! a sail!" suddenly cried Billy, pointing ahead of them; and they were both delighted with the sight of a small gray car with two people in it rolling easily down the slope toward them.

"We must flag 'em!" cried Jimmy eagerly. "It's our only hope!"

As the car approached rapidly, it was soon easy for them to discern the occupants.

"Oh, rot!" mumbled Billy; "it's only a couple of girls!"

But Jimmy waved his cap wildly nevertheless, and the little gray runabout came slowly to a halt almost alongside of the balky motor.

The two young women were snugly veiled and goggled, but they were smartly togged, and when she at the wheel replied to Jimmy she spoke in a soft, low, musical voice.

"I beg your pardon, but we are in trouble," began the luckless man.

"What's the matter?" asked the young woman.

"I only wish I knew," replied Jimmy. "Is there a garage anywhere near here?"

"None nearer than Middletown or Port Jervis," she said sympathetically. "Nothing nearer than ten miles."

"Well, I just want to tell you," continued Jimmy frankly, "that I am a regular duffer about a car. All I can do is steer. Now this thing of mine has gone plumb wrong in the works, and I can't get her started."

The girl smiled pleasantly through her veil and took down her goggles.

"I don't know that I can help you," she said, "but I'll get out and take a look and you can tell me how the engine behaved."

Jimmy shot a swift, superior glance at his friend and helped the young woman to the road. As they stepped to his car he explained the symptoms.

"Have you got gas?" she inquired in a business-like way.

"I guess so," answered Jimmy vaguely.

"Haven't you looked?" she asked.

Jimmy was forced to admit that he had not; but he lifted the cushion promptly and clumsily unscrewed the tank cap. She leaned over and peered into the hole.

"You have gas enough," she said confidently. "Now, let's see, have you got pressure feed?"

"What kind of feed is that?" asked Jimmy stupidly, for he certainly was more of a farmer than a mechanic.

"Just once more, please," she said sweetly, as the poor man stopped to get his breath, and Jimmy heaved again! This time the motor started up, whirred for a few seconds, and stopped.

"Let's see if you get any gas in your



She looked into the engine and ran her daintily gloved hand along a pipe.

The girl laughed and cast an amused glance at Jimmy, which he later thought might possibly have been mingled with piteous scorn. She looked into the engine and ran her daintily gloved hand along a pipe. "Yes, you have automatic pressure," she said, as she walked to the other side of the car, "and you have a hand pump, too——"

She pointed to a knob near the driver's seat that Jimmy had never even noticed before. She worked the knob up and down a few times while Jimmy watched.

"Now, crank her up," she commanded, as she deftly manipulated the two little handles on the wheel. Jimmy set to work and cranked until he was almost blue in the face; and he wished he had never eaten any luncheon.

carburetor," suggested the young woman thoughtfully. "Where is it on this car?"

Poor Jimmy did not know, and he only had energy enough to shake his head and shrug his shoulders. The girl smiled again and lifted the other side of the hood.

Meanwhile Billy Sands had not been idle, and Jimmy, glancing over at him, felt as if he could beat him over the head. The suave Billy was leaning easily on the side of the other car, talking cheerfully with the other young woman, who seemed to be enjoying very much what Billy was saying. She had raised her veil and now displayed a most attractive face, with gleaming pearly teeth which seemed made to smile with, and which she kept constantly on their job.

"Let me have a wrench, please," from

the first young woman brought Jimmy suddenly to himself again. He opened his tool-box and produced the required instrument, and the girl went deftly to work, while Jimmy stood by, marvelling more and more at her ease and dexterity. She unscrewed the top of the carburetor, looked into it searchingly, and shook her head dubiously.

"Where do you shut off your gas? Where's your tank connection?" she asked briskly.

"My dear young lady," murmured Jimmy hopelessly, "all your questions are Greek to me. I'm simply of no use."

"Oh, yes, you are," she laughed gayly and, Jimmy thought, mischievously. "You crank very well. Now lift up your foot-board for me—that's the foot-board, there, where your feet rest—and I guess we'll find the connection."

Jimmy could follow instructions, and he obeyed implicitly. The young woman soon discovered and showed him the cock which cut off the gasolene supply. Then she followed the lead until she came to another cock, at which point she disconnected the pipe. A little gasolene trickled slowly out of it.

"Now, pump a little," she ordered.

Jimmy worked the knob up and down as he had seen her do, but nothing much happened. Then the young woman shut off the tank cock and disconnected the pipe entirely.

"Got any wire?" she asked, but Jimmy's blank expression was a sufficient answer; so she called out:

"May, toss me that spool of copper wire out of the box, will you, please?"

Whereupon the other young woman hopped out of her seat and soon produced the desired article, which Billy Sands handed to Jimmy's good angel. She reeled off about a yard of the wire, snipped it with her pliers, and began pushing it into the pipe which she held in her hand. Presently the wire moved hesitatingly, and in a moment some dark object was slowly pressed through the farther orifice of the tube. Both she and Jimmy gazed closely at it as she forced it out and let it fall on the mud-guard.

"Looks like a bumblebee," muttered Jimmy.

"Now, how on earth did you ever get a bumblebee in your gas tank?" asked the girl in amazement.

"Search me," replied Jimmy; "there may be a whole nest of 'em in there for all I know, or even fishes."

"Well, I guess that's all the trouble," she said. "Now pump some more," and she opened the tank cock. The gasolene flowed freely.

"I don't suppose you could put this together again?" she inquired slyly.

"Not if my life depended on it," admitted Jimmy with deep concern. "And it's a shame, too," he added; "your gloves are ruined, and you are getting oil and stuff all over your duster. I am awfully sorry; and I can't tell you what a brick I think you are. If you'll let me," he rattled on earnestly, "I'll send you a box of new gloves, and a new coat, and a gold medal, or a gold anything, or any number of pounds of candy."

"Listen, May," exclaimed the girl, "here is a man who wants to endow me!"

Poor Jimmy blushed, while the three others laughed merrily.

"Well, Mr. Humpty-Dumpty," she said kindly, "I'll put you together again, and the only reward I want is a promise; but I'm afraid you'll find it's a hard bargain."

"I'll promise you anything," blurted Jimmy.

"All right," she answered. "You must promise to go at once and learn all about the mechanism of your automobile. Then the next time you break down——"

"Golly, that's a tough one!" gleefully commented Billy Sands, who was now sitting comfortably alongside of May in the other car. Jimmy scowled at him; but he quickly smiled back at the angel and said simply:

"I promise."

She had already begun to connect the pipe, and in a short time she was satisfied that the gasolene flow had been properly restored. When Jimmy cranked up for her, the motor buzzed cheerily, and the whole world looked very much brighter indeed.

"You are a wonder," asserted Jimmy with deep admiration as he gazed at the girl.

"And you are a Yale man, I see," replied the girl, noticing for the first time

a little emblem pinned to Jimmy's shirt. "So is my brother," she added.

"What is your brother's name?" asked Jimmy eagerly.

"Ted Morgan," she said.

"By jiminy-cracky, Bill!" cried Jimmy, turning to his friend, "this is Ted Morgan's sister! What do you know about that?"

"So am I," smiled the lady with the beautiful teeth, and then followed a four-cornered talkfest which would have put a national convention to shame.

It seems that the girls had never visited New Haven during their brother's college career, because they had been considered too young for such gayeties during his freshman and sophomore years, and they had been at school abroad during his junior and senior years. This was their first summer at home, and Ted was at home, too, taking a post-graduate course at the Yale School of Forestry, which is situated in Milford. Highwood, the Morgans' place, as Jimmy knew, was near Milford, and he and Billy Sands had intended looking up their classmate on this visit.

"But I'd forgotten all about his ever having any sisters," observed Billy self-reproachfully.

"You'll never forget it again," asserted Jimmy convincingly. "At least I sha'n't."

The restoring of the motor had taken much more time to accomplish than it requires for the telling of it. The sun was settling low over the Kittatinny Mountains when the task was at length accomplished.

"I guess we won't be able to go to Otisville now," observed May. "Don't you think we had better turn back, Edith?"

"I suppose so," she said, glancing at the clock on the dash-board of Jimmy's car. It was nearly five.

"It makes me feel ashamed of myself, Miss Morgan," said Jimmy apologetically, "not only to have spoiled your clothes, but to have spoiled your afternoon, too."

"Oh, Otisville will keep," she replied gayly. "And it is not every day I can get practice at tinkering a car. Mine is a good make," she smiled with superiority, "and never hives bumblebees."



"Now, crank her up," she commanded, as she deftly manipulated the two little handles on the wheel.—Page 89.

"Well, if you are really going back," observed Billy, "the same way we are, it's a shame for me to have to ride with a dub of a chauffeur like Jimmy Oliver and let you two girls travel alone."

"Oh, I can drive *this* car," promptly exclaimed May. Edith shot a semi-reproachful glance at her sister, but she saw very well from the grin of Billy Sands's face that, with the knowledge he had just acquired, there would be some difficulty in removing him from his seat. Jimmy was not slow either in taking advantage of the situation.

"Won't you ride with me?" he pleaded of Edith, "because, you know, there may be other bumblebees, and I'm sure if I got stuck again I never would meet another angel like you!"

May had already taken the wheel of the runabout and Billy Sands was arduously working at the starting-crank, so that there was really very little opportunity for argument, and Edith Morgan allowed herself to be assisted into Jimmy's car.

"Some class, eh, Jimmy, seeing America first like this!" Billy called derisively as the runabout slipped slowly away.

To him this excursion was certainly getting to be more pleasant and enjoyable every moment.

He was rather glad, after all, that Jimmy was such an incompetent chauffeur, and he considered it an act of Providence that the bumblebee should have clogged the works just at the psychological moment.

"You see," he explained to May, as they rolled slowly along the road, "if that confounded bumblebee had waited a little longer before taking to the tube, you would have passed us and we never should have met, and I should probably be sitting alone in Jimmy's car now, like a night watchman, at some lonely spot along this bally road."

"But then we should probably have found you on our way back," urged May; "and we surely should have met tomorrow, as you were coming to see Ted, anyway."

"Yes," admitted Billy, "but see how much time we should have lost."

This was a rather cryptic observation; but May, although she said nothing in reply, seemed rather to agree with Billy.

The Morgan parents were considerably surprised, as they sat reading the evening papers on the broad porch of Highwood, to see their daughters come home, one of them driven by a strange young man and the other driving a second strange young man.

They were also considerably startled when their son, attracted by the sound of halting motors, emerged from the billiard-room, where he had been idly knocking the balls about the pool-table, and, upon recognizing his friends, gave a yell which would have struck terror into the hearts of the original dwellers in Pike County. The two strange young men responded with other yells and strange talk, which, although it sounded like English, contained many words entirely unfamiliar to Mr. and Mrs. Morgan.

After explanations had been made, it was determined that the tourists should become the guests of the family, instead of going on to Schannos', the little French inn three miles farther down the Delaware River, which had originally been their destination. Billy was convinced now that the excursion was to be a complete success.

They spent two delightful days in the lovely old town of Milford, and rambled through the woods, and visited the School of Forestry, and talked over old times with Ted and new times with the girls, and altogether Jimmy was quite reconciled to the fact that his chauffeur had an invalid aunt, and very well satisfied with himself for having had the courage to tempt fate along the great highway. And on the morning of the third day the two young men bade farewell to their genial hosts, and Jimmy promised to come again as soon as he had mastered those mechanical arts, the conquest of which he had promised Edith he should immediately undertake.

The two travellers were unusually taciturn on the homeward trip. It was not until they were rolling down the long slope toward Nyack, and could see the reaches of the Hudson far away to their right, that Billy appeared to arouse himself from his lethargy; and he spoke with much seriousness and deliberation.

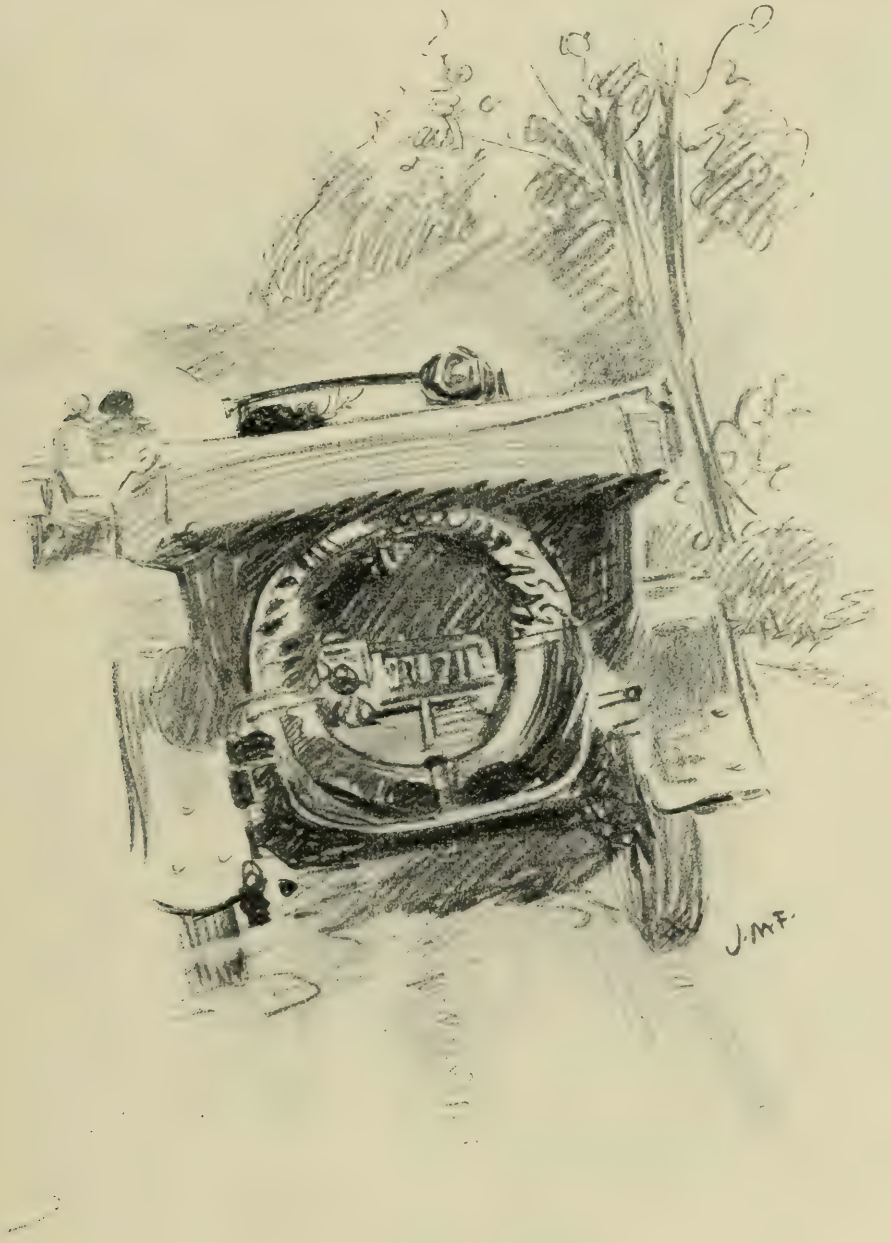
"Do you know, Jimmy," he began, "I think the science of forestry is, after all, a very important thing for this country."

"You do, eh?" returned Jimmy, with but little apparent interest in his friend's statement.

"I certainly do. . . . Don't you?"

"I never thought much about it," replied Jimmy. "I have always looked on

"The only foresters I ever saw," mused Jimmy, "were in Germany, when I was at school over there as a kid. They wore green suits and little green hats with a perky feather sticking up on one side, and they all smoked big pipes with china bowls,



"Some class, eh, Jimmy, seeing America first like this!" Billy called derisively as the runabout slipped slowly away.—Page 92.

forestry sort of like botany or collecting butterflies or such."

"Well, you want to take another look," retorted Billy. "I think Ted is quite right to take the course. It broadens a man. It gives him a profession——"

"What profession?" asked Jimmy.

"He becomes a forester," explained Billy.

and seemed to be constantly walking aimlessly about the roads."

"Of course," returned Billy scornfully, "if you don't know a Dutch game warden from an American scientific forester, I suppose I'll have to explain."

"What does the scientific fellow do?" asked Jimmy idly.

"Well," drawled Billy, who was not

really quite sure what the duties of forestry actually were, "he is an expert on trees, and he goes out West and supervises reclamation."

"Who wants to go out West and do that?" asked Jimmy bluntly.

"You don't *have* to, if you don't want to, of course," explained Billy; "but it never does any harm to know all about trees and things. I'm thinking I may take a course like Ted."

"Oh, you are, eh?" exclaimed Jimmy with a grin. "At Milford, I suppose."

"Sure," admitted Billy. "That's where the school is. And I think it would be a good thing for you, too," he argued. "Here you are, and me, too, loafing away the summer, when we might be doing something useful and worth while. In the fall you will go into your father's office and sit around and open letters and gradually soak in more or less information about English and American woollens, and in a few years you'll be taken in as a partner. It's all a matter of course. I'll go down into one of father's friends' offices in Wall Street, and, unless my old gentleman loses all his money, things will be fairly easy for me, too. But that is not work! That's being nursed. Now, if I take a course in forestry this summer, I'll have the beginnings of a profession, possibly of a career. And, you see, studying at Milford would have certain advantages. Ted is taking the course——"

"And May Morgan might relieve the deadly dulness of lectures on tree barks and falling leaves, eh?" interrupted Jimmy.

"May Morgan says that she does not think it does a man any harm to know more than one thing," continued Billy, unmindful of Jimmy's insinuation. "She says, too, that because a man has graduated from a university does not necessarily mean that he knows even one thing. And forestry is a profession which is not overcrowded, and, moreover, gives you plenty of opportunity for out-door life and



He sat back in his chair with a preposterous complacency.—Page 96.

exercise, and that is something you can't say of the law or of medicine."

Billy argued his case all the way home; and he was really quite surprised to find that Jimmy gradually awakened to an interest in a summer course at Milford.



"Well, it's this way," stammered Jimmy later in the evening, as he and Edith sat on the steps together.—Page 96.

The fathers of these two young men, it may be needless to say, were decidedly amazed when their sons informed them that they were thirsting for more knowledge, and were willing and eager to spend the hot summer months in study and investigation at the Yale School of Forestry. For such commendable ambition there could be nothing but approval; and when Jimmy, in addition, told his father he did not want a chauffeur any longer, the good old gentleman began to think that his boy, after all, had the makings of a man in him.

The two embryo foresters confided their plans to Ted alone, and that only at the last moment, bidding him keep their secret until they should arrive in Milford. Ted was also commissioned to secure suitable quarters for them, which he did in a fine old colonial house at the end of the village nearest to Highwood. Jimmy and Billy went to Milford by train, or at least as far as they could by train, for Milford is ten miles from any railway. The car was sent down with the chauffeur, which was his last job for Jimmy. And then Jimmy found a clever young mechanic in the garage and at once made an arrangement to spend an hour a day with him in studying the intricacies of the gas-engine.

That night at supper Ted seemed filled with an unusual exuberance and self-satisfaction. His sisters observed that he appeared quite pleased with himself.

"I think I have a right to be," he said with a heavy dignity. "There is a certain fascination about me, a certain personal magnetism, a sort of subtle I-don't-know-what, which influences others to do as I do. It might possibly be better for me to abandon forestry and take up politics—diplomacy, perhaps."

He sat back in his chair with a preposterous complacency.

His two sisters looked at each other with raised eyebrows, and Edith remarked:

"If there is anything more disgustingly conceited than an American man—I was almost saying an American boy—I trust I may never come in contact with it."

"Well, I don't think we ought to condemn *all* American manhood," objected May, "because this bone-head brother of ours chooses to indulge in self-worship. It might be interesting to find out what kind of a bug bit him up there in the woods this afternoon."

"The same kind of a bug that is likely to bite you up there in the woods if you don't watch out," replied Ted with unruffled calm. "Just look upon me as a leader of men. I take up forestry. Two friends come to visit me; and from the casual and fragmentary remarks I let drop upon the subject they become so profoundly interested in the subject that they are seized with a desire to study as I do and to learn the mysteries of the trees. Theirs is a true devotion to science. They are idealists. And do they seek learning and instruction at Harvard, or Biltmore, or at the excellent School of Forestry at the University of Michigan? No! They come to Milford, where I am, that they may progress hand in hand with me along the shady paths of arboriculture and woodcraft!"

"And pray," asked May, "who are these two recruits, these woodmen of the world, who are rushing to your banner for the greater glory of the American tree?"

"They come now in reverence and humility," exclaimed Ted, rising and indicating with extended arm two flannelled figures walking slowly up the drive. The girls immediately recognized their brother's classmates, and they were not slow to seize the covert meaning of Ted's grandiloquence.

"Well, it's this way," stammered Jimmy later in the evening, as he and Edith sat on the steps together. "I was so ashamed of myself when I realized you knew so much more about motors and cars than I do, that I made up my mind I was going to learn *something* and know something *more* than you do. Of course, I'll have to know the engine before I'm *even* with you. And then I'm going to study forestry and try to get *ahead* of you."

"So that if I ever get lost in the woods," commented Edith, "you can come along and get me out of trouble!"

"If you ever get lost in the woods," asserted Jimmy, "all you have to do is to whistle for me."

"What canine devotion!" whispered Edith, and Jimmy was not quite sure what she meant.

At the other end of the porch May was listening to Billy.

"It was all my idea to take up this forestry business," he was saying proudly, "and, you know, I think I got the idea from you." This rather flattered May. "When you said the other day that forestry was even more a crusade than a profession, and that the men who went into it were enthusiasts rather than materialists, I sort of felt that there was something to it. To tell you the truth, I don't know one blooming tree from another now, and when I read the curriculum in the catalogue this afternoon it fairly made me sick. But I suppose you have to sacrifice your personal feelings for any great cause."

"Of course you do," affirmed May. "Nothing is worth anything for which you don't have to pay a price."

"Well, suppose I went into forestry for good," argued Billy, "instead of merely as a broadening influence; I don't know that I should care much about living on the edge of some reclamation project, or riding a million miles through Western forests, or climbing steep mountains in Alaska, would you?"

"No, I should not," admitted May. "But if you became an expert you could select your own field. There must be lots of opportunities right around New York."

"Sure," moaned Billy with a melancholy shake of the head. "I could teach 'em how to plant ham-trees among the tenements; back-yard forestry, so to speak."

"I see your mind is not firmly set on your work," said May reprovingly.

"It is not—exactly," admitted Billy.

"I'll have to take you in hand. I am

very fond of tree lore. I'll help you with your work. Perhaps, if you have somebody to talk to about it, you will find it more interesting."



"You, Bill Sands, are the hollow-headed, pig-eyed, blundering——" "That'll do, please," objected Billy meekly.—Page 98.

"Indeed I shall," agreed Billy enthusiastically. "Now, that's a promise?"

May conceded that it was.

Strange as it may be to relate, it is nevertheless true, that our two young enthusiasts, Jimmy Oliver and Billy Sands, had come all the way to Milford without any knowledge whatever of the requirements of a school of forestry. Probably, as Jimmy had once expressed it, they thought forestry was much like elementary botany or the collecting of butterflies. Had they consulted with Ted before launching upon their enterprise, he would have told them that they had not prepared themselves in college with courses required by the graduate school, and that they therefore could not be admitted. But they only warned Ted a day in advance of their arrival, and so Ted, perforce, had to leave them to their folly.

It would therefore be unkind to make the reader a part of the interview which Messrs. Sands and Oliver had with the dean of the school at Milford on the morning after their arrival. This interview was brief, explicit, and humiliating.

But the reader is quite entitled to hear what the would-be foresters had to say to one another as they slunk—slunk is the word—back to their quarters in the old colonial house. Jimmy was the first to speak.

"Of all the long-eared, two-hoofed, braying jackasses that the fool-killer ever allowed to escape, we are easily the champions."

Billy was far too overcome to expostulate. No doubt he assented.

"And, by-y go-o-o-s-sh," continued Jimmy with extended emphasis, "you, Bill Sands, are the hollow-headed, pig-eyed, blundering——"

"That'll do, please," objected Billy meekly.

"—who persuaded me to leave home and mother to come down here and get kicked out of a place that I never was fitted to enter!"

"How did I know," cried Billy, "that a fellow could not go to school if he wanted to?"

"Why didn't you find out?" continued Jimmy remorselessly. "What kind of a couple of marionettes do you think we look like now? Foresters, eh? Where's my green suit and my little feather? Ha ha! —you blithering game warden! You've just about got enough mental capacity to be a game warden, a sparrow cop, a park watchman, a bell-ringer! Bah! What are we going to say? Tell me that!" Jimmy was considerably exercised.

"Gee, Jimmy, I wish I knew," answered Billy slowly, for he was still somewhat dazed.

"Well, I'll tell you what we're going to say," he went on almost fiercely. "We're going to say that it's nix on the forestry business. Let the trees wither and rot! Let the beetles eat 'em! I've decided I don't want to be a wood-chopper or a bug doctor. To Heligoland with dendrology and silviculture and all the rest of the gibbering rot the learned professor was talking about!"

"Yes, Jimmy, I know, to be sure," agreed Billy, "but, hang it, why did not we drop to all this before we started? We've got to save our faces some way. We can't sneak home and admit we are a couple of dubs and that, because we did not take morphology and histology and zoology and inorganic chemistry and a lot of other drug-store courses in college, we are not fit to learn the art of saving the spreading chestnut-tree!"

"Well, that's the fact," persisted Jimmy gloomily.

"And what do you suppose those Morgan girls will think of us now?" asked Billy.

"Ye-es!" hissed Jimmy with a withering glance at his friend, "we are a fine pair of Romeos let loose on a community without keepers! And that was your idea, too! *I* could have waited until I learned to run my car. But *you*, you had to be a forester, right off the bat! Some day, Bill Sands, I'm going to get you in a place where it won't do you any good to yell for help, and I'm going to get two husky piano-movers to hold you, and I'm going to take a knotted club and beat you to a pulp!"

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do, Jimmy," said Billy, after a long pause, in which both had been thinking deeply. "I will call on the Morgan girls this afternoon and take the blame for the whole thing. I grabbed the credit for it last night, so I might as well swallow my medicine gracefully to-day."

"I never wanted to be a forester anyway," mumbled Jimmy.

"No, you wanted to be a chauffeur. And you can learn to run the car here just as well as anywhere else. That young fellow at the garage seems to be all right. We can't go right back home, that's a sure thing. I'm going to find something to keep me busy for a time, at least, while you're getting smeared with oil and gear grease."

"May Morgan, I suppose," growled Jimmy.

"Not at all," snapped Billy. "I mean I'm going to do some useful work. It may seem strange to you, but the way I feel is that as long as I've made such a jay of myself I've got to get square with myself."

After luncheon Jimmy went to the garage for his first lesson and Billy turned his steps toward Highwood. Edith Morgan was not at home, but May was there, and she was rather surprised to see Billy, especially such a dejected and solemn-looking Billy.

"They won't have us at the school," he



"I just want to tell you, young lady," he exclaimed to May, as he executed a step which approximated a war dance.—Page 101.

began without preliminaries. "It seems you must have studied a lot of bug and tree stuff before you can enter; and we did not take any of those courses in college, and we did not know the requirements when we came."

"Ted said last night," said May consolingly, "that you boys weren't in his classes senior year, and he wondered how you had fixed it to be admitted."

"We had not," muttered Billy doggedly; "we are the kind of toads that don't look before they leap. But as long as I have leaped, I'm going to land somewhere. Perhaps you can help me out. Let's talk it over."

And they did, all the afternoon. And when Billy joined Jimmy again, he was approximately cheerful.

"I've got it all fixed," he explained. "Ted came home while I was there, and the scheme I had already worked out with May Morgan is possible. I'm going to tutor with one of the poor fellows at the school; Ted says there's a mighty clever chap working his way through. And Ted says the men will be glad to let me go along on surveys and other out-door work, and I can pick up enough that way to make it worth while anyway."

"Oh, very well," drawled Jimmy. "I've had all the tutoring I want for many years to come. And I guess you won't last long. But I'll stick it out as long as you do. I know what the differential and the compensating gears are now."

Billy Sands was apparently quite serious about "getting square" with himself. He worked an hour a day with a student of the senior class and struggled with trigonometry and surveying and mensuration. He spent much time at the school, too, loafing and chatting with the foresters-to-

be; and later in the summer, when the juniors went off on all-day surveying parties, he went along and carried the chain, and actually enjoyed himself. He picked up a lot of general information, too, for the talk of these students was all of trees and lumber and kindred topics.

And each day he found some hour to spend with May. She was not by any means a frivolous person, and she honestly admired Billy for the way he was sticking to a determination, which, after all, was more altruistic than practical. When sometimes he would become discouraged, she would say:

"Stick to it, Billy. Even if you don't want to be a forester, it is not going to hurt to learn some of the things they know up there. The knowledge may come in handy some day. Opportunity, you know, always approaches in disguise!"

And thus six weeks passed very rapidly. Jimmy became more or less expert as a mechanic, and actually took down his car and put it together again, with the assistance of his garage friend. But, as he sadly confessed to Billy, he never could seem to make Edith Morgan believe he knew anything more than whether it was raining or not.

"While you and May are as thick as thieves," he grumbled enviously, "and she seems to think you are a wonderful person because you caddy for those woodchoppers."

In mid-September they departed from Milford and travelled home in Jimmy's car. In mid-October they fulfilled Billy's earlier prophecy. Jimmy entered the woollen business with his father; Billy was taken as a cub into the offices of Worthington & Ford, in Wall Street. He did not know whether he liked his work or not; but he did those simple, drudgy things he was told to do, with promptitude and a certain amount of intelligence. He won the respect of Mr. Worthington, his father's friend.

One afternoon in early December the head of the firm stopped at Billy's desk to give him some instructions for the morrow. Billy listened, and as his chief was about to depart he coughed in a slightly embarrassed way and said:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Worthington, but I inadvertently heard you and Mr. Ford talking the other day about the consolidation of those two Nebraska lumber companies, the Cody and the Ridge concerns——"

"Young man," said Mr. Worthington, with kindly severity, "a clerk in an office like this has no business to overhear."

"I realize that, Mr. Worthington," continued Billy, somewhat confused, "but it was no fault of mine, and I was interested in what you were saying about those particular lumber companies, because I happen to know a lot about them—a lot of inside information, I mean—facts that would be of value to you in determining whether you want to float the scheme or not. You see," he went on glibly, "when I was studying at the Yale Forest School last summer there were some men in the senior class who had helped survey the timber on the Cody property, and there was one fellow who had worked for a year as foreman of the Ridge Lumber Company——"

"Young man," interrupted Mr. Worthington, "Mr. Ford and I are dining at the Metropolitan Club to-night. If you will join us there at seven we shall be glad to hear what you know about the Cody and the Ridge Lumber Companies."

Billy hustled uptown and called on May Morgan for a few moments before he rushed home and jumped into his evening clothes, and the two buzzed like a couple of bees.

"Billy boy," she cried, "here is the opportunity! I feel it. I told you opportunity always came in disguise. Whoever would have thought when you were gossiping with those men at Milford that you were absorbing material to make you a Wall Street magnate?"

"Don't go so fast, May, dear," he laughed, as he rose to go. "But I sure would be a magnate if I could have a finger in that pie. It's a good thing, and curiously enough it never occurred to me what a good thing it was!"

"You are only an embryo magnate," she said, but there was a bit of pride in her voice nevertheless.

It happened that the knowledge Billy possessed of the working methods of the lumber companies in question, of their area and of the timber standing, of their

facilities for marketing and the quality of their product, and somewhat of the financial condition of the Ridge concern, was just what Messrs. Worthington & Ford desired to have. It was information they could not have got at any price within the time at their disposal, and much of it corroborated certain secret advices they already possessed. As it was necessary for them to decide the next day whether or not they should undertake the promotion of the consolidation in question, Billy's familiarity with the existing conditions was invaluable. They were amazed to discover such a mine of information in their youngest clerk. And they were fair men and generous.

The next morning the head of the firm called Billy into his private office and informed him that, largely on his reports, they had concluded to embark upon the enterprise; and Mr. Worthington added that, to show their appreciation of Billy's services, they would allow him a one-tenth interest in the profits if he desired to invest, say, two thousand dollars. They could just as well have let him in for nothing, but old Mr. Ford had insisted that it would be for the young man's good to feel a certain financial responsibility. Billy talked the matter over with his father, who was quite willing to assist his son in any investment which bore the stamp of Mr. Worthington's approval.

Thus it was that one afternoon, late in January, Billy telephoned madly to May and half an hour later was striding excitedly into the Morgan home.

"I just want to tell you, young lady," he exclaimed to May, as he executed a step which approximated a war dance, "that I have to-day been appointed assistant managing clerk of the house of Worthington & Ford with compensating perquisites. Also, and moreover, the Cody-Ridge consolidation has finally been squared up and exactly twenty-two thousand dollars have been placed to the account of little Billy!"

May beamed.

"Don't you think now, Miss M. Morgan, that it is an appropriate and goodly time for us to approach your father and ask him if he has any objections to my placing a little gold ring on your little left hand? I think about Easter Monday for us, eh?"

But May's reply, owing to outside influences over which she had no control, was not then enunciated in words.

ON HER SAINT'S DAY

By E. Sutton

ANOTHER year with wingèd feet
Thy silver dawn, Saint Marguerite,
Wafteth faint farewell as he goes
With breathings from her heart of rose,
And ocean savors, sharp and sweet.

"Farewell!" and so we turn to greet,
Y-fledged with sunrise, bright, and fleet,
One veiled, whose urn o'erladen shows
Another year.

But Love, why question and repeat
Or whether thorns, or tares, or wheat
His hand will strew? for no one knows:
And ever in thy garden sows
The white flower of the Paraclete
Another year.

THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

XXXI

THE pale, dark young secretary of state had fled from the capital in a soldier's uniform and had been captured with a pardon in his pocket from the Pennyroyal governor, which the authorities refused to honor. The mountain ex-secretary of state had fled across the Ohio, to live there an exile. The governor from the Pennyroyal had carried his case to the supreme court of the land, had lost, and he, too, amid the condemnation of friends and foes, had crossed the same yellow river to the protection of the same northern State. With his flight the troubles at the capital had passed the acute crisis and settled down into a long, wearisome struggle to convict the assassins of the autocrat. During the year the young secretary of state had been once condemned to death, once to life imprisonment, and was now risking the noose again on a third trial. Jason Hawn's testimony at his own trial, it was thought, would help Steve Hawn. Indeed, another mountaineer, Hiram Honeycutt, an uncle to little Aaron, was, it seemed, in greater danger than Steve, but the suspect in most peril was an auditor's clerk from the blue-grass; so it looked as though old Jason's prophecy, that the real murderer, if a mountaineer, would never be convicted, might yet come true. The autocrat was living on in the hearts of his followers as a martyr to the cause of the people, and a granite shaft was to rise in the little cemetery on the river bluff to commemorate his deeds and his name. His death had gratified the blood-lust of his foes, his young democratic successor would amend that "infamous election law" and was plainly striving for a just administration, and so bitterness began swiftly to abate, tolerance grew rapidly, and the State went earnestly on trying to cure its political ills. And yet even while John Burnham and his like were congratulating themselves that cool heads and strong hands had averted civil war, checked further violence, and left all questions to the law and the courts, the economic poison that tobacco had been spreading through the land began to shake the commonwealth with a new fever: for not liberty but daily bread was the farmer's question now.

The Big Trust had cut out competitive buyers, cut down prices to the cost of production, and put up the price of the tobacco bag and the plug. So that the farmer must smoke and chew his own tobacco, or sell it at a loss and buy it back again at whatever price the trust chose to charge him. Already along the southern border of the State the farmers had organized for mutual protection and the members had agreed to plant only half the usual acreage. When the non-members planted more than ever, masked men descended upon them at night and put the raiser to the whip and his barn to the torch. It seemed as though the passions of men aroused by the political troubles and getting no vent in action welcomed this new outlet, and already the night-riding of ku-klux and toll-gate days was having a new and easy birth. And these sinister forces were sweeping slowly toward the blue-grass. Thus the injection of this new problem brought a swift subsidence of politics in the popular mind. It caused a swift withdrawal of the political background from the lives of the Pendletons and dwarfed its importance for the time in the lives of the Hawns, for again the following spring Colonel Pendleton, in the teeth of the coming storm, raised tobacco, and so, for his mother, did Jason Hawn.

In the mountains meanwhile the trend, contrariwise, was upward—all upward. Railroads were building, mines were opening, great trees were falling for timber. Even the Hawns and Honeycutts were too busy for an actual renewal of the feud, though the casual traveller was amazed to discover slowly how bitter the enmity still was. But the feud in no way checked the growth going on in all ways, nor was that

growth all material. More schools than St. Hilda's had come into the hills from the outside and were doing hardly less effective work. County schools, too, were increasing in number and in strength. More and more mountain boys and girls were each year going away to college, bringing back the fruits of their work and planting the seeds of them at home. The log cabin was rapidly disappearing, the frame cottages were being built with more neatness and taste, and garish colors were becoming things of the past. Indeed, a quick uplift through all the mountains was perceptible to any observant eye that had known and knew now the hills. To the law-makers at the capital and to the men of law and business in the blue-grass, that change was plain when they came into conflict with the lawyers and bankers and merchants of the highlands, for they found this new hillsman shrewd, resourceful, quick-witted, tenacious, and strong, and John Burnham began to wonder if the vigorous type of Kentuckian that seemed passing in the blue-grass might not be coming to a new birth in the hills—and he smiled grimly that following spring when he heard that a company of mountain militia from a county that was notorious for a desperate feud had been sent down to keep order in the tobacco lowlands. And he kept on smiling every time he heard that a mountaineer had sold his coal lands and moved down to buy some blue-grass farm and wondering how far this peaceful dispossessment might go in time; and whether a fusion of these social extremes of civilization might not be in the end for the best good of the State. And he knew that the basis of his every speculation about the fortunes of the State rested on the intertwining hand of fate in the lives of Marjorie and Gray Pendleton and Mavis and Jason Hawn.

XXXII

In June Gray Pendleton closed his college career as he had gone through it—like a meteor—and Jason went for the summer to the mountains, while Mavis stayed with his mother, for again Steve Hawn had been tried and convicted and returned to jail to await a new trial. In the mountains Jason got employment at some mines below the county-seat, and there he watched the incoming of the real "furriners," Italians, "Hunks," and Slavs, and the uprising of a mining town. He worked, too, in every capacity that was open to him, and he kept his keen eyes and keen mind busy that he might know as much as possible of the great machine that old Morton Sanders would build and set to work on his mother's land. And more than ever that summer he warmed to his uncle Arch Hawn for the fight that Arch was making to protect native titles to mountain lands—a fight that would help the achievement of the purpose that, though faltering at last, was still deep in the boy's heart.

In the autumn, when he went back to college, Gray had set off to some northern college for a post-graduate course in engineering and Marjorie had gone to some fashionable school in the great city of the nation for the finishing touches of hats and gowns, painting and music, and for a wider knowledge of her own social world. That autumn the tobacco trouble was already pointing to a crisis for Colonel Pendleton. The whip and lash and the destruction of seed-beds had been ineffective, and as the trust had got control of the trade, the raisers must now get control of the raw leaf in the field and in the barn. That autumn Jason himself drifted into one mass meeting of growers in the court-house one day on his way home from college. An orator from the far West with a shock of black hair and gloomy black brows and eyes urged a general and permanent alliance of the tillers of the soil. An old white-bearded man with cane and spectacles and a heavy goatee working under a chew of tobacco tremulously plead for a pooling of the crops. The answer was that all would not pool, and the question was how to get all in. A great-shouldered, red-faced man and a bull-necked fellow with gray, fearless eyes, both from the southern part of the State, openly urged the incendiary methods that they were practising at home—the tearing up of tobacco-beds, burning of barns, and the whipping of growers who refused to go into the pool. And then Colonel Pendleton rose, his face as white as his snowy shirt, and bowed courteously to the chairman.

"These gentlemen, I think, are beside themselves," he said quietly, "and I must ask your permission to withdraw."

Jason followed him out to the courthouse door and watched him, erect as a soldier, march down the street, and he knew the trouble that was in store for the old gentleman, for already he had heard similiar incendiary talk from the small farmers around his mother's home.

The following June Marjorie and Gray Pendleton brought back finishing touches of dress, manner, and atmosphere to the dazzled envy of the less fortunate, in spite of the fact that both bore their new claims to distinction with a modesty that would have kept a stranger from knowing that they had ever been away from home. Jason and Mavis were still at the old university when the two arrived. To the mountaineers all four had once seemed almost on the same level, such had once been the comradeship between them, but now the old chasm seemed to yawn wider than ever between them and there was no time for it to close, if closing were possible, for again Jason went back to the hills—this time to Morton Sanders's opening mines—and, this time, Mavis went with him to teach Hawns and Honeycutts in a summer school on the outskirts of the little mining town. Again for Jason the summer was one of unflagging work and learning—learning all he could, all the time. He had discovered that to get his land back through the law, he must prove that Arch Hawn or Colonel Pendleton not only must have known about the big seam of coal, not only must have concealed the fact of their knowledge from his mother and Steve Hawn, but, in addition, must have told one or both, with the purpose of fraud, that the land was worth no more than was visible to the eye in timber and seams of coal that were known to all. That Colonel Pendleton could have been guilty of such underhandedness was absurd. Moreover, Jason's mother said that no such statement had been made to her by either, though Steve had sworn readily that Arch had said just that thing to him. But Jason began to believe that Steve had lied, and Arch Hawn laughed when he heard of Jason's investigations.

"Son, if you want that land back, or, ruther, the money it's worth, you git right down to work, learn the business, and dig it back in another way."

And that was what Jason half unconsciously was doing. And yet, with all the ambition that was in him, his interest in the work, his love for the hills, his sense of duty to his people and his wish to help them, the boy was sorely depressed that summer, for the talons with which the fate of birth and environment clutched him seemed to be tightening now again.

The trials of Steve Hawn and of Hiram Honeycutt for the death of the autocrat were bringing back the old friction. Charges and countercharges of perjury among witnesses had freshened the old enmity between the Hawns and the Honeycutts. Jason himself had once to go back to the blue-grass as witness, and when he returned he learned that the charge whispered against him, particularly by little Aaron, was that he had sworn falsely for Steve Hawn and falsely against Hiram Honeycutt. Again Babe Honeycutt had come back from the West and had quietly slipped out of the mountains again, and Jason was led to believe it was on his account, and once more the old oath began to weigh heavily upon him, for everybody seemed to take it as much for granted that he would some day fulfil that oath as that, after the dark of the moon, that moon would rise again. Moreover, fate was inexorably pushing him and little Aaron into the same channels that their fathers had followed and putting on each the duty and responsibility of leadership. And Jason, though shirking nothing, turned sick and faint of heart and was glad when the summer neared its close.

Though all his vacation he and Mavis had seen but little of each other, though Mavis lived with the old circuit rider and Jason in a little shack on the spur above her, for the boy was on the night shift and through most of the day was asleep. Moreover, both were rather morose and brooding, each felt the deep trouble of the other, and to it each paid the mutual respect of silence. How much Mavis knew, Jason little guessed, though he was always vaguely uneasy under the constant search of her dark eyes, and often he would turn toward her expecting her to speak. But not until the autumn was at hand and they were both making ready to go back

to the blue-grass did she break her silence. The news had just reached them that Steve Hawn had come clear at last and was at home—and Mavis heard it with little elation and no comment. Next day she announced calmly that she was not going back with Jason, but would stay in the hills and go on with her school. Jason stared questioningly, but she would not explain—she only became more brooding and silent than ever, and only when they parted one drowsy day in September was the thought within her betrayed:

"I reckon maybe you won't come back again."

Jason was startled. She knew then—knew his discontent, his new longing to break the fetters of the hills, knew even that in his dreams Marjorie's face was still shining like a star. "Course I'm comin' back," he said, with a little return of his old boyish roughness, but his eyes fell before hers as he turned hurriedly away. He was rolling away from the hills, and his mind had gone back to her seated with folded hands and unseeing eyes in the old circuit-rider's porch, dreaming, thinking—thinking, dreaming—before he began fully to understand. He remembered his mother telling him how unhappy Mavis had been the summer the two were alone in the blue-grass and how she had kept away from Marjorie and Gray and all to herself. He recalled Mavis telling him bitterly how she had once overheard some girl student speak of her as the daughter of a jail-bird. He began to see that she had stayed in the blue-grass that summer on his mother's account and on her account would have gone back with him again. He knew that there was no disloyalty to her father in her decision, for he knew that she would stick to him, jail-bird or whatever he was, till the end of time. But now neither her father nor Jason's mother needed her. Through eyes that had gained a new vision in the blue-grass Mavis had long ago come to see herself as she was seen there; and now to escape wounds that any malicious tongue could inflict she would stay where the sins of fathers rested less heavily on the innocent. There was, to be sure, good reason for Jason to feel as Mavis felt—he had been a jail-bird himself—but not to act like her—no. And then as he rolled along he began to wonder what part Gray might be playing in her mind and heart. The vision of her seated in the porch thinking—thinking—would not leave him, and a pang of undefined remorse for leaving her behind started within him. She too had outgrown his and her people as he had—perhaps she was as rebellious against her fate as he was against his own, but, unlike him, utterly helpless. And suddenly the boy's remorse merged into a sympathetic terror for the loneliness that was hers.

XXXIII

Down in the blue-grass a handsome saddle-horse was hitched at the stile in front of Colonel Pendleton's house and the front door was open to the pale gold of the early sun. Upstairs Gray was packing for his last year away from home, after which he too would go to Morton Sanders's mines, on the land Jason's mother once had owned. Below him his father sat at his desk with two columns of figures before him, of assets and liabilities, and his face was gray and his form seemed to have shrunk when he rose from his chair; but he straightened up when he heard his boy's feet coming down the stairway, forced a smile to his lips, and called to him cheerily. Together they walked down to the stile.

"I'm going to drive into town this morning, dad," said Gray. "Can I do anything for you?"

"No, son—nothing—except come back safe."

In the distance a tree crashed to the earth as the colonel was climbing his horse, and a low groan came from his lips, but again he quickly recovered himself at the boy's apprehensive cry.

"Nothing, son. I reckon I'm getting too fat to climb a horse—good-by."

He turned and rode away, erect as a youth of twenty, and the lad looked after him puzzled and alarmed. One glance his father had turned toward the beautiful woodland that had at last been turned over to axe and saw for the planting of tobacco, and it was almost the last tree of that woodland that had just fallen. When the first struck the earth two months before, the lad now recalled hearing his father mutter:

"This is the meanest act of my life."

And suddenly now the boy knew that the act was done for him—and his eyes filled as he looked after the retreating horseman upon whose shoulders so much secret trouble weighed. And when the elder man passed through the gate and started down the pike, those broad shoulders began to droop, and the lad saw him ride out of sight with his chin close to his breast. The boy went back to his packing, but with a folded coat in his hand dropped in a chair by the open window, looking out on the quick undoing in that woodland of the Master's slow upbuilding for centuries, and he began to recall how often during the past summer he had caught his father brooding alone, or figuring at his desk, or had heard him pacing the floor of his bedroom late at night; how frequently he had made trips into town to see his lawyer, how often the lad had seen in his mail, lately, envelopes stamped with the name of his bank; and, above all, how often the old family doctor had driven out from town, and though there was never a complaint, how failing had been his father's health, and how he had aged. And suddenly Gray sprang to his feet, ordered his buggy and started for town.

Along the edge of the bleeding stumps of noble trees the colonel rode slowly, his thoughts falling and rising between his boy in the room above and his columns of figures in the room below. The sacrilege of destruction had started in his mind years before from love of the one, but the actual deed had started under pressure of the other, and now it looked as though each motive would be thwarted, for the tobacco war was on in earnest now and again the poor old commonwealth was rent as by a forked tongue of lightning. And, like the State, the colonel too was pitifully divided against himself.

Already many blue-grass farmers had pooled their crops against the great tobacco trust—already they had decided that no tobacco at all should be raised that coming year just when the colonel was deepest in debt and could count only on his tobacco for relief. And so the great-hearted gentleman must now go against his neighbor, or go to destruction himself and carry with him his beloved son. Toward noon he reined in on a little knoll above the deserted house of the old general, the patriarchal head of the family—who had passed not many years before—the rambling old house, stuccoed with aged brown and still in the faithful clasp of ancient vines. The old landmark had passed to Morton Sanders, and on and about it the ruthless hand of progress was at work. The atmosphere of careless, magnificent luxury was gone. The servants' quarters, the big hen-house, the old stables with gables and sunken roofs, the staggering fences, the old blacksmith-shop, the wheelless windmill—all were torn away or rebuilt. Only the arched gateway under which only thoroughbreds could pass was left, for Sanders loved horses and the humor of that gateway, and only the old spring-house with its green dripping walls. No longer even were the forest trees in the big yard ragged and storm-torn, but trimmed carefully, their wounds dressed, and sturdy with a fresh lease on life; only the mournful cedars were unchanged and still harping with every passing wind the same requiem for the glory that was gone. With another groan the old colonel turned his horse toward home—the home that but for the slain woodlands would soon pass in that same way to house a Sanders tenant or an overseer.

When he reached his front door he heard his boy whistling like a happy lark in his room at the head of the stairway. The sounds pierced him for one swift instant and then his generous heart was glad for the careless joy of youth, and instead of going into his office he slowly climbed the stairs. When he reached the door of the boy's room, he saw two empty trunks, the clothes that had been in them tossed in a whirlwind over bed and chair and floor and Gray hanging out of the window and shouting to a servant:

"Come up here, Tom, and help put my things back—I'm not going away."

A joyous whoop from below answered:

"Yassuh, yassuh; my Gord, but I *is* glad. Why, de colonel——"

Just then the boy heard a slight noise behind him and he turned to see his father's arms stretched wide for him.

Gray remained firm. He would not waste another year. He had a good start, he would go to the mines and begin work and he could come home when he pleased,

if only over Sunday. So, as Mavis had watched Jason leave to be with Marjorie in the blue-grass, so Marjorie now watched Gray leave to be with Mavis in the hills. And between them John Burnham was again left wondering.

XXXIV

At sunset Gray Pendleton pushed his tired horse across the Cumberland River and up into the county-seat of the Hawns and Honeycutts. From the head of the main street two battered signs caught his eye—Hawn Hotel and Honeycutt Inn—the one on the right-hand side close at hand, and the other far down on the left, and each on the corner of the street. Both had double balconies, both were ramshackle and unpainted, and near each was a general store, run now by a subleader of each faction—Hiram Honeycutt and Shade Hawn—for old Jason and old Aaron, except in councils of war and business, had retired into the more or less peaceful haven of home and old age. Naturally the boy drew up and stopped before the Hawn Hotel, from the porch of which keen eyes scrutinized him with curiosity and suspicion, and before he had finished his supper of doughy biscuits, greasy bacon, and newly killed fried chicken, the town knew but little less about his business there than he himself. That night he asked many questions of Shade Hawn, the proprietor, and all were answered freely, except where they bore on the feud of half a century, and then Gray encountered a silence that was puzzling but significant and deterrent. Next morning everybody who spoke to him called him by name, and, as he rode up the river, there was the look of recognition in every face he saw, for the news of him had gone ahead the night before. At the mouth of Hawn Creek, in a bend of the river, he came upon a school-house under a beech-tree on the side of a little hill, and through the open door he saw, amidst the bent heads of the pupils, the figure of a young woman seated at a desk, and had he looked back when he turned up the creek he would have seen her at the window, gazing covertly after him with one hand against her heart. For Mavis Hawn, too, had heard that Gray was come to the hills. All morning she had been watching the open doorway, and yet when she saw him pass she went pale and had to throw her head up sharply to get her breath. Her hands trembled, she rose and went to the window, and she did not realize what she was doing until she turned to meet the surprised and curious eyes of one of the larger girls, who too could see the passing stranger, and then the young school-mistress flushed violently and went to her seat. The girl was a Honeycutt, and more than once that long, restless afternoon Mavis met the same eyes searching her own and already looking mischief. Slowly the long afternoon passed, school was dismissed, and Mavis, with the circuit-rider's old dog on guard at her heels, started slowly up the creek with her eyes fixed on every bend of the road she turned and on the crest of every little hill she climbed, watching for Gray to come back. Once a horse that looked like the one he rode and glimpsed through the bushes far ahead made her heart beat violently and stopped her, poised for a leap into the bushes, but it was only little Aaron Honeycutt, who lifted his hat, flushed, and spoke gravely, and Mavis reached the old circuit-rider's gate, slipped around to the back porch and sat down, still in a tumult that she could not calm. It was not long before she heard a clear shout of "hello" at the gate, and she clinched her chair with both hands, for the voice was Gray's. She heard the old woman go to the door, heard her speak her surprise and hearty welcome—heard Gray's approaching steps.

"Is Mavis here?" Gray asked.

"She ain't got back from school."

"Was that her school down there at the mouth of the creek?"

"Shore."

"Well, I wish I had known that."

Calmly and steadily then Mavis rose, and a moment later Gray saw her in the door and his own heart leaped at the rich, grave beauty of her. Gravely she shook hands, gravely looked full into his eyes, without a question sat down with quiet hands folded in her lap, and it was the boy who was embarrassed and talked. He would live with the superintendent on the spur just above and he would be a near neighbor. His father was not well. Marjorie was not going away again, but would

stay at home that winter. Mavis's stepmother was well, and he had not seen Jason before he left—they must have passed each other on the way. Since Mavis's father was now at home, Jason would stay at the college, as he lost so much time going to and fro. Gray was glad to get to work, he already loved the mountains; but there had been so many changes he hardly remembered the creek—how was Mavis's grandfather, old Mr. Hawn? Mavis raised her eyes, but she was so long answering that the old woman broke in:

"He's mighty peart fer sech a' old man, but he's a-breakin' fast an' he ain't long fer this wuld." She spoke with the frank satisfaction that, among country folks, the old take in ushering their contemporaries through the portals, and Gray could hardly help smiling. He rose to leave presently, and the old woman pressed him to stay for supper; but Mavis's manner somehow forbade, and the boy climbed back up the spur, wondering, ill at ease, and almost shaken by the new beauty the girl seemed to have taken on in the hills. For there she was at home. She had the peace and serenity of them: the pink-flecked laurel was in her cheeks, the white of the rhododendron was at the base of her full round throat, and in her eyes were the sleepy shadows of deep ravines. It might not be so lonely for him after all in his exile, and the vision of the girl haunted Gray when he went to bed that night and made him murmur and stir restlessly in his sleep.

XXXV

Once more, on his way for his last year at college, Jason Hawn had stepped into the chill morning air at the railway junction, on the edge of the blue-grass. Again a faint light was showing in the east, and cocks were crowing from a low sea of mist that lay motionless over the land, but this time the darky porter reached without hesitation for his bag and led him to the porch of the hotel, where he sat waiting for breakfast. Once more at sunrise he sped through the breaking mist and high over the yellow Kentucky River, but there was no pang of homesickness when he looked down upon it now. Again fields of grass and grain, grazing horses and cattle, fences, houses, barns reeled past his window, and once more Steve Hawn met him at the station in the same old rattletrap buggy, and again stared at him long and hard.

"Ain't much like the leetle feller I met here three year ago—air ye?"

Steve was unshaven and his stubbly, thick, black beard emphasized the sickly touch of prison pallor that was still on his face. His eyes had a new, wild, furtive look, and his mouth was cruel and bitter. Again each side of the street was lined with big wagons loaded with tobacco and covered with cotton cloth. Steve pointed to them.

"Rickolect whut I tol' you about hell a-comin' about that terbaccer?"

Jason nodded.

"Well, hit's come." His tone was ominous, personal, and disturbed the boy.

"Look here, Steve," he said earnestly, "haven't you had enough now? Ain't you goin' to settle down and behave yourself?"

The man's face took on the snarl of a vicious dog.

"No, by God!—I hain't. The trouble's on me right now. Colonel Pendleton hain't treated me right—he cheated me out——"

Steve got no further; the boy turned squarely in the buggy and his eyes blazed.

"That's a lie. I don't know anything about it, but I know it's a lie."

Steve, too, turned furious, but he had gone too far, and had counted too much on kinship, so he controlled himself, and with vicious cunning whipped about.

"Well," he said in an injured tone, "I mought be mistaken. We'll see—we'll see."

Jason had not asked about his mother, and he did not ask now, for Steve's manner worried him and made him apprehensive. He answered the man's questions about the mountains shortly, and with diabolical keenness Steve began to probe old wounds.

"I reckon," he said sympathetically, "you hain't found no way yit o' gittin' yo' land back?"

"No."

"Ner who shot yo' pap?"

"No."

"Well, I hear as how Colonel Pendleton owns a lot in that company that's diggin' out yo' coal. Mebbe you might git it back from him."

Jason made no answer, for his heart was sinking with every thought of his mother and the further trouble Steve seemed bound to make. Martha Hawn was standing in her porch with one hand above her eyes when they drove into the mouth of the lane. She came down to the gate, and Jason put his arms around her and kissed her; and when he saw the tears start in her eyes he kissed her again while Steve stared, surprised and uncomprehending. Again that afternoon Jason wandered aimlessly into the blue-grass fields, and again his feet led him to the knoll whence he could see the twin houses of the Pendletons bathed in the yellow sunlight, and their own proud atmosphere of untroubled calm. And again, even, he saw Marjorie galloping across the fields, and while he knew the distressful anxiety in one of the households, he little guessed the incipient storm that imperious young woman was at that moment carrying within her own breast from the other. For Marjorie missed Gray; she was lonely and she was bored; she had heard that Jason had been home several days; she was irritated that he had not been to see her, nor had sent her any message, and just now what she was going to do she did not exactly know or care. Half an hour later he saw her again, coming back at a gallop along the turnpike, and seeing him, she pulled in and waved her whip. Jason took off his hat, waved it in answer, and kept on, whereat imperious Marjorie wheeled her horse through a gate into the next field and thundered across it and up the slope toward him. Jason stood hat in hand—embarrassed, irresolute, pale. When she pulled in, he walked forward to take her outstretched gloved hand, and when he looked up into her spirited face and challenging eyes, a great calm came suddenly over him, and from it emerged his own dominant spirit which the girl instantly felt. She had meant to tease, badger, upbraid, domineer over him, but the volley of reproachful questions that were on her petulant red lips dwindled lamely to one:

"How's Mavis, Jason?"

"She's well as common."

"You didn't see Gray?"

"No."

"I got a letter from him yesterday. He's living right above Mavis. He says she is more beautiful than ever, and he's already crazy about his life down there—and the mountains."

"I'm mighty glad."

She turned to go, and the boy walked down the hill to open the gate for her—and sidewise Marjorie scrutinized him. Jason had grown taller, darker, his hair was longer, his clothes were worn and rather shabby, the atmosphere of the hills still invested him, and he was more like the Jason she had first seen, so that the memories of childhood were awakened in the girl and she softened toward him. When she passed through the gate and turned her horse toward him again, the boy folded his arms over the gate, and his sun-burned hands showed to Marjorie's eyes the ravages of hard work.

"Why haven't you been over to see me, Jason?" she asked gently.

"I just got back this mornin'."

"Why, Gray wrote you left home several days ago."

"I did—but I stopped on the way to visit some kinfolks."

"Oh. Well, aren't you coming? I'm lonesome and I guess you will be too—without Mavis."

"I won't have time to get lonesome."

The girl smiled.

"That's ungracious—but I want you to take the time."

The boy looked at her; since his trial he had hardly spoken to her, and had rarely seen her. Somehow he had come to regard his presence at Colonel Pendleton's the following Christmas night as but a generous impulse that was to end then and there. He had kept away from Marjorie thereafter, and if he was not to keep away now, he must make matters very clear.

"Maybe your mother won't like it," he said gravely. "I'm a jail-bird."

"Don't, Jason," she said, shocked by his frankness; "you couldn't help that. I want you to come."

Jason was reddening with embarrassment now, but he had to get out what had been so long on his mind.

"I'm comin' once anyhow. I know what she did for me and I'm comin' to thank her for doin' it."

Marjorie was surprised and again she smiled.

"Well, she won't like that, Jason," she said, and the boy, not misunderstanding, smiled too.

"I'm comin'."

Marjorie turned her horse.

"I hope I'll be at home."

Her mood had turned to coquetry again. Jason had meant to tell her that he knew she herself had been behind her mother's kindness toward him, but a sudden delicacy forbade, and to her change of mood he answered:

"You will be—when I come."

This was a new deftness for Jason, and a little flush of pleasure came to the girl's cheeks and a little seriousness to her eyes.

"Well, you *are* mighty nice, Jason—good-by."

"Good-by," said the boy soberly.

At her own gate the girl turned to look back, but Jason was striding across the fields. She turned again on the slope of the hill but Jason was still striding on. She watched him until he had disappeared, but he did not turn to look and her heart felt a little hurt. She was very quiet that night, so quiet that she caught a concerned look in her mother's eyes, and when she had gone to her room her mother came in and found her in a stream of moonlight at her window. And when Mrs. Pendleton silently kissed her, she broke into tears.

"I'm lonely, mother," she sobbed; "I'm so lonely."

A week later Jason sat on the porch one night after supper and his mother came to the doorway.

"I forgot to tell ye, Jason, that Marjorie Pendleton rid over here the day you got here an' axed if you'd come home."

"I saw her down the pike that day," said Jason, not showing the surprise he felt. Steve Hawn, coming around the corner of the house, heard them both and on his face was a malicious grin.

"Down the pike," he repeated. "I seed ye both a-talkin' up thar at the edge of the woods. She looked back at ye twice, but you wouldn't take no notice. Now that Gray ain't hyeh I reckon you mought——"

The boy's protest, hoarse and inarticulate, stopped Steve, who dropped his bantering tone and turned serious.

"Now looky here, Jason, yo' uncle Arch has tol' me about Gray and Mavis already down thar in the mountains, an' I see what's comin' up here fer you. You an' Gray ought to have more sense—gittin' into such trouble——"

"Trouble!" cried the boy.

"Yes, I know," Steve answered. "Hit is funny fer me to be talkin' about trouble. I was born to it, as the circuit-rider says, as the sparks fly upward. Thar ain't no hope fer me, but you——"

The boy rose impatiently but curiously shaken by such words and so strange a tone from his step-father. He was still shaken when he climbed to Mavis's room and was looking out her window, and that turned his thoughts to her and to Gray in the hills. What was the trouble that Steve had already heard about Mavis and Gray, and what the trouble at which Steve had hinted—for him? Once before Steve had dropped a bit of news, also gathered from Arch Hawn, that during the truce in the mountains little Aaron Honeycutt had developed a wild passion for Mavis, but at that absurdity Jason had only laughed. Still the customs of the blue-grass and the hills were widely divergent, and if Gray, only out of loneliness, were much with Mavis, only one interpretation was possible to the Hawns and Honeycutts, just as only one interpretation had been possible for Steve with reference to Marjorie and himself, and Steve's interpretation he contemptuously dismissed. His grandfather might make trouble for Gray, or Gray and little Aaron might clash. He would like to warn Gray, and yet even with that wish in his mind a little flame of jealousy was already licking at his heart, though already that heart was thumping at the bid of Marjorie. Impatiently he began to wonder at the perverse waywardness of his own soul, and without undressing he sat at the window—restless, sleepless, and helpless against his warring self—sat until the shadows of the night began to sweep after the light of the sinking moon. When he rose finally, he thought he saw a dim figure moving

around the corner of the barn. He rubbed his eyes to make sure, and then picking up his pistol he slipped down the stairs and out the side door, taking care not to awaken his mother and Steve. When he peered forth from the corner of the house, Steve's chestnut gelding was outside the barn and somebody was saddling him. Some negro doubtless was stealing him out for a ride, as was not unusual in that land, and that negro Jason meant to scare half to death. Noiselessly the boy reached the hen-house, and when he peered around that he saw to his bewilderment that the thief was Steve. Once more Steve went into the barn, and this time when he came out he began to fumble about his forehead with both hands, and a moment later Jason saw him move toward the gate, masked and armed. A long shrill whistle came from the turnpike and he heard Steve start into a gallop down the lane.

XXXVI

It was three days before Steve Hawn returned, ill-humored, reddened by drink, and worn. As ever Martha Hawn asked no questions and Jason betrayed no curiosity, no suspicion, though he was not surprised to learn that in a neighboring county the night riders had been at their lawless work, and he had no doubt that Steve was among them. Jason would be able to help but little that autumn in the tobacco field, for it was his last year in college and he meant to work hard at his books, but he knew that the dispute between his step-father and Colonel Pendleton was still unsettled—that Steve was bitter and had a secret relentless purpose to get even. He did not dare give Colonel Pendleton a warning, for it was difficult, and he knew the fiery old gentleman would receive such an intervention with a gracious smile and dismiss it with haughty contempt; so Jason decided merely to keep a close watch on Steve.

On the opening day of college, as on the opening day three years before, Jason walked through the fields to town, but he did not start at dawn. The dew-born mists were gone and the land lay, with no mystery to the eye or the mind, under a brilliant sun—the fields of stately corn, the yellow tents of wheat gone from the golden stretches of stubble, and green trees rising from the dull golden sheen of the stripped blue-grass pastures. The cut upturned tobacco no longer looked like hunch-backed witches on broomsticks and ready for flight, for the leaves, waxen, oily, inert, hung limp and listless from the sticks that pointed like needles to the north to keep the stalks inclined as much as possible from the sun. Even they had taken on the Midas touch of gold, for all green and gold that world of blue-grass was—all green and gold, except for the shaggy unkempt fields where the king of weeds had tented the year before and turned them over to his camp followers—ragweed, dockweed, white-top, and cockle-burr. But the resentment against such an agricultural outrage that the boy had caught from John Burnham was no longer so deep, for that tobacco had kept his mother and himself alive and the father of his best friend must look to it now to save himself from destruction. All the way Jason, walking leisurely, confidently, proudly, and with the fires of his ambition no less keen, thought of the green mountain boy who had torn across those fields at sunrise, that when "school took up" he might not be late—thought of him with much humor and with no little sympathy. When he saw the smoke cloud over the town he took to the white turnpike and quickened his pace. Again the campus of the rival old Transylvania was dotted with students moving to and fro. Again the same policeman stood on the same corner, but now he shook hands with Jason and called him by name. When he passed between the two gray stone pillars with pyramidal tops and swung along the driveway between the maple-trees and chattering sparrows, there were the same boys with caps pushed back and trousers turned up, the same girls with hair up and hair down, but what a difference now for him. Even while he looked around there was a shout from a crowd around John Burnham's doorway; several darted from that crowd toward him and the crowd followed. A dozen of them were trying to catch his hand at once, and the welcome he had seen Gray Pendleton once get he got now for himself, for again a pair of hands went high, a series of barbaric yells were barked out, and the air

was rent with the name of Jason Hawn. Among them Jason stood flushed, shy, grateful. A moment later he saw John Burnham in the doorway—looking no less pleased and waiting for him. Even the old president paused on his crutches for a handshake and a word of welcome. The boy found himself wishing that Marjorie—and Mavis—were there, and as he walked up the steps, from out behind John Burnham Marjorie stepped—proud for him and radiant.

And so, through that autumn, the rectangular, diametric little comedy went on between Marjorie and Jason in the blue-grass and between Gray and Mavis in the hills. No Saturday passed that Jason did not spend at his mother's home or with John Burnham, and to the mother and Steve and to Burnham his motive was plain—for most of his time was spent with Marjorie Pendleton. Somehow Marjorie seemed always driving to town or coming home when Jason was on his way home or going to town, and somehow he was always afoot and Marjorie was always giving him a kindly lift one or the other way. Moreover, horses were plentiful as barn-yard fowls on Morton Sanders's farm, and the manager, John Burnham's brother, who had taken a great fancy to Jason, gave him a mount whenever the boy pleased. And so John Burnham saw the two galloping the turnpikes or through the fields, or at dusk going slowly toward Marjorie's home. Besides, Marjorie organized many hunting parties that autumn, and the moon and the stars looking down saw the two never apart for long. About the intimacy Mrs. Pendleton and the colonel thought little. Colonel Pendleton liked the boy, Mrs. Pendleton wanted Marjorie at home, and she was glad for her to have companionship. Moreover, to both Marjorie was still a child, anything serious would be absurd, and anyway Marjorie was meant for Gray.

In the mountains Gray's interest in his life was growing every day. He liked to watch things planned and grow into execution. His day began with the screech of a whistle at midnight. Every morning he saw the sun rise and the mists unroll and the drenched flanks of the mountains glisten and drip under the sunlight. During the afternoon he woke up in time to stroll down the creek, meet Mavis after school, and walk back to the circuit-rider's house with her. After supper every night he would go down the spur and sit under the honeysuckles with her on the porch. The third time he came the old man and woman quietly withdrew and were seen no more, and this happened thereafter all the time. Meanwhile in the blue-grass and the hills the forked tongues of gossip began to play, reaching last, as usual, those who were most concerned, but, as usual, reaching them, too, in time. In the blue-grass it was criticism of Colonel and Mrs. Pendleton, their indifference, carelessness, blindness, a gaping question of their sanity at the risk of even a suspicion that such a mating might be possible—the proud daughter of a proud family with a nobody from the hills, unknown except that he belonged to a fierce family whose history could be written in human blood; who himself had been in jail on the charge of murder; whose mother could not write her own name; whose stepfather was a common tobacco tenant no less illiterate, and with a brain that was a hot-bed of lawless mischief, and who held the life of a man as cheap as the life of a steer fattening for the butcher's knife. But in all the gossip there was no sinister suggestion or even thought save in the primitive inference of this same Steve Hawn.

In the mountains, too, the gossip was for a while innocent. To the simple democratic mountain way of thinking, there was nothing strange in the intimacy of Mavis and Gray. There Gray was no better than any mountain boy. He was in love with Mavis, he was courting her, and if he won her he would marry her, and that simply was all—particularly in the mind of old grandfather Hawn. Likewise, too, was there for a while nothing sinister in the talk, for at first Mavis held to the mountain custom, and would not walk in the woods with Gray unless one of the school-children was along—nothing sinister except to Aaron Honeycutt, whose code had been a little poisoned by his two years' stay outside the hills.

Once more about each pair the elements of social tragedy began to concentrate, intensify, and become active. The new development in the hills made business com-

petition keen between Shade Hawn and Hiram Honeycutt, who each ran a hotel and store in the county-seat. As old Jason Hawn and old Aaron Honeycutt had retired from the leadership, and little Jason and little Aaron had been out of the hills, leadership naturally was assumed by these two business rivals, who revived the old hostility between the factions, but gave vent to it in a secret, underhanded way that disgusted not only old Jason, but even old Aaron as well. For now and then a hired Hawn would drop a Honeycutt from the bushes and a hired Honeycutt would drop a Hawn. There was, said old Jason with an oath of contempt, no manhood left in the feud. No principal went gunning for a principal—no hired assassin for another of his kind.

"Nobody ain't shootin' the *right* feller," said the old man. "Looks like hit's a question of which hired feller gits fust the man who hired the other feller."

And when this observation reached old Aaron he agreed heartily.

"Fer once in his life," he said, "old Jason Hawn kind o' by accident is a-hittin' the truth." And each old man bet in his secret heart, if little Aaron and little Jason were only at home together, things would go on in quite a different way.

In the lowlands the tobacco pool had been formed and, when persuasion and argument failed, was starting violent measures to force into the pool raisers who would not go in willingly. In the western and southern parts of the State the night riders had been more than ever active. Tobacco beds had been destroyed, barns had been burned, and men had been threatened, whipped, and shot. Colonel Pendleton found himself gradually getting estranged from some of his best friends. He quarrelled with old Morton Sanders, and in time he retired to his farm, as though it were the pole of the earth. His land was his own to do with as he pleased. No man, no power but the Almighty and the law, could tell him what he *must* do. The tobacco pool was using the very methods of the trust it was seeking to destroy. Under those circumstances he considered his duty to himself paramount to his duty to his neighbor, and his duty to himself he would do; and so the old gentleman lived proudly in his loneliness and refused to know fear, though the night riders were getting busy now in the counties adjacent to the blue-grass, and were threatening raids into the colonel's own county—the proudest in the State. Other "independents" hardly less lonely, hardly less hated, had electrified their barbed-wire fences, and had hired guards—fighting men from the mountains—to watch their barns and houses, but such an example the colonel would not follow, though John Burnham plead with him, and even Jason dared at last to give him a covert warning, with no hint, however, that the warning was against his own stepfather Steve. It was the duty of the law to protect him, the colonel further argued; the county judge had sworn that the law would do its best; and only when the law could not protect him would the colonel protect himself.

And so the winter months passed until one morning a wood-thrush hidden in green depths sent up a song of spring to Gray's ears in the hills, and in the blue-grass a meadow-lark wheeling in the sunlight showered down the same song upon the heart of Jason Hawn.

Almost every Saturday Mavis would go down to stay till Monday with her grandfather Hawn, and Gray would drift down there to see her—and always, while Mavis was helping her grandmother in the kitchen, Gray and old Jason would sit together on the porch. Gray never tired of the old man's shrewd humor, quaint philosophy, his hunting tales and stories of the feud, and old Jason liked Gray and trusted him more the more he saw of him. And Gray was a little startled when it soon became evident that the old man took it for granted that in his intimacy with Mavis was one meaning and only one.

"I al'ays thought Mavis would marry Jason," he said one night, "but, Lordy Mighty, I'm nigh on to eighty an' I don't know no more about gals than when I was eighteen. A feller stands more chance with some of 'em stayin' away, an' agin if he stays away from some of 'em he don't stand no chance at all. An' agin I rickollect that if I hadn't 'a' got mad an' left grandma in thar jist at one time an' hadn't 'a' come back jist at the right time another time, I'd 'a' lost her—shore. Looks like you're cuttin' Jason out mighty

fast now—but which kind of a gal Mavis in thar is, I don't know no more'n if I'd never seed her."

Gray flushed and said nothing, and a little later the old man went frankly on:

"I'm gittin' purty old now an' I hain't goin' to last much longer I reckon. An' I want you to know if you an' Mavis hitch up fer a life-trot tergether I aim to divide this farm betwixt her an' Jason, an' you an' Mavis can have the half up thar closest to the mines, so you can be close to yo' work."

The boy was saved any answer, for the old man expected and waited for none, so simple was the whole matter to him, but Gray, winding up the creek homeward in the moonlight that night, did some pretty serious thinking. No such interpretation could have been put on the intimacy between him and Mavis at home, for there companionship, coquetry, sentiment, devotion even, were possible without serious parental concern. Young people in the blue-grass handled their own heart affairs, and so they did for that matter in the hills, but Gray could not realize that primitive conditions forbade attention without intention: for life was simple, mating was early because life was so simple, and nature's way with humanity was as with her creatures of the fields and air except for the eye of God and the hand of the law. A license, a few words from the circuit-rider, a cleared hill-side, a one-room log-cabin, a side of bacon, and a bag of meal—and, from old Jason's point of view, Gray and Mavis could enter the happy portals, create life for others, and go on hand in hand to the grave. So that where complexity would block Jason in the blue-grass, simplicity would halt Gray in the hills. To be sure, the strangeness, the wildness, the activity of the life had fascinated Gray. He loved to ride the mountains and trails—even to slosh along the river road with the rain beating on him, dry and warm under a poncho. And often he would be caught out in the hills and have to stay all night in a cabin; and thus he learned the way of life away from the mines and the river bottoms. So far that poor life had only been pathetic and picturesque, but now when he thought of it as a part of his own life, of the people becoming through Mavis his people, he shuddered and stopped in the moonlit road—aghast. Still, the code of his father was his, all women were sacred, and withal there would be but one duty for him, if circumstances, as they bade fair to now, made that one duty plain. And if his father should go under, if Morton Sanders took over his home and the boy must make his own way and live his life where he was—why not? Gray sat in the porch of the house on the spur, long asking himself that question. He was asking it when he finally went to bed, and he went with it, unanswered, to sleep.

(To be continued.)

RETURN

By Curtis Hidden Page

My life's best years were spent
  In thought of you.
You heeded not, but went
  The whole world through;
And while you wandered free
  Hope died for me.

Now, wearied, worn, you come
  To me for rest.
You claim, dear heart, for home,
  My waiting breast.
'Tis yours—but wan with tears
  Of wasted years.

THE FRENCH IN THE HEART OF AMERICA

BY JOHN FINLEY

IV.—CITIES OF THE FORTS AND PORTAGES

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS

IT is a rich and varied crop that has grown from the leaden plates, with their French inscriptions, planted by St. Lusson, La Salle, and Celoron along the rivers in that western country. The mythical story of the sowing by Cadmus in the Bœotian Field is tame by comparison with a true relation of what has actually occurred in very modern days in a valley, as wild when Celoron traversed the course of the Ohio with his little fleet, only a century and a half ago, as was Bœotia when Cadmus set out from Phœnicia in search of his sister Europa, back beyond the memory of history.

It was a burgeoning, most miraculous, in those fields of the West, a new Europe, where soldiers sprang up immediately upon the sowing, like the martial sproutings of Cadmus's dragon's teeth, to build strongholds that should some day be cities, even as Cadmea, the fortress of the "Spartoi," became the city of Thebes.

And in this sowing did France become the progenitor of these western cities; of Pittsburgh and Buffalo; of Erie and St. Louis; of Detroit and New Orleans; of Peoria and still other cities whose names have never been heard by the people of France; even as Phœnicia in the wandering of her adventurous son Cadmus became the mother of Thebes and the godmother of Greek culture and of Europe's literature.

Sixty years after La Salle planted his plate of France's possession at the mouth of the Mississippi, another son of France went forth to sow along the Ohio tributary, close to the foot of the Alleghany Mountains—Celoron de Bienville, Chevalier de St. Louis. It is of his sowing that many cities have sprung, for he planted a plate of repossession at the entrance of every important branch of the Ohio as far down as the Miami, and fastened upon trees sheets of white iron bearing the arms of France. Chief among these cities is Pittsburgh, which stands on the carboniferous site of Fort Duquesne, looking westward, a place which Celoron is believed to have had in mind when he wrote in his journal: "The finest place on La Belle Rivière." What was then but a wedge of wild black land between two converging streams is now the foundation of the world's capital of a sterner metal than iron—scarred with fires, and, at times, smothered with smoke from many furnaces, two of which alone have poured forth enough molten iron in the last thirty years to cover with steel plates an inch thick a road fifty feet wide stretching from the Alleghany edge of the valley, not merely to the mouth of the Ohio, but on to the other mountain border. And this highway of plates across the empire of New France gives but suggestion of the meagrest fraction of the fruitage of the planting of the leaden plates—four pounds of iron, it has been estimated by one graphic statistician, for every man, woman, and child on the globe to-day.

One can but pause here to ask what would have been the result if France had but chosen, as Portia's successful suitor, "to owe and hazard all for lead" instead of deciding with the Prince of Morocco, the other suitor, that "a golden mind stoops not to shows of dross"—if France had hazarded all for the holding and settling of those regions whose worth was represented in those unpromising pieces of

lead in the fertile soil of Louisiana, Michigan, and Ohio, along the watercourses, rather than in the caskets of gold and silver sought among the farther mountains —if Louis XV had but followed the advice of Marquis de la Gallissonière, the hump-backed governor-general of Canada, who furnished Celoron with these leaden seeds from France and appointed the place of the sowing—if Louis XV had but sent French peasants where the plates were buried, or had even let those who wanted to, flee to that valley, as they would have fled by tens of thousands, preferring the hardships and privations of the pioneer to the galleys, the dungeons, or the gallows.

Parkman, approaching in his imagination the great valley with Celoron from the north, exclaims, "The most momentous and far-reaching question ever brought to issue on this continent was: 'Shall France remain here or shall she not?' If, by diplomacy or war, she had preserved but the half, or less than half, of her American possessions, then the barrier would have been set to the spread of the English-speaking places; there would have been no Revolutionary War, and for a long time at least no independence. It was not a question of scanty populations strung along the St. Lawrence; it was—or under a government of any worth, it would have been—a question of armies and governors of France. The French soldiers left dead on inglorious continental battle-fields could have saved Canada, and perhaps made good her claim to the vast territories of the West," the territories to which the old French fort, Duquesne, became the key, the territories on whose nearer edge a wonderful city was to rise from its ruins.

It was indeed a significant and a picturesque processional that this Chevalier of St. Louis led from Montreal through twelve hundred leagues of journey by water and land to the mouth of the Miami and back. There were no hilarious songs in this prelude, such as were heard from the crests of the Blue Ridge when Spotswood's horsemen, the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe," came up from the Virginia side, looked over into the valley, and turned back. It has the atmosphere and movement rather of some Greek tragedy. Some social principle, some human right has been offended, and a dire end awaits. Perhaps it is only a knowledge of the end that gives a gloom, despite the beautiful setting, to this prelude. So full of portent and color it is that I wonder no one has woven its incidents into the literature of France or an epic of America.

"I left La Chine on the fifteenth of June," begins the Celoron journal, "with a detachment formed of a captain, eight subaltern officers, six cadets, an armorer, twenty men of the troops, one hundred and eighty Canadians, and nearly thirty savages—equal number of Iroquois and Abenakes." They filled twenty-three canoes in a procession that was halted again and again by wreck, by heat, by lack of rain and by too much rain, by difficult portages, by threatening savages and by savages who ran away to avoid the excessive speech-making and lecturing of these Old World orators. There is in a library in Paris a map of this expedition, made by the hand of Père Bonnecamps, who signs himself "Jesuitte Mathematician," and with it a diary kept by him, into which there has crept some of the sombreness of that narrow valley, fenced by mountains sometimes so high as to let the company see the sun only from nine or ten o'clock in the morning till two or three in the afternoon. And when one reads that diary, one may hear even to-day the despairful, yet appealing, voice of Celoron: "My children," he speaks for the great Onontio (governor-general), "since I have been at war with the English I have learned that that nation has deceived you; and not content with breaking your heart, they have profited by my absence from the country to invade the land which does not belong to them and which is mine. . . . I will give you the aid you should expect from a good father. I will furnish you traders in abundance if you wish them. I will place here officers if that please you—to give you good spirit, so that you will only work in good affairs."

And one may hear, too, the spokesman for the savages in answer: "My father, we pray you, have pity on us; we are young men who cannot reply as the old men could to what you have said to us. We have opened our eyes, we have taken spirit, we see that you only work with good affairs. Examine, my father, the situa-



The Allegheny River.

tion in which we are. If thou makest the English to retire, who give us necessaries, and especially the smith who mends our guns and hatchets, we would be without help and exposed to die of hunger—of misery in the Belle Rivière. Have pity on us, my father, thou canst not give us our necessaries. Leave us at least for this winter, or at least till we go hunting, the smith, and some one who can help us. We promise thee that in the spring the English will retire."

And for a little time the English did retire. The French, following their Celoron trail of plates from Lake Erie, found a young Englishman with a few dozen workmen building a stockade where the "Loups" prayed for a smith, but they sent him back beyond the mountains and built upon the site Fort Duquesne—the defence of the mountain gate to the great valley—there with a few hundred men on the edge of a hostile wilderness to make beginning of that mighty struggle which was to end on the gray cliff which Cartier and Champlain had made their first fortress.

It is a fact of exceeding interest to us now that the first man to carry a challenge across the mountains to that brave and isolate garrison sitting in Fort Duquesne, at the junction of the water paths, was Washington ("Sir Washington," as one chronicler has written it), not Washington the American, but Washington the English subject, major in the colonial militia, envoy of an English governor of Virginia, Dinwiddie, who having acquired a controlling interest in the Ohio Company, became especially active in planning to seat a hundred families on that transmontane estate of a half million acres, and so to win title to it. "The strife that armed all the civilized world began here," and it was not a cannon-shot that gave the signal, but, as Voltaire said, "a volley from the hunting pieces of a few backwoodsmen, commanded by a Virginia youth, George Washington."

Washington went first to Fort Le Bœuf (a few miles back from Lake Erie, at the end of the portage from Presque Isle, now Erie), where he found the one-eyed French veteran, Legardeur de St. Pierre, in his frontier exile, and requested in the name of Governor Dinwiddie and of the shade of John Cabot the peaceable departure of those French pioneers and soldiers who, as the letter which the young colonel bore stated, were "erecting fortresses and making settlements upon the river [Ohio] so notoriously known to be the property of the Crown of Great Britain."

For twenty miles I followed on foot one



Looking from the site of Fort Le Bœuf. A so-called Washington tree in the distance.

day the stream which begins not far from this fort to find its way toward the Gulf of Mexico, a stream which is still called French Creek and which starts first toward France in its journey to the sea. Legardeur de St. Pierre, the commander of the fort, asked Washington, in rich diplomatic sarcasm, to descend to the particularization of facts, and the lithe figure of the colonel of militia disappeared behind the snows of the mountains only to come again across the mountains in the spring-time with sterner questioning. There was then no talk of Cabot or La Salle, of Indian purchase or crown property. Jumonville may have come out from Duquesne for peaceable speech, but Washington misunderstood or would not listen. A flash of flint fire, a fresh bit of lead planted in the hill of laurel, a splash of blood on the rock, and the war for the West was begun.

What actually happened out on the slope of that hill will never be accurately known. It doubtless seemed but an insignificant skirmish, and it is now remembered by only a line or two in our histories and until recently by only a little cairn of stones "far up among the mountain fogs near the head waters of the Youghiogheny River," which marks the grave of Jumonville. Washington, the major of colonial militia in the Alleghany Mountains, the scout of a land company, has been entirely forgotten in Washington, the father of a new nation; but Jumonville, the French ensign with no landscript, fighting certainly as unselfishly and with as high purpose, is not forgotten in any later achievement. That skirmish ended all for him. But let it be remembered, even now, that he was a representative of France standing almost alone at the confluence of all the waters for hundreds of miles on the other slope of the Alleghanies, in defence of what others had won by their hardihood and sacrifice.

I heard a great audience in the French Academy not long ago applaud the brave endurances of French priests and soldiers of Asia. Some day I hope these unrenowned men who sacrificed as much for France in America will be as notably remembered. There is a short street in Pittsburgh that bears Jumonville's name —a short street that runs from the river into a larger street with the name of one of his seven brothers, De Villiers, La Grande Villiers, who hastened from Montreal while another brother hastened from the Illinois to avenge his death. But the cairn on the hill-side has grown to no high monument. Mr. Hulbert states that occasionally a traveller repairs a rough wooden

cross made of boards or tree branches and planted among the rocks of the cairn. But on a recent winter visit to the grave out in that lonesome ravine, I found that a permanent tablet had been placed there instead of the evanescent cross.

One must leave, however, to unrefreshed memories the exploits of Beaujeu and Braddock, of Contrecœur and Forbes, and, as the last French commander, must blow up Fort Duquesne of the past and come into the city of to-day.



Jumonville's grave as it was a few years ago.

II

PITTSBURGH is the front door of the valley of La Salle, as we now know the valley, and the most important door; for the tonnage that enters and leaves it by rail and water exceeds, it is estimated, the tonnage of the five other greatest cities of the world, and is one-half the combined tonnage of both coasts of the United States—which is probably due to the fact that so much of its traffic is not in silks and furs but in iron. And the multitudes of human beings that pass through it are comparable in numbers with the migrant tonnages and inanimate cargoes, for Pittsburgh is "the antithesis of a mediæval town"; "it is all motion;" "it is a flow, not a tank." The mountains, once impenetrable barriers that had to be gone about, have been levelled, and in the levelling the water-sheds have been shifted. One who sees that throng pass to-day back and forth, to and from the valley to the ocean, must know that there are no Alleghanies in our continental topography. If one makes the journey from the ocean in the night, one may hear, if one wakes, the puffing of two engines, but there will be nothing else to tell that the shaggy mountains are there—nothing except that and the groaning of the wheels.

The Indians, near Pittsburgh, prayed the messenger of Onontio that they might keep their English smith; and the prayer seems to have been abundantly answered, for Pittsburgh appears at first to be one vast smithy, so enveloped is it in the smoke of its own toil, so reddened are its great sky walls by its flaming forges, so filled is the air with the dust from the bellows, and so clangorous is the sound of its hammers. It is a city of Vulcan—a city whose industry makes academic discussions seem as the play of girls in a field of flowers. It is not primarily a market-place, this point of land, one of the places where the French and English traders used to barter guns, whiskey, and trinkets for furs. It is a making-place, a pit between the hills, where the fires of creation are still burning.

Celoron and his sombre voyage had been in my mind all day, as I sat in a beautiful library of that city among books of the past; but in the evening, as Dante accompanied by Virgil, I descended circle by circle to the floor of the valley, with this difference, that it was not to a place of torment but to the halls of the swarth gods of creation—those great, dim, shadowy sheds that stretch along the river's edge. Into these has Old France's Fort Duquesne grown—mile on mile of flame-belching buildings, with a garrison as great as the population of all New France in the day of Duquesne.

The new world epic will find some of its color and incident there—an epic in which we have already heard the men of France nailing the sheets of "white iron" against the trees of the valley of La Belle Rivière. And as I saw the white-hot sheets of iron issuing from those crunching rollers, driven by the power of seven thousand horses, I felt that the boy with the stamping iron should have put a fleur-de-lis upon them, with all his cabalistic markings, for who of us can know that any metal would ever have flowed white from the furnaces in that valley, if the white metal signs of Louis XV had not first been carried into it.

In each of these halls there pass, in or-

derly succession, cars with varied cargoes: red ore from the far-away hills beyond Superior, limestone fragments from some near-by hill, and "scrap" of earlier burning. These one by one are seized by a great arm of steel, thrust out from a huge moving structure that looks like a battering-ram, and is operated by a young man about whom the lightings play as he moves, and one by one they are cast into the furnaces that are heated to a temperature of a thousand degrees or more. There the red earth is freed of its devils—as the great ironmaster has named the sulphur and phosphorus—freed of its devils as the red man was freed of his sins by the touch of holy-water from the fingers of Allouez out in those very forests from which the red ore was digged—and comes forth purified, to be cast into flaming ingots, to be again heated, and then crushed and moulded and sawn and pierced for the better service of man. In the course of a few minutes, one sees a few iron handfuls of ore that were a month before lying in the earth beyond Superior, transformed into a girder for a bridge, a steel rail, a bit of armor-plate, a beam for a skyscraper—and all in utter human silence, with the calm pushing and pulling of a few levers, the accurate shovelling of a few hands, the deliberate testing of a pair of experienced eyes.



Jumonville Mountain.

Here is the new Fort Duquesne that is holding the place of the confluence of the rivers and trails just beyond the Alleghanies, and this is the ammunition with which that begrimed but strong-faced garrison defends the valley to-day, supports the city on the environing hills, and the convoluted plateau, back of the point, spans streams the world around, builds the skeleton of new cities, and protects the coasts of their country.

There are many others in that garrison, but these makers of steel are the core of that city, in which "the modern world," to use the words of one of our first economists, "achieves its greatest triumph and faces its gravest problem"—the "mighty storm mountain of capital and labor."



Jumonville's grave as it is to-day.

The white-hot ingot swinging beneath a smoky sky is the sign of France's contribution to civilization through Pittsburgh, not merely the material but the human contribution. The ingot is the sign of her labor, which has assembled the scattered elements of the valley, and in the fierce heat of natural and unfed fires has compounded them into a new metal more valuable than gold. But it is only another sign, too, of forces that have assembled from all parts of the earth men represented in the varied cargoes that are poured by an invisible omnipotent hand into those furnaces; red-blooded men, and with these "scrap" that has gone through the fires of older civilizations. Here is being made a new metal, no one can doubt. It is not merely a melting and a restamping of

old coin with a new superscription, a new sovereignty—a composite face instead of a personal likeness—it is the making of a new race. The agricultural districts and villages of the mid-eastern valleys of Europe are sending their strongest men and youths, nourished of good diet and in pure air, stolid and care-free, into that dim canyon—Servians, Croatians, Ruthenians, Lithuanians, Slovaks, with Italians, Poles, and Russian Jews, "to work out civilization under tense conditions," not with that purpose, to be sure, but with that certain result.

There is developing, however, an effort in the midst of this "dynamic individualism" to make both the new and the old immigration work out "civilization." This individualism was profligate at first. But it has learned thrift; it by and by burned its gas over and over; it made the purifying substance go on in a continued round of service; it became more mindful of human muscles and bones and eyes and ears; it took the latest advice of experts, but for steel's sake, not civilization's.

One ironmaster found, I am told, ninety per cent of pure iron in the refuse of his competitor. This he bought under long contract and worked over in his own mills. His neighbor's waste became a part of his fortune. And the result of that discernment and thrift is now furnishing analogue for the conscious utilization of other waste—waste in the native capacity of the steel-worker for happiness and usefulness.

For what is now making itself felt is a desire to get the wage element in the ingot as thriftily, as efficiently, as nobly converted and used to the last ounce as is the profit element. There has been a masterful individualism at work. Now there is a masterful aggressive humanism beginning to make itself felt, comparable in its spirit with the masterful venturing of the French explorers or the masterful faith of the French missionaries, that promises to constrain the city "to the saving and enhancing of individual and collective human power," even as the French missionaries tried to constrain the great fur-trading prospects of France to the saving of human souls.

Pittsburgh stands on the edge of the valley of the new democracy. It has put its plates along every path. There is hardly a village of any size from the Alleghanies to the Rockies that it has not laid some claim to by its strips of iron. There is hardly a stream of any size that it has not claimed by a bridge. It is, indeed, the embodied spirit of Celoron, still planting monuments of France's renewal of possession wherever the steel rails and girders and plates from the Pittsburgh mills have been carried.



Jumonville Post-office.

And Pittsburgh is but one of several cities that encompass the eastern half of the valley where once stretched the chain of French forts futile in defence but powerful in prophecy.

III

The old French portage paths were also fruitful of cities on the edges of the valley, though the growth of these was not—with one notable exception—as luxuriant as that from the earth, enriched of human blood and bones, about the old French forts.

These portage or carrying paths lie across the water-shed like isthmian paths between great oceans.

There were, to be sure, still other portage paths, and the most common, those that led around waterfalls or impassable rapids (such as Champlain and the priests



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Mile on mile of flame-belching buildings. Carnegie Furnaces, Braddock, Pa.

followed on their journeys up the Ottawa to the Nipissing). It was of such portages that Father Brébeuf wrote: "We passed almost continually by torrents, by precipices, and by places that were horrible in every way. In less than five days we made more than thirty-five portages, some of which were a league and a half long. This means that on these occasions one has to carry on his shoulders his canoe and all his baggage, and with so little food that we were constantly hungry, and almost without strength and vigor." Another priest tells of a portage occupying an entire day, during which he climbed mountains and pierced forests and carried the while his chapel and his little store of provisions.

Of whatever variety, however, they were frequently burying grounds. Sometimes altars were erected beside them. They were often places of encampments, of assemblies, and more often of ambuscades. So it came about, too, that they were made the places of minor forts, or gave occasion for forts farther on the way.

Celoron tells of the mending of boats at the end of his Chautauqua portages, and that statement, with other like incidents, has led one authority to picture the birches stripped of their bark where these paths came down to the streams. He has even imagined primitive carpenter shops and ovens and huts on these paths where the voyageurs must stop for repairs, food, and rest.

Moreover, names of portage paths have been found which assure us that these difficult ways were not wholly devoid of charm to those early travellers; for there was Portage des Roses, where the wild rose brightened the way; and Portage de la Musique, where the water sang constantly its song in the solitude. And there were portages that still bear names in memory of experience or of men whom the voyageurs wished to remember or to honor.

The city-bearing portage paths were generally short, well cleared, and trodden. Three of the most important and historic of these paths from the basin of the Great Lakes to that of the Mississippi I have walked over myself, besides the Le Bœuf



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Pittsburgh appears at first to be one vast smithy enveloped in the smoke of its own toil.

portage mentioned above, and the Celoron portage up from Lake Erie to a little lake named Chautauqua.

The first of these paths is that over which the French explorers first passed; from the Fox River into the Wisconsin River—the path to which Father Dablon said the way was as through a paradise but was as hard as the way to heaven—the path which coureurs de bois, Radisson and Groseilliers, doubtless followed, the path which La Salle may have found in those two mysterious years, the path Marquette and Joliet and hundreds after them certainly took on their way from Montreal to the Mississippi or from the Mississippi back to Montreal. One would not know this narrow strip—not a mile wide—to be a water-shed. The plain which the path crosses seems to the eye as level as a table. Once the water flowed over this path. Indeed, La Salle, in one of his letters, refers to the portaging here of canoes past an "oak grove and across a flooded meadow." The tree of which he speaks, with two canoes clumsily drawn upon it by the savages to mark the beginning of the portage at the Wisconsin, has gone, but a monument of granite now stands there with the names of Marquette and Joliet upon it. At the other end of the macadamized "path" there is a little red bridge that leads it across the Fox to where a fort grew later into an important post; but to-day there is no trace of that. A canal crosses this little isthmus, and once it interlocked the east and west, the arctic plains with the subtropic cane fields; but it has given over its work to the railroads, having served, however, I have no doubt, to water the roots of the beautiful town that bears the generic name of all those places where burdens were borne between waters. "Wauona," the Indians called it, more euphoniously, but with the same significance as "Portage."

This town has lately crept modestly into our western literature as "Friendship Village." Except that it has a more comely setting than most towns of the plains, even of those northern plains with their restful undulations, and has a brighter, cleaner aspect (since a light-colored brick is used instead of the red so

much in favor where wood is forbidden by the fire laws), it is a typical western town (the next size larger than Aramoni), and I must stop here for a moment where Marquette and Joliet came up out of the twisting little stream that is still one of the fountains of the Atlantic.

"The long Caledonian hills" (the same which La Salle describes), "the four rhythmic spans of the bridge, the nearer river, the island where the first birds build —these teach our windows the quiet, the opportunity of the home town—its kindly brooding companionship, its doors to efficiency as intimate as that of fairy fingers." And this is but one of thousands of "home towns" in that great basin, towns with Daphne streets and Queen Anne houses, and gloomy court-houses and austere churches and miniature libraries, towns that taper off into suburban shanties, towns that have in these new bottles, of varied and pretentious old-world shapes, the best wine of that western world.

The author of "Friendship Village" has vision of the more beautiful towns into which these towns will some day grow, as those of the old world have grown more beautiful with age. "All the way," she writes, seeing the sunset from that same river of the portage, "I had been watching against the gold the jogging homeward of empty carts. Such a procession I want to see painted against a sovereign sky. . . . I want to have painted a giant carpenter of the village as I once saw him, his great bare arms upholding a huge white pillar, while blue figures hung above and set the acanthus capital. . . . Some day we shall see these things in their own surprising values and fresco our village libraries with them." That appreciation and expression of the beautiful is something that the new explorers of France in that world have carried and will continue to carry over those same portage paths, to give that virile life some of the satisfaction of which this Daughter of the Portage writes.

Another portage path of importance is that which Marquette may also have trodden or may even have been carried over on his death journey from the land of the Illinois to the Mission of Michillimacinac, which he did not reach alive—the St. Joseph—Kankakee Portage. La Salle, Tonti, and Hennepin passed over it in 1679 en route on a less spiritual errand to the same land, whose inhabitants Marquette had tried to instruct in the mystery of the faith. And it was well worn by adventurous and pious feet in the century that followed.

What traffic in temporal and spiritual things was here carried on is intimated by relics of that century found in the fields not far away, where for many years a French mission house stood with enough of a military garrison to invite for it the name "Fort St. Joseph." In the rooms of the Northern Indiana Historical Society at this portage there are to be seen some of these relics, sifted from the dirt and sand: crucifixes, knives, awls, beads —the loot of ancient Roman cities, traded to the Indians for hides—iron rings, nails, and hinges.

This portage path between the rivers is now obliterated by railroads, paved streets, furrows, graves, factories, and dwellings of the city of South Bend in Indiana, but down by the St. Joseph River there stands a withered cedar, perhaps three hundred years old, which is thought to bear the blaze-marks of the broad-bladed axes of the French explorers—marked to indicate the place where the portage out of the river began, the place which La Salle missed when lost in the forest, but afterward found, and where he left letters for the guidance over the prairie of those "who were to come in the vessel."

It is only a little more than a league from this landing at the bend of the river (which has given the name South Bend to the town) across the "large prairie" to the wet meadows in whose ooze the tortuous Kankakee River became navigable in La Salle's day a hundred paces from its source, and increased so rapidly in volume "that in a short time it became as broad and deep as the Marne."

Charlevoix walked across those unchanged fields of St. Joseph a century after La Salle; and Parkman made the same journey nearly a century after Charlevoix, finding there what he called a "dirty little town"—to-day a clean, industrious, eager city of over fifty thousand, with a world horizon as well as a provincial pride. Through its outskirts I tried once to trace this portage path, and

then with my companion put a boat in the river and paddled and poled the seventy-five miles down the St. Joseph River to the lake. Years later, hearing of the blaze-marks on the cedar tree, I went again to the portage to put my hand in the marks and from this tree to trace again the probable course of the French to the fields of yellow corn that hid the fountains of the Kankakee.

It is possible that Louis Joliet, the son of the wagon-maker, also knew of this portage. But even if he did not,



Barges and Drainage Canal.



The Chicago River.

the products of that strip two or three miles wide are none the less poetic and significant.

First: there has grown there the largest wagon factory in the world. The path of the pack and the burden has here produced as its peculiar contribution to civilization that which, instead of the backs of men, is to carry burdens the world round.

Second: here stands the world's largest plough factory, a place from which ploughs are sent to every arable valley that civilization has conquered and made to feel its hunger.

Third: here, spreading its arpents of buildings across the high ground between the two rivers, is the largest factory in the world for the making of certain parts of the sewing-machine.

And last of all, besides more than a hundred minor industries, there is here the largest toy factory in the world. At any rate this is the claim that is made.

The gift of wagons for the carrying of men's burdens; the gift of the steel plough that has lifted man from the primitive subsistence of the hoe; the gift of the shuttle which has released woman from the tyranny of the needle; the gift of toys to the children—has not this portage prairie, this Meadow of St. Joseph, had some element mixed with its loam and clay from the spirit of those Gallic precursors of American energy, something that has given its industry a wider venture, if not peculiar expression? At any rate, its gifts to its time have been far beyond common, of the tangible at least, and as to the intangible: the most modern schools are being developed and maintained by the public, and the University of Notre Dame and the College of St. Mary look across the river to this portage field and city.

I can speak of only one other: the tenuous trail that led from the river or creek, called Chicago (which means wild onion), into a stream that still bears a French name but of a pronunciation which a Parisian would not accept—the Des Plaines. It is a path that traversed a marsh and flat prairie so level that in freshet the water ran both ways. But as I said in speaking of the approaches to the Mississippi, it has been hallowed beyond all other of these trails, for it was beside it that Marquette suffered through a winter, detained there by a serious sickness when on his way to minister to the Illinois Indians, a hundred miles below. His hut

was the first European habitation upon its site.

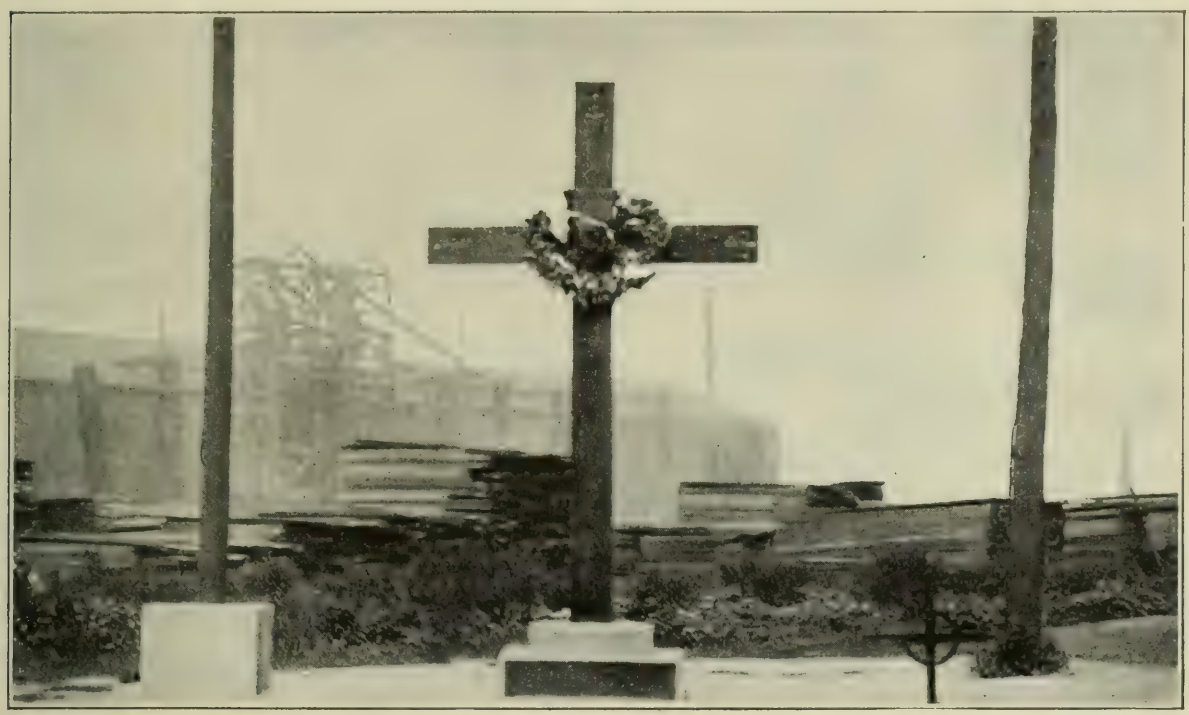
In a book-shop not a league from where that hut stood, I found a volume valued at its weight in gold, printed in Paris in 1683, and giving the account of the journey in which Marquette had passed up this portage on the way to Green Bay after the discovery of the Upper Mississippi with Joliet. It tells in its closing paragraphs of the rich prairies just beyond this portage, but it recites with greatest satisfaction the baptizing of a dying child brought to the side of his canoe as Marquette was setting out for the mission house. "Had all this voyage," he said, "caused but the salvation of a single soul I should deem all my fatigue well repaid, and this I have reason to think, for when I was returning, I passed by the Indians of Peoria. I was three days announcing the faith, in all their cabins, after which, as we were embarking, they brought me on the water's edge a dying child which I baptized a little before it expired, by an admirable providence for the salvation of an innocent soul."

That was in 1673. Somewhat more than a year later he again entered the Chicago River, wishing to keep his promise to minister to the Illinois savages, and eager "to do and suffer everything for so glorious an undertaking." In the "Jesuit Relations" the story of those winter days at the Chicago portage has been kept for all time. Through January his illness kept him in the portage cabin, but early in February he "commenced Novena (Neufuaine) with a mass, at which Pierre and Jacques [his companions], who do everything they can to relieve me, received communion—to ask God to restore my health." His ailment left him but weakness, and the cold and the ice in the rivers kept him still at the portage till April. On the eve of his leaving for the Illinois, the journal ends with this statement: "If the French procure robes in this country, they do not disrobe the savages, so great are the hardships that must be endured to obtain them."

In the dusk of an autumn day in Chicago I went out to find the place where the Novena had worked the miracle. Not many people of all the hundreds of thousands there in that great city have had any consciousness of that background of French heroism and suffering and prevision, in front of which they are passing daily, but I found that the policemen and the watchmen on the railroad near the river knew at least of the great black cross which stands by that gray and sluggish water, in memory of Marquette. The bit of high ground where the hut stood is now surrounded by great looming sheds and factories, which were entirely tenantless when I found my way through a long, unlighted, and unpaved street in the direction of the river. Suddenly the cross stood high above me, in a little patch of white, black as the father's cowl, against the night with its crescent moon. I could not make out the inscription on the river side of the monument, and seeing a signal lantern tied to a scow moored to the bank near by, I unstrapped it and by its light was able to read the tribute of the city to the memory of the priest and the explorer, "who first of known white men had passed that way," having travelled as it recites, "2500 miles in canoes in 120 days." The bronze plate bears a special tribute to the foresight of Joliet, but it commemorates first of all the dwelling of the frail body and valorous soul of Father Marquette, the first European within the bounds of the city of Chicago. I wish there might be written on Mississippi maps in that space between the Chicago and the Des Plaines, or the Divine River, as it was sometimes called, the words: "Portage St. Jacques." That were a fitter canonization than to put his name among those of the cities, steam-boats on the lake, or tobaccos, as is our custom. The crescent moon dropped behind the shadows that now line the portage "like a sombre forest," but it is only a few steps through the darkness back into the light and noise of the city of more than two million people.

Out of the black loam of this dark portage path fringed by marshes, in the field of wild onions, the newest of the world's great cities has sprung and spread with a promise that exceeds any other on the face of the planet, though within the life of men still living it was but a stretch of lake shore, a marshy plain with a path from its miniature river or creek toward the crescent moon.

A metropolis was doubtless predestined on or near the very site of Chicago by natural conditions and the peopling of the lands to the northwest; but Louis Joliet was its first prophet. The inscription on the tablet at the foot of the black cross recites that in crossing this site Joliet rec-



The great black cross which stands by that gray and sluggish water in memory of Marquette.

ommended it for its natural advantages and as a place of first settlement and first suggested the lakes to the gulf water-way —a prospect of which La Salle speaks with disfavor but which over two hundred years later was in some measure realized.

The "Jesuit Relations" of August 1, 1674, reporting the conversation of Joliet, who had lost all his precious papers in the Lachine Rapids, remarks this very great and important advantage hardly to be believed. "It would only be necessary to make a canal by cutting through half a league of prairie, to pass from the foot of the lake of the Illinois [Michigan] to the River St. Louis [Mississippi]. . . . A bark built on Lake Erie would easily sail to the Gulf of Mexico." And this monument stands by the canal that has been cut through not merely a league, but many leagues, and lets the waters of Michigan flow southward to the Illinois.

Of this site, Joliet is quoted as saying: "The place at which we entered the lake is a harbor, very convenient for receiving vessels and sheltering them from the wind;" and of the prairies back of this harbor: "At first when told of these treeless lands, I imagined that it was a country ravaged by fire, where the soil was so poor that it could produce nothing. But we certainly observed the contrary, and no better soil can be found, either for corn, for vines, or for any fruit whatever. . . . A settler would not there spend ten years in cutting down and burning the trees; on the very day of his arrival he could put his plough into the ground, and, if he had no oxen from France, he could use those of this country, or even the animals possessed by the western savages, on which they ride, as we do on horses. After sowing grain of all kinds, he might devote himself to planting the vine, and grafting fruit-trees, to dressing ox-hides, wherewith to make shoes; and with the wool of these oxen he could make cloth, much finer than most of that which we bring from France. Thus he could easily find in the country his food, his clothing, and nothing would be wanted except salt; but, as he could make provision for it, it would not be difficult to remedy that inconvenience." If Marquette was the first martyr of the Illinois, Joliet was

the first prophet of that great city of Illinois.

What he could not foresee was that Lake Michigan would make the Chicago of to-day not so much by giving it a waterway to the markets of the east and Europe, as by placing an obstacle in the way of its straight-line paths to the sea from its northwest fields, and so compelling those fertile lands to send all their riches around the southern end of Lake Michigan. He overestimated the economic importance, to be sure, of the buffalo. But if domesticated cattle be substituted for the wild species, he again showed remarkable prevision of the future of a city which has enjoyed a world fame by reason of its stock-yards.

Chicago is a city without a past, save for that glow of French adventure which is even less distinct than the myths or legends that lie back of Europe. It is just eighty years since it came into existence as a town, and there were but twenty-eight voters within its limits three years after its existence as a town began—and its population not above two hundred. As a city its years are numbered seventy-five, and it began its legal life as such with fewer than five thousand people. It was of its first mayor—though some years later than his administration—that Guizot, looking upon the portrait of his benevolent face, said: "That is the representative American who is the benefactor of his country, especially the mighty West; he built Chicago." But the Chicago which he administered was a very small town in size. Its officials from treasurer to scavenger were appointed by the common council and obliged to serve or pay certain fines. Every male resident over twenty-one was obliged to work three days each year on the streets and alleys or pay one dollar for each day. Fire wardens had no compensation except release from jury and military service. There was no public-school system, no public sanitary provision, no considerable public service of any sort. It was a neighborly but unsocialized place, where individual had little restraint save of his own limitations and his personal love of his neighbors. What social functions the city performed were self-protective, and not self-improving in motive. Fire might not be carried in the street except in a fire-proof vessel. The aboriginal frog croaked on the very site of the place where grand opera is now sung.

The city's development was largely left to the haphazard, unrestrained but whole-hearted, yet big-hearted, self-confident individualism which we saw in Pittsburgh. The restrictions were mainly those of the prohibitory Mosaic commandments. And so this city, increasing its population by a half-million in each of the last three decades, has come to stand next to Paris in population, and first of all great American cities in the constructive activity of its civic consciousness and urban imagination. The city is still smoke-enwrapped (when the wind does not blow from the lake), its streets run out into prairie dust and mud, its harbor, of which Joliet spoke in praise, merits rather the disparagement of La Salle; there are offending smells and sights everywhere. But in the midst of it all and over it all is moving now, as a healing efficacy in troubled waters, a spirit of democratic aspiration. What Louis XIV or Napoleon I or Napoleon III, king and emperors, planned and did, compelling the co-operation of a people in making the city of Paris more beautiful, more habitable, that a people of millions out upon the prairies of Illinois are beginning to do out of their own desire and common treasury.

It is of interest that the sovereign of France, who gave her empire of those great stretches of plain, gave to Paris "those vast reaches of avenue and boulevard which to-day are the crowning features of the most beautiful of cities." But it must further quicken interest to know that this first systematic planning for a city, as an organic whole, by Louis XIV and Colbert, Le Notre, and Blondel, is now being followed, out on that plain, by a self-governing people, who have been making cities for hardly a century, to bring order and form and beauty and better condition of living out of that grimy collection of homes and shops and beginnings of civic enterprise and great private philanthropies. A great deal has been already accomplished, such as the widening of the leading avenue, the addition of acres upon acres to the park space on the lake shore, but it is only the beginning of a scheme that thinks of Chicago as a city that will some day hold ten millions of people.

Under like leading it built the "White City," the ephemeral city of the World's Fair, in celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, and that splendid achievement of the black, unkempt city back of it gave first hint, in the co-operation that made this possible, of what a community could do, and at the same time gathered to it the teaching of the older cities of the earth of what objectively it might do.

And now under this inspiration, and yet of its own will, it has begun a transformation of itself into the likeness of what it dreamed in those evanescent buildings and courts and columns and statues and frescoes out by the opalescent waters of its sea. It saw the reflection of that white city in the lake and then of its own every-day face—and it has not forgotten what manner it was.

Remember, again, that what is and is promised has all come in a lifetime. Walking in the streets of that city early one morning two years ago, as the trains were emptying the throngs who sleep outside along the lake or out on the prairie into the canyons made by its tall buildings, I found myself immediately behind a robust old man, a civil engineer, who was born before Chicago had a hundred inhabitants. He was older than the city whose buildings now reach out miles from the lake and thirty stories into the air.

A few years ago some workmen, who were digging trenches for the foundations of a new factory or warehouse along that portage-path, thrust their spades into a piece of wood buried sixteen feet below the surface. It was found to be a fragment of a French bateau; and lying in it was the sword of one who had probably met his fate on the edge of the portage, a sword with an inscription showing that it probably belonged to an early French voyageur.

Again in these relics I find new words to remind ourselves that the roots of that mighty, virile, healthiest, most aspiring of America's great cities, go back to France entwined as they are about the boat and the sword, the symbols of French adventure and empire in the West.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

I NOW and then find time, in the course of over-busy days, to stop and marvel at this vast conspiracy against the young, more familiarly known as our modern educational system. I know it more through its effects than through its sources, and it may be that some of the better points in the theory escape me as I try to follow the mental workings of youth in the later stages of their development. Surely my own garden should show me how small may be the proportion of seed that grows up to that which is sown, and the rag-weed that has rewarded my efforts had no place upon the pages of the flower catalogue. Suppose that, as the graduating class anywhere files past, a full statement of the educators' aims and ideals should be read aloud! But, being human, we naturally make allowance for discrepancy between programme and performance, and in this case it is the programme itself that needs to be scrutinized. It is rather astonishing, considering to the full our aims and our methods, that the young turn out as well as they do.

Our Conspiracy Against the Young.

The whole modern system of education seems to me to be based on a tremendous fallacy; that is, that life is easy and amusing, and that its pupils are but spectators at a show. The extent and the variety of mental entertainment provided for the young is as astounding as it is enervating. At the point at which I get them, thoroughly trained in the Rousseau-Froebel methods which have infiltrated public and private schools from the kindergarten, they have learned to sit passively back in their chairs with the air of connoisseurs, saying to themselves, as the class work goes on, perhaps a bit patronizingly, that it is interesting; more often, with

blasé weariness, that it isn't interesting at all. We instructors of youth have become the showmen of the intellectual life; we must wind up this toy and that, and set it going to stir their jaded young minds. Ours the song and dance; ours the tired feet and tired minds in trying to furnish mental amusement for the young. These modern methods were to bridge the gulf between the generations, to do away with dogmatism on the part of the old, with fear on the part of their juniors. All were to be skipping rope together; there were to be lovely festoons of generations dancing to one tune. At last we were to understand! But the process has brought about a much deeper misunderstanding in the youngsters' view; that it is the old who are to skip, the old and the middle-aged who are to keep time anxiously to the music.

At the risk of being thought a very Rip Van Winkle, I submit, as an educator, my disagreement with it all. It is for us to put the young through their paces, not for them to put us, nor is it well for them to sit torpidly at judgment while their elders perform. Life is a proposition put up to the young; if any are to play the part of spectators, we should have that privilege, helping now and then with hint and suggestion, but not taking the employment of youth away.

Suppose, in the "Jungle Book," old brown *Baloo* had kept telling *Mowgli* that there was nothing to look out for, nothing to be afraid of; that hornets do not sting, snakes do not poison, and that tigers are philanthropists that like little boys.

"Better that he should be bruised from head to foot by me who love him than that he should come to grief through ignorance," said *Baloo* to *Bagheera*, the panther, who remonstrated with him for disciplining the man-cub.

The lad learned to climb, swing, run; to tell a rotten branch from a sound one (Can our young?); to hold his own against all creeping and stalking things. Would it have been better for old *Baloo* to go climbing the trees, hanging from the branches, while *Mowgli* sat comfortably, kindergarten and college fashion, telling him whether he did it well or ill? Muscles cannot be trained by proxy, and I tremble for many of the young of to-day when the moment comes for hanging on.

The "Jungle Books" make up the wisest educational treatise I know; I much prefer them to Rousseau's "Émile" and all its printed offspring, including the magazine expositions of the Montessori system. Though their virtue lies in constructive suggestion, there is many a nice bit of satiric criticism, and one hardly knows whether or not, in describing the methods of the monkey folk, the author had them alone in mind or the modern instructor also. *Mowgli*, you remember, was attracted by them when his instruction seemed over-harsh. "They do not hit me with hard paws; they play all day. Let me get up! Bad *Baloo!* Let me get up! I will go play with them again!"

Aside from the overwhelming superiority already noted in the old bear's pedagogic system in demanding of the pupil the active attitude, there are others to be mentioned. *Mowgli* was taught that the jungle is the jungle. Life is not easy; it would be no fun if it were; why is it that we persist, when we know better, in trying to convince the children of the race that it is? The easy expediency of a letter to a son in college, printed in a recent magazine, seems characteristic of our whole attitude, but its seeming kindliness is possibly less kind than earlier and sterner methods. The old way was far from ideal, but it was honest, and far better than our recent head-in-the-sand method. Small backs, braced hard against difficulties, grow strong. I remember moments of suffering during the education of my childhood; it is not entirely without satisfaction, even in my chastened present, that I reflect how, now and then, I made my instructors suffer also. But my own pain was not without its uses in giving me some inkling of the struggle that was to come. Moreover, I cannot help a feeling of pity in thinking of these children who are taught to learn without knowing it, when I recall the sturdy joy of those rare moments when I was learning something and knew it.

Like *Mowgli*, we used to be taught that there are certain things to be learned and to be remembered; certain things that are definitely and vitally true, and definitely and vitally worth while. Like *Mowgli*, we were taught that there is Law, something to remember, respect, obey. Surely, even if in certain ways conceptions of Law must slowly change, it is good for the young to know that

Law exists and that life is not all empirical, experimental.

"Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, and many and mighty are they;
But the head and the hoof of the Law, and the haunch and the hump is, Obey."

It was when certain principles had been grasped and fixed in the young consciousness, that we were thrown upon our own resources and left to judge somewhat for ourselves. The best bit of pedagogy that ever came my way was an answer given by my father when I asked him what I was to do in some dilemma.

"It seems to me you aren't quite ready to take your own share of responsibility in this matter." I was but a very small child, but I tried to rise to the challenge; and if sometimes in after days my efforts to take my share of the responsibility were imperfectly understood, the "trial-and-error" method brought me the greater share of the little wisdom I possess.

Our old-fashioned parents seem to have understood, in the same instinctive way in which *Baloo* understood and taught, the necessity of being alert all over. *Mowgli* had constantly to use his collective faculties, a thing unknown among our young, unless they learn it in foot-ball and other games. This part and that part of the individual are developed most methodically, with the result that the modern youthful mind is full of water-tight, or idea-tight, compartments, snug spaces where assorted bits of information are safely tucked away; but there is no communication between them, as you observe if you ask your students to apply in one class-room what has been learned in another. They are taught everything, except how to pull themselves together, to think and to act as entities, as personalities. That instant command of all the faculties at once is the one thing that life demands of us in its crises; what is to happen in an age when educators have analyzed the youthful mind so exhaustively that they can never put it together again?

"WHY don't you see your own country first? What's the use of always going gadding off to Europe?" This is a question which home-keeping friends launch at the Vagabond whenever he admits that he is off for another wandering vacation. He might reply with considerable point that though he spends much time abroad he can hardly know America less than they whose only journeys are between the seaboard city of their winter employment and various summer resorts in the nearest mountains. But the Vagabond is too experienced to be drawn into argument; he wishes his friends a pleasant vacation, snatches his travelling-bag and hurries up the gang-plank. Expatriotism

The Vagabond is convinced that there is too much to see and to admire in the world to leave any time for debate; otherwise he might justify his life more forcibly even than with a barbed "tu quoque," for his is no vagrant imagination: he is a wanderer by conviction. Long ago he made up his mind that it is better for a stone to roll than to sit tight in a pasture acquiring moss, cultivating the acquaintance of cows and sheep; that the only certain method of seeing and understanding his own country is to spend a good deal of time looking at something else. Familiarity dims the eye: to the city-dweller, Boston, New York, Chicago are no more than places to work, eat, sleep in. The wanderer, though a mere child compared with the native in the knowledge of details, has a keen eye for essential characteristics. He observes the color of the buildings, the pattern of the sky-line, the expression of the faces that pass him, his foot is sensitive to the feel of the pavements, his fresh ear catches the pitch of the traffic, compares it with the staccato of Paris, the rumbling bass of London, the silence of Bruges; and to him each city becomes a personality. The farmer stares dumbly at mountain and valley; the summer boarder takes cognizance of walks—more or less picturesque; cooking—bad or indifferent; prices—moderate or expensive. It is the Vagabond who seizes the intrinsic note of the American landscape—the untamed aspect which testifies that these fields have not been trodden by innumerable generations of wooden-shod peasants; that these hills are not owned, fenced, valued to the very summit at so many marks per square metre.

If one could see merely by looking with fresh eyes, there might perhaps be little reason for crossing the boundaries of a father-

land as various as the United States; but full vision implies understanding, and his trips abroad help the Vagabond to an insight into contemporary life, to a partial vision of the next halting-place to which we are advancing. Not that he supposes that we are blindly following Europe; but there, in more ordered conditions, he is able to observe human problems without the confusing social fluidity inevitable in our country of less exhausted opportunities; and there also he may gain the comforting assurance that even in a society fundamentally mercantile the test of a man's success need not be his ability to do successful business.

When his mind turns from results to causes, Europe has even more to teach him. For the forests, the prairies, the cities of America, while they explain many of our purely national characteristics, with their suggestion of rugged pioneers, the subjugation of a fresh land, the later period of panting industrialism, can have nothing to say about the groundwork of our transplanted civilization; the clew to our most ingrained sympathies and aversions must be sought in old Warwickshire villages, Scotch moors, Irish sod-huts. Nor is it only in those countries to which he can trace his ancestors that the Vagabond must seek self-knowledge. The kinship of ideas is as real and as close as that of blood, and though his body may be purely Teutonic or Celtic, the mind of every educated man must be largely Greek, Latin, French. To be sure, the Age of Pericles, the Age of the Antonines, or the Age of Enlightenment can be studied at home; the facts can be mastered; an intellectual conception gained; but art hardly becomes real and human until one looks with his own eyes at the wide, barren, hill-circled plain, the sea gemmed with its purple islands, the "towering beauty of the temple of Jupiter, the astonishing grace, severity, elegance, completeness of the Parthenon." It is when we walk out through crumbling mediæval gates on a road more than twenty centuries old and see the aqueducts striding off across the Campagna that we begin to understand the driving power of the nation which set its stamp on the law, the government, the language of succeeding civilization. And to stand on the promenade of Versailles with the air thick with memories of the Grand Siècle; to walk down the steps up which Condé panted on a memorable occasion; and to find at the bottom that the crowd instead of courtiers of the Grand Monarque are plain Paris shopkeepers out for a holiday with their families—it is to have lived through an epoch in the history of democracy.

But perhaps what marks the Vagabond off most definitely from his stay-at-home friends is a certain mellowness—a moderate, unprejudiced habit of considering men and ideas. He is not to be stampeded with election oratory or made to believe that we shall all be bankrupt if the tariff on wool is not fixed at exactly such and such a per cent. He has been in so many countries with such varying tariffs on wool, and found the industrious getting on and the shiftless sagging back so universally all over the world. The beating of drums and waving of flags cannot convert him to militarism: he remembers London on the night of Maggersfontein. He recognizes many national peculiarities without exaggerating them into fundamental differences. He has found humanity about the same in England, Germany, France, Italy. He no longer distrusts a new idea because it is not advanced by an Anglo-Saxon. In the virtue of patriotism, so far as it is based on ignorant contempt of every country but one's own, he is deficient; he sees no more reason for attributing unrivalled excellence to his fatherland than to his family. The spirit of "My country, right or wrong" seems to him no more admirable than the code of the old duelling gentleman. He suspects a dignity which is insulted by just reproof, and in national as well as personal conduct he considers an honest desire to improve more healthy than a pragmatic assumption of perfection.

He is sometimes accused of forsaking truth for a mush of universal toleration, but such criticism misses the mark. New countries and strange customs have forced him beyond inherited formulæ of thought to the consideration of new ideas on their own merits. He has learned that many things are less vital than they are popularly considered; he has been forced to discard most of his prejudices. But his principles remain all the firmer, for he bases them not on hearsay but on reasoned observation, and even in his farthest wandering he has found no evidence to discredit temperance or good faith.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·



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Charge of the Fifth Minnesota Infantry at Corinth.

Decoration for the Minnesota State Capitol.

RECENT DECORATIONS BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD

TWO of the more important of Mr. Blashfield's recent mural decorations, for the capitols of two Western States, Wisconsin and Minnesota, offer—in addition to the value always attached to the work of this scholarly painter—each a new interest; in the one, the colossal size, and in the other, that unusual theme in contemporary American painting, the firing line of battle. His great circle for the "dome crown" of the still unfinished Wisconsin State Capitol at Madison, is thirty-five feet in diameter; but, as the painting will be placed two hundred feet from the pavement, the floating figures in this empyrean are fourteen feet and more tall. His horizontal panel, fifteen feet long and seven feet high, for the lobby leading to the Governor's room in the State Capitol of Minnesota, at Saint Paul (Cass Gilbert, architect), commemorates the decisive charge of the Fifth Minnesota Regiment at the battle of Corinth, fought the 3d and 4th of October, 1862, and to which charge, it was considered, the winning of the battle was very largely due. For the very important State building which Wisconsin is erecting (George B. Post and Sons, architects), various other and smaller mural decorations have been executed by various artists—Mr. Blashfield himself contributing, three years ago, a very large panel, thirty-one feet by eleven, for the assembly room in which the House of Representatives sits—presenting the State serenely intermediary between her early settlement and her present full fruition. In a cathedral-like aisle of the primitive forest she is throned on a rock surrounded by graceful personifications of Lake Michigan, Lake Superior, and the Mississippi River, the waters which surround her, and the Jesuit fathers, pioneers, and explorers. Before her stands a charming, feminine Present, introducing the lumbermen, miners, and farmers of to-day. So large is this building that it would be possible, says the architect, to introduce the Paris Pantheon inside without scratching the walls. For the crowning allegory which completes the dome, it was evident that nothing less than the personification of the sovereign State herself, in all her richness and power, was advisable—at this height in the clouds details disappear and realism cannot fly. So the spectator on the distant pavement, conscious of his own littleness, sees, far aloft, WISCONSIN, all in white, blond haired, backed by the blue field and the white stars of the national ensign, the vast

folds of which surround in the clouds all her attendants. In her right hand she carries a sceptre of ripened wheat, and with her left supports a great golden escutcheon which bears her arms. Around her and below float and rise great tributary goddesses, no less in size then the Jinn, presenting—not so much to her as to Time and Space—her varied wealth: fresh-water pearls, a net to suggest fisheries, a tree branch to suggest forestry, fruits and tobacco, nuggets of iron and of lead. The prevailing tones of their draperies are warm reds, with a tendency to oranges, and broken by whites; the flesh tones are warm, and the clouds themselves are not too cold and northern. In the centre of the circular composition the fair white and gold of the presiding figure strikes the right note, not only to the eye, but, by its suggestion, to the mind.



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Wisconsin Between the Past and Future.

Panel in the House of Representatives, new State Capitol at Madison.

Because of its relation to the architecture, and because of the great scale of everything, it seemed to the painter that it was required of this presentation that it should be very serious, and that it should be full, simple, and direct in its appeal. No thin spaces of airy blue sparsely peopled by light-minded and somersaulting figures would duly complete this massive pile. Therefore he has many goddesses, and brings them all together, and—though they exhibit a great variety of attitudes—they all preserve an Olympian dignity. That they should all be surrounded by the folds of the flag he thought important—considering time and place. It is probable that in the designing and carrying out of this group under these conditions, the difficulties increased in geometrical progression with the increase in size: the architect say she can enlarge this well-proportioned design from the size of his drawing-board to that of his sky-scraper, and the justness of proportion will still hold good, but the painter has no such privilege; new figures have to be introduced and old ones modified as the canvas widens and mounts. The difficulty of drawing a figure fourteen feet tall, in any posture, is very great, as may be supposed—the enlargement of the plan of construction makes for much trouble in keeping the due interdependence and correlation of all parts of the anatomy. Another, and very grave, problem was presented by the vast curved surface, like the inside of a saucer, to which the canvas is to be attached, and which necessitated dividing into sections and cutting of gores. In overcoming all these technical difficulties the success attained has been notable; the composition, without any formality and very varied in action, yet keeps its completeness and dignity, and its silence —so to speak; the great figures move as easily and drift as lightly as the clouds on which they float.

Minnesota, though a frontier and sparsely settled community at the period of the Civil War, furnished more soldiers in proportion to her population than any other State, and still enumerates with pride the distinguished service her regiments and batteries rendered



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Wisconsin Enthroned on Clouds.

Dome crown of the State Capitol at Madison

in a number of the decisive actions—at Nashville, at Vicksburg, at Murfreesboro, at Chickamauga, at Gettysburg, and, not the least, at Corinth. Archbishop Ireland, who was chaplain of the regiment, testifies that when, years after the war, he asked General Rosecrans, who had commanded the Union army, if he remembered the Fifth Minnesota in this battle, the answer was: "How could I forget it? It saved the day at Corinth."

It was the final charge that Mr. Blashfield was commissioned to commemorate in his battle-picture, and—abandoning for the time the serene symbolism in which his Muse most delights—he has rendered with the appropriate fire and spirit the level rush of the long blue line of infantry on the discomfited gray masses. Nothing interrupts this irresistible rush, the horizontal fringe of bayonets, and the thin spurts of fire and smoke from the muzzles. Over the heads can be seen the mounted figure of the colonel, Lucius F. Hubbard, whose quick judgment had directed all these movements, and whose "brandished sword," according to the archbishop, led the way. At the extreme left, almost concealed by the smoke, may be seen also the chaplain of the regiment, Father John Ireland. At the extreme right, by one of the guns of the twice taken battery, stands defiantly a young Confederate officer with folded arms, who refuses to abandon his wounded comrade on the ground, clinging to his knee, and whose upright and motionless figure and butternut uniform furnish well the necessary accent and contrast in line and color. Enough of the realism of battle is given to render adequately this epitome of the bloody and confused whole; the sordidness and multiplicity of detail, the strong individualization, which characterize the very modern conception of a battle picture, would be out of place in this permanent and dignified commemoration of a great feat at arms. It was sought to make it sufficiently realistic, but at the same time to invent a decorative pattern, "on the principle that accidental and momentary formation of a decorative pattern is perfectly consonant with real happenings." On the principle that Clio and Calliope may sometimes join hands. This painting will be placed at a height of only eight feet from the floor, so that, though the figures are life size, the finish of the brush work is practically that of an easel picture.

At the same time two other and much smaller panels, in very different fields, are approaching completion: one for the tower of the trophy room of the gymnasium of the preparatory school for colleges in Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, and one for an altar-piece for Saint Luke's Church, Atlanta, Georgia, a Good Shepherd. For the athletic trophy in the Mercersburg Academy (Day Brothers and Klauder, architects), the subject is a crowning of a victor in the games. The young athlete stands very straight in the centre of the field, his feet together; on the breast of his blue jersey is the letter "M," and on his right arm he carries the blue silk flag of the college. Behind him rises a white-winged and white-robed Niké, or Victory, with red in her hair, crowning him with a wreath of golden laurel; on his right, Hermes, as patron of athletic games, holds over his head his white caduceus, and on the other side, Athene, Divine Wisdom, more gracious and tender than is usual, touches it with her spray of laurel. Thus is symbolized physical and mental development. Behind each figure faintly seen on a tablet appears the name in Greek characters. On either side of the group are lighted braziers, and on the steps below, in the corners, palms and wreaths. This panel, fourteen feet by eleven, will rise directly from the floor of the room, on the other three sides of which will be the cabinets containing the banners and cups won on various contested athletic fields. At the recent Olympic games of Stockholm the Mercersburg Academy won a world's record.

For the fourth of these monumental decorations a suggestion was found both in the figures of the Good Shepherd in the early paintings in the Roman catacombs, and in a marble statuette in the Lateran Galleries, of a young boy with the lamb on his shoulders. The figure in this altar-piece for the Atlanta church, of which P. Thornton Marye is the architect, is a gracious youth in red-brown drapery who comes down a mountain gorge, in the full splendor of Eastern sunlight, followed by his woolly flock and carrying the latest born with its stiff little legs around his neck. By his knee the mother follows closely, and looks up, trusting, yet somewhat uncertain. It is surely within the province of art thus to renew the beauty of these ancient symbols

William Walton.



Drawn by E. Roscoe Shrader.

THE TOP OF THE GRADE.

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Motorists building their own road through swampy land near Medicine Bow, Wyoming.

DISCOVERING AMERICA BY MOTOR

BY RALPH D. PAINE



MY tour of the White Mountains was no more than begun when the seven devils of perversity entered into an automobile whose reputation for good conduct had hitherto been blameless. The trouble was mysterious, baffling. Futile was a mechanical experience painfully acquired and a supposedly intimate knowledge of the temperament of this particular big brute of a car. It was not a breakdown, but the stubborn refusal of one cylinder to do any share of the work whatever. Instead of flinging the miles behind her with smoothly flowing power and tireless efficiency, the machine limped at a weary, lifeless gait. The keen zest of the excursion was dulled. To the man who drives his own car the world goes very wrong when the humming song of his engine is faltering or discordant.

An expert of a wayside garage attacked the malady. He was of a type familiar to this age of gasolene, the grimy young man in blue overalls, alert of manner, buoyantly confident, flying from ignition to carburetor and back again, so prodigiously active with wrenches and pliers that one feels sure he must know what he is doing. He was at first inclined to be boastful. He would "take the skip out of her in a jiffy," and he affirmed it with the easy profanity which, alas, permeates rural New England with a strong smell of brimstone.

Through hours and hours of a golden autumn day, when to forsake the road was like losing treasure, the car stood in the garage while the hopeful demeanor of the young man ebbed and vanished. The issue had become an acutely personal one betwixt him and the balky motor. He up-

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An abandoned homestead on the White Mountain route.



The road to Bretton Woods.

braided it bitterly, with stinging insults. At length he suggested, in substance:

"If you'll leave this condemned old 'bus here till to-morrow, I'll have her firin' on all four cylinders or you can consign me to an exceedingly hot hereafter. This is the first car that has stuck me all summer. I always get 'em going."

Now it was that my friend Sawyer, companion of the tour that seemed blighted, showed how the philosophic mind can find the gleam in the darkest situation. His behavior had been flawless. He had offered no advice to the perspiring young man, and his faith in the speedy convalescence of the car was tactfully serene. My inclination, as a sincere motorist, was to cast anchor until repairs could be made. As well might a skipper put to sea in a leaky bark. But Sawyer's point of view was happily detached from intake valves, magnetos, and timing-gears.

"Why waste a whole day and maybe more?" said he. "I have a suspicion that the young man has tried everything he knows and is now drawing on his imagination. He will take the car entirely to pieces and forget how to put it together again if you don't head him off. She will run on three cylinders, won't she?"



On the road into Crawford Notch, White Mountains.

"It flatters her to call it running, but she can keep from standing still," was my disconsolate answer. "To drive a car in this condition is misery. Man, it's enough to break your heart to hear her work."

"What's the difference, so long as we are moving? I want to see the country. And I have a notion that it can be done more sensibly on three cylinders

than on four. Why not push along until dark?"

This was heresy akin to madness. What motorist would torment his soul by deliberately driving a crippled car? But the highway beckoned and Sawyer had a persuasive way with him. The smudgy young man was pried loose from his investigations in the coil box, and at a turn of the crank the disabled engine bravely picked up the task.

A little beyond this halting-place a long hill ascended in a series of steep grades



An old-fashioned bridge near Plymouth, New Hampshire.

and abrupt corners. It was the first bit of bold and rugged New Hampshire landscape to indicate that the mountains were not far distant. There was no rushing this formidable hill. It must be climbed by sheer grit and main strength. It was a doubtful undertaking on three cylinders. The stanch old car fought her way up an inch at a time. She inspired sympathy and admiration. An occasional water-break gave the overdriven engine a breathing spell and the laboring gears a respite. Then again she buckled to it and gained the next rise. When the summit was reached, one felt that to conquer this monster of a hill had been an achievement, a tussle with nature. On four cylinders it would have been forgotten at the next turn of the road.



The state highway into the Franconia Notch, White Mountains.

It was necessary to stop and let the heated engine cool. Close by the roadside was an abandoned New Hampshire homestead, the low house severely plain of outline, with one great square chimney, the hewn weather-boards stained wonderfully brown by a hundred years of rain and sun. In the dooryard, behind the stone wall, was the lilac bush as you will almost always find it in such places, a living reminder, strangely surviving, of tenants long since dust. To pass this ancient roof-tree at twenty-five miles an hour would have made no more than a fleeting impression, like the wink of a camera shutter, the significance slighted in the crowding succession of other scenes. To linger and explore it, to wonder what manner of folk had dwelt therein and how their lives were spent, was to discern something of the early New England and its pioneering spirit.

"By Jove! I am glad we had to stop," observed the contemplative Sawyer. "You can't do your hundred and fifty miles a day on a timed schedule and let the landscape soak into you. That lilac bush, now. It was worth noticing. A woman planted it, of course. It doesn't hurt a chap to pause and sentimentalize now and then."

In front of the dead, forsaken farmhouse moved a passing show that was very much alive. This was the main thoroughfare to the White Mountains, which region has become the most popular and accessible of all the American touring-routes. It was to be observed that many of the cars which made this country highway so bright and stirring bore the license plates of States far beyond New England. And by no means all of them were large and costly, with chauffeurs to pilot them.



Winter in Oregon. Going thirty miles for the doctor and getting there.

Over the brow of the long hill came one of those small, low-priced cars which are turned out of the factory at the rate of seven hundred a day, like peas from a hopper. The party comprised an average American family, neither rich nor poor, such as own several hundred thousand of the automobiles which are using the roads of this country. Father was sedately driving. Beside him sat a stripling son, and behind them were a plump, comfortable-looking mother and a cheery, white-haired little woman obviously addressed as "grandma." At sight of the deserted homestead the pilgrimage was halted. The head of the family explained that this was precisely like the house in which he had been born. The grandmother's face was wistfully reminiscent.

"We are from Ohio," said he, "and it's a great thing to be able to come back and see the old places in this way. It's the finest vacation I ever had. And it isn't really expensive if you dodge the big hotels and put up in the small towns. Accommodations are pretty good everywhere since so many people took to automobiling. Out our way almost everybody owns a car. And they all go touring and visiting around. It's not such a big journey from Ohio to the White Mountains. We came through in less than a week, and took it easy."

Grandmother begged him to dig her a bit of the lilac bush to plant in a Western dooryard. The incident mightily pleased Sawyer. He swore it was worth no end of engine trouble. It is such touring parties as this, and you may find them in every corner of the land, that proclaim the democracy of the automobile, although it seems only yesterday that motoring was a sport of the frenzied few, when the car was feared by its owner and detested by the populace. Reeking of wealth and gasolene, it flaunted class distinction in a manner peculiarly offensive. But those bold pioneers who risked the hazards of bad roads, erratic motive power, and embattled farmers, who were so frequently to be seen with their legs protruding from beneath their disabled chariots while they tinkered with inaccessible engines, deserved more praise than curses. Martyrs who suffered and were bled in the region of their pocket-books, they blazed the way for the most convenient and enjoyable means of travel ever devised.

The man behind the steering-wheel has become the lord of distances. His horizon has immeasurably widened, the highway is made panoramic and belongs to him, and the satisfaction of living has sensibly increased. For generations, or since the coming of the railway, the open road had

been as a sealed book except to those compelled to use it. Then, miraculously, one was able to delight in exploring regions strange to him, and often they were no farther distant than an afternoon's excursion from his own door. He discovered how many different kinds of Americans it takes to make this great nation of his. Cities which had seemed remote were linked in neighborly fashion, and the drowsy little towns that lay between became pleasant acquaintances.



The road is lost in a field of alfalfa, Oregon.

These and sundry other reflections occurred to a pair of motoring wayfarers condemned to the leisurely progress of three cylinders. They also noted that the pace of this populous highway was much saner and slower than in that earlier era of the automobile when speed was an obsession and the ability to split the landscape at sixty miles an hour held a wild, irrational novelty. For the most part these White Mountain pilgrims appeared to be enjoying themselves, strange as it sounds when one recalls the aspect of strained, unhappy anxiety to get somewhere else which used to stamp the faces of a touring party as with a hall-mark. And as our lagging car moved along the beautifully wooded stretches that border Lake Winnipiseogee, we saw them slow their gait or halt to view in adequate fashion the lovely perspective of blue water and brilliant foliage, and the broken, hazy sky-line of the foot-hills.

On this highway it was particularly interesting to perceive how extraordinarily the automobile has transformed the life of the American countryside. Regions primitive and somnolent have everywhere become fairly cosmopolitan. The village blacksmith shop is a garage and repair station. At one of these places, a cross-roads hamlet, where aforetime a few farmers had driven in for groceries and the only excitement was the arrival of the mail, the purveyor of motor fuel informed us:

"We do some business, I tell ye. I made a contract for forty-five thousand gallons of gasolene this season, and I run plumb out of it by the middle of August and had to lay in fifteen thousand gallons more. And them tourists took most of it. Why, I've had as high as a dozen of 'em lined up in a row waitin' their turn."



Cooling tires in Idaho. Never again!

The State of New Hampshire is not as backward as supposed. It realized several years ago that it was the part of wisdom to build good roads into its magnificent mountain playground. So much of the task has been completed

that it is rather tiresome to hear the motorist who has toured abroad become voluble in praise of scenic highways of the Continent and contemptuous of his own. Smooth and wide and easy to climb runs the road through the heart of the White Mountains, where the four-horse stage used to toil over rocky, rutted trails, and it was an adventure to travel more than a dozen miles from one's hotel.



The late Senator Stewart of Nevada on a trip across the desert by automobile.

When darkness overtook our crippled but indomitable machine, the gateway of the Franconia Notch was no more than a few miles distant. There was a friendly, inviting village, and an inn with a landlord whom prosperity had not spoiled. After supper his guests foregathered in the lounging-room. There was only one commercial traveller among them, and he journeyed in a roadster with his sample cases on the trunk-rack. No longer does he dominate the country hotel by sheer force of numbers. The others were motorists on tour. The talk was all of roads and routes and distances and interesting places thousands of miles apart, with a spice of harmless exaggeration about the performances of this car or that, its wonderful tire mileage and surpassing power and reliability. This was as natural as the elastic statements of a trout fisherman.

The man from California had come all the way in his car and mentioned the trip quite casually as no longer unusual. Yes, there were some stretches of road pretty hard to navigate, a few of them positively awful, such as the route from Salt Lake City to Medicine Bow, but on the whole he considered it good travelling, with finer highways through much of the Middle West than the supercilious Easterner has any idea of. Moreover, to pull out of a bottomless pit of "gumbo" mud in Nebraska, or to charge over a Wyoming "chuck-hole" like a rearing broncho, or to plough through a sea of desert sand gave a man faith in his car and flavored the transcontinental tour with sporting variety.

"I have bowled along those superb roads of England and France," gustily exclaimed this wholesome, sun-burned person, "and I consider them infernally monotonous. You might as well be looking at the country from the window of a railway carriage. Our American cars are built with a tremendous lot of surplus power to tackle any kind of going. Confound it, a man likes to see what they can do. That's half the fun of driving from Los Angeles to New York. Your car pulls you through places that would make one of those low-powered foreign machines lie down and die. And you love her for it as you would a good horse."

I recalled making a trip across the Nevada desert in the earlier days of motoring, when he who could venture a day's run from home and return without mishap considered himself a tourist of sorts and was inclined to boast about it. The few who had dared the transcontinental tour were classed among the modern explorers and the newspapers printed their photographs. In the mining-camp which might have been called the port of departure for the voyage over the uncharted ocean of desert, there was much profane though kindly dissuasion. Shaggy prospectors wagged their dusty beards and referred to other locoed individuals who had tried to hike across in one of these infernal contraptions and were stranded forty miles from water.

The chauffeur prepared for the worst. He had stripped his car of all superfluous equipment, even to replacing the body



A freighter pulling out from camp in the Nevada desert.

with a light box knocked together from odd bits of lumber. He carried enough spare parts to rebuild a machine, and provisions for a forced march. His own attitude was dubious in the extreme. He knew of two abandoned automobiles within sight of Death Valley and the Funeral Range, aptly named landmarks which he drawled with a certain melancholy relish. One thought of lost prospectors whose bones bleached in the arid desolation of these alkali plains and painted mountains.

The gloomy prophets were disappointed. The car and its passengers survived, but it was an achievement arduous and noteworthy. No other automobiles were sighted. The only traffic, infrequent and picturesque, was the passage of the freighting outfit with its trail-wagons and long string of mules or horses, bound to some camp a hundred miles from a railroad, or the lonely prospector and his burros following the trail of his dreams.

The oases where living springs ran and trees grew were genuine harbors against fatal disaster. Here the freighter filled his water barrels for the next stage of two or three days of crawling progress. Around the camp-fires ran the talk of hardships stolidly endured and the grim tragedies of thirst. Perhaps a wanderer, caught and held by the spell of the desert, had made a little ranch at one of these blessed green spots. To-day he maintains a hotel and garage and the sign "Gasolene" is nailed to a cotton-wood tree. And across this same desert the touring parties go bowling from coast to coast as a holiday excursion.

The fraternal spirit of the company met by chance in a New Hampshire inn was very pleasant. The tragedy of the three cylinders was viewed as a matter of common concern. They unanimously adjourned to the garage for diagnosis and consultation. Portly gentlemen who looked like captains of industry stripped off their coats and insisted on wrestling with the crank or poking about under the hood.



Good sailing, Lost River, Idaho.

"This is gratifying," said Sawyer. "It should make us feel distinguished. The human equation of motoring has a certain significance that is often overlooked. The general stock of altruism has been increased. The road-hog is an almost vanished nui-

sance. Motorists are a kindly folk, anxious to help each other. And behold how the mental outlook is broadened by contact with men of many environments. Unselfishly struggling with that oil-besmeared engine of yours are a doctor from California, a steel man from Pittsburgh, a retired merchant from Kalamazoo or thereabouts, and a young man from Boston who, until he took to motoring, never dreamed of speaking to any one not properly presented."



The Sherman Monument at the highest elevation of the Union Pacific Railroad, 7750 feet, on the Trans-Continental Route.



Dipping into a "wash" or dry river-bed in Wyoming.

"Their intentions are praiseworthy, and your comments have merit," I returned, "but when they finish with the car I sadly fear its condition will be worse than before."

It was late in the evening when this committee of self-sacrificing enthusiasts announced that the car was in absolutely perfect condition to skim through the mountains like a shooting-star. Early next morning they assembled to see her depart and to cheer their own handiwork. It was very much of an anticlimax. The engine missed, sputtered, snorted, behaved disgracefully, but consented to attempt the steadily rising grade of the fifteen miles of splendid highway that led through the Franconia Notch. It was a sparkling, cool morning to banish even the sorrows of a motorist and the landscape was a delight, mountains not so majestic as restful and neighborly, the fragrance of pine woods on steep slopes, the sound of brawling water, the highway unrolling like a white carpet, and, for all the tide of motor traffic, a sense of wilderness and solitude.

During one of the enforced halts, for this long climb through the pass was a heavy, unremitting business, a motor caravan, as one might call it, drew up to offer aid. There were three cars, one of them laden with a camping-oufit remarkably ingenious and complete. In the others were the host, his family, and several friends. They were people of wealth, for only such can travel with a flock of five-thousand-dollar cars and three chauffeurs, and, what was much more interesting, they were admirably sensible. They were homeward bound from a month in the woods and by-roads of Maine, away from the beaten routes of the motoring guide-books.



The half-way sign between Frisco and Boston on the Trans-Continental Route.

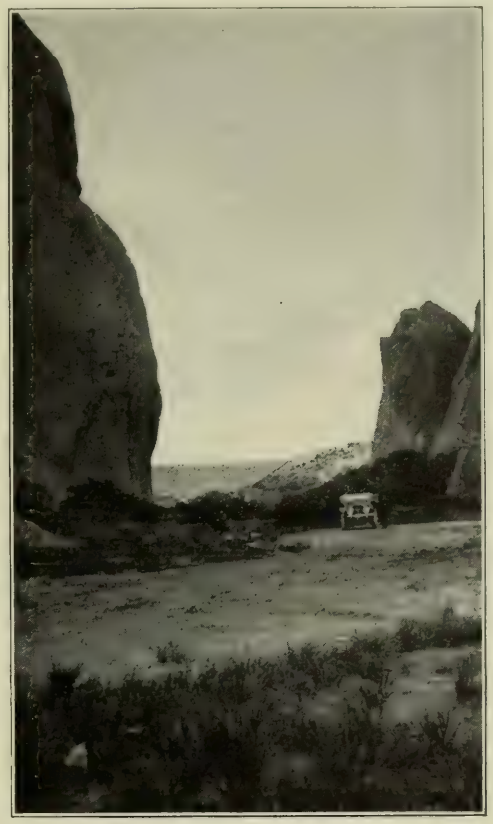
"Delighted to tell you all about it," affably cried the gentleman in command. "We are never in a hurry. That is half the charm of it. None of the miserable scurrying about as if the devil were at your heels. Fifty miles a day is our limit. I use the maps of the Geological Survey. They make camping by motor easy and delightful. Every road, lane, pond, hill, brook, and farm-house is indicated. And there is nothing pleasanter than jogging over the grass-grown dirt roads of the back country that have not been spoiled



A poplar road in California.

by heavy travel. My dear sir, with these maps one can pass a whole summer in undiscovered New England regions. The average motorist is afraid to leave the main highways. He is as blind as a bat.

"I plan the day's journey by means of the map. If the destination is not attractive for camping, we can easily move on a few miles. My winter pastime is devising new wrinkles of camp equipment to carry in an automobile. Our tents are pitched by a lake, and Maine is fairly jewelled with them, or in a bit of woodland, and we have yet to find the slightest hardship or discomfort. Living expenses are absurdly small. The farmers sell us milk and fresh stuff. We live like kings. If you want to know the genuine joy of motoring, try it. I preach the gospel of camping by motor



Touring in the Garden of the Gods, Manitou, Colorado.

at the top of my voice. The country needs it. Get a friend to join you with his car next summer. Use one of them to carry your duffle. Buy some maps and take to the woods."

With a jovial farewell he ordered his happy caravan under way, and these very up-to-date vagabonds resumed their journey back to civilization. Their message had been worth while. It was another argument to prove that a spirit of sanity is rapidly pervading American motoring.

"Had it not been for a fractious engine, we should have missed that breezy monologue," commented Sawyer. "There is hope for the rich. He was a cheering symptom. There goes a man who is the master and not the slave of gasolene."

Wearily our car toiled into the green vale of the Profile House and then the utterly impossible occurred. Without human intervention, spontaneously, of its own free and independent will, the motor was itself again, power and harmony returned, all four cylinders joyously vibrant together, ready to speed to the world's end, laugh-



An automobile camp.

ing at the steepest hills, booming along the levels. It was as though this mechanism had resolved to teach a lesson of patience, to show that he who would see the road in a vivid, intimate way must go without haste. Now the car would show us how to swoop and dip over these mountain roads in order that we might discern the magic of motoring.

In other days many of the finest views of this beautiful region were denied the visitor unless he tramped it with a pack on his back. Now the hill-sides have been blasted and the gullies filled to make it no more than a flight of a few hours from the Franconia gateway, across the mountains and out through the Crawford Notch to the highway that leads southward through North Conway and Intervale. Gone is the old simplicity and quiet summer life of Fabyan's and Bethlehem and Crawford's, when the same guests returned year after year for the same placid existence, the young people at tennis and walking tours, their elders gossiping in rocking-chairs along the hospitable piazzas. Nor is it to regret the passing of the old order of things. Where one pilgrim discovered the White Mountains then, a hundred enjoy them now. The region has ceased to be a New England monopoly and is a national possession. At Bretton Woods and its vast hotel seventy per cent of last summer's guests were motorists.

Through shadowy defiles fled the rejuvenated car, along bright valleys where the trees were a roof and the highway was carpeted with falling leaves. The rounded peaks of the Presidential Range went marching past, Mount Washington noblest of them all. Dusk came illumined by an afterglow that lingered on the uplands, and a pale moon rode high. The witchery of the open road was compelling. It seemed a wasteful thing to halt for sleep and squander such a night as this. The mountain air went to one's head. I gave it as an excuse that the car must be vindicated.

"As you please," calmly replied Sawyer. "The fumes of gasolene make you chaps all more or less daft."

And so all that night the motor hummed like a giant bee on roads deserted, through quiet, dark villages, past farm-houses that were visible as black blotches against a gray, misty curtain of field and woodland. There was surprisingly little sense of fatigue. The moon went down and dawn flushed a star-lit sky. At sunrise the White Mountains were a hundred and fifty miles behind. So easy is it to accept marvellous things as commonplace, so blunted is the sense of wonderment in this twentieth century, that to drive a docile, fiery-eyed

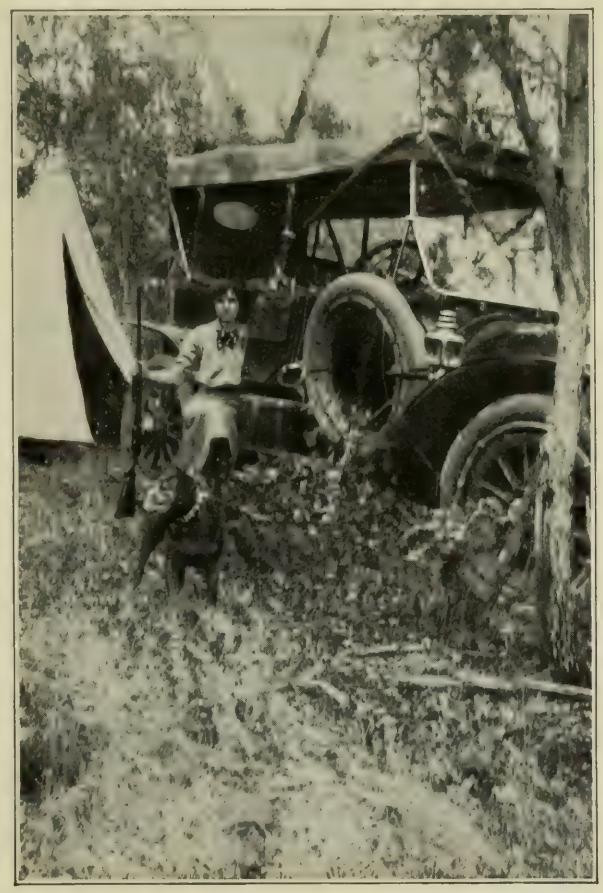


Another one.

dragon all night long across half the map of New England is a fact scarcely worth mention. At breakfast the haggard but smiling Sawyer remarked with emphasis:

"We have really shown how the thing should be done. Loaf along on three cylinders and get acquainted with people and places. Then wind up with a bully good run under the moon and stars when the roads are clear and you get the pure joy of motion. I call it a successful tour."

With all due respect for its sense of its own importance, New England is no more than a small corner of the United States. It has a peculiar charm for the motorist because of the neighborly area in which is displayed so great a variety of landscapes from the Berkshires to the surf-washed boulevards of the Atlantic coast. English roads are better, but English scenes are no fairer. The larger significance of the popularity of motoring in America is in the fact, and it is a very impressive one, that one can journey straight ahead for thousands of miles beyond New England, with a common language, with no troublesome frontier boundaries, and find everywhere this same wonderful change in the living conditions and activities of city and town and countryside, all wrought by means of the discovery that the explosions of a by-product of petroleum could be tamed to do the work of twenty, or forty, or sixty horses.



Out on a quail hunt, Medford, Oregon.

At no distant day a million automobiles will be in the service of American owners. So long as motoring was a diversion of the rich, it possessed no more than a spectacular interest. It was incidental, like yachting. The automobile was an interloper on the highway and its plea for good roads was unheeded, even resented. Now, as you tour in any direction, the open barn-doors of the prosperous farm disclose a car standing ready for errands or the pleasure of the family, and beside the suburban home is the tidy box of a garage. Already the horse-drawn vehicle is in the minority on the roads of certain of the most populous States.

It bewilders the European observer to find the automobile accepted as an every-day necessity by what he would call middle-class people. His roads are the finest in the world, but comparatively few can afford to use them except in the old-fashioned way. The farmer and the small merchant no more dream of owning an automobile than of lording it over a castle. Nor in countries of an ancient and well-ordered civilization, where towns and cities are close together and the habit of disregarding distances is not implanted, are the advantages of motoring so obvious.

To comprehend the reign of gasolene in America one must steer a course westward to the land of ranch and prairie, to that favored empire whose crops and cattle are the barometer of national prosperity. There is no more isolation. To be without a motor car is a mark of oddity or of pitiable poverty. One concludes that the maligned plutocrats have not thus far seriously interfered with a wide-spread distribution of the nation's wealth, and also that American inventive and manufacturing genius has scored one of its greatest triumphs in steadily reducing the cost of the strong, reliable automobile fit to endure the battering ordeal of every manner of road.

It is this genuine democracy, already arrived, that stands behind the greatest popular movement for building and improving highways that history has known. What work the Romans did was small beside remaking the roads of this vast country. It has become a habit of mind to regard American roads as hopelessly bad and public opinion shamefully indifferent. The motor tourist knows otherwise. He realizes, more than any one else, what a stupendous enterprise it is to put good roads through a single State of a country whose territorial extent is a series of empires, most of them thinly peopled outside the cities, whose highways were not long ago the trails of the path-finder and the pioneering emigrant.



Where the old cars go. A North Dakota farmer and his family.

It is an undertaking worthy of a great kingdom for the State of New York to have appropriated one hundred million dollars to improve its own roads. And this huge outlay was approved by the votes of the very farmers who, a few years ago, could find no more congenial joy than hurling a brick at an automobile. The project of a motoring highway across the continent found instant favor and the support of the motor industry in terms of hard cash. So many of the important links of this route have been already constructed by various States and cities that no more than ten millions will complete it. The Panama Canal seems the greatest of all public works, but road-building in the United States of this generation will employ more labor and capital, with far larger service to society.

It is thoroughly characteristic of the American spirit that the automobile has not waited for good roads. It has multiplied amazingly in the face of obstacles that would discourage a people of a temper less enterprising and audacious. In the South you will meet the tourist cheerfully jamming along through sand that would harass an ox-team. On the open range of Montana he scuds across trackless prairie where one expects to find only the cow-puncher and the fence-rider. The passes of the Rockies and the Cascades echo to the honk of his horn and the frightened pack-mules hug the cliffs. Let a road be known as surpassingly difficult and he accepts it as a challenge. In short, he views motoring as more than a means of travel. It is a sport, and the hazards of the game are part of its pleasure.

There is the concrete example of that sturdy old veteran who attended a Grand Army encampment at Los Angeles. He had reached the conservative age of seventy-seven years and his wife had turned seventy. From their ranch east of Seattle the journey was nearly two thousand miles, over the wildest and roughest roads of the Northwest, and down the Pacific coast. This spirited couple might have travelled comfortably by railroad, instead of which they packed in their touring-car a folding-bed, camp-chairs, a table, a kerosene stove, and rations. A tent was considered superfluous. The water-proofed top and curtains sufficed. For twenty-five days these venerable excursionists pushed along in all weathers and reached their goal without serious mishap.

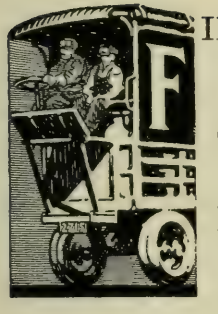
Why did they do it? Because they liked it. They were young in heart and they knew the joy of the open road. And this is the gift that motoring has brought to a multitude of men and women. And more and more they are realizing that haste is folly and that it is a more wonderful thing to be able to see this America of theirs, both near and far, as country hitherto undiscovered.



A farmer of Farragut, Iowa, making the rounds of his big farm.

THE AUTOMOBILE AND ITS MISSION

BY HERBERT LADD TOWLE



FIFTEEN years ago the automobile was only a traveller's tale and the hobby of a few crack-brained experimenters. Five years ago the automobile factories of the United States produced about 100,000 cars. This year about 500,000 cars will be built, whose total value will exceed $600,000,000. One city alone will produce 300,000 cars—one factory, 200,000.

In 1905 the lowest practical price for an automobile was $900; to-day a better one costs but $600. Cars equal to those costing $1,500 and $2,000 five years ago, cost $1,200 and $1,500 to-day; and $900 buys a car better than the $1,200 car of the earlier date.

In 1908 about 300,000 of our citizens owned automobiles; before summer there will be an automobile for every 100 persons. In 1908 our export motor business was not worth mentioning. Last year it exceeded $25,000,000.

Five years ago this country had but a sprinkling of motor-trucks. They were poorly built; their advantages were doubtful; the only thing certain was the enormous latent demand. To-day there are some 40,000 motor-trucks giving satisfaction to 18,000 owners, and the percentage of growth in this business exceeds that in the pleasure-car field.

To-day the invested capital in the automobile business in this country alone rivals that of the United States Steel Corporation. Most of the employees are skilled, most of them work in modern, wholesome factories, and all are well paid.

Five years ago the automobile was a transcendent plaything—thrilling, seductive, desperately expensive. Its oldest devotees could view with patience neither abstention from its charms nor the bills which followed surrender. To-day the harrowing alternative is mitigated at both ends. The bills are less and some of the excitement has worn off. Neighbor Brown, who sensibly refused to mortgage his house to buy a car in 1908, is now piling his family into a smart little black-and-red car, and is starting out on a four-day run to the Water Gap and return. And you know that he can do it now without the mortgage.



Copyright, Brown Bros., N. Y.

Fifth Avenue, New York, looking north, seven years ago.
Photograph taken from opposite the Windsor Arcade.

You yourself have seen the Water Gap, have explored every sunny road and leafy by-way within a hundred miles of your home, have seen the speedometer needle hang at 50 or 60, and have come unscathed through adventures which, when you think of them in cold blood, bring a creepy stirring to your spine. Your present car is good, but not showy; you keep it in a little garage behind your house and use it soberly—you and your family—nearly every day; and your motoring costs about half what it did five years ago. You seldom drive now for the mere pleasure of driving; yet your car is as much a part of your daily life as your walk to the office.

What does it all signify? This tremendous industry that has grown up almost overnight, and has made itself so necessary that a million owners of cars are giving food and roofs and clothing to another million—wage-earners and their families—for supplying them with the new means of locomotion—what does this new industry portend? How many more people are going to buy cars? Are automobiles a permanent development or a temporary fad? If permanent, how do they justify themselves—in mere pleasure, which a few can afford but more cannot, or in genuine service? Are they at bottom a liability or an asset?

Neighbor Brown, the effervescent novice, cannot teach us much. The bicycle, twenty years ago, had just as fervid votaries, but to-day the bicycle is used chiefly for getting about. How is it with you, the seasoned motorist? If you had no car, in what respect would your life and your family's be changed?

You and I—all of us—used to choose our homes for their nearness to train or trolley. A mile from the station, half a mile from the trolley, was our immutable limit. The gates of Paradise would not have tempted us further. Rents soared; the lucky first owners of land near a new transportation line retired from business

and lived in luxury on the fruits of their good fortune; still we cheerfully paid tribute, and dotted the map with little disks and bands of high-priced real estate. Horses were expensive and a nuisance, and we did not know that we might become each his own motor-man.

But to-day your home is in a suburb, handy for the motorist but otherwise dependent on trolley service. Were it not for the automobile, your wife's need of companionship would compel removal either to the city or to a more central part of your village. Part, at least, of what you saved on the car would go out in higher rent. Then you would need some other forms of exercise and recreation—golf, week-ends at the shore, or the theatre. More money! When you visit friends in the next town, you take your maid to visit *her* friends. Without the car she would have to shift for herself. And the children—you can already hear the lamentations when they learn that they have seen the last of Green Pond, and that these Saturday picnics by the babbling Wanaque River will be no more! You moved to your country home after you began motoring. Dare you say that that change was for the worse?



Fifth Avenue to-day, from about the same point, showing the change in the character of the traffic.

The new home of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, under construction, is the white building in the middle distance.

Perchance you have no car—as yet. But you have friends living five miles away by road. To visit them by rail, you must go half a mile to the station, ride ten miles to a junction, wait an hour, and travel a dozen miles more to a station half a mile from their home. How often do you see your friends?

Or you are a nature-lover and a busy man. The city stifles you and the daily ordeal of strap-hanging is a horror. Yet your wife declares that she will be "buried alive" if she goes where houses are more than a hundred feet apart. She has a right to her view, too. How shall yours and hers be reconciled?

Or you have children. Shall they be reduced to "tag" on the streets and in a bric-à-brac-filled apartment, or shall they have green grass, a sand-pile, trees, and a



Automobiles gathered at a hotel in the suburbs.

swing? Or perhaps you are a farmer, seeking means to relieve the monotony of farm life and hold your sons from the dangerous lure of the city.

For hundreds of thousands of families the automobile is at last supplying the happiest of answers. Bridging as it does the gap between rail travel and the horse, at a possible cost less than that of the latter, it has added threefold or more to the habitable areas outside of our cities. Double a certain radius and you quadruple the enclosed area. Make three miles your limit and the area becomes nine. Think what this will lead to in the course of a generation or two, and you will realize the transformation which the low-cost automobile is working.

What has wrought this change? Not merely improvements in mechanism, though those have been essential. Rather, it is the ingenious reduction in both first cost and expense of maintenance to figures which a few years ago seemed utterly impossible.

For a dollar a day and a little spare time any one who will may now keep a small but serviceable car and use it daily and for week-ends. For five or six hundred a year one may have a "real car" with sliding-gear transmission and all the similitude of luxury, and if it is used only for week-ends, not for daily business trips, a few dollars a week will cover the ex-



Arriving at the opera in automobiles, Philadelphia.

pense even of such a car.

At the other end of the scale, one may purchase a high-grade car of thirty or forty horse-power at a price materially lower than five years ago, equipped with electric horn, electric lights, engine-starter, and other conveniences then unthought of; and this car will be so well built, so durable, and so simple to manage that the high-priest of the steering-wheel—the chauffeur—is now only worshipped if one has a stable of several cars. Even chauffeurs demand the ritual of the check-book less often, and sacrifices and burnt-offerings of wrecked cars are seldom required.



The motor fire-engine which is crowding out the much-beloved fire-horse in New York.



The new high-pressure motor hose-wagon.

The efficiency of the fire service has been greatly increased by the adoption of the motor-propelled hose-wagons because of the great speed obtained and greater carrying capacity.

Let us suppose a case. Your city house is worth, say, $9,000. Included in your recreation budget are $100 for theatre, $150 for vacations, and $50 for club dues. You can get a neat suburban home, with an acre of ground and a garage, for $7,000. The difference in rental will be, at 8 per cent, $160. Adding the theatre, club, and vacation expenses, you have $460 to apply on a new programme.

The country house is a mile and a half from the village, and your wife or son will go to the station with you and drive the car home. Six miles a day, plus week-end trips, will make about 4,000 miles a year. A fair average for gasolene, oil, tires, and repairs is five cents a mile for a $1,200 car—$200 for the year. Depreciation, if averaged over four years, will be about the same. Insurance and extras will amount to perhaps $50.

Thus far, the saving and expense about balance. Whether they do so in practice will depend largely on the outlays for commutation, extra fuel, and servants' wages. But one thing is certain: you will spend only a fifth or a tenth as much on doctors! I could name men who date their first real grip on business from the





Two types of Fifth Avenue motor-bus, New York.

time when they began building up their physical energies by motoring—conservative motoring, mind you, not extravagance in either speed or spending.

The logic of the situation points to the growth of motor colonies. It is the exceptional city family that removes outright to the farming hinterland, and in most cases distance from transportation has hitherto produced an inferior neighborhood. That latter condition is visibly giving way to the new order; already the cities have many automobile "commuters," and in every large suburb the morning and evening trains are met by scores of motor-cars. In a few years there will be hundreds.

Did space permit, I could say much about the private suburban garage. It must be more than four walls and a roof, especially if the car is to be used in winter. The first essential is room to work; the second, fireproofness; the third, abundant light; the fourth, double walls that will mitigate the heat of summer and the rigors of winter; and the fifth, if the car is to be used the year round, is a heating system, preferably by hot water. With these things provided, plus a bench and a fair tool equipment, the details can be arranged to suit the taste and purse of the owner. If the chauffeur's quarters are above, they should be wholly separated from the place where the cars are kept, and should be reached by an outside door.



A motor police patrol wagon, Chicago.

Turn now to the great rural districts, and what do we see? For two generations agriculture has lost ground in the competition for men and brains. Manufacturing has been over-stimulated; city life has been made attractive by countless modern appliances, few of which

have reached the farm. As a class, farmers have been more intent on improvements for haymaking than for homemaking. Furnace heat, running water, sanitary plumbing, fireless cookers, kitchen cabinets, aluminum ware, hardwood floors, and rugs—how many farms to-day have these devices to ease the burden of the farmer's wife?

Yet the pendulum is ready to swing the other way. Too many of us are making luxuries and paying the farmer to feed us. The next decade will see a tremendous growth in the rural demand for home comforts. And one of the things that will keep the boys and the help on the farm will be the modern distance-shortener and reducer of rural isolation.



A now common sight at all out-door sporting meets—the family motor party.

Is not the next step plain? Heretofore the farmer has improved his roads reluctantly, and has complained with bitterness (and justice) when they were damaged by automobiles. When he owns a car he will improve his roads without urging, and will do it right. And he will make due provision for their maintenance.

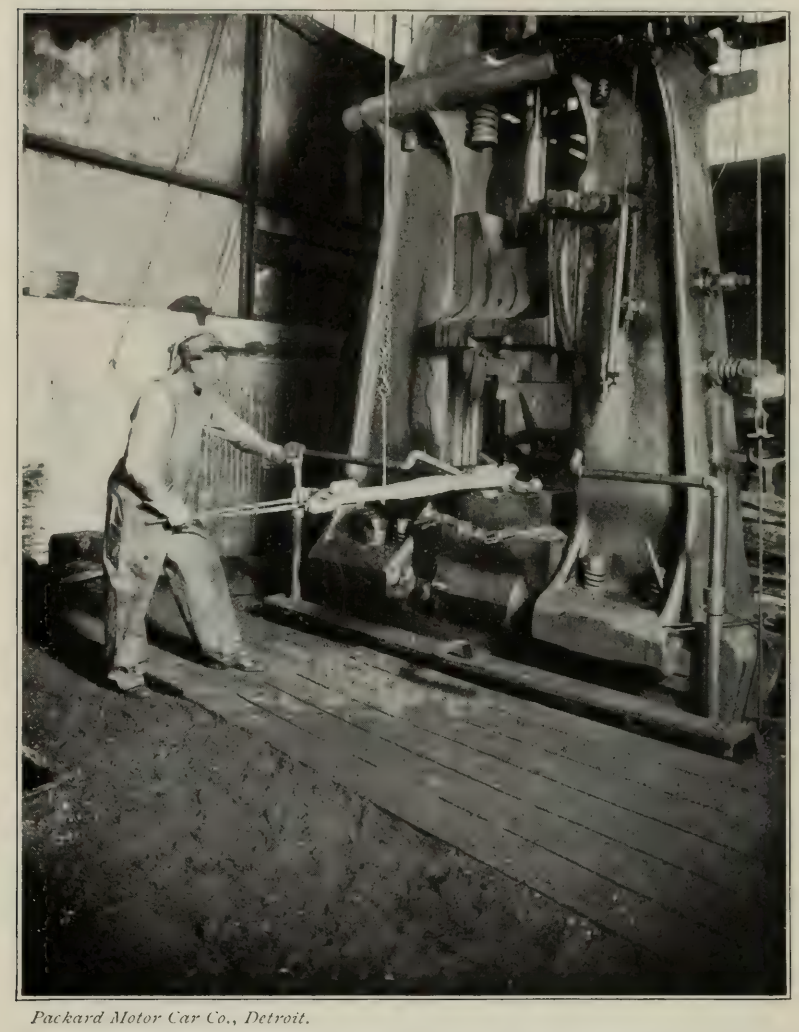
That matter of road maintenance, it must be said, has become acute of late and is growing worse. Millions have been laid out in highway improvement, and have been wasted for lack of adequate system in repair. Motor traffic demands both a smoother surface and a stronger bond than horse traffic; it tends inherently, at touring speeds, to ravel a loosely bonded surface like macadam.

The truth is that macadam depends on the constant abrasion of hoofs and steel tires to supply fresh bonding material, and when the dust bond is sucked up and flung over the fence by pneumatic tires, the rest of the road soon follows—squaring accounts, meanwhile, by cutting the tires to rags.

In the end the motorists will have to pay for the damage they cause—or, better, for the upkeep of roads suitably bonded for motor traffic. Crude oil, if rich in asphalt, makes a fair temporary bond; tar is far more durable, but needs watching to correct hollows and waves; calcium chloride, as a treatment for the foundation, appears to be useful for its property of retaining moisture. Recently a new chemical bond derived from blast-furnace slag has been suggested. Whatever the method, it is cheaper to pay well for good roads than to pay for the damage done by bad ones to mechanism and tires.

At this point I hear the reader (who has for some minutes been vainly trying to check my flow of prophecy) interrupt to say: "That is all very well, if your figures are correct and if these low-priced cars are really good. But five years ago a thousand dollars—spent on a new sliding-gear car—would buy nothing but a travesty on good construction. The man who could afford that sum or less had to buy at second-hand in order to get a run for his money. Are these present cars really so much better? And, if so, how is it done?"

Let me begin by saying that, for the experienced buyer, there is no value so good as a high-grade car from one to three years old. In the light of its total life, its wear is trifling. Paint and tires, and a few such parts as brake linings, transmission or front-wheel bearings, and possibly the first or second speed gears, may need to be renewed. But depreciation otherwise should be small, and the vital elements—design, materials, workmanship—are certain to be superior to those of the cheap new car of the same price. But the buyer must be a judge of cars!



Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit.

Forging the front axle of a truck under the steam-hammer.

The higher-priced cars—the old, well-known makes—are smoother-running, better-proportioned, longer-lived, simpler to manage than ever before. Their prices represent, not mere ability to get over the map, but convenience, freedom from care, high mileage without repairs—the luxury of motoring. Though their prices have fallen less than those of the cheaper cars, they are well worth their cost to those who can afford them.

But, even so, how is it possible to build plain utility cars, that shall not yearn each week for the ministrations of the repair man, for less than a thousand dollars? How is it possible to build a really good forty-horse-power car for even twice that sum?

A visit to almost any of the larger factories would answer the question. Cleveland, Indianapolis, Toledo, Lansing, and many other cities boast plants which for size, efficiency, and scientific method would have astonished the expert of ten years ago. But to get the story in one volume, we cannot do better than to visit the automobile capital of the country and see for ourselves what the new industry has done.

Ten years ago the first automobile factory was moved to Detroit from an Ohio town. Other factories followed rapidly. In ten years Detroit's population has grown from 300,000 to nearly half a million. It has twenty-seven automobile factories, the value of whose output last year exceeded $200,000,000. Still others manufacture parts—axles, radiators, engines, bodies—some used in Detroit, some elsewhere. North of the business section are miles of cottages, the last word of modernity, each surrounded by lawn and shrubbery and having—perhaps one in five—a neat garage in the rear. Shade trees line the streets; at frequent corners stand white sanitary drinking fountains, and everywhere are automobiles! Hardly one vehicle in twenty is horse-drawn. Naturally the streets of Detroit are clean.

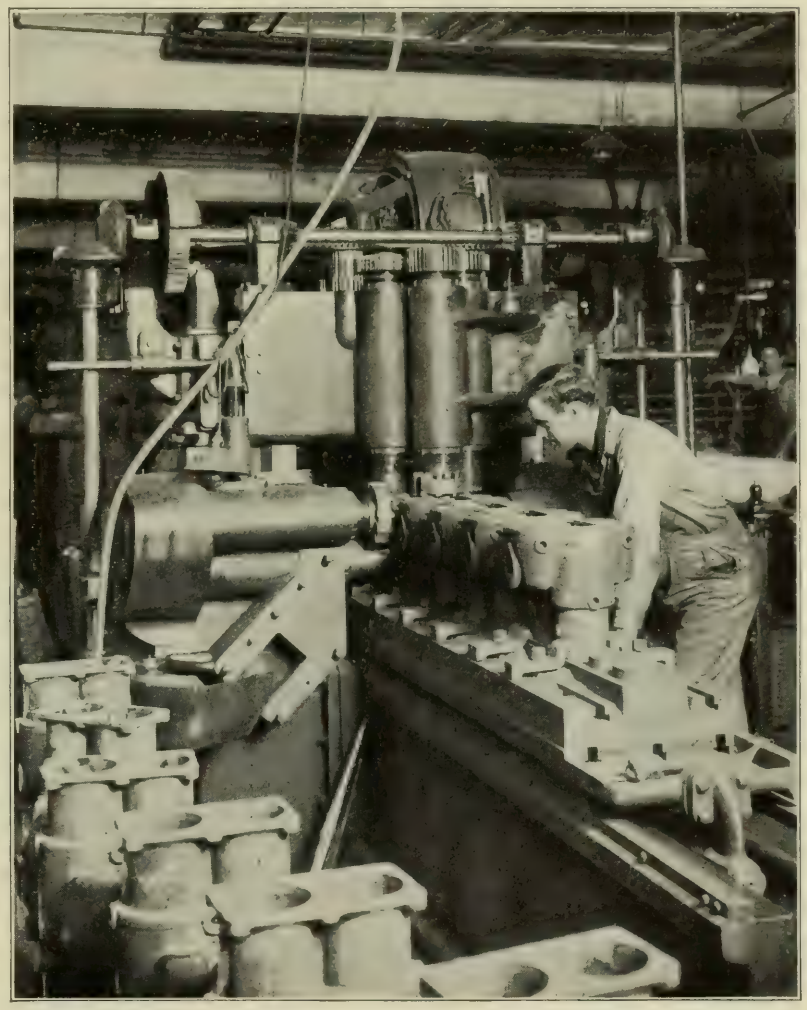
And the motor factories! To north, east, and west they radiate, nearly all new, imposing structures, all steel and glass,

with just enough brick or concrete to give a semblance of walls, themselves the last word of modern factory engineering. No dingy loop-holes for windows, no haphazard ventilation here! The mark of the efficiency expert is seen even in the buildings, and we shall find it everywhere in the work itself.

Some of the factories make everything possible—even wheels—under their own roofs. Others design cars and contract with specialists for the various parts, which they inspect and assemble. Since we cannot visit all, we will select a few of the most typical plants. One factory for high-priced cars in which everything but tires, rims, and ignition specialties is made; another, building a medium-priced car and likewise manufacturing nearly all its parts; a third factory, which designs and assembles—these are excellent examples, each of its class. Lastly, we must see the one wholly unique factory in the world for building low-priced automobiles.

In the first plant the most notable feature is the attention to matters which, with a lower selling-price, would have to be passed over or managed by short cuts. For instance, the cam shaft gears of the engine, instead of being bronze, have silent teeth of muslin. The oiling system is so controlled that opening the throttle acts also to increase the supply of oil to the pistons. Another feature is a valve, which supplements the electric engine-starter, for letting acetylene gas into the intake manifold. Our present gasolene does not vaporize well in freezing weather, and the first explosion is sometimes hard to get unless ether, acetylene, or a similar agent is used.

A trip through these shops is full of fascinating glimpses. Here is a big machine at work on eight pairs of cylinders at once, finishing the flat top and side surfaces. Here is another, smoothing the top or bottom surfaces of an aluminum crank case. On a curious swivelling table are clamped eight pairs of cylinders, all with their bottoms outward; two pairs of tools, working from opposite sides, bore two pairs of cylinders at once, while the operator removes others already bored and clamps fresh ones to the table. Elsewhere is a vertical boring mill, bristling with tools, which attack a heavy truck hub at three points at once, and shape it with automatic precision. Everywhere—on iron, aluminum, and alloy steel—are used the modern high-speed cutting tools, which eat through the toughest steel as if it were soft brass.



Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit.

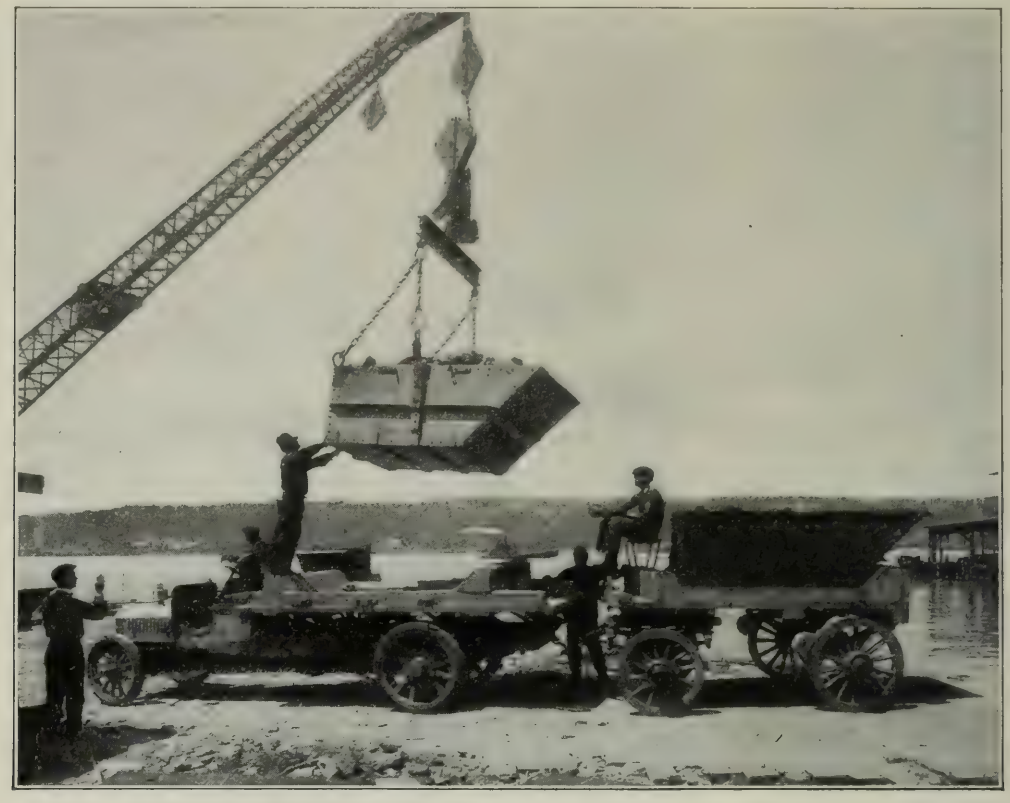
Milling the tops and sides of cylinders; seven milling cutters working at once.

Many trucks are built here, and a separate building is provided for their assembling. Altogether, the factory comprises thirty buildings, having thirty-seven acres of floor space and extending three-quar-

ters of a mile across the Boulevard. Seven thousand men are employed, most of them the year round.

The factory for medium-priced cars, though less pretentious, is an even better example of intensive production. Machines and men are closely packed, boys are pushing hand-trucks filled with castings, forgings, finished parts or assembled

The assembling is as carefully planned as the manufacture. Crank shafts are fitted to their bearings, run by pulley and belt to "limber" them, then cleaned and again put together. Different men assemble the various elements of the motor. Others assemble the steering gear; still others, the front and rear axles, the transmission, and the frame members.



In the contracting-engineering field, motor-trucks are doing the work of from eight to sixteen horses as a general average.

The picture shows a motor-truck of the Pittsburg Contracting Co., one of the builders of the big Catskill Aqueduct, that has displaced twelve teams.

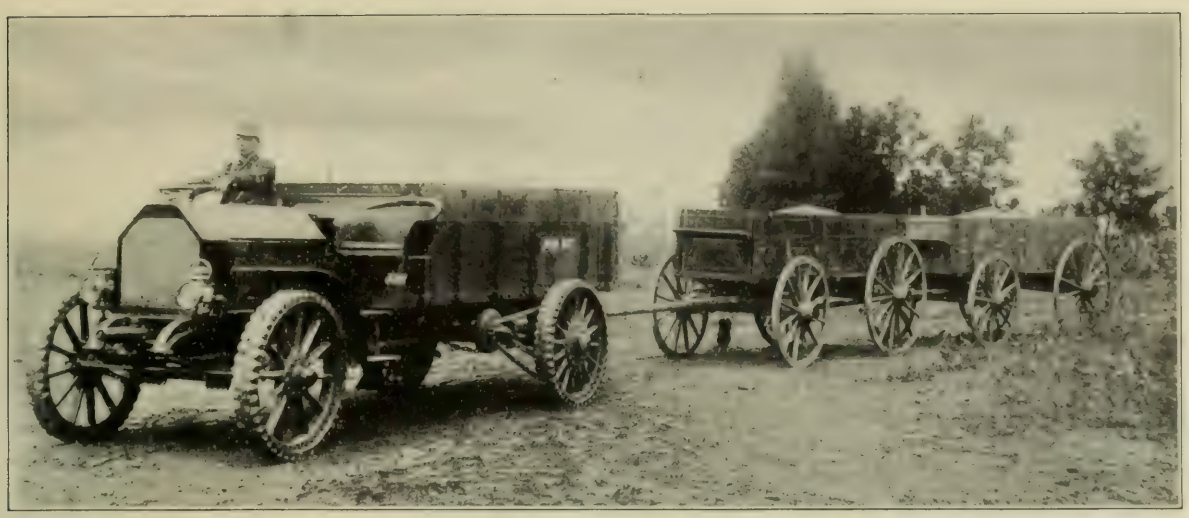
"groups"; a system of exhaust-piping overhead supplements indow ventilation.

The familiar engine, lathes, planers, and other plodding jacks-of-all-trades are conspicuously absent. Instead, we see special tools everywhere. Where several surfaces are to be finished, tools are set working simultaneously on as many as possible. Where a certain operation, like cutting gear teeth, can be done on several pieces at once, it is done. Piece rates largely prevail, and seem to work well.

With all the seeming hurry, time is found for accuracy. The bevel driving gears, for example, whose quietness depends on their true form and alignment, are elaborately tested before and after hardening, and again for noise when finally assembled.

Then these several units are brought to the chassis-room, where picked squads, each with its own task, put them together; first the frame, then the springs, then axles, motor, transmission, steering gear, radiator, piping, and wiring in about the order given. Twenty or thirty chassis are in process at once, and as each nears completion it is wheeled, with the last squad still working, into line for the testing-room.

There are really two tests, one for the motors, and one for the complete chassis. In the former some thirty or forty motors are made to drive as many dynamos, first at light load, then at full load, for several hours. The power developed is measured, and the current goes into the main circuit of the factory. In the chassis test-



The contractor's motor-truck and trailers.

ing-room—said to be the only one of its kind—the rear wheels are raised off the floor, and dynamos again receive the power (this time through the transmission gears and axle) and convert it into current for the factory. The energy thus conserved amounts to some 800 horse-power—a good example of the care with which waste has been eliminated, to the ultimate benefit of the consumer.

As the third factory does not manufacture directly, a brief visit will suffice. It turns out as many cars as the preceding —some fifty or sixty a day—but in much smaller compass. The special features of interest are of design rather than process—a pressed-steel floor, riveted to the frame, which takes the place of a wood body floor; the ingeniously compact transmission, built in one case with the engine, saving weight and expense; the low-priced yet serviceable pressed-steel bodies, and so on. All these things, by simplifying manufacture, reduce the cost and enable people to own larger and more able cars than they could otherwise afford.

But the greatest sight of Detroit is the huge plant for low-priced cars. Here, as nowhere else, may you see automobiles turned out veritably like sewing-machines, brass beds, or shoes. Here, literally, the raw material comes in at one end and issues from the other a finished product. One unloading platform, to which are pushed daily train-loads of pig-iron, brass, aluminum, rough forgings, pressed-steel parts, and bodies; two long shipping platforms, each with two tracks, into whose box-cars are stowed every working-day half a thousand automobiles or more! The iron pigs unloaded to-day will become cylinder castings to-morrow. The next morning they will enter the machine shop; by night they will be fully machined, the valves ground in, the crank shafts fitted, the motors assembled. Next morning the motors will receive a bench run under their own power. After lunch they will pass to the assembling-room, and in a few hours the finished cars will go to the shipping platform. A hundred cars being assembled at once; an hour or so for the job; a hundred cars an hour, if need be!

The main building is 840 feet wide—nearly a sixth of a mile—and 500 feet in depth. Around three sides it has three stories; the central machine shop is one story high, with "saw-tooth" roof. In front are the administration building—itself 300 feet long—and the power house, with one 1,500-horse-power gas engine running and another of 3,500 horse-power under erection. Behind are the foundry and the heat-treating department, and a wide expanse whereon new buildings are already going up. The present plant covers sixty acres of floor space and employs 9,000 men.

The real marvel of this marvellous plant is not its bigness, but the fact that it is able to produce from 500 to 750 cars a day. Even to the expert, unless he has seen the methods used, the reality seems incredible.

When these methods are studied, they are found to consist largely of three elements: (1) elimination of useless handling; (2) the use of special machinery to perform many operations simultaneously; (3)



A thirty-foot girder carried on a five-ton truck, the body of which has been removed and the girder supported on a timber cradle.

The motor-truck for this service is valuable in that it prevents the traffic congestion incidental to the carrying of heavy steel girders by the horse method, using a trailer and carrying the girder in a sling.

the use of fixtures which, so far as possible, automatically insure accuracy. Thus the machines may be operated by men of small skill, paid well but still much less than skilled machinists; and a highly skilled force of tool-makers insures the quality of the product.

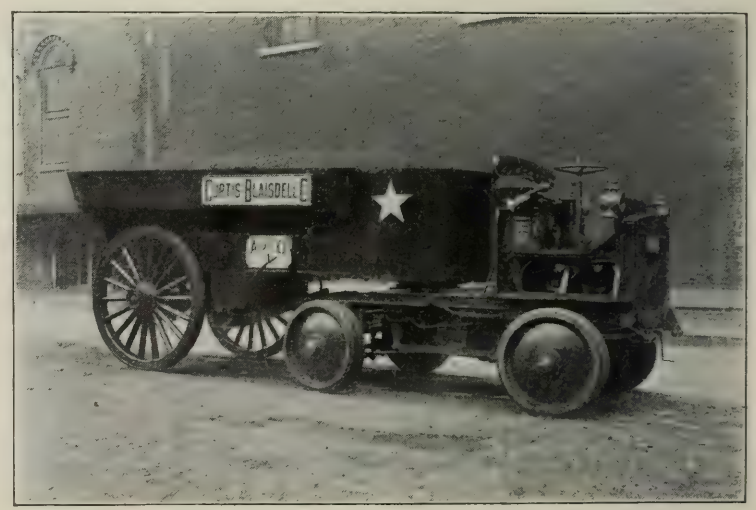
These principles are not novel, but they are seldom carried into effect so thoroughly. For successive steps on a given piece, the machines are so placed that parts dropped into a box by one operator are handy to the man at the next machine. Milling-machine, boring-machine, reamer, drill press, and tapping-machine consort amicably in rows, and the piece which starts as a rough forging or casting at one end reaches the other fully finished.

The most complicated single piece is that comprising the four cylinders and upper half of the crank case. Twelve of these are clamped, bottom up, on the table of a milling-machine, and the bottom flats and half-round bearing seats are milled in one operation by different sets of cutters. As fast as they emerge, fresh ones are put in their places, so that when the table has finished its travel it is ready at once to start again. A similar machine finishes the top and side flat surfaces.

Other machines first bore, then ream, the four cylinders at once. Three castings at once have their front ends smoothed for the cover plates—a matter of ten minutes, requiring only two machines to handle the entire output. Later, a machine with forty-five drills, all working at once, makes the bolt and stud holes in the top, both ends, and bottom flange. One and one-half minutes per casting, including blowing away the chips (by a compressed-air jet) and setting up the work! There is a second machine, but for emergencies only.

A year ago two shifts were run, of ten and twelve hours. Then the length of the shifts was reduced. By dint of planning the output was greater in nine hours than it had been in ten, and wages remained the same.

The multitudinous small time-savers must remain unmentioned. One stands out in my mind—a socket wrench attached to a small suspended air motor, by whose aid two men are able to screw up twenty-

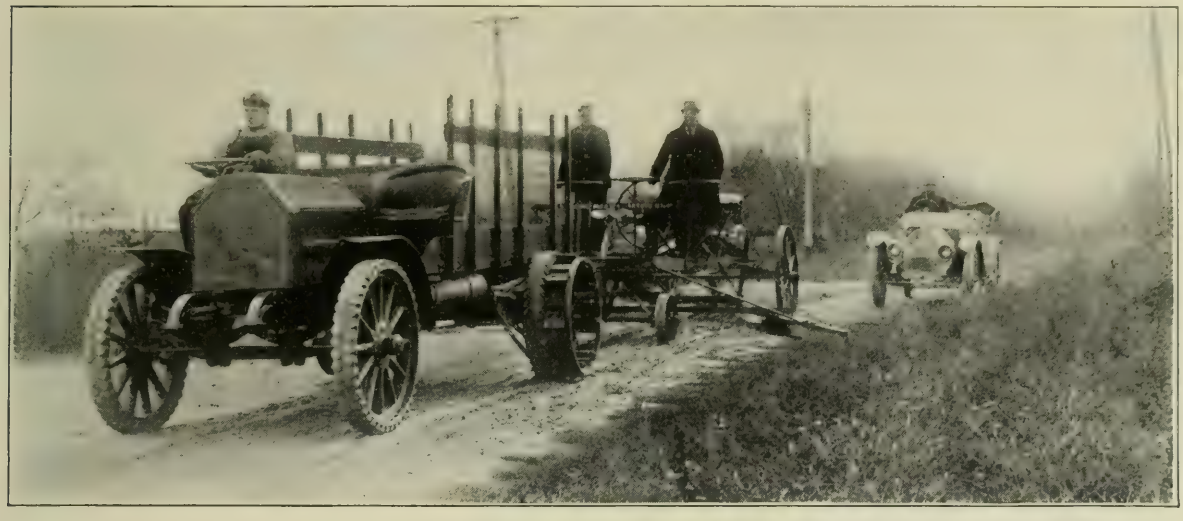


Large six-wheel coal-truck with four-wheel drive.

A gasolene engine runs a dynamo and charges a storage battery. Individual motors drive the four front wheels. The body with the two rear wheels is practically a trailer.

four oil-pan flange bolts in less than three minutes.

While the motor has been taking shape, other departments have been at work on transmission, axles, radiator, and frame. When the assembling-floor is reached, the parts already form groups—motor and transmission, frame, steering column and dash, and so on; and trained squads move from chassis to chassis, each doing one thing only. Hand-trucks in a steady stream bring the parts; wind-shields and bodies come from upstairs, and every few minutes a finished car is cranked up, given a run around the yard, and wheeled to the shipping platform.



The motor at work upon the roads.

Only a portion—possibly two-thirds—of the output is assembled at the factory. The rest is shipped in "knockdown" to the large distributing centres and there put together. The resultant saving in space reduces freight rates on these cars almost to one-third of the assembled-car tariff.

In the radiator department, ingenious machines force 95 quarter-inch tubes through 74 copper fins at one operation; yet, even so, 300 men are required to turn out 250 radiators. For painting and varnishing, the wheels are dipped bodily into vats of pigment and whirled to throw off the surplus paint.

The factory has a "hospital" in which are treated not only accidental injuries but all ailments whatsoever, and it is found cheaper to do this gratis than to lose the workmen's time in seeking (or avoiding) outside medical aid.

In France, which until recently set the automobile pace for the world, the rise of the small car has been equally impressive, though in another way. The engines are even smaller, ten to twenty horse-power being the usual range, with four-cylinder types favored. What these small cars lack in power is largely made up in efficiency; they are very light, very able, and with their four-speed transmissions they get the utmost from their engines. Owing partly to the difference in methods of manufacture, their prices are materially higher than those of our small cars, but it seems certain that before long there will be a market in this country for cars on similar lines, extending the principle of the multi-speed sliding-gear transmission to smaller sizes than hitherto. Both here and abroad the outstanding fact is that the main incentive for buying high-power cars—the excitement of speed—is losing its force, and the rising cost of fuel is wielding its influence to the same end.

The fuel problem, by the way, seems to be solving itself in a measure by devices which burn heavy oils successfully. Our gasolene is getting heavier every year, yet the carburetor makers seem able to keep pace with it. At a pinch, alcohol is possible, though not very probable. Straight kerosene is used in certain recent high-compression automobile engines, and a recent inventor has found a way to gasify and burn small coal directly in the engine, thus eliminating the "producer."

If utility is increasingly the motive for

owning pleasure cars, it is wholly so with the motor-truck. A problem far more difficult, because the incentive for spending is absent, the truck has logically been the slower to develop. Its design is even yet not wholly standardized, but already we can define certain classes of service wherein motors show better economy than horses. Notable is the entire class of "long hauls," wherein stops are few and the truck runs steadily most of the day. The reason for this lies in the inherently high first cost of the motor vehicle. It earns nothing when idle, hence the cost per ton mile is least when interest, depreciation, and wages are distributed over a continuous haul. Express companies, coal dealers, department stores, furniture movers, wholesalers in many lines, and manufacturers of all kinds are finding it cheaper to move goods by motor-trucks than by horses. Even when hauls are short, as in most city deliveries, the quickness and handiness of the motor vehicle often give it the advantage.

Since loading and unloading time is counted as waste, many ingenious devices are used to shorten it. False bodies packed at leisure and pushed bodily on the truck platform are common. Quick-dumping bodies, much like those of railway cars, are used for sand and coal. Garbage may be loaded into a loose body, which is picked up by a derrick, swung over a scow, and dumped like a tin cup. Some department stores have suburban distributing centres, to which packages are carried overnight by large trucks, and transferred to "mosquito fleets" of light wagons for house-to-house delivery.

Operation—a vital matter with drivers paid $15 to $20 a week—has been greatly simplified. For each day's run, at least, such matters as lubrication, carburetion, and ignition adjustments have been made either fixed or automatic. The driver has only to learn the rules of the road and the knack of the levers. Time was when every motor-truck was merely a training-school for private chauffeurs; happily that stage is past. Nowadays the proper plan is to have all skilled work done, not by the drivers, but by a separate force after each day's run, and one man can thus keep about five trucks in order.

If the motor-truck were only a mechanical substitute for the horse, its significance would be small. But, like the pleasure car, it is opening a new field of possibilities. No longer twenty miles a day, but fifty to eighty, is the economical limit. By changing drivers, a motor-truck can be kept going twenty hours out of the twenty-four. The practical radius is no longer half a day's horse travel, but is solely a question of expense and profit. If the profit warrants going fifty miles and back, the right sort of truck will do it. A wholesale grocer, adding both to radius and promptness of delivery, doubles his business in a year. A furniture house saves money on freight and express charges, and delivers regularly in hot weather that cripples its horse-using competitor. A coal dealer gains a name for quick delivery in bad weather; a brewer, using five trucks to replace fifty horses, reduces delivery cost one-half.

For suburban use the gasolene truck is the logical choice. In cities the simplicity of the electric truck causes it to be frequently preferred. The electric light and power stations, which long held aloof from the new movement, are beginning to offer complete facilities for charging, storage, and repair of all electric vehicles, including pleasure cars. Their object is to increase the sale of current in light-load hours, but the public gains the benefit, and with this support the urban use of electric vehicles of all sorts is certain to increase largely. My lady's town car, which for years has eked out a precarious existence on the border-land of real motor-dom, appears at last to be coming into its own, swept into a new lease of life by the expansion of electric trucking and by recent improvements in storage batteries.

Has not the automobile proved its mission? Greater liberty, greater fruitfulness of time and effort, brighter glimpses of the wide and beautiful world, more health and happiness—these are the lasting benefits of the modern motor-car. Its extravagance is passing with the novelty of speed; the rational balance of service and expense will ere long be struck, and cars built in conformity thereto. And then we shall thank God that we live in the Motor-Car Era!



Drawn by Henry J. Peck.

Birds of a feather.



The Pont Séjournet.

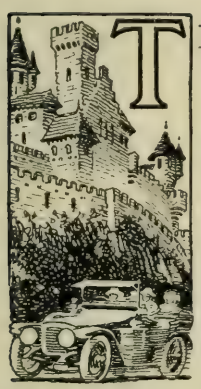
THE PYRENEES ROUTE

(ROUTE DES PYRÉNÉES)

WHAT IT WILL MEAN FOR MOTORISTS

BY CHARLES L. FREESTON, F.R.G.S.

Author of "The High-Roads of the Alps," "The Passes of the Pyrenees," etc., etc.



THERE is more romance in any dozen square miles of the Pyrenees than in the whole range of Alpine territory; that, in a word, should be the key-note of their attraction to latter-day travellers. It was not always so, of course; time was when a comparison could have been drawn between the rival groups on this score and on that of general picturesqueness alike. The Swiss Alps at all events, however, are now given over, lock, stock, and barrel, to commercialism. State railways bring vast hordes of tourists to the very foot of the slopes; rack-and-pinion lines or funiculars carry them up to the summits; palatial hotels swarm in almost every valley, and beggars line every frequented road. Save for the funiculars and the big hotels, the beauty of the landscape is still unspoiled and unspoilable; but all is readily approachable and familiar, and the halo of romance has been dispelled. Only on the great passes is it any longer possible to attain more or less sequestered spots; by the ordinary tourist, who confines himself for the most part to the railway, these are generally avoided, while those roads which no railway adjoins are mostly barred to motorists.

As for the French, Austrian, and Italian Alps, though they are less tourist-haunted than the Swiss, they at least possess no longer their romantic side, save in the districts to which the railway has not penetrated. Nothing, of course, could exceed the beauty of Tyrol, with its many fine, new mountain roads which the Austrians have built in preference to laying lines of rails; and here especially, as I have shown in "The High-Roads of the Alps," there



Cirque de Gavarnie.

is an ample field of glorious exploration for the motorist and the motorist alone. Viewed as a class, however, the Alps may certainly be described as destitute of the element of romance.

How different are the Pyrenees! Though there are plenty of railroads on the plains, the mountains themselves are almost untouched. Three trans-Pyrenean lines are now being built; but up to the present no railway locomotive has crossed the Franco-Spanish ranges. The rack-and-pinion is unknown, and to the best of my belief there is only one funicular, which was opened a few weeks ago from Bagnères-de-Luchon to a hotel above the town. Not one single mountain pass has a hotel or even an inn upon its summit; and of regular tourist travel among the heights, from the public-service point of view, there is absolutely none save for the plying of a few motor diligences along certain thermal routes.

Was there ever such a chance for the car-owner as this! Although the mountains are there in all their splendor and their pride, entirely unspoiled by the advent of the railway, and, so far as crowds are concerned, as remote as though they had never been trodden by the foot of man, they are intersected none the less by numerous highroads, mostly of good quality. These have not become tourist-haunted, for the simple reason that the motor-car is the only vehicle which can tackle them with ease and comfort, for it would take months to drive over all the Pyrenean routes in a horsed carriage.

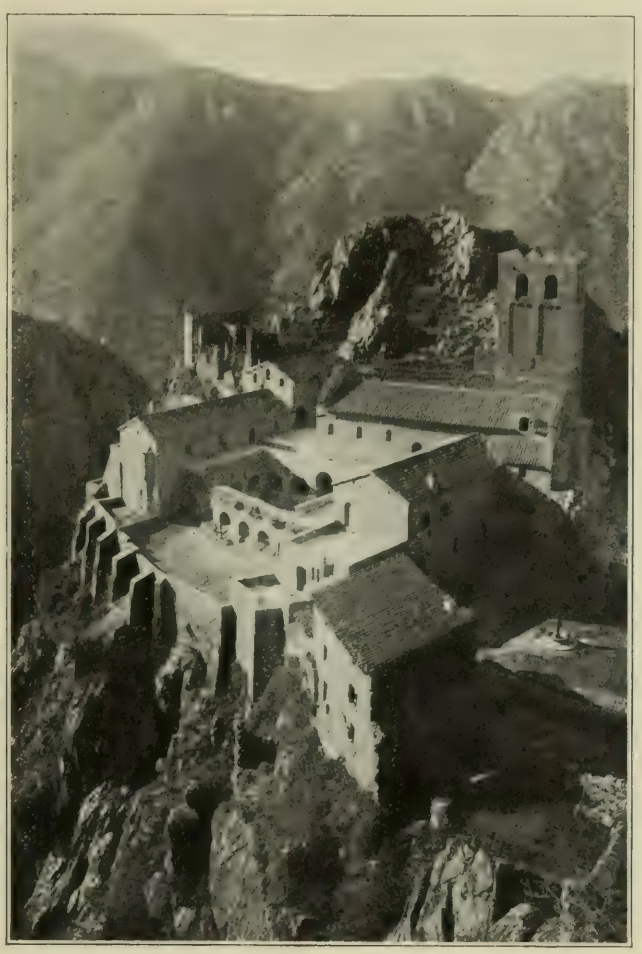
It is the automobilist, therefore, above all others who should visit the Pyrenees,



The fortified town of Villefranche-de-Conflent near Vernet-les-Bains.

for the presence of the roads provides him with the opportunity of reaching great heights and viewing panoramas of superb grandeur, at the same time as the limited use to which the roads are otherwise put virtually invests him with as complete a monopoly of lofty scenery as that which was formerly enjoyed by the early climbers in the Alps.

"But surely," some one may ask, "the Pyrenees have been known to tourists of all nations for two generations or more?" This is true enough in a sense, but a very limited one. To the English, the existence of the western end of the Pyrenees was first made patent by the Peninsular War, and they were visited accordingly by a certain number of travellers quite early in the last century. By a curious coincidence, indeed, there fell into my hands only a few days ago a sketch-book belonging to an English peer, now deceased, and containing several pictures of Luchon and the neighborhood, with the appended date of 1825. The reputation of the Franco-Spanish ranges, nevertheless, has been built up on a basis entirely different from the causes which have made the Alps so popular; but for one fact, indeed, not only the mountains themselves but all the outlying territory would still be virtually unknown. The average tourist goes to the district of the Pyrenees neither for the sake of mountain exploration nor the enjoyment of majestic scenery. Such reputation as the Pyrenees have possessed until quite recently is to be found in one word, and that is "springs." The ranges boast an extraordinary wealth of mineral springs, amounting to over two hundred and fifty, and of such diversity that a list of the ailments they are alleged to cure would almost run through the whole gamut of the ills to which flesh is heir. In this respect, in fact, the Pyrenees were known even in Roman times. The great majority, however, of British and American visitors to the south-westerly borderline of France have gone there from valetudinarian considerations, and it would be found on inquiry that the places with which they are familiar are those which have grown to appreciable size owing to the fame of their mineral springs.



The ruined abbey of St. Martin du Canigou near Vernet-les-Bains.

Two exceptions only may be noted in passing. The first is Pau, which has been known to the English ever since the days of Wellington, and is popular as a winter resort by reason of its exceptionally mild climate; it was here, it may be remembered, that the late Wilbur Wright pitched his camp after searching all over France for the most "windless" place for experimentations in flight. The other place is Lourdes, the fame of which is almost entirely associated with its shrine and "miraculous" cures. The other chief resorts—Bagnères-de-Luchon, Cauterets, Eaux-Bonnes, Eaux-Chaudes, and, more recently, Vernet-les-Bains, owing to the completion of a lateral railway from Mont Louis to Perpignan—are primarily known as health resorts pure and simple.

But what is more significant is that none

of these places are actually on the mountains themselves. Lourdes has an altitude of 1,268 feet only; Luchon is 2,088 feet; and Eaux-Bonnes, 2,461 feet, while, though Cauterets is as high as 3,058 feet, it lies in a *cul-de-sac*, and is not part of a through mountain route. The valetudinarians, therefore, who proceed to these resorts by rail may be more or less in touch with Pyrenean heights, but they in no sense rank as explorers of mountain routes unless they betake themselves to the motor vehicle. The highest place, indeed, which the ordinary tourist ever reaches is Gavarnie (4,429 feet), with its wonderful Cirque, which is now much visited from Lourdes; but the journey is tedious by the employment of any other means than that of a motor-car; and, as a matter of fact, a motor diligence now plies on this route, as on many others in the Pyrenees.



The road from Ax-les-Thermes to Mérens. Pont de l'Harenc and the village of Mérens on the right.

Practical acquaintance, in short, with the higher mountain roads is of purely recent development, and even yet is comparatively inappreciable in extent. Until last summer all the motorists I had met who had any knowledge of the Pyrenees had no inkling of the full resources of that richly endowed territory even by car, and most of them had merely done the hackneyed excursions to Gavarnie, Cauterets, and the like. Indeed, in nearly every case they had timed their visit for the late autumn or spring, when the higher passes were impassable because of snow. I am happy to be able to say, however, that friends of my own who toured by motor-car in August and September last, along practically the whole of the available routes as laid down in "The Passes of the Pyrenees," have expressed the most complete and unequivocal satisfaction with their wanderings, and, though tourists of wide experience in other regions, they reported themselves as overjoyed with the uniqueness and freshness of their motoring amid Pyrenean heights.

It is a moot point as to whether I ought first to summarize here the extent of the available mountain routes by contrast with the limited amount of road touring that the autumn or spring visitor, even if a motorist, is able to compass, or whether I should enter straightway upon a con-



The windings of the picturesque road to Cauterets.

sideration of even further opportunities that may be expected to materialize in the by no means remote future. For a great scheme of development is afoot; and perhaps I had better discuss this forthwith and pave the way for a résumé of what will ultimately be spread before the motorist as an unrivalled field of romantic touring. In a word, a scheme for the creation of a "Route des Pyrénées" has been put forward, with the express object of enabling the automobile wayfarer to start at either the eastern or western limit of these noble mountains, and drive right across the map [page 179] without losing touch, to any material extent, with their majestic heights.

The fact that this scheme has been evolved is eminently characteristic of the French nation. It pleases the Anglo-Saxon to regard the French and other Latins as an excitable, voluble, and impracticable race. However true of application the first and penultimate adjectives may be at times, the third is about as far removed from verity as well could be. Imagination the Frenchman possesses to no ordinary degree, but he has also at the same time the most logical of minds; in the initiation of great projects he is not only much more alert than the Briton, but never allows weighty obstacles to interfere with the realization of a scheme which his logical faculty has shown him to be worthy of attainment. In Eng-



Looking for eagles.



The Pic de la Pique above Luchon

"Route des Pyrénées" which the logical French mind, as represented in the Touring Club de France, has promulgated with every prospect of ultimate realization? It is simply a plan for linking up sundry mountain roads which at present end in *cul-de-sacs*, and the only question we have to examine is that of how great or how little is the extent of the new work which will have to be put in hand. The Pyrenees stretch right across the southern base of France, from Mediterranean to Atlantic, in what is, comparatively speaking, a straight line, without any great array of outlying spurs or divergent groups such as may be found in the French Alps. Already the number of lateral roads is considerable, and it is even now practicable in effect to drive a car from end to end of the Pyrenees without much descending to the plains.

When the route arrives at completion, however, it will represent a through land and not a few other countries it takes long enough to convince the average man of even the theoretical desirability of this or that paper scheme; but, even when convinced, he will find abundant reasons for withholding his hand from the plough, and only too often relies upon a weak acquiescence in the existing state of things. And there is nothing to which this comparison may more cogently be urged than the question of good roads. Every one knows by hearsay, and many from actual experience, of the glorious *routes nationales* which radiate in such wonderful and masterly array from Paris as a centre to the remotest confines of France. No such scheme is possible in England; the ordinary Briton is neither capable of imagining a desideratum of this kind nor logical enough to put it into practice if convinced of its efficacy and need.



View near Axat on the way to the Gorge de Pierre-Lys.

What, then, in detail is the

journey of 734 kilometres, or 455 miles, and of this total there are already existing roads to the extent of no less than 615 kilometres, or 381 miles. The *lacunæ* that have yet to be bridged do not amount, therefore, to more than 119 kilometres, or 74 miles in all. Reviewing the proposed line from its Mediterranean end, we find the initial stage to lead from Corbère, on the coast, to a series of thermal stations—viz., Le Boulou, Ceret, Prats-de-Mollo, and La Preste-les-Bains. When the great variety of such resorts in the Pyrenees is borne in mind, it might be urged with truth that there is no particular need for the tourist to strike this section, especially if he has come across from the Riviera and prefers to drive over the *route nationale* from Perpignan to Villefranche-de-Conflent and there run up to look at Vernet-les-Bains.

From La Preste-les-Bains, however, to Vernet a road is to be built which will constitute the most important of the new links. It will rise, in fact, to a height of 7,552 feet on the plateau of Le Pla Guillam, and will, therefore, surpass the height of the Col du Tourmalet (6,961 feet), which is at present the loftiest road in the Pyrenees which offers a through route. Then, again, this new link is in close touch with the famous mountain of Le Canigou (9,137 feet), the monarch of the eastern Pyrenees—always a prominent object from many view-points by reason of its height and its symmetrically conical shape. It is the lion of Vernet-les-Bains, just as the Jungfrau is the pride of Interlaken or the Matterhorn of Zermatt. The Pyrenees, I may mention in passing, possess a flora of amazing prodigality, and when they first attracted the attention of scientists about the middle of the nineteenth century two botanists collected no fewer than 5,500 different specimens in three days in the neighborhood of the Canigou alone!

This new link, accordingly, will enable one to descend to Vernet-les-Bains by a highly picturesque route without any doubling of one's wheel-tracks, instead of merely running up and down from the fortified town of Villefranche-de-Conflent.



In the Gorge de l'Aude.

From the latter place the "Route des Pyrénées" rises nearly 4,000 feet to Mont-Louis (5,134 feet), an erstwhile mountain stronghold of the great fort-builder Vauban, but no longer used as other than a health resort, its popularity in that respect being due to the fact that it is the coolest inhabited spot for many miles around. Thence the route crosses the Col de la Perche and the Col de Rigat, and descends to Bourg-Madame, where one may cross the frontier and run through the typically Spanish town of Puigcerda to view the summit scene from the Col de Tosas (5,856 feet). The route proper, however, now crosses the Col de Puymorens (6,292 feet), one of the finest and highest runs in the Pyrenees. As illustrating the entire

ignorance of the resources of the mountain roads, from the motorist's point of view, which prevailed until quite recently, I may mention that a standard French guide described this road no further back



In the Rébenty Valley.

than in the 1911 edition as "scarcely practicable for motor-cars"; but I myself ascended the pass at an average speed of twenty-six miles an hour, rising, in fact, close on 4,000 feet in forty minutes, or at a rate of 100 feet a minute! The scenery of the Col de Puymorens route is singularly wild, and, though less beautiful than the majority of the important passes, it offers a particularly enjoyable run so far as concerns the sheer delight of driving over a good mountain road with gradients that are in no way difficult, but are nevertheless worthy the breasting at a good pace on a good car.

A fine descent leads through Mérens to Ax-les-Thermes, one of the best, though not the most fashionable, of the thermal resorts, and a fine centre for excursions. A particularly good guide to the district is published by the local Syndicat d'Initiative, and no visitor should fail to secure this manual. Continuing along the existing road, one comes at length to Tarascon and Saleix, where another *lacuna* is to be bridged by way of the Porte de Saleix (5,925 feet), the Col de Latrape (3,609 feet), and the Col de la Core (4,623 feet) to Ayet. The chief point of interest on this new section is Aulus, a thermal station which is the terminus of a railway route. Then a little-known but very pretty road is available over the Cols de Portet, de Buret and des Ares to Saint Béat, on the discovery of which I rather prided myself, for these passes are not described in any guide-book, but are so attractive that I was well pleased at a later date to find them included in the "Route des Pyrénées."

A level run of twenty kilometres over a broad road from Saint Béat leads up to Bagnères-de-Luchon, the most famous of the Pyrenean resorts, and a first-class centre for excursions —notably those to the Hospice de France, the Vallée-du-Lys, and to Viella, in Spain, the last named providing something especially surprising in the way of an excellent and picturesque road. Luchon, by the way, although itself no higher than 2,066 feet, is very close to some of the finest mountains in the Pyrenees, and I indulge the hope that, when the Touring Club de France has realized its ambitions to the extent of witnessing the completion of the "Route des Pyrénées," it will set on foot a movement for the creation of a trans-frontier road into Spain over the magnificent Port de Venasque. This would, indeed, be an achievement worthy of the name, but at present the only way across the frontier is by a bridle-path.

We now find ourselves amid the finest scenery of the Hautes Pyrénées, and the "Route" follows existing roads for a distance of no less than 235 kilometres from



The Cité of Carcassonne.

Luchon to Luz, Argelès-Gazost, Eaux-Bonnes, Tardets, and Larrau. Included in this stage are the Col de Peyresourde, the Col d'Aspin, the Col du Tourmalet, and the Col d'Aubisque. Of the Col d'Aspin and the Col du Tourmalet it is almost impossible to speak too highly. Both are sublimely beautiful—the Col d'Aspin as regards its expansive views on both sides of the summit, and the Col du Tourmalet for its own sake, by reason of the rugged grandeur of the immediate environment almost at every point of the pass. Once a somewhat dangerous journey by car or carriage because of the crumbling nature of the shaly roadway at the sides, it has lately been much improved and is quite safe in that respect, though it requires a robust engine for the ascent and trustworthy brakes for the descent on either side alike. All the same, it presents no difficulties which cannot be surmounted by a regular service of public cars. The three other *cols* of this quartet are similarly served. The Col d'Aubisque, however, is at present decidedly narrow in parts, and doubtless will be materially improved under the new scheme.



The Trou du Curé, Gorge de Pierre-Lys.

Parenthetically, I may add that lack of width on a few of the lateral roads of the Pyrenees is the chief physical point as to which they differ from the best type of Alpine carriage-road. Even then, however, they are much to be preferred to the majority of the Swiss passes—if these were to be thrown open to motor vehicles—and do not suffer, moreover, as to surface from the effect of lumbering horsed diligences ploughing up the road crust with fixed skids and iron-shod wheels. Generally speaking, too, the corners on the Pyrenean routes are not ultra-acute, and may be rounded without reversing. The only detail in which the mountain roads of the Pyrenees are occasionally more formidable than the chief



A sweeping bend on the Col du Portel.

Alpine trunk routes is in respect of gradients, and steep pitches may be looked for here and there, though not to a greater extent than on Alpine roads which are off the beaten track. Against this question of gradient may be set the fact that the average altitudes are much lower and the ascents less protracted accordingly, while the prospect of encountering snow in the summer months on the roadway itself is absolutely nil. The snow-line of the Pyrenees, I may further point out, is approximately thirteen hundred feet higher than that of the Alps.

The remainder of the "Route" leads through the smiling region of the Basses Pyrénées, peopled by the Basques, a kindly race who preserve in demeanor and dress alike not a few characteristics peculiarly their own. Beyond Saint Jean-Pied-de-Port a new road is to be cut over the Col d'Orgambidesca (4,265 feet) and the Col Burdin-Curucheta (3,609 feet), and will be carried to the outermost limit of the mountains at Behobie. There is no particular inducement, however, to proceed to this frontier point, and the eclectic tourist will prefer to turn aside to Saint Jean-de-Luz, a very pleasant spot, where the game of pelota-basque may be witnessed in its most skilful form, and thence on to Biarritz. This well-known town is, for some unaccountable reason, frequented by the English in winter, when they are buffeted by Atlantic tempests for their pains; but its true season is in August and September, when it is packed with a polyglot but fashionable crowd, and is probably the busiest and gayest bathing-place in Europe. The place is alive with motor-cars from morn till eve, and the *plage* is one compact mass of bathing tents.

By those who are in any way familiar with the topography of the Pyrenees, it will have been realized from this brief summary that the projected end-to-end route includes a very large portion of the most attractive scenes and highways of the Franco-Spanish ranges. Various considerations, however, now present themselves to the touring mo-



A motor diligence near the Col du Pourtalet summit.

torist. He may inquire, in the first place, how long he will have to wait before he may follow the lead afforded by the promoters of the new route. As to this, there is no answer at the moment, but it may be taken for granted that several years must elapse ere the last link in the chain has been forged. In the second place, he may ask what is available in the interim; and, finally, he will ultimately have to consider whether, even when the "Route des Pyrénées" is complete from end to end, he may do better for himself than follow it with meticulous fidelity.



The Château de Lordat.

These latter questions may virtually be answered at one and the same time. Not only may it be said with emphasis that the Pyrenees can be explored with thoroughness at the present moment, but equally that not a few diversions from the end-to-end route must inevitably be made unless certain tracts of country are missed which should on no account be ignored. The "Route des Pyrénées" has been conceived partly in deference to the idea of creating a "talking point," and to relieve the mind of the more or less casual traveller from any responsibility other than that of following a specified itinerary; and it has also been devised with the purely practical object of favoring the prospects of sundry thermal resorts, chiefly on the extreme east and west, which are at present only reached by branch roads.

It may be useful, therefore, to indicate here what, in my opinion, are the places which should not be passed by even if the "Route" were actually in being. The Pyrenees are peculiarly rich in gorges, and most of these lie off the "official" journey. To visit the most noteworthy examples, it is essential that one should go some distance north of the new route on the extreme east, and so take in the Gorge of Galamus, which adjoins the main road from Perpignan to Axat and Quillan. An even more remarkable gorge is that of Pierre-Lys, the road through which is a monument to the indomitable energy of one Félix Armand, a poor priest whose heroic labors are commemorated by an inscription on a rock tunnel to be known for all time as the "Trou du Curé." This very impressive ravine may easily be visited from Axat, while the highly interesting gorges of the Rébenty valley are also within easy distance.

Still farther north, however, are two

specially remarkable show-places of the south of France — namely, Carcassonne and the Mas d'Azil. The former may justifiably be regarded as the finest example of a walled city in the world, and no tourist who finds himself within a hundred miles of this bright particular gem of architecture should fail to betake himself thither forthwith. In that event it would neither be difficult nor inadvisable to include also de Casteillou, which was built in recent years as the consummation of the piercing of the Gorge of Pierre-Lys by Félix Armand.

West of Quillan, moreover, what is perhaps the most superb panorama of the eastern Pyrenees may be viewed from the Col de Chioula, easily reached by continuing from the Col de Portel to Belcaire, and over the Col des Sept-Frères and the Col



A view from the Col du Pourtalet.

in the itinerary the Grotto of Mas d'Azil, for it is a distinct curiosity in its way. The main road runs right through the massive wall of rock, but the cavernous lateral recesses, of course, must be explored on foot.

Then, again, there is some charming cross-country work to be done still farther west, but north of the "Route des Pyrénées." The neighborhood of Quillan affords some entrancing prospects, and to refrain from running up the Col du Portel is a waste of opportunity that is positively deplorable. A road of perfect surface, with bends of sweeping curves, leads up to a belvedere from which one of the most grandiose panoramas in the Pyrenees may be enjoyed to the fullest possible advantage. While at Quillan, too, the opportunity should be taken of covering the fine road to Axat and Mont-Louis over the Col de Marmare. After a short divergence to the Chioula summit, the Col de Marmare should be rejoined and a descent made to Luzenac, near to which are the ruins of the finely posted Château de Lordat.

But if there is much more to be seen in the eastern Pyrenees than the "Route" itself affords, its limitations are even more striking farther west. Two *cul-de-sac* roads must inevitably be run up and down— namely, those which lead to Cauterets and Gavarnie respectively; for, not only are they picturesque in themselves the whole way, the Cauterets route especially so, with its great circular sweeps at Les Limaçons, but they lead to two show-places *par excellence*. Indeed, the Cirque de Gavarnie, that awe-inspiring product of nature's upheavals, is the most striking of the many *cirques* of sublime grandeur which



The Col du Somport summit.

are the special characteristic of the Pyrenees as compared with other mountain groups. A good road leads right up to Gavarnie village, whence the cirque may be visited on foot by the energetic or on mule-back if preferred.

Paramount above everything else, however, is the fact that the end-to-end route avoids the trans-Pyrenean passes into Spain, of which the Col du Pourtalet (5,768 feet) and the Col du Somport (5,381 feet) offer particularly romantic journeys over modern and splendidly engineered roads, with the option, in the case of the former, of visiting the only Spanish health resort of importance, the Bains de Panticosa. It is further remarkable as the sole place in the Pyrenees at so great an altitude, or anything approaching it, at which one may find a thermal station and a large hotel. Of the Col du Somport it may be said that it offers the most fantastically picturesque scenery of all the mountain routes. Then, too, there is the Col de Roncevaux, a classic route by reason of its associations with Charlemagne and the Paladin Roland, while more recently it was the scene of an encounter between the armies of Wellington and Soult.



Ruins of chapel said to have been built by Charlemagne, Col de Roncevaux.

Lastly, a very interesting and eminently up-to-date side excursion may be made into the quaint little kingdom of Andorra, as a new road now branches off from the Col de Puymorens to the



Rough going on the Col de Fray-Miquel.

will fulfil is that it will draw renewed attention to the southwest confines of France, and will disabuse the mind of the inexperienced traveller of the long-prevalent belief that the Pyrenees have no through routes, but merely an irregular array of side roads of no particular merit, involving much fortuitous wandering. So widely divorced from actuality is this popular error that I, for one, shall await the crowning of the scheme with the keenest anticipation and unmixed delight.

hamlet of Soldeu. Not only is Andorra the smallest kingdom in the world, and probably the least sophisticated, but the road in question is the highest in the Pyrenees, attaining, as it does on the Col de Fray-Miquel, an altitude of 8,022 feet. The surface is at present rough, but the road is well designed and quite practicable.

The upshot of this running analysis of the main attractions of the Pyrenees—though of incidental attributes of interest the name is legion—is that in so far as the "Route des Pyrénées" provides new or improved roadways, and therefore increased facilities for locomotion, it must be welcomed with all heartiness. But it most assuredly must not be regarded as a fixed line to be followed slavishly throughout, nor as one exhausting the manifold beauties of the ranges, for such a limitation of ideas and opportunities would be little short of catastrophic. It would be just as futile to suppose, when hailing with delight the completion of the "Route des Alpes," which is a praiseworthy project for the creation of a continuous trans-Alpine route without ever leaving French territory, that such were the only Alpine route in France to be traversed with advantage, or that the magnificent "Dolomitenstrasse," or Dolomites road, which was finished in 1910, embodied the full resources of Tyrolean territory. The chief abiding purpose, in fact, which the "Route des Pyrénées"

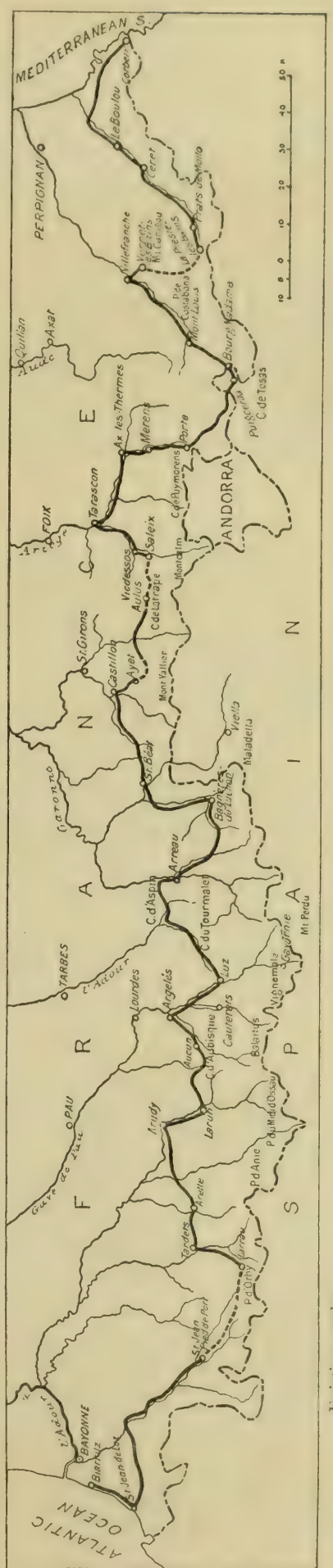
But to the man who tours among Pyrenean ranges by "auto," over new routes or old, in the east or in the west, this much I can promise beyond all fear of contradiction or disillusionment—that he will find many features that will reward him for the journey, even if he has already explored the Alps. The charm of eternal snow will be less frequent, it is true, but



View from Col du Tourmalet. (The road is seen on the left.)

it must be remembered that in summer many even of the Alpine heights have lost their white mantles, and at altitudes which, being above the zone of trees, leave bare and often unpleasing rocks exposed to view. Snow apart, however, the beauty of outline in the Pyrenees is superabundantly varied and liberal, and at many commanding points one pauses entranced with superb vistas of peaks of sugar-loaf formation, rising in tier after tier, and in contour often infinitely more artistic than the bulky *massifs* of the Alps, especially those of Switzerland itself. The Pyrenean slopes, moreover, are clothed to a great height with swelling forests of beeches, elms, and larches, in contrast with the monotony of the pine groves of many of the chief Alpine groups. The treeless rocks again, where they occur, are often clothed resplendently with lichens, while the soil itself in the adjacent valleys presents every variety of vivid coloring, and bleak and barren landscapes are practically unknown. Of fine cataracts and cascades there are many, while the swiftly flowing rivers are invariably limpid and fringed by lovely flowers.

The richness of the flora, indeed, I have already mentioned, but the fauna is also noteworthy, and of far greater variety than that of the Alps. And I must confess to having felt—when seeing for the first time on the Col du Tourmalet an eagle sailing overhead at such close quarters that I could have brought him down with a revolver—a sense of remoteness from the haunts of man such as I had never experienced at much greater altitudes in the now too populous Alps. When the aviator Védrines forged his adventurous way across the Pyrenees into Spain on his monoplane, a story published at the time to the effect that he was attacked by an eagle, and shot it in mid-air, was received in many quarters with a large measure of incredulity. His victorious progress may or may not have been challenged, and he may or may not have been under the necessity of bringing down an aerial rival; but certain it is that Védrines could not have crossed the Pyrenees without seeing, not one eagle, but many; and I myself, from the road level, have seen eagles and falcons galore!



STEAM-COACH DAYS

BY THEODORE M. R. VON KÉLER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. FARWELL, JR.

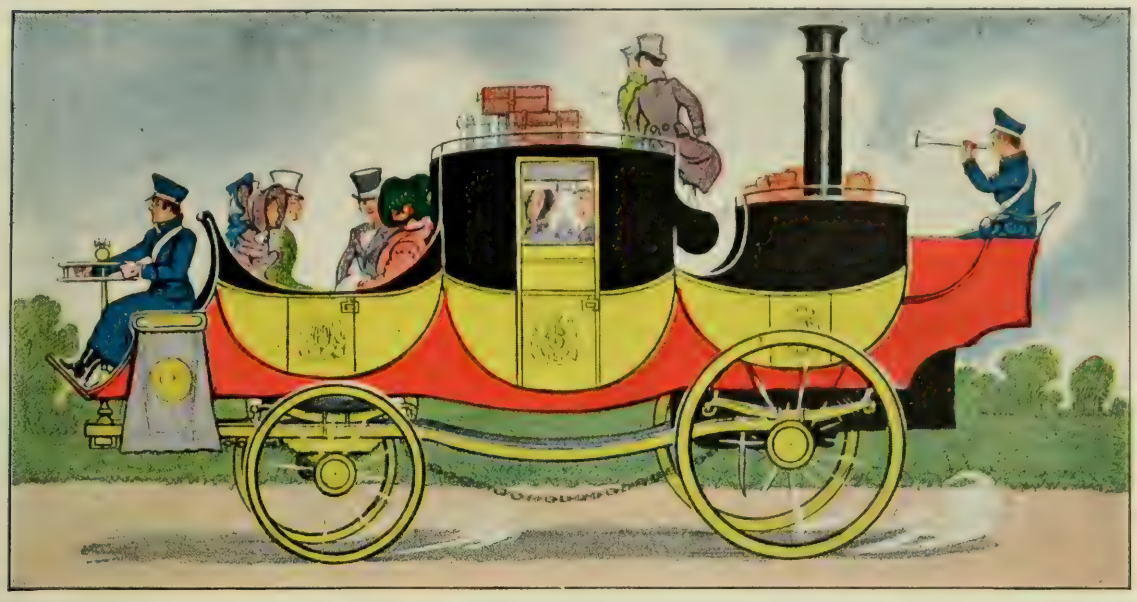
ON the dusty, sandy, and rock-strewn roads which up to the middle of the last century formed the only connecting links between the metropolis of the world and its vassal towns, there appeared about eighty years ago a lumbering, awkward vehicle for which a great future was prophesied by those interested in its development. It was hailed as the end of all the troubles and inconveniences considered inseparable from intercity and interurban travel by means of the faithful, obedient, but, withal, wofully inadequate horse, and its adherents stirred up the whole travelling public by their optimistic word-pictures and their extravagant promises of "comfortable conveyances running at thirty miles an hour over ordinary country roads." In short, the steam-coach of old England was born!

It is difficult—in fact, almost impossible—now to fix upon the exact year in which the idea of a coach propelled by steam first took shape in the human brain. The most recent discoveries during archæological investigations and excavations in Egypt and other sections of northern Africa have tended to show that a steam-propelled carriage of ingenious construction was, if not actually used, at least built in model form by one of the old Egyptians. Whether or not the finding of an inscription and crude sketch of such a vehicle indubitably proves its existence at such an early period in the world's history is a question for archæologists to decide, and beyond the scope of this article.

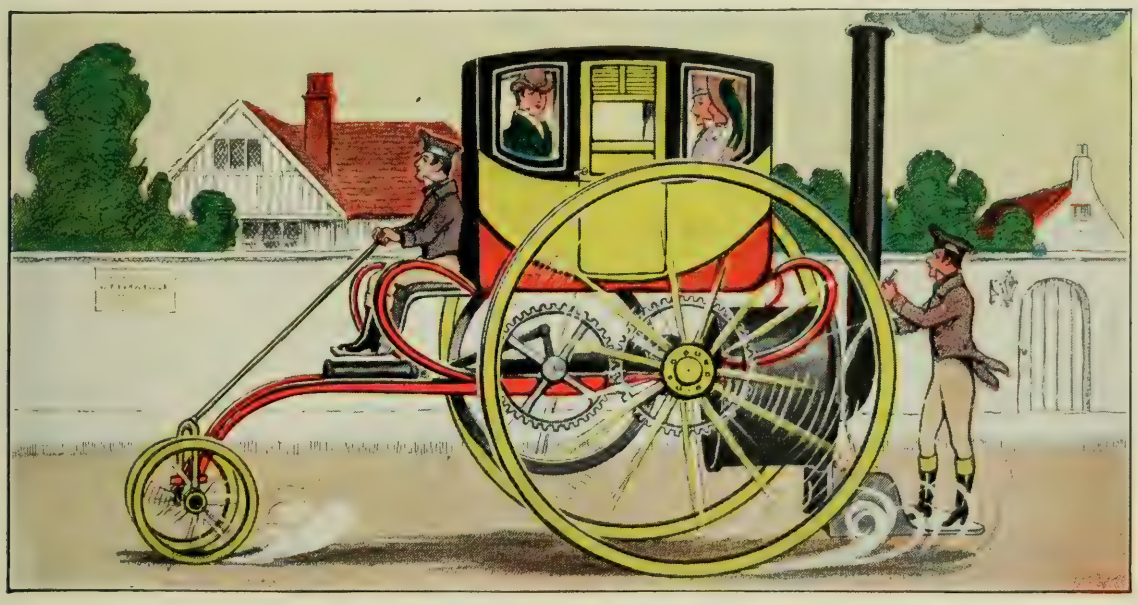
As far as the Anglo-Saxon race is concerned, both in Europe and in the various colonies, the practical application of the expansive power of steam to the propulsion of land vehicles dates back to Symington, of England, who, in the year 1786, built a model of a steam-coach which, while very crude, proved the correctness of what until then had been nothing more than a theory. James Watt, it is true, invented a steam-engine in 1784 which he suggested might possibly be found useful in moving ordinary vehicles along the road, and drawings are existent to this day showing some of Watt's ideas in this connection. Rhythmically moving steel legs, spiked wheels, and other fantastic devices to secure a pushing or gripping effect upon the roads to be traversed seem to have occupied his mind, but nothing practical ever came of his invention. Symington, by the way, was the first man to build a successful steam-boat and to run it on a river or canal—not, as is so often erroneously stated, Robert Fulton. Symington's steam-boat made a number of highly successful trips on the Forth and Clyde Canal in 1801.

But from inventing and constructing models to the actual installation of steam vehicles on the highways of England was a long and arduous step. Many inventors spent weary years in perfecting and simplifying earlier ideas in construction, and still the dawn of the day of ultimate success seemed as far distant as ever. Americans, too, took up the question, and as early as 1786 and 1787 the legislatures of Pennsylvania and Maryland granted exclusive permits to one Oliver Evans, of Newport, Del., to make and operate steam-wagons in those States. Nothing ever came of the permits or of the plans, the inventor himself lacking the capital to put his ideas into operation, and outside capital looking with distrust upon such a "hare-brained" scheme as steam-carriages.

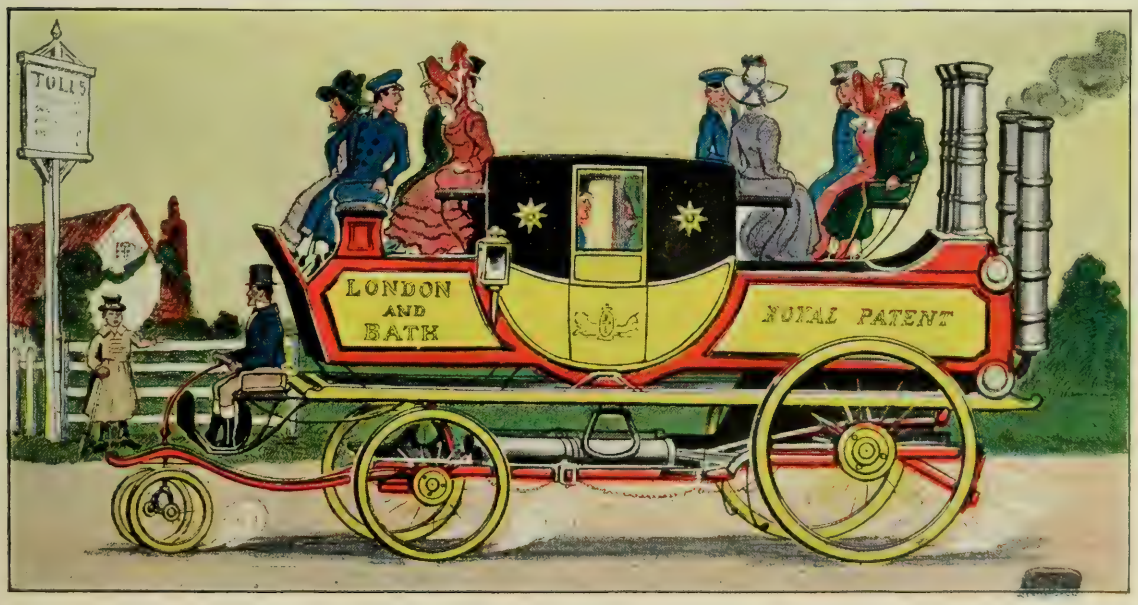
Eighteen years later, in 1805, the first American steam-carriage actually made its appearance under the fearful name *Oructor Amphibolus*. As the name indicates, the vehicle was designed for use on both water and land, but its travels on



James's Steam Coach, 1829, which ran between London and Brighton.



Trevithick's Steam Carriage, 1810.
The first practical self-propelled vehicle to attain a speed of ten miles per hour.



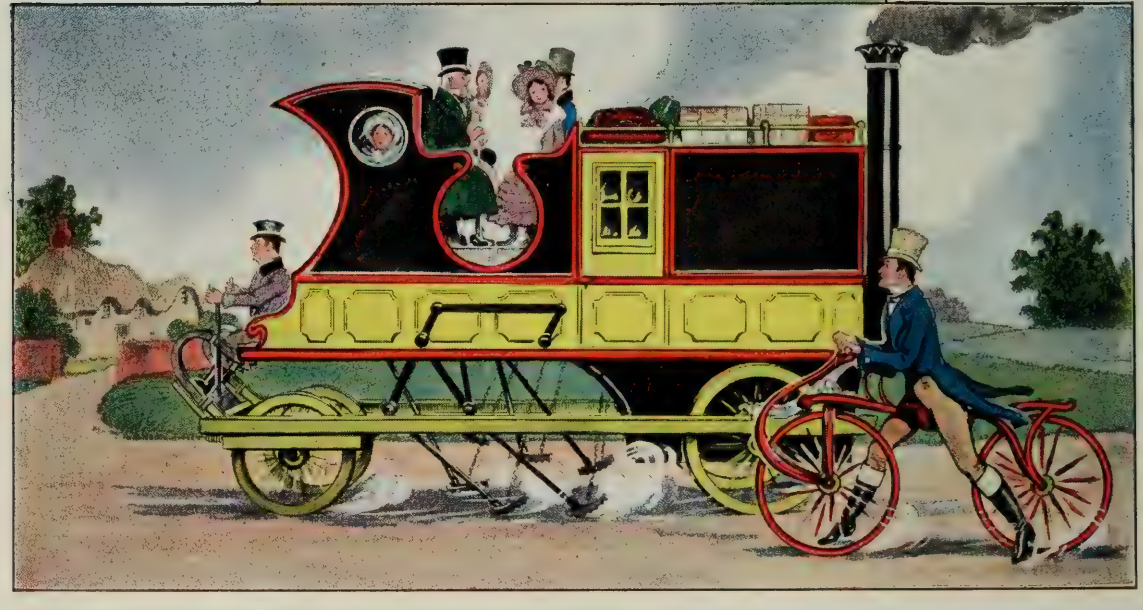
Gurney's Steam Carriage, 1829, running between London and Bath.



Hancock's Steam 'Bus, 1834, which plied between the City and Paddington.



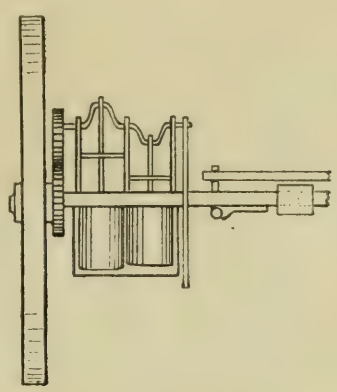
Dr. Church's Steam Coach, 1832, which ran between London and Birmingham.



Gordon's Steam Carriage, 1824.

either of these supporting mediums were confined to a few testing and demonstrating trips. The freakish appearance and scientific name of the invention as well as the hostility of the general public did not tend to make its introduction an unqualified success—its life was short and ended in obscurity. The inventor himself died on April 19, 1819.

In the meantime there appeared in England Richard Trevithick, a man of extraordinary ideas and great talent. One of his earliest models of steam-carriages was constructed in 1798 and is at present in the Kensington Museum, in London. His first road machine was ready in 1801, at the end of which year he formed a partnership with another inventor, Andrew Vivian. Together these two progressives turned out several very ingenious models, and in the fall of 1803 put their first machine to a road test.



James's Coach.

End view of double-cylinder drive by cog-wheels. Each driving-wheel driven separately by a pair of cylinders. Axle was divided in centre to allow for turning.

It was a great day for Oxford Street, on which the test took place. All traffic was stopped; horses were ordered off the road into the by-ways and sides-treets, while the big, lumbering vehicle with its belching smoke-stack and rumbling noise puffed its way over the cobble-stones at the rate of from eight to ten miles an hour. For several hundred yards everything went well, when suddenly the steering arrangement gave way under the strain, and the coach crashed into a huge board fence at one side of the road. Repairs did not take long, as the coach itself was damaged only slightly, and the trial run was completed under the cheers and jeers of the assembled multitude.

The partial success of the Vivian and Trevithick coach spurred inventors to renewed activity, and model followed upon model until the records of the patent office fairly overflowed with original and would-be original inventions relating to improvements in the new mode of travel. Major Pratt, John Stevens, William Palmer, Thomas Tindall, W. Brunton (1813), Joseph Reynolds (1816), David Gordon (1819), Julius Griffiths (1821), and T. Burstall, of Edinburgh, and J. Hill, of London (1824)—these are but a few of the names written in the records of inventions and achievements during those stirring times. The carriage built by Burstall and Hill was a veritable monster, weighing nearly eight tons, so that its propulsion required enormous power—more power, indeed, than could be economically created in the crude and inefficient boilers of that period.

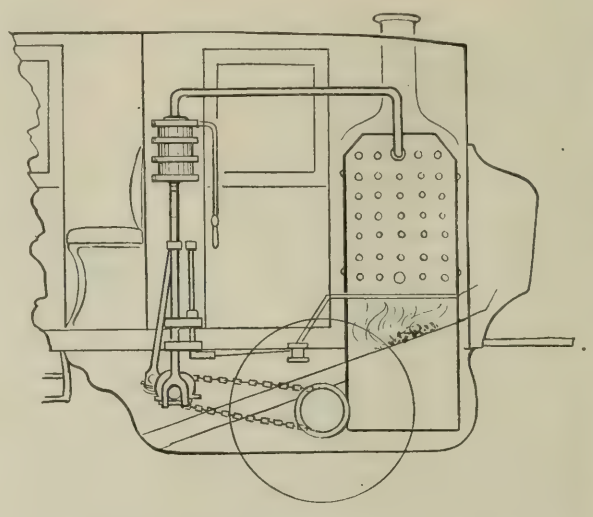
It was not until 1829 that the construction of steam-carriages reached practicability, and the main factor in the final attainment of this long-delayed success was the invention of the tubular boiler by W. H. James, of Holborn. He took out a patent on his idea in 1823, but did not incorporate it in a coach until six years later when his famous carriage ran from London to Stratford at the then-unheard-of rate of fifteen miles an hour. Three years later, in collaboration with Sir J. Anderson, he patented the idea of using two high-pressure cylinders in the engine, but the carriage was never built. Financial difficulties, the bane and ruin of so many inventors, overcame the partners, and their activities in this field ceased.

In 1826 another important invention was made—an invention which was the forerunner of the tricycle, bicycle, etc.—the "pilot wheel" for steering. The man who by its development carved his name deep into the annals of invention was F. Andrews, and although he himself never reaped the benefits of his own invention, his wheel was adopted by many of his successors, chief among whom was Sir Goldsworthy Gurney.

Gurney built a steam-carriage in 1828 that really seemed to bear out the most optimistic and fantastic hopes and dreams of the early inventors. For four consecutive months, four times a day, this carriage ran over an ordinary country road nine miles long without a single accident; during this time it carried three thousand passengers for an aggregate of four thousand miles, making each trip in from forty-five to fifty minutes. The installation was

a huge success and great hopes were roused in the travelling public.

Soon, however, as usually is the case in inventions tending to improve vastly or revolutionize general conditions in any country, the antagonism of the ignorant, superstitious, and hyper-conservative peasants and the hatred of the landed proprietors began their nefarious work in the legislatures and in the minds of those who were rather inclined to hold aloof from the threatened controversy. Malicious attempts were made on several occasions to wreck the machines, and once the axle of the "steam-coach" broke while going at a fair rate of speed over a number of bowlders placed in the road to impede its progress. Although no fatalities or even serious injuries resulted from the break-down, the enemies of progress succeeded in presenting this accident as something liable to happen at any time to those "vehicles of satan," and in passing a law restricting their use on the public highways in such a manner as to make their profitable operation almost impossible. The far-reaching "Turnpike Act" went into effect and practically put an end to further improvements in travelling in England.



Sectional view of engine and boiler of Hancock's 'bus. First chain-drive.

Gurney, who was nothing if not a fighter, refused to bend his head to the blows of his enemies, and petitioned the House of Commons for a grant of eighty thousand dollars to reimburse him for his experimental expenses and for his losses through the passage of the "Turnpike Act." A committee of the Lower House reported favorably on the petition, and after an exciting and lengthy debate the House of Commons passed the bill and repealed the Turnpike Act. Gurney was overjoyed and prepared for the manufacture and operation of steam-coaches on a large scale. Before his preparations had progressed very far, however, the House of Lords threw the bill out, and the Turnpike Act remained the law of the land. Gurney, in disgust, closed his factory and turned his genius and activity into other channels.

During the next few years several new knights entered the arena. Sir Charles Dance took one of the old Gurney coaches and made an improved 'bus and "drag" out of it. With this new style of carriage he made regular trips from London to Brighton, a distance of fifty-two miles, in five hours, while carrying fifteen passengers. Sir Charles was very particular about the kind of people he permitted to ride in his steam-coaches, and in order to eliminate as much as possible contact with the "common rabble" and to keep a "select" class of travellers, he charged the exorbitant fare of half-a-crown each way. History is silent as to the final outcome of the London-Brighton Steam-Coach Company, under which name the carriage was operated.

Speed mania, pure and simple—the very same disease that is so prevalent among automobile owners and drivers of the present day—then took hold of the promoters of steam-carriages, and its first victim was Dr. Church, of Birmingham. For three years this doctor experimented with a new model of steam-coach which would run at thirty-five miles an hour, and finally succeeded in building one that could attain that velocity. Alas for the doctor's hopes! The cylinders and gearing were well adapted to give the necessary piston and axle speed, but neither axles, nor wheels, nor springs, nor body, nor machinery were safeguarded against the destructive shocks sustained on the ordinary country roads of that period—pneumatic tires, shock absorbers, or resilient wheels had not yet been invented, and such high speed is impossible without

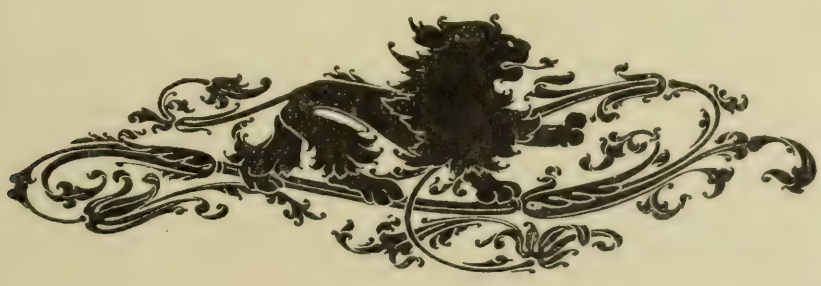
them. His fine trial coach, which was built and operated by the London and Birmingham Steam-Carriage Company, started from the factory in October, 1835, with a load of forty passengers and performed exceedingly well at low speed. A gradual increase to the highest speed, however, resulted in such a severe strain on the entire vehicle and its machinery that it became useless. Speed mania had scored *one!* The whole project fell to the ground, as the backers lost faith in the doctor and his carriages.

The last few years of the steam-coach in England saw the most successful of all the inventors rise to fame and sink into oblivion—Walter Hancock, of Stratford, and John Scott Russell, of London and Glasgow. Of these two, Hancock was the most prolific builder and most enthusiastic supporter of travelling by steam. He built no less than six coaches, which were plying for hire in various sections of England. His *Infant* ran regularly between London and Stratford, while his coaches *Autopsy*, *Enterprise*, and *Era* plied between the city, Moorehead, and Paddington. For two years no accident of any kind befell these coaches and a great future seemed assured to them. Hostility of the peasants and poor support of the general public, however, compelled the inventor to withdraw them one by one, shipping the last to Dublin, Ireland, where it arrived safely and performed the "stunt" of running three times around Stephens Green at the rate of eighteen miles per hour.

His last carriage, called the *Automaton*, went out of business in a blaze of glory, in July, 1840, carrying the cricket team of the Stratford Club and twenty-one visitors over to the Forest, where the game was to be played. Thirty-two people were transported at a fair rate of speed in a vehicle having seats for only twenty-two—a faint suggestion of the comforts and conveniences of a Coney Island trolley car on the Fourth of July in the year of grace 1912!

The death-blow to the steam-carriage in England was given by the Court of Sessions in the same year, 1840; and, strange to say, the direct cause of the court's order was a coach built by that great inventor and designer John Scott Russell, whose fertile brain gave birth to the *Great Eastern* —the mighty steamship which has been described as "fifty years ahead of the times." Russell in early life devoted most of his time to the designing and building of steam-carriages, and constructed several coaches which rendered good service. As all the good works done by men, however, can be wiped out by one heinous crime, or even one misstep, so all the accomplishments and advantages of the steam-coach were forgotten when one of Russell's coaches, while going from Glasgow to Paisley with nearly forty passengers on board, was wrecked. Striking a rock in the road, one of the wheels collapsed, and the heavy machine toppled over. The boiler struck sharply on the hard road, exploding with terrific force and killing five people. Almost a score of the others were seriously injured by flying metal and scalding steam. The news of the calamity spread with astonishing rapidity all over England, and resulted in still further increasing the hostility of the general public toward the "new-fangled" carriages. The Court of Sessions issued an interdict forbidding the running of the Russell carriages on the public highways.

England's steam-coach days were past, but in the meantime the railroad had reared its head from the ruins of the first road carriages, and the need of the lumbering coach no longer was felt. It fell into a deep slumber of twoscore years, from which it awoke in a new form and dress—as the *automobile!*



THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

BY EDITH WHARTON

BOOK I

VI

UPSTAIRS, in his brown fire-lit room, Ralph Marvell threw himself into an arm-chair, and remembered. . . Harvard first—then Oxford; then a year of wandering and rich initiation. Returning to New York, he had read law, and now had his desk in the office of the respectable firm in whose charge the Dagonet estate had stagnated for two generations. But his profession was the least real thing in his life. The realities lay about him now: the books jamming his old college book-cases and overflowing on chairs and tables; sketches too—he could do charming things, if only he had known how to finish them! —and, on the writing-table at his elbow, scattered sheets of prose and verse; charming things also, but, like the sketches, unfinished.

Nothing in the Dagonet and Marvell traditions was opposed to this desultory dabbling with life. For four or five generations it had been the rule of both houses that a young fellow should go to Columbia or Harvard, read law, and then lapse into more or less cultivated inaction. The only essential was that he should live "like a gentleman"—that is, with a tranquil disdain for mere money getting, a passive openness to the finer sensations, one or two fixed principles as to the quality of wine, and an archaic probity that had not yet learned to distinguish between private and "business" honour.

No equipment could more thoroughly have unfitted the modern youth for getting on: it hardly needed the scribbled pages on the desk to complete the hopelessness of Ralph Marvell's case. He had accepted the fact with a humorous fatalism. Material resources were limited on both sides of the house, but there would always be enough for his frugal wants—enough to buy books (not "editions"), and pay now and then for a cheap holiday dash to the great centres of art and ideas. And meanwhile there was the world of wonders within him. As a boy at the sea-side, Ralph, between tides, had once come on a cave—a secret inaccessible place with glaucous lights, mysterious murmurs, strange sea-growths, and a single shaft of communication with the sky. He had kept his find from the other boys, not churlishly, for he was always an outspoken lad, but because he felt there were things about the cave that the others, good fellows as they were all, couldn't be expected to understand, and that, anyhow, it would never be quite his cave again after he had let his thick-set freckled cousins play smuggler and pirate in it.

And so with his inner world. Though so coloured by outer impressions, it wove a secret curtain about him, and he came and went in it with the same joy of furtive possession that he had known in his cave. One day, of course, some one would discover it and reign there with him—no, reign over it and him. Once or twice already a light foot had reached the threshold. His cousin Clare Dagonet, for instance: there had been a summer when her voice sounded far down the windings . . . but he had run over to Spain for the autumn, and when he came back she was engaged to Peter Van Degen, and for a while it looked black in the cave. That was long ago, as time is reckoned under thirty; and for three years now he had felt for her only a half-contemptuous pity. To have stood at the mouth of his cave, and have turned from it to the Van Degen lair——!

Poor Clare repented, indeed—she wanted it clearly understood—but she repented in the Van Degen diamonds, and the Van Degen motor bore her broken heart from opera to ball. She had been subdued to what she worked in, and she could never again find her way to the enchanted cave. . . Ralph, since then, had reached

the point of deciding that he would never marry; reached it not suddenly or dramatically, but with such sober advisedness as is urged on those about to take the opposite step. What he most wanted, now that the first flutter of being was over, was to learn and to do—to know what the great people had thought, think about their thinking, and then launch his own boat: write some good verse if possible; if not, then critical prose. A dramatic poem lay among the stuff at his elbow; but the prose critic was at his elbow too, and not to be satisfied about the poem; and poet and critic passed the nights in hot if unproductive debate. On the whole, it seemed likely that the critic would win the day, and the essay on "The Rhythmical Structures of Walt Whitman" take shape before "The Banished God." Yet if the light in the cave was less supernaturally blue, the chant of its tides less laden with unimaginable music, it was still a thronged and echoing place when Undine Spragg appeared on its threshold. . .

His mother and sister of course wanted him to marry. They had the usual theory that he was "made" for conjugal bliss: good women always thought that of a fellow who didn't get drunk and have low tastes. Ralph smiled at the idea as he sat crouched among his secret treasures. Marry—but whom, in the name of light and freedom? The daughters of his own race sold themselves to the Invaders; the daughters of the Invaders bought their husbands as they bought an opera-box. It ought all to have been transacted on the Stock Exchange. His mother, he knew, had no such ambitions for him: she would have liked him to fancy a "nice girl" like Harriet Ray. Harriet Ray was neither vulgar nor ambitious. She regarded Washington Square as the birthplace of Society, knew by heart all the cousinships of early New York, hated motor-cars, could not make herself understood on the telephone, and was determined, if she married, never to receive a divorced woman. As Mrs. Marvell often said, such girls as Harriet were growing rare. Ralph was not sure about this. He was inclined to think that, certain modifications allowed for, there would always be plenty of Harriet Rays for unworldly mothers to commend to their sons; and at any rate he had no desire to diminish their number by removing one from the ranks of the marriageable. He had no desire to marry at all—that had been the whole truth of it till he met Undine Spragg. And now—? He lit a cigar, and began to recall his hour's conversation with Mrs. Spragg.

Ralph had never taken his mother's social faiths very seriously. Surveying the march of civilization from a loftier angle, he had early mingled with the Invaders, and curiously observed their rites and customs. But most of those he had met had already been modified by contact with the indigenous: they spoke the same language as his, though on their lips it had often so different a meaning. Ralph had never seen them actually in the making, before they had acquired the speech of the conquered race. But Mrs. Spragg still used the dialect of her people, and before the end of the visit Ralph had ceased to regret that her daughter was out. He felt obscurely that in the girl's presence—frank and simple as he thought her—he should have learned less of life in early Apex.

Mrs. Spragg, once reconciled—or at least resigned—to the mysterious necessity of having to "entertain" a friend of Undine's, had yielded to the first pressure on the weak springs of her garrulity. She had not seen Mrs. Heeny for two days, and this friendly young man with the gentle manner was almost as easy to talk to as the masseuse. And then she could tell him things that Mrs. Heeny knew already, and Mrs. Spragg liked to repeat her stories. To do so gave her almost her sole sense of permanence among the shifting scenes of life. So that, after she had lengthily deplored the untoward accident of Undine's absence, and her visitor, with a smile, and echoes of *divers et ondoyant* in his brain, had repeated her daughter's name after her saying: "It's a wonderful find—how could you tell it would be such a fit?"—it came to her quite easily to answer: "Why, we called her after a hair-waver father put on the market the week she was born—" and then, to explain, as he remained struck and silent: "It's from *un*doolay, you know, the French for crimping; father always thought the name made it take. He was quite a scholar, and had the greatest knack for finding names. I remember the time he invented his Goliath Glue he sat

up all night over the Bible to get the name. . . No, father didn't start *in* as a druggist," she went on, expanding with the signs of Marvell's interest; "he was educated for an undertaker, and built up a first-class business; but he was always a beautiful speaker, and after a while he sorter drifted into the ministry. Of course it didn't pay him anything like as well, so finally he opened a drug-store, and he did first-rate at that too, though his heart was always in the pulpit. But after he made such a success with his hair-waver he got speculating in land out at Apex, and somehow everything went—though Mr. Spragg did all he *could*—." Mrs. Spragg, when she found herself embarked on a long sentence, always ballasted it by italicizing the last word.

Her husband, she continued, could not, at the time, do much for his father-in-law. Mr. Spragg had come to Apex as a poor boy, and their early married life had been a protracted struggle, darkened by domestic affliction. Two of their three children had died of typhoid in the epidemic which devastated Apex before the new waterworks were built; and this calamity, by causing Mr. Spragg to resolve that thereafter Apex should drink pure water, had led directly to the founding of his fortunes.

"He had taken over some of poor father's land for a bad debt, and when he got up the Pure Water move the company voted to buy the land and build the new reservoir up there: and after that we began to be better off, and it *did* seem as if it had come out so to comfort us some about the children."

Mr. Spragg, thereafter, had begun to be a power in Apex, and fat years had followed on the lean. Ralph Marvell was too little versed in affairs to read between the lines of Mrs. Spragg's untutored narrative, and he understood no more than she the occult connection between Mr. Spragg's domestic misfortunes and his business triumph.

Mr. Spragg had "helped out" his ruined father-in-law, and had vowed on his children's graves that no Apex child should ever again drink poisoned water—and out of those two disinterested impulses, by some impressive law of compensation, material prosperity had come. What Ralph understood and appreciated was Mrs. Spragg's unaffected frankness in talking of her early life. Here was no retrospective assumption of an opulent past, such as the other Invaders were given to parading before the bland but undeceived subject race. The Spraggs had been "plain people" and had not yet learned to be ashamed of it. The fact drew them much closer to the Dagonet ideals than any sham elegance in the past tense. Ralph felt that his mother, who shuddered away from Mrs. Harmon B. Driscoll, would understand and esteem Mrs. Spragg.

But how long would their virgin innocence last? Popple's vulgar hands were on it already—Popple and the unspeakable Van Degen! Once they and theirs had begun the base process of initiating Undine, there was no knowing—or rather there was too easy knowing—how it would end! It was incredible that she too should be merely destined to swell the ranks of the cheaply fashionable; yet were not her very freshness, her malleability, the mark of her fate? She was still at the age when the flexible soul offers itself to the first bold grasp. That the grasp should precisely chance to be Van Degen's —that was what made Ralph's temples buzz, and swept away all his plans for his own future like a beaver's dam in a spring flood. To save her from Van Degen and Van Degenism: was that really to be his mission—the "call" for which his life had obscurely waited? It was not in the least what he had meant to do with the fugitive flash of consciousness he called self; but all that he had purposed for that transitory being sank into immediate insignificance under the pressure of Undine's claims.

Ralph Marvell's notion of women had been formed on the experiences common to good young men of his kind. Women were drawn to him as much by his winning appealing quality, by the sense in him of a youthful warmth behind his light ironic exterior, as by his charms of face and mind. Except during Clare Dagonet's brief reign the depths in him had not been stirred; but he had taken what each sentimental episode had to give without prejudice to the latent possibility of a richer experience, and had preserved through all his minor adventures his faith in the great adventure to come. It was

this faith that made him so easy a victim when love had at last appeared clad in the attributes of romance and trailing clouds of glory: the imaginative man's indestructible dream of a rounded passion.

The clearness with which he judged the girl and himself seemed to him the surest proof that his feeling was more than a surface thrill. He was not blind to her crudity and her limitations, but they were somehow a part of her grace and her persuasion. *Diverse et ondoyante*—so he had seen her from the first. But was not that merely the sign of a quicker response to the world's manifold appeal? There was Harriet Ray, sealed up tight in the vacuum of inherited opinion, where not a breath of fresh sensation could get at her: there could be no call to rescue young ladies so secured from the perils of reality! Undine was not enclosed in any such traditional safe-guards—Ralph guessed Mrs. Spragg's opinions to be as fluid as her daughter's—and the girl's very sensitiveness to new impressions, combined with her obvious lack of any sense of relative values, would make her an easy prey to the powers of folly. He seemed to see her —as he sat there, pressing his fists into his temples—he seemed to see her like a lovely rock-bound Andromeda, with the devouring monster Society careering up to make a mouthful of her; and himself whirling down on his winged horse—just Pegasus turned Rosinante for the nonce—to cut her bonds, snatch her up, and whirl her back into the blue. . .

VII

Some two months later than the date of young Marvell's midnight vigil, Mrs. Heeny, seated on a low chair at Undine's knee, gave the girl's left hand an approving pat as she laid aside her lapful of polishers.

"There! I guess you can put your ring on again," she said with a laugh of jovial significance; and Undine, echoing the laugh in a low murmur of complacency, slipped on the fourth finger of her recovered hand a band of sapphires in an intricately worked setting.

Mrs. Heeny took up the hand again. "Them's old stones, Undine—they've got a different look," she said, examining the ring while she mechanically rubbed her cushioned palm over the girl's brilliant finger-tips. "And the setting's quaint—I wouldn't wonder but what it was one of old Gran'ma Dagonet's."

Mrs. Spragg, hovering near in fond beatitude, raised her head at this.

"Why, don't you s'pose he *bought* it for her, Mrs. Heeny?" she asked. "It came in a Tiff'ny box."

The manicure laughed again. "Of course he's had Tiff'ny rub it up. Ain't you ever heard of ancestral jewels, Mrs. Spragg? In the Eu-ropean aristocracy they never go out and *buy* engagement rings; and Undine's marrying into our aristocracy."

Mrs. Spragg looked relieved. "Oh, I thought maybe you meant they were trying to scrimp on the ring——"

Mrs. Heeny, shrugging away this explanation, rose from her seat and rolled back her shiny black sleeves.

"Look at here, Undine, if you really want me to do your hair it's time we got to work."

The girl swung about obediently in her seat so that she faced the mirror on the dressing-table. Her shoulders shone through transparencies of lace and muslin which slipped back as she lifted her arms to draw the tortoise-shell pins from her hair.

"Of course you've got to do it—I want to look perfectly lovely!"

"Well—I dunno's my hand's in nowadays," said Mrs. Heeny in a tone that belied the doubt she cast on her ability.

"Oh, you're an *artist*, Mrs. Heeny—and I just couldn't have had that French maid 'round to-night," sighed Mrs. Spragg, sinking placidly into a chair near the dressing-table.

Undine, with a backward toss of her head, scattered her freed locks about her. As they spread and sparkled at Mrs. Heeny's touch, and rose in live waves under her dexterous fingers, Mrs. Spragg leaned back, drinking in through half-closed lids her daughter's loveliness. Some new quality seemed added to Undine's beauty: it had a milder bloom, a kind of melting grace, which may have been lent to it by the moisture in her mother's eyes.

"So you're to see the old gentleman for the first time at this dinner?" Mrs. Heeny

pursued, sweeping the light strands up into a loosely woven diadem.

"Yes. I'm frightened to death!" Undine, laughing confidently, took up a hand-glass and scrutinized the small brown mole above the curve of her upper lip.

"I guess she'll know how to talk to him," Mrs. Spragg averred with a kind of quavering triumph.

"She'll know how to *look* at him, anyhow," said Mrs. Heeny; and Undine smiled at her image in the hand-glass.

"I hope he won't think I'm too awful!"

Mrs. Heeny laughed. "Did you read the description of yourself in the *Radiator* this morning? I wish't I'd 'a had time to cut it out. I guess I'll have to start a separate bag for *your* clippings soon."

Undine stretched her arms luxuriously above her head and gazed through lowered lids at the foreshortened reflection of her face.

"Mercy! Don't jerk about like that. Am I to put in this rose?—There—you *are* lovely!" Mrs. Heeny sighed, as the pink petals sank into the lightly waved hair above the girl's forehead.

Undine pushed her chair back, and sat leaning her elbows on the edge of the table, her chin supported on her clasped hands, while she studied the result of Mrs. Heeny's manipulations.

"Yes—that's the way Mrs. Peter Van Degen's flower was put in the other night; only hers was a camellia.—Do you think I'd look better with a camellia?"

"I guess if Mrs. Van Degen looked like a rose she'd 'a worn a rose," Mrs. Heeny rejoined poetically. "Sit still a minute longer," she added. "Your hair's so heavy I'd feel easier if I was to put in another pin."

Undine remained motionless, and the manicure, suddenly laying both hands on the girl's shoulders, and bending over to peer at her reflection, said playfully: "Ever been engaged before, Undine?"

A blush rose to the face in the mirror, spreading from chin to brow, and running in a rosy tide over the white shoulders from which their covering had slipped down again.

"My! If he could see you now!" Mrs. Heeny jested.

Mrs. Spragg, rising noiselessly, glided across the room and became lost in a minute examination of the dress laid out on the bed.

With a supple twist Undine had slipped from Mrs. Heeny's hold.

"Engaged? Mercy, yes! Didn't you know? To the Prince of Wales. I broke it off because I wouldn't live in the Tower."

Mrs. Spragg, lifting the dress cautiously over her arm, advanced with a reassured smile.

"I s'pose Undie'll go to Europe now," she said to Mrs. Heeny.

"I guess Undie *will!*" the young lady herself declared. "We're going to sail right afterward.—Here, mother, do be careful of my hair!" She ducked gracefully to slip into the dress which her mother held above her head.

As she rose Venus-like above its folds there was a tap on the door, immediately followed by its tentative opening.

"Mabel!" Undine muttered between her teeth, her brows lowering like her father's; and Mrs. Spragg, wheeling about to act as a screen for her daughter, addressed herself protestingly to the half-open door.

"Who's there? Oh, that *you*, Mrs. Lipscomb? Well I don't know as you *can* —Undie isn't half dressed yet——"

"Just like her—always pushing in!" Undine breathed indignantly, slipping her arms into their gauzy sleeves.

"Oh, that don't matter—I'll help dress her!" Mrs. Lipscomb's large blond person surged across the threshold. "Seems to me I ought to lend a hand to-night, considering I was the one that introduced them!"

Undine forced a smile, but Mrs. Spragg, her soft wrinkles hardening with resentment, muttered to Mrs. Heeny, as she bent down to shake out the girl's train: "I guess my daughter's only got to show herself——"

The first meeting with old Mr. Dagonet was less formidable than Undine had expected. She had been once before at the house in Washington Square, when, with her mother, she had returned Mrs. Marvell's ceremonial visit; but on that occasion Ralph's grandfather had not been present. All the rites connected with her engagement were new and mysterious to Undine, and none more so than the unaccountable necessity of "dragging"—as

she phrased it—Mrs. Spragg into the affair. It was an accepted article of the Apex creed that parental detachment should be completest at the moment when the filial fate was decided; and to find that New York reversed this attitude was as puzzling to Undine as to her mother. Mrs. Spragg was so unprepared for the part she was called on to play that on the occasion of her visit to Mrs. Marvell her helplessness had infected Undine, and their half-hour in the dusky faded drawing-room remained among the girl's most irritating memories.

She re-entered it alone with more assurance. Her confidence in her beauty had hitherto carried her through every ordeal; and it was fortified now by the feeling of power that came with the sense of being loved. If they would only leave her mother out she was sure, in her own phrase, of being able to "run the thing"; and Mrs. Spragg had providentially been left out of the Dagonet dinner.

It was to consist, it appeared, only of the small family group she had already met; and Undine, seated at old Mr. Dagonet's right, in the high dark dining-room with mahogany doors and dim portraits of "Signers" and their females, had an easy sense of dominating the company by virtue of her youth and radiance. Old Mr. Dagonet—small, frail and softly sarcastic—appeared to fall at once under her spell. If she felt beneath his affability, a kind of delicate dangerousness, like that of some fine surgical instrument, she ignored the quality as unimportant; for she had as yet no clear perception of forces that did not directly affect her.

Mrs. Marvell, low-voiced, faded, yet impressive, was less responsive to her arts, and Undine divined in her the head of the opposition that had threatened to interfere with Ralph's courtship. Mrs. Heeny had reported that Mrs. Marvell had other views for her son; and this was confirmed by such echoes of the short sharp struggle as reached the throbbing listeners at the Stentorian. But the conflict over, the air had immediately cleared, showing the enemy in the act of unconditional surrender. It struck Undine as odd that there should be no reprisals, no return on the points conceded. That was not her idea of warfare, and she could ascribe the completeness of the victory only to the effect of her personal charms.

Mrs. Marvell's manner, though it showed no animosity, did not indeed express entire subjugation; yet she seemed shyly anxious to dispel any doubts of her good faith, and if she left the burden of the talk to her lively and competent daughter it might have been because she felt more capable of showing indulgence by her silence than in her speech.

As for Mrs. Fairford, she had never seemed more brightly bent on fusing the heterogeneous elements under her hand. Undine had already discovered that she was her brother's ardent partisan, and had guessed that this might make her either a strong ally or a determined enemy. The latter alternative, however, did not alarm the girl. She thought Mrs. Fairford "bright," and wanted to be liked by her; and she was in the state of dizzy self-assurance when it seemed easy to win the sympathy of any one she chose to please.

For the only other guests—Mrs. Fairford's husband, and the elderly Charles Bowen who seemed to be her special friend—Undine had no attention to spare: they remained on a plane with the dim pictures hanging behind her back. She had vaguely expected a larger party; but she was relieved, on the whole, that it was small enough to permit of her dominating it. Not that she wished to do so by any loudness of assertion. Her acuteness where external differences were concerned had already taught her to modulate and lower her voice, and to replace "The *i*-dea!" and "I wouldn't wonder" by more polished locutions; and she had not been ten minutes at table before she found that to seem very much in love, and a little confused and subdued by the newness and intensity of the sentiment, was, to the Dagonet mind, the becoming attitude for a young lady in her situation. The part was not hard to play, for she *was* in love, of course. It was pleasant, when she looked across the table, to meet Ralph's gray eyes, with that new look in them, and to feel that she had kindled it; but it was only part of the larger pleasure, of the general homage evoked by her beauty, of the sensations of interest and curiosity excited by everything about her, from the dim family por-

traits overhead to the old Dagonet silver on the table—which were to be hers too, after all!

The talk, as at Mrs. Fairford's, confused her a little by its lack of the personal allusion, its tendency to turn to books, pictures and politics. To Undine "politics" had always been like a kind of back-kitchen to business—the place where the refuse was thrown and the doubtful messes were brewed. As a drawing-room topic, and one to provoke disinterested sentiments, it had the hollowness of Fourth of July orations, and her mind wandered in spite of the desire to appear informed and competent.

Old Mr. Dagonet, with his reedy staccato voice, that gave to every syllable a curious polish and relief, tried to come to her aid by questioning her about her family and the friends she had made in New York. But the caryatid-parent, who exists simply as a filial prop, is not a fruitful theme, and Undine, called on for the first time to view her own progenitors as a subject of conversation, was struck by their lack of points. She had never paused to consider what her father and mother were "interested" in, and, challenged to specify, could have named—with sincerity—only herself. On the subject of her New York friends it was not much easier to enlarge; for so far her circle had grown less rapidly than she expected. She had fancied Ralph's wooing would at once admit her to all his social privileges; but he had shown a puzzling reluctance to make her free of the Van Degen set, where he came and went with such careless familiarity; and the persons he seemed anxious to have her know—a few frumpy "clever women" of his sister's age, and one or two brisk old ladies in shabby houses with mahogany furniture and Stuart portraits—did not offer the opportunities she sought.

"Oh, I don't know many people yet—I tell Ralph he's got to hurry up and take me round," she said to Mr. Dagonet, with a side-sparkle for Ralph, whose gaze, between the flowers and lights, she was aware of perpetually drawing.

"My daughter will take you—you must know his mother's friends," the old gentleman rejoined, and Mrs. Marvell smiled vaguely on the girl.

"But you have a great friend of your own—the lady who takes you into society," Mr. Dagonet pursued; and Undine had the sense that the irrepressible Mabel was again "pushing in."

"Oh, yes—Mabel Lipscomb. We were school-mates," she said indifferently.

"Lipscomb? Lipscomb? What is Mr. Lipscomb's occupation?"

"Oh, he's a broker," said Undine, glad to be able to place her friend's husband in so handsome a light. The subtleties of a professional classification unknown to Apex had already taught her that in New York it is more advantageous to be a broker than a dentist; and she was surprised at the lack of enthusiasm in Mr. Dagonet's reply.

"Ah? A broker?" He said it almost as Popple might have said "A *dentist?*" and again Undine felt herself astray in a new labyrinth of social distinctions. She felt a sudden contempt for Harry Lipscomb, who had already struck her as too loud and irrelevantly comic. "I guess Mabel'll get a divorce pretty soon," she added, desiring, for personal reasons, to present Mrs. Lipscomb as favourably as possible.

Mr. Dagonet's handsome eye-brows drew together in a frown of shocked condolence. "A divorce? H'm—that's bad. Has he been misbehaving himself?"

Undine looked innocently surprised. "Oh, I guess not. They like each other well enough. But he's been a disappointment to her. He isn't in the right set, and I think Mabel realizes she'll never really get anywhere till she gets rid of him."

These words, uttered in the high fluting tone that she rose to when sure of her subject, fell on a pause which prolonged and deepened itself to receive them, while every face at the table, Ralph Marvell's excepted, reflected in varying degree the pained astonishment on Mr. Dagonet's countenance.

"But, my dear young lady—what would your friend's own situation be if, as you put it, she 'got rid' of her husband on so strangely trivial a pretext?"

Undine, surprised at his dullness, tried to explain. "Oh, that wouldn't be the reason *given*, of course. Any lawyer could fix it up for them. Don't they generally call it desertion?"

There was another, more palpitating, silence, broken by a sudden laugh from Ralph.

"*Ralph!*" his mother breathed; then turning to Undine, she said with a forced smile: "I understand that in certain parts of the country such—peculiar arrangements—are beginning to be tolerated. But in New York, in spite of our growing indifference, a divorced woman is still—thank heaven!—at a disadvantage in society."

Undine's eyes opened wide. Here at last was a topic that really interested her, and that gave another amazing glimpse into the camera obscura of New York society. "Do you mean to say Mabel would be worse off, then? Couldn't she even go round as much as she does now?"

Mrs. Marvell met this gravely. "It would depend, I should say, on the kind of people she wished to see."

"Oh, the very best, of course! That would be her only object."

Ralph interposed with another laugh: "You see, Undine, you'd better think twice before you divorce me!"

"*Ralph!*" his mother again breathed; but the girl, flushed and sparkling, flung back at him: "Oh, it all depends on *you!* Out in Apex, if a girl marries a man who don't turn out as well as she expected people consider it's to her credit to want to change. *You'd* better think twice of that!"

"If I were only sure of knowing what you expect!" he caught up her joke, tossing it back at her across the fascinated silence of their listeners.

"Why, *everything!*" she rang out—and Mr. Dagonet, turning, laid an intricately-veined old hand on hers, and said, with a change of tone that relaxed the tension of the group: "My child, if you look like that you'll get it."

VIII

It was doubtless owing to Mrs. Fairford's foresight that such possibilities of tension were curtailed, after dinner, by her carrying off Ralph and his betrothed to the theatre.

Mr. Dagonet, it was understood, always went to bed after an hour's whist with his daughter; and the silent Mr. Fairford gave his evenings to bridge at his club. The party, therefore, consisted only of Undine and Ralph, with Mrs. Fairford and her attendant friend. Undine vaguely wondered why the grave and gray-haired Mr. Bowen formed so invariable a part of that lady's train; but she concluded that it was the New York custom for married ladies to have gentlemen "round" (as girls had in Apex), and that Mr. Bowen was the sole survival of Laura Fairford's earlier triumphs.

She had, however, little time to give to such considerations, for the performance they were attending—the début of a fashionable London actress—had attracted a large audience in which Undine immediately recognized a number of familiar faces. Her engagement had been announced only the day before, and she had the delicious sense of being "in all the papers," and of focussing countless glances of interest and curiosity as she swept through the theatre in Mrs. Fairford's wake. Their stalls were near the stage, and progress thither was slow enough to permit of prolonged enjoyment of this new sensation. Before passing to her place she paused for Ralph to remove her cloak, and as he lifted it from her shoulders she heard a lady's voice behind her whisper: "There she is—the one in white, with the lovely back—" and a man's answer: "Gad! Where did he find anything as good as that?"

Anonymous approval was sweet enough; but she was to taste a moment more exquisite when, in the proscenium box across the house, she saw Clare Van Degen and recognized at her side the pale, prim countenance of Miss Harriet Ray. "They're here to see me with Ralph—they hate it, but they couldn't keep away!" She turned and lifted a quick smile of possessorship to her betrothed.

Mrs. Fairford seemed also struck by the presence of the two ladies, and Undine heard her whisper to Mr. Bowen: "Do you see Clare over there—and Harriet with her? Harriet *would come*—I call it Spartan! And so like Clare to ask her!"

Her companion laughed. "It's one of the deepest instincts in human nature. The murdered are as much given as the murderer to haunting the scene of the crime."

Doubtless guessing Ralph's desire to have Undine to himself, Mrs. Fairford had sent the girl in first; and Undine, as she

seated herself, was aware that the occupant of the next stall half turned to her, as with a vague impulse of recognition. But just then the curtain rose, and she became absorbed in the development of the drama, especially as it tended to display the remarkable toilets which succeeded each other on the person of its leading lady. Undine, seated at Ralph Marvell's side, and feeling the thrill of his proximity as a subtler element in the general interest she was exciting, was at last repaid for the bitter disenchantment of her first evening at the opera. It was characteristic of her that she remembered her failures as keenly as her triumphs, and that the passionate desire to obliterate, to "get even" with them, was always among the latent incentives of her conduct. Now at last she was having what she wanted—she was in conscious possession of the "real thing"; and through her other, more diffused, sensations Ralph's adoration gave her such a last refinement of pleasure as might have come to some warrior Queen borne in triumph by captive princes, and reading in the eyes of one the passion he dared not utter.

When the curtain fell in the entr'acte this vague enjoyment was heightened by various acts of recognition. All the people she wanted to "go with," as they said in Apex, seemed to be about her in the stalls and boxes; and her eyes continued to revert with special satisfaction to the incongruous group formed by Mrs. Peter Van Degen and Miss Ray. The pleasure the sight gave her at length made it irresistible to whisper to Ralph: "You ought to go round and talk to your cousin. Have you told her we're engaged?"

"Clare? of course. She's going to call on you to-morrow," he answered, returning her smile.

"Oh, she needn't put herself out—she's never been yet," said Undine loftily.

He made no rejoinder, but presently asked: "Who's that you're waving to so rapturously?"

"Mr. Popple. He's coming round to see us. You know he wants to paint me." Undine fluttered and beamed as the brilliant Popple made his way across the stalls to the seat which her neighbour had momentarily left.

"First-rate chap next to you—whoever he is—to give me this chance," the artist declared. "Ha, Ralph, my boy, how did you pull it off? That's what we're all of us wondering." He leaned over to give Marvell's hand the grasp of ironic bachelorhood. "Well, you've left us lamenting: he has, you know, Miss Spragg. But I've got one pull over the others—I can paint you! He can't forbid that, can he? Not before marriage, anyhow!"

Undine divided her shining glances between the two. "I guess he isn't going to treat me any different afterward," she proclaimed with joyous defiance.

"Ah, well, there's no telling, you know. Hadn't we better begin the sittings at once? Seriously, I want awfully to get you into the spring show."

"Oh, really? That would be too lovely!"

"*You* would be, certainly—the way I mean to do you. But I see Ralph getting glum. Why, my dear fellow, I daresay you'll be invited to some of the sittings—that's for Miss Spragg to say.—Ah, here comes your neighbour back, confound him— You'll let me know when we can begin?"

As the painter moved away Undine turned eagerly to Marvell. "Do you suppose there's time? I'd love to have him to do me!"

Ralph smiled. "My poor child—he *would* 'do' you, with a vengeance. Infernal cheek, his asking you to sit——"

She stared. "But why? He's painted your cousin, and all the smart women."

"Oh, if a 'smart' portrait's all you want!"

"I want what the others want," she answered, frowning and pouting a little.

She was already beginning to resent in Ralph the slightest sign of resistance to her pleasure; and the resentment took the form—a familiar one in Apex courtships—of turning on him, in the next entr'acte, a deliberately averted shoulder. The result of this was to bring her, for the first time, in more direct relation with the spectator on her other side. As she turned the latter turned too, showing her, above a shining shirt-front fastened with a large imitation pearl, a ruddy plump snub face without an angle in it, which yet looked sharper than a razor. Undine's eyes met his with a startled look, and for a long

strange moment they remained suspended on each other's stare.

Undine at length shrank back with an unrecognizing face; but her movement caused her opera-glass to slip to the floor, and her neighbour bent down and picked it up.

"Well—don't you know me yet?" he said with a slight smile, as he held out the glass.

She had grown white to the lips, and when she tried to speak the effort produced only a faint click in her throat. She felt that the change in her appearance must be visible, and the dread of letting Marvell see it made her continue to present her ravaged face to her other neighbour. The round black eyes set prominently in the latter's round glossy countenance had expressed at first only an impersonal and slightly ironic interest; but a look of surprise grew in them as Undine's silence continued.

"What's the matter? Don't you want me to speak to you?"

She became aware that Marvell, as if unconscious of her slight show of displeasure, had left his seat, and was making his way toward the aisle; and this assertion of independence, which a moment before she would so deeply have resented, now gave her a sense of inexpressible relief.

"No—don't speak to me, please. I'll tell you another time—I'll write," she breathed back in a whisper. Her neighbour continued to gaze at her, forming his lips into a noiseless whistle under his small dark moustache.

"Well, I— That's about the stiffest," he murmured; and as she made no answer he added: "Afraid I'll ask to be introduced to your friend?"

She made a faint movement of entreaty. "I can't explain. I promise to see you; but I *ask* you not to talk to me now."

He unfolded his programme, and went on speaking in a low tone while he affected to study it. "Anything to oblige, of course. That's always been my motto. But *is* it a bargain—fair and square? You'll see me?"

She receded farther from him. "I promise. I—I *want* to," she faltered.

"All right, then. Call me up in the morning at the Driscoll Building. Seven-O-nine—got it?"

She nodded breathlessly, and he added in a still lower tone: "I suppose I can congratulate you, anyhow?" and then, without waiting for her reply, turned to study Mrs. Van Degen's box through his opera-glass.

Clare, as if aware of the scrutiny fixed on her from below, leaned back and threw a question over her shoulder to Ralph Marvell, who had just seated himself behind her.

"Who's the funny man with the red face talking to Miss Spragg?"

Ralph bent forward. "The man sitting next to her? Never saw him before. But I think you're mistaken. She's not speaking to him."

"She *was*— Wasn't she, Harriet?"

Miss Ray pinched her lips together without speaking, and Mrs. Van Degen paused for the fraction of a second. "Perhaps he's an Apex friend," she then suggested.

"Very likely," Ralph rejoined. "Only I think she'd have introduced him if he had been."

His cousin faintly shrugged. "Shall you encourage that?"

Peter Van Degen, who had strayed into his wife's box for a moment, caught the colloquy, and lifted his opera-glass.

"The fellow next to Miss Spragg? (By George, Ralph, she's ripping to-night —you've beaten us all, hands down!) Wait a minute—I know his face. Saw him in old Harmon Driscoll's office the day of the Eubaw Mine meeting. This chap's his secretary, or something. Driscoll called him in to give some facts to the directors, and he seemed a mighty wide-awake customer."

Clare Van Degen turned gaily to her cousin. "If he has anything to do with the Driscolls cultivate him, my dear Ralph! That's the kind of acquaintance the Dagonets have always needed. I married to set them an example!"

Ralph rose with a laugh. "You're quite right, Clare. I'll hurry back and make his acquaintance," he said, holding out his hand and avoiding her disappointed eyes.

Undine, on entering her bedroom late that evening, was startled by the presence of a muffled figure which revealed itself,

through the dimness, as the ungirded midnight outline of Mrs. Spragg.

"*Mother?* What on earth—?" the girl exclaimed, as Mrs. Spragg pressed the electric button and flooded the room with light. The idea of a mother's sitting up for her daughter was so foreign to Apex customs that it roused only mistrust and irritation in the object of the demonstration.

Mrs. Spragg came forward deprecatingly and lifted the cloak from her daughter's shoulders.

"I just *had* to, Undie—I told father I *had* to. I wanted to hear all about it."

Undine shrugged away from her. "Mercy! At this hour? You'll be as white as a sheet to-morrow, sitting up like this."

She moved toward the toilet-table, and began to demolish with feverish hands the structure which Mrs. Heeny, a few hours earlier, had so lovingly raised. But the rose caught in a mesh of hair, and Mrs. Spragg, venturing timidly to release it, had a full view of her daughter's face in the glass.

"Why, Undie, *you're* as white as a sheet now! You look fairly sick. What's the matter, daughter?"

The girl again broke away from her mother's touch.

"Oh, can't you leave me alone, mother? There—do I look white *now?*" she cried, the blood flaming into her pale cheeks; and as Mrs. Spragg shrank back disconcerted, she added more mildly, in the tone of a parent rebuking a persistent child: "It's enough to *make* anybody sick to be stared at that way!"

Mrs. Spragg overflowed with compunction. "I'm so sorry, Undie. I guess it was just seeing you in this glare of light."

"Yes—the light's awful; do turn some off," ordered Undine, for whom, ordinarily, no radiance was too strong; and Mrs. Spragg, grateful to have commands laid upon her, hastened to temper the unwelcome brightness.

Undine, after this, submitted in brooding silence to having her dress unlaced, her slippers and dressing-gown brought to her; and Mrs. Spragg, yearning to speak, restrained the impulse lest it should provoke her dismissal.

"Won't you take just a sup of milk before you go to bed?" she suggested at length, as Undine sank into an armchair. "I've got some for you right here in the parlour."

Without looking up the girl answered: "No. I don't want anything. Do go to bed, mother."

Mrs. Spragg seemed to be struggling between the life-long instinct of obedience and a swift unformulated fear. "I'm going, Undie." She wavered. "Didn't they receive you right, daughter?" she asked with sudden resolution.

Undine made an impatient movement. "What nonsense! How *should* they receive me? Everybody was lovely to me," she declared; and rising to her feet she continued to undress, tossing her clothes impatiently on the floor, and shaking down her hair over her bare shoulders.

Mrs. Spragg, stooping to gather up the scattered garments, folded them with a wistful caressing touch, and laid them on the lounge, without daring to raise her eyes to her daughter. It was not till she heard Undine throw herself on the bed that she went toward her and drew the coverlet over her with trembling hands.

"Oh, do put the light out—I'm dead tired," the girl groaned, pressing her face into the pillow.

Mrs. Spragg turned to obey; then, gathering all her scattered impulses into a passionate act of courage, she moved back to the bedside.

"Undie—you didn't see anybody—I mean at the theatre? *Anybody you didn't want to see?*"

Undine, at the question, raised her head and started upright against the tossed pillows, her white exasperated face close to her mother's twitching features. The two women examined each other a moment, fear and anger in their crossed glances; then Undine said: "No, nobody. Good-night."

IX

Undine, late the next day, waited alone under the leafless trellising of a wistaria arbour on the west side of the Central Park. She had put on her plainest dress, and wound a closely patterned veil over her least vivid hat; but even thus toned down to the situation she was conscious of

blazing out from it into inconvenient conspicuousness.

The habit of meeting young men in sequestered spots was not unknown to her: the novelty was in feeling any embarrassment about it. Even now she was disturbed not so much by the unlikely chance of an accidental encounter with Ralph Marvell as by the remembrance of similar meetings, far from accidental, with the romantic Aaronson. Could it be that the hand now adorned with Ralph's betrothal ring had once, in this very spot, yielded itself to the riding-master's pressure? At the thought a wave of physical disgust passed over her, blotting out in its rush another as distasteful but remoter memory.

The latter was revived by the appearance of a middle-sized ruddy-faced young man, tightly buttoned into a square-shouldered over-coat, who presently moved along the path that led to the arbour. Viewed from a slight distance, and silhouetted against the slope of the asphalt path, the newcomer showed an outline thick yet compact, with a round head set on a neck in which, at the first chance, prosperity would be likely to develop a red crease. His face, with its rounded surfaces, and the sanguine innocence of a complexion belied by prematurely astute black eyes, had a look of jovial cunning which Undine had formerly thought "smart" but which now struck her as merely vulgar. She felt at once that in the Marvell set Elmer Moffatt would have been briefly stamped as "not a gentleman." At the same time she noted a change in his aspect that seemed to promise the capacity to develop into any character he cared to assume; though it was not likely that, for the present, that of a gentleman would figure. He had always had a brisk swaggering step, and the faintly impudent tilt of the head that had once seemed "dashing"; but whereas his air had formerly denoted a somewhat desperate defiance of the world and its judgments it now suggested a readjusted and almost assured relation to these powers; and Undine's heart sank at the thought of what the change implied.

As he drew nearer, the young man's look of assurance was replaced by an expression of mildly humorous surprise.

"Well—this is white of you, Undine!" he said, taking her lifeless fingers into his dapperly gloved hand.

Through her veil she formed the words: "I said I'd come."

He laughed. "That's so. And you see I believed you. Though I might not have——"

"I don't see the use of beginning like this," she interrupted nervously.

"That's so too," he agreed. "Suppose we walk along a little ways? It's rather chilly standing round."

He turned down the path that sloped toward the Ramble and the girl moved on beside him with her long flowing steps.

When they had reached the comparative shelter of the interlacing trees Moffatt paused again to say: "If we're going to talk I'd like to see you, Undine;" and after a first motion of reluctance she submissively threw back her veil.

He let his eyes rest in silence on the face it uncovered; then he said judicially: "You've filled out some; but you're paler." After another pause he added: "There's mighty few women as well worth looking at, and I'm obliged to you for giving me the chance again."

Undine's brows drew together, but she softened her frown to a quivering smile.

"I'm glad to see you too, Elmer—I am, *really!*"

He returned her smile while his glance continued to study her humorously. "You didn't betray the fact last night, Miss Spragg."

"I was so taken aback. I thought you were out in Alaska somewhere."

The young man shaped his lips in the mute whistle by which he habitually vented his surprise. "You *did?* Didn't Abner E. Spragg tell you he'd seen me down town?"

Undine flung a startled glance at him. "Father? You've seen him? He never said a word about it!"

Her companion's whistle became audible. "He's running yet!" he said gaily. "I wish I could scare some people as easy as I can your father."

The girl hesitated. "I never felt toward you the way father did," she hazarded at length; and he gave her a long look in return.

"Well, if they'd left you alone I don't

believe you'd ever have acted mean to me," was the conclusion he drew from it.

"I didn't mean to, Elmer. . . I give you my word—but I was so young. . . I didn't know anything. . ." She kept her gaze upon him.

He gave it back in a look of reminiscent pleasantry. "No—I don't suppose it *would* teach a girl much to be engaged two years to a stiff like Millard Binch; and that was about all that had happened to you before I happened along."

Undine flushed to the forehead. "Oh, Elmer—I was only a child when I was engaged to Millard——"

"That's a fact. And you went on being one for a good while afterward. *The Apex Eagle* always head-lined you as 'The child-bride'——"

"I can't see what's the use—now—" she broke in.

He threw a quick glance at her. "That ruled out of court too? See here, Undine—what *can* we talk about? I understood that was what we were here for."

"Of course." She made a quick effort at recovery. "I only meant—what's the use of raking up things that are over?"

"Rake up? That's the idea, is it? Was that why you tried to cut me last night?"

"I—oh, Elmer! I didn't mean to; only, you see, I'm engaged."

"Oh, I saw that fast enough. I'd have seen it even if I didn't read the papers." He gave a short laugh. "He was feeling pretty good, sitting there beside you, wasn't he? And I don't wonder he was. I remember. But I don't see that that was a reason for cold-shouldering me. I'm a respectable member of society now—I'm one of Harmon B. Driscoll's private secretaries." He brought out the fact with comic solemnity.

But to Undine, though undoubtedly impressive, the statement did not immediately present itself as a subject for banter.

"Elmer Moffatt—you *are?*"

He laughed again. "Guess you'd have remembered me last night if you'd known it."

She was following her own train of thought with a look of pale intensity. "You're *living* in New York, then—you're going to live here right along?"

"Well, it looks that way; as long as I can hang on to this job. Great men always gravitate to the metropolis. And I gravitated here just as Uncle Harmon B. was looking round for somebody who could give him an inside tip on the Eubaw mine deal—you know the Driscolls are pretty deep in Eubaw. I happened to go out there after our little unpleasantness at Apex, and it was just the time the deal went through. So in one way your folks did me a good turn when they made Apex too hot for me: funny to think of, ain't it?"

Undine, recovering herself, held out her hand impulsively.

"I'm real glad of it—I mean I'm real glad you've had such a stroke of luck!" she exclaimed, with a faint laugh that apologized for the ambiguity of the phrase.

"Much obliged," he returned. "By the way, you might mention the fact to Abner E. Spragg next time you run across him."

"Father'll be real glad too, Elmer." She hesitated, and then went on: "You must see now that it was natural father and mother should have felt the way they did——"

"Oh, the only thing that struck me as unnatural was their making you feel so too. But I'm free to admit I wasn't a promising case in those days." His glance played over her for a moment. "Say, Undine—it was good while it lasted, though, wasn't it?"

She shrank back with a burning face and eyes of misery.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked. "That ruled out too? Oh, all right. Look at here, Undine, suppose you let me know what you *are* here to talk about, anyhow."

She cast a helpless glance down the windings of the wooded glen in which they had halted.

"Just to ask you—to beg you—not to say anything of this kind again—*ever*——"

He stood, digging the tip of his walking-stick into a fissure of the asphalt. "Anything about you and me?"

She nodded mutely.

"Why, what's wrong? Anybody been saying anything against me?"

"Oh, no. It's not that!"

"What on earth *is* it, then—except that you're ashamed of me, one way or another?" She made no answer, and he went on in a tone that revealed a first faint trace of irritation: "I don't want to break

into your gilt-edged crowd, if it's that you're scared of."

His exasperation seemed to increase her alarm. "No, no—you don't understand. All I want is that nothing shall be known."

"Yes; but *why?* It was all straight enough, if you come to that."

"It doesn't matter . . . whether it was straight . . . or . . . not. . ." He interpolated a whistle which made her add: "What I mean is that out here in the East they don't even like it if a girl's been *engaged* before."

This last strain on his credulity wrung a laugh from Moffatt. "Gee! How'd they expect her fair young life to pass? Playing 'Holy City' on the melodeon, and knitting tidies for church fairs?"

"Girls are looked after here. It's all different. Their mothers go round with them."

This seemed to increase her companion's hilarity. He glanced about him with a sudden pretense of compunction. "Excuse *me!* I ought to have remembered. Where's your chaperon, Miss Spragg?" He crooked his arm with mock ceremony. "Allow me to escort you to the bew-fay. You see I'm onto the New York style myself."

A sigh of discouragement escaped her. "Elmer—if you really believe I never wanted to act mean to you, don't you act mean to me now!"

"Act mean?" He grew serious again and moved nearer to her. "What is it you want, Undine? Why can't you say it right out?"

"What I told you. I don't want Ralph Marvell—or any of them—to know anything. If any of his folks found out, they'd never let him marry me—never! And he wouldn't want to: he'd be so horrified. And it would *kill* me, Elmer—it would just kill me!"

She pressed close to him, forgetful of her new reserves and repugnances, and impelled by the passionate absorbing desire to wring from him some definite pledge of safety.

"Oh, Elmer, if you ever liked me, help me now, and I'll help you if I get the chance!"

He had recovered his coolness as hers forsook her, and stood his ground steadily, though her entreating hands, her glowing face, were near enough to have shaken less steady nerves.

"That so, Puss? You just ask me to pass the sponge over Elmer Moffatt of Apex City? Cut the gentleman when we meet? That the size of it?"

"Oh, Elmer, it's my first chance—I can't lose it!" she broke out, sobbing.

"Nonsense, child! Of course you shan't. Here, look up, Undine—why I never saw you cry before. Don't you be afraid of me—*I* ain't going to interrupt the wedding march." He began to whistle a bar of Lohengrin. "I only just want one little promise in return."

She flung a startled look at him and he added reassuringly: "Oh, don't mistake me. I don't want to butt into your set—not for social purposes, anyhow, but if ever it should come handy to know any of 'em in a business way, would you fix it up for me—*after you're married?*"

Their eyes met on this, and she remained silent for a tremulous second; then she held out her hand. "Afterward—yes. I promise. And *you* promise, Elmer?"

"Oh, to have and to hold!" he sang out, swinging about to follow her as she hurriedly began to retrace her steps.

The March twilight had fallen, and the Stentorian façade was all aglow, when Undine regained its monumental threshold. She slipped through the marble vestibule and soared skyward in the mirror-lined lift, hardly conscious of the direction she was taking. What she wanted was solitude, and the time to put some order into her agitated thoughts; and she hoped to steal into her room without meeting her mother. Through her thick veil the clusters of electric lights in the Spragg drawing-room dilated and flowed together in a yellow blur, from which, as she entered, a figure detached itself; and with a start of annoyance she saw Ralph Marvell rise from the perusal of the "fiction number" of a magazine which had replaced "The Hound of the Baskervilles" on the onyx table.

"Yes; you told me not to come—and here I am," he said, lifting her hand to his lips as his eyes tried to find hers through the veil.

She drew back with an impatient gesture. "I told you I'd be awfully late."

"I know—trying on! And you're horribly tired in consequence, and wishing with all your might I wasn't here."

"I'm not so sure I'm not!" she rejoined, trying to hide her vexation under a smile.

"What a tragic little voice! You must be really used up. I couldn't help dropping in for a minute; but of course if you're really tired I'll be off." She was nervously removing her long gloves, and he took her hands and drew her close to him. "Only take off your veil, dearest, and let me see you're not too vexed with me."

A quiver of resistance ran through her: he felt it and dropped her hands.

"Please don't tease. I never could bear it," she stammered, drawing away from him.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Till tomorrow, then; that is, if the dress-maker permits."

She forced a laugh. "If I showed myself now you might not come back tomorrow. I'm perfectly hideous to look at —it was so hot and they kept me so long."

"All to make yourself more beautiful for a man who's blind with your beauty already?"

In spite of herself, the words made her smile, and moving nearer she bent her head and stood still while he undid her veil. As he put it back their lips met, and his look of passionate tenderness was incense to her.

But as their eyes met his expression passed from worship to concern. "Dear! Why, what's the matter? You've been crying!"

She put up both hands to her hat in the instinctive effort to hide her face from him. His persistence was as irritating as her mother's.

"I told you it was frightfully hot—and all my things were horrid; and it made me so cross and nervous!" She tossed aside the hat and turned to the looking-glass with a feint of smoothing her hair.

Marvell followed and laid his hand on her arm. "Why can't we be married tomorrow, and escape all these grotesque preparations? I shall hate your fine clothes if they're going to make you so miserable."

She jerked away from him impatiently. "They're not fine—they're horrid, I tell you! That's what makes me so cross." She dropped her hands, and swept about on him abruptly, her face lit up by a new idea. He was extraordinarily handsome and appealing and her heart began to beat faster.

"I hate it all too! I wish we *could* be married right away!"

Marvell caught her to him passionately. "Dearest—dearest! Don't, if you don't mean it! The thought of it's too good!"

Undine let him hold her, not with any intent of tenderness, but as if too deeply lost in a new train of thought to be conscious of his touch.

"I suppose most of the things *could* be got ready sooner—if I said they *must*," she brooded, with a fixed gaze that travelled past him. "And the rest—why shouldn't the rest be sent over to Europe after us?" She had a flash of illumination which made her turn her lips to his. "I want to go straight off with you, away from everything—ever so far away, where there'll be nobody but you and me alone!"

"Oh, my darling—my darling!" Marvell cried.

X

Mr. and Mrs. Spragg were both given to such long periods of ruminating apathy that the student of inheritance might have wondered whence Undine derived her overflowing activity. The answer would have been obtained by observing her father's business life. From the moment he set foot in Wall Street Mr. Spragg became another man. Physically the change revealed itself only by the subtlest signs. As he steered his way to his office through the jostling crowd of William Street his relaxed muscles did not grow more taut or his lounging gait less desultory. His shoulders were hollowed by the usual droop, and his rusty black waistcoat showed the same creased concavity at the waist, the same flabby prominence below. It was only in his face that the difference was perceptible, though even here it rather lurked behind the features than openly modified them: showing itself now and then in the cautious glint of half-closed eyes, the forward thrust of

black brows, or a tightening of the lax lines of the mouth—as the gleam of a night-watchman's light might flash across the darkness of a shuttered house-front.

The shutters were more tightly barred than usual when, on a morning some two weeks later than the date of incidents last recorded, Mr. Spragg approached the threshold of the steel and concrete tower in which his office occupied a lofty pigeon-hole. Events had moved rapidly and somewhat surprisingly in the interval, and Mr. Spragg had already accustomed himself to the fact that his daughter was to be married within the week, instead of awaiting the traditional post-Lenten date. Conventionally the change meant little to him; but on the practical side it presented unforeseen difficulties. Mr. Spragg had learned within the last weeks that a New York marriage involved material obligations unknown to Apex. Young Marvell, indeed, had been loftily disdainful of such questions; but his grandfather, on the announcement of the engagement, had called on Mr. Spragg and put before him, with polished precision, the exact financial situation of Undine's betrothed.

Mr. Spragg, at the moment, had been inclined to deal with his visitor in a spirit of indulgent irony. As he leaned back in his revolving chair, with feet adroitly balanced against a tilted waste-paper basket, his air of relaxed power made Mr. Dagonet's venerable elegance seem as harmless as that of an ivory jack-straw—and his first replies his visitor made with the mildness of a kindly giant.

"Ralph don't make a living out of the law, you say? No, it didn't strike me he'd be likely to, from the talks I've had with him. Fact is, the law's a business that wants—" Mr. Spragg broke off, checked by a protest from Mr. Dagonet. "Oh, a *profession*, you call it? It ain't a business?" The lines of his smile grew more indulgent as this novel distinction dawned on him. "Why, I guess that's the whole trouble with Ralph. Nobody expects to make money in a *profession;* and if you've taught him to regard the law that way, he'd better go right into cooking-stoves and done with it."

Mr. Dagonet, within a more restricted range, had his own play of humour; and it met Mr. Spragg's with a leap. "It's precisely because I knew he would manage to make cooking-stoves as unremunerative as a profession that I guarded him from so glaring a failure by putting him into the law."

The retort drew a grunt of amusement from Mr. Spragg; and the eyes of the two men met in unexpected understanding.

"That so? What *can* he do, then?" the future father-in-law impartially enquired.

"He can write poetry—at least he tells me he can." Mr. Dagonet hesitated, as if aware of the inadequacy of the alternative; and then added: "And he can count on three thousand a year from me."

Mr. Spragg tilted himself farther back without disturbing his subtly-calculated relation to the waste-paper basket.

"Does it cost anything like that to print his poetry?"

Mr. Dagonet smiled again: he was clearly enjoying his visit. "Dear, no—he doesn't go in for 'luxe' editions. And now and then he gets ten dollars from a magazine."

Mr. Spragg mused. "Wasn't he ever *taught* to work?"

"No; I really couldn't have afforded that."

"I see. Then they've got to live on two hundred and fifty dollars a month."

Mr. Dagonet remained pleasantly unmoved. "Does it cost anything like that to buy your daughter's dresses?"

A subterranean chuckle agitated the lower folds of Mr. Spragg's waistcoat.

"I might put him in the way of something—I guess he's smart enough," he ruminated.

Mr. Dagonet made a gesture of friendly warning. "It will pay us both in the end to keep him out of business," he said, rising as if to show that his mission was accomplished.

The results of this friendly conference had been more serious than Mr. Spragg could have foreseen—and the victory remained with his antagonist. It had not entered into Mr. Spragg's calculations that he would have to give his daughter any fixed income on her marriage. He meant that she should have the "handsomest" wedding that the New York press had ever celebrated, and her mother's fancy was already afloat on a sea of luxuries—a motor, a Fifth Avenue house, and a

tiara that should out-blaze Mrs. Van Degen's; but these were movable benefits, to be conferred whenever Mr. Spragg happened to be "on the right side" of the market. It was a different matter to be called on, at such short notice, to bridge the gap between young Marvell's allowance and Undine's requirements; and her father's immediate conclusion was that the engagement had better be broken off. Such scissions were almost painless in Apex, and he had fancied it would be easy, by an appeal to the girl's pride, to make her see that she owed it to herself to do better.

"You'd better wait awhile and look round again," was the way he had put it to her at the opening of the talk of which, even now, he could not recall the close without a tremor.

Undine, when she took his meaning, had been terrible. Everything had gone down before her, as towns and villages went down before one of the tornadoes of her native state. Wait awhile? Look round? Did he suppose she was marrying for *money?* Didn't he see it was all a question, now and here, of the kind of people she wanted to "go with"? Did he want to throw her straight back into the Lipscomb set, to have her marry a dentist and live in a West Side flat? Why hadn't they stayed in Apex, if that was all he thought she was fit for? She might as well have married Millard Binch, instead of handing him over to Indiana Frusk! Didn't her father understand that nice girls, in New York, didn't regard getting married like going on a buggy-ride? It was enough to ruin a girl's chances if she broke her engagement to a man in Ralph Marvell's set. All kinds of spiteful things would be said about her, and she would never be able to go with the right people again. They had better go back to Apex right off—it was they and not *she* who had wanted to leave Apex, anyhow—she could call her mother to witness it. She had always, when it came to that, done what her father and mother wanted, but she'd given up trying to make out what they were after, unless it was to make her miserable; and if that was it, hadn't they had enough of it by this time? She had, anyhow. But after this she meant to lead her own life; and they needn't ask her where she was going, or what she meant to do, because this time she'd die before she told them—and they'd made life so hateful to her that she only wished she was dead already.

Mr. Spragg heard her out in silence, pulling at his beard with one sallow wrinkled hand, while the other dragged down the armhole of his sagging waistcoat. Suddenly he looked up and said: "Ain't you in love with the fellow, Undie?"

The girl glared back at him, her splendid brows beetling like an Amazon's. "Do you think I'd care a cent for all the rest of it if I wasn't?" she blazed out.

"Well, if you are, you and he won't mind beginning in a small way."

Her look poured contempt on his ignorance. "Do you s'pose I'd drag him down?" With a magnificent gesture she tore Marvell's ring from her finger. "I'll send this back this minute. I'll tell him I thought he was a rich man, and now I see I'm mistaken—" She burst into shattering sobs, rocking her beautiful body back and forward in all the abandonment of young grief; and her father stood over her, stroking her shoulder and saying helplessly: "I'll see what I can do, Undine——"

All his life, and at ever-diminishing intervals, Mr. Spragg had been called on by his womenkind to "see what he could do"; and the seeing had almost always resulted in accordance with their desires. Undine did not have to send back her ring, and in her state of trance-like happiness she hardly asked by what means her path had been smoothed, but merely accepted her mother's assurance that "father had fixed everything all right."

Mr. Spragg accepted the situation also. A son-in-law who expected to be pensioned like a Grand Army veteran was a phenomenon new to his experience; but if that was what Undine wanted she should have it. Only two days later, however, he was met by a new demand—the young people had decided to be married "right off," instead of waiting till June. This change of plan was made known to Mr. Spragg at a moment when he was peculiarly unprepared for the financial readjustment it involved. He had always declared himself able to cope with any

crisis if Undine and her mother would "go steady"; but he now affirmed his inability to keep up with the new pace they had set.

Undine, not deigning to return to the charge, had commissioned her mother to speak for her; and Mr. Spragg was surprised to meet in his wife a firmness as inflexible as his daughter's.

"I can't do it, Loot—can't put my hand on the cash," he had protested; but Mrs. Spragg fought him inch by inch, her back to the wall—flinging out at last, as he pressed her closer: "Well, if you want to know, she's seen Elmer."

The bolt reached its mark, and her husband turned a disordered face on her.

"Elmer? What on earth—he didn't come *here*, did he?"

"No; but he sat next to her the other night at the theatre, and she's wild with us for not having warned her."

Mr. Spragg's scowl drew his projecting brows together. "Warned her of what? What's Elmer to her? Why's she afraid of Elmer Moffatt?"

"She's afraid of his talking."

"Talking? What on earth can he say that'll hurt *her?*"

"Oh, I don't know," Mrs. Spragg wailed. "She's so nervous I can hardly get a word out of her."

Mr. Spragg's face whitened as if with the chill of a new apprehension. "Is she afraid he'll get round her again—make up to her? Is that what she means by 'talking'?"

"I don't know, I don't know. I only know she *is* afraid—she's afraid as death of him."

For a long interval they sat looking at each other while their heavy eyes exchanged mute conjectures; then Mr. Spragg rose from his chair, saying, as he took up his hat: "Don't you fret, Leota; I'll see what I can do."

He had been "seeing" now for an arduous fortnight; and the strain on his vision had resulted in a state of tension such as he had not undergone since the epic days of the Pure Water Move at Apex. It was not his habit to impart his fears to Mrs. Spragg and Undine, and they continued the bridal preparations, secure in their invariable experience that, once "father" had been convinced of the impossibility of evading their demands, he might be trusted to satisfy them by means with which his womenkind need not concern themselves. Mr. Spragg, as he approached his office on the morning in question, felt reasonably sure of fulfilling these expectations; but he reflected that a few more such victories would be equivalent to disaster.

As the thought crossed his mind he entered the imposing vestibule of the Ararat Trust Building, and walked toward the express elevator that was to carry him to his high-perched office. At the door of the elevator a man turned to him, and he recognized Elmer Moffatt, who put out his hand with a tentative gesture.

Mr. Spragg did not ignore the gesture: he did not even withhold his hand. In his code the cut, as a conscious sign of disapproval, did not exist. In the south, if you had a grudge against a man you tried to shoot him; in the west, you tried to do him in a mean turn in business; but in neither region was the cut among the social weapons of offense. Mr. Spragg, therefore, seeing Moffatt in his path, extended a lifeless hand while he fixed the young man scowlingly. Moffatt met the hand and the scowl with equal composure.

"Going up to your office? I was on the way there."

The elevator door rolled back, and Mr. Spragg, entering in, found his interlocutor at his side. They remained silent during the ascent that landed them, a moment later, on Mr. Spragg's threshold; but there the latter turned to enquire drily of Moffatt: "Anything left to say?"

Moffatt smiled. "Nothing *left*—no; I'm carrying a whole new line of goods."

Mr. Spragg pondered the reply; then he opened the door and suffered Moffatt to follow him in. Behind an inner glazed enclosure, with its one window giving on a sooty perspective barred with chimneys, he seated himself at a dusty littered desk, and groped instinctively for the support of the waste-paper basket. Moffatt, uninvited, dropped into the nearest chair, and Mr. Spragg said, after another silence: "I'm pretty busy this morning."

"I know you are: that's why I'm here," Moffatt replied serenely. He leaned back, crossing his legs comfortably, and twist-

ing his small stiff moustache with a plump hand adorned by a large cameo.

"Fact is," he went on, "this is a coals-of-fire call. You think I owe you a grudge, and I'm going to show you I'm not that kind. I'm going to put you onto a good thing—oh, not because I'm so fond of you; just because it happens to hit my sense of a joke."

While Moffatt talked Mr. Spragg took up the pile of letters on his desk and sat shuffling them like a pack of cards. He dealt them deliberately to two imaginary players; then he pushed them aside and drew out his watch.

"All right—I carry one too," said the young man easily. "But you'll find it's so much time gained to hear what I've got to say."

Mr. Spragg looked out of the window without speaking, and Moffatt continued: "I don't suppose you care to hear the story of my life, so I won't refer you to the back numbers. You used to say out in Apex that I spent too much time loafing round the bar of the Mealey House; that was one of the things you had against me. Well, maybe I did—but it taught me to talk, and to listen to the other fellows too. Just at present I'm one of Harmon B. Driscoll's private secretaries, and some of that Mealey House loafing has come in more useful than any job I ever put my hand to. The old man happened to hear I knew something about the inside of the Eubaw deal, and took me on to have the information where he could get at it. I've given him good talk for his money; but I've done some listening too. Eubaw ain't the only commodity the Driscolls deal in."

Mr. Spragg restored his watch to his pocket and shifted his drowsy gaze from the window to his visitor's face.

"Yes," said Moffatt, as if in reply to the movement, "the Driscolls are getting busy out in Apex. Now they've got all the street railroads in their pocket they want the water-supply too—but you know that as well as I do. Fact is, they've got to have it; and there's where you and I come in."

Mr. Spragg thrust his hands in his waistcoat arm-holes and turned his eyes back to the window.

"I'm out of that long ago," he said indifferently.

"Sure," Moffatt acquiesced; "but you know what went on when you were in it."

"Well?" said Mr. Spragg, shifting one hand to the Masonic emblem on his watch-chain.

"Well, Representative James J. Rolliver, who was in it with you, ain't out of it yet. He's the man the Driscolls are up against. What d'you know about him?"

Mr. Spragg twirled the emblem thoughtfully. "Driscoll tell you to come here?"

Moffatt laughed. "No, *sir*—not by a good many miles."

Mr. Spragg removed his feet from the waste-paper basket and straightened himself in his chair.

"Well—I didn't either; good morning, Mr. Moffatt."

The young man stared a moment, a humorous glint in his small black eyes; but he made no motion to leave his seat.

"Undine's to be married next week, isn't she?" he asked in an irrelevantly conversational tone.

Mr. Spragg's face blackened and he swung about sharply in his revolving chair.

"You go to——"

Moffatt raised a deprecating hand. "Oh, you needn't warn me off," he said. "I don't want to be invited to the wedding. And I don't want to forbid the banns."

There was a derisive sound in Mr. Spragg's throat.

"But I *do* want to get out of Driscoll's office," Moffatt imperturbably continued. "There's no future there for a fellow like me. I see things big. That's the reason Apex was too tight a fit for me. It's only the little fellows that succeed in little places. New York's my size—without a single alteration. I could prove it to you tomorrow if I could put my hand on fifty thousand dollars."

Mr. Spragg did not repeat his gesture of dismissal: he was once more listening guardedly but intently. Moffatt saw it and continued.

"And I could put my hand on double that sum—yes, sir, *double*—if you'd just step round with me to old Driscoll's office before five p. m. See the connection, Mr. Spragg?"

The older man remained silent while his visitor hummed a bar or two of "In the

Gloaming"; then he said: "You want me to tell Driscoll what I know about James J. Rolliver?"

"I want you to tell the truth—I want you to stand for political purity in your native state. A man of your prominence owes it to the community, sir," cried Moffatt oratorically.

Mr. Spragg was still tormenting his Masonic emblem.

"Rolliver and I always stood together," he said at last, with a tinge of reluctance.

"Well, how much have you made out of it? Ain't he always been ahead of the game?"

"I can't do it—I can't do it," said Mr. Spragg, bringing his clenched hand down on the desk, as if addressing an invisible throng of assailants.

Moffatt rose without any evidence of disappointment in his ruddy countenance. "Well, so long," he said, moving toward the door. Near the threshold he paused to add carelessly: "Excuse my referring to personal matter—but I understand Miss Spragg's wedding takes place next Monday."

Mr. Spragg was silent.

"How's that?" Moffatt continued unabashed. "I saw in the papers the date was set for the end of June."

Mr. Spragg rose heavily from his seat. "I presume my daughter has her reasons," he said, moving toward the door in Moffatt's wake.

"I guess she has—same as I have for wanting you to step round with me to old Driscoll's. If Undine's reasons are as good as mine——"

"Stop right here, Elmer Moffatt!" the older man broke out with lifted hand.

Moffatt made a feint of evading a blow. "Don't shoot!" he cried dramatically. Then his face grew serious, and he moved close to Mr. Spragg, whose arms had fallen to his side.

"See here, I know Undine's reasons. I've had a talk with her—didn't she tell you? *She* don't beat about the bush the way you do. She told me straight out what was bothering her. She wants the Marvells to think she's right out of Kindergarten. 'No goods sent out on approval at this counter.' And I see her point—*I* don't mean to publish my meemo'rs. Only a deal's a deal." He paused a moment, twisting his fingers about the heavy gold watch-chain that crossed his waistcoat. "Tell you what, Mr. Spragg, I don't bear malice—not against Undine, anyway—and if I could have afforded it I'd have been glad enough to oblige her and forget old times. But you didn't hesitate to kick me when I was down and it's taken me a day or two to get on my legs again after that kicking. I see my way now to get there and keep there; and there's a kinder poetic justice in your being the man to help me up. If I can get hold of fifty thousand dollars within a day or so I don't care who's got the start of me. I've got a dead sure thing in sight, and you're the only man who can get it for me. Now do you see where we're coming out?"

Mr. Spragg, during this discourse, had remained motionless, his hands in his pockets, his jaws moving mechanically, as though he mumbled a tooth-pick under his beard. His sallow cheek had turned a shade paler, and his brows hung threateningly over his half-closed eyes. But there was no threat—there was scarcely more than a note of dull curiosity—in the voice with which he said: "You mean to talk?"

Moffatt's rosy face grew as hard as a steel safe. "I mean *you* to talk—to old Driscoll." He paused, and then added: "It's a hundred thousand down, between us."

Mr. Spragg once more consulted his watch. "I'll see you again," he said with an effort.

Moffatt struck one fist against the other. "No, *sir*—you won't! You'll only hear from me—through the Marvell family. Your news ain't worth a dollar to Driscoll if he don't get it today."

He was checked by the sound of steps in the outer office, and Mr. Spragg's stenographer appeared in the doorway.

"It's Mr. Marvell," she announced; and Ralph Marvell, glowing with haste and happiness, stood between the two men, holding out his hand to Mr. Spragg.

"Am I awfully in the way, sir? Kick me out if I am—but first let me just say a word to you about this necklace I've ordered for Un——"

He broke off, made aware by Mr. Spragg's glance of the presence of Elmer Moffatt, who, with unwonted discretion,

had dropped back into the shadow of the door.

Marvell turned on Moffatt a bright gaze full of the instinctive hospitality of youth; but Moffatt looked straight past him at Mr. Spragg.

The latter, as if in response to an imperceptible signal, mechanically pronounced his visitor's name; and the two young men moved toward each other.

"I beg your pardon most awfully—am I breaking up an important conference?" Ralph gaily asked as he shook hands.

"Why, no—I guess we're pretty nearly through. I'll step outside and woo the blonde while you're talking," Moffatt rejoined in the same key.

"Thanks so much—I shan't take two seconds." Ralph broke off to scrutinize him. "But haven't we met somewhere before? It seems to me I've seen you—just lately——"

Moffatt seemed about to answer, but his reply was checked by an abrupt movement on the part of Mr. Spragg. There was a perceptible pause, during which Moffatt's bright black glance rested questioningly on Ralph; then he looked again at the older man, and their eyes held each other for a silent moment.

"Why, no—not as I'm aware of, Mr. Marvell," Moffatt said, addressing himself amicably to Ralph. "Better late than never, though—and I hope to have the pleasure soon again."

He divided a good-humoured nod between the two men, and opening the door passed into the outer office, where they heard him address the stenographer in a strain of exaggerated gallantry.

(To be continued.)

THE HOUR WHEN LOVE REPAYS

By Ann Devoore

The nursery fire burns red as a rose,
And against the curtained window-panes
The purple twilight is pressing close,
And the wild, north wind at the lattice strains.

Oh, scent of the woods! from the pine log there,
Was there ever so safe and warm a nest?
Or up in the tree-tops anywhere
A drowsier birdling rocked to rest?

The lingering notes of a lullaby fall
Into a silence more hushed and still
For the rockers' creak, the night wind's call,
And the rose-leaf ashes that crumple and spill.

Lie close, little burden of joy and delight!
Only for Mother the dream smile strays,
And the rapturous, sleepy sighs take flight.
This is the hour when Love repays.

SANDY LAND LILIES

By Barry Benefield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BIGGS

THE transplanted Fisher family now occupied a small bedroom and kitchen on the fifth floor of a Sixtieth Street tenement half-way down the steep hill from Amsterdam Avenue to the Hudson River's dingy up-town water-front. Winter had begun, and already at six o'clock it was dark outside. Pink Fisher was in the kitchen frying a piece of liver on the little two-hole stove, watched not disinterestedly by Grover, his five-year-old grandson, and by Blue, a long-eared, short-legged beadle hound that the boy had picked up after the family had finally reached New York City.

The fire in the stove needing replenishing, the old negro dragged from a corner a bundle of wood made from a goods box battered to pieces, but he could find no stick of just the right size.

"You go in yander an' look on top de beehive an' bring me de hatchet," he said to the boy. Grover, followed by Blue, went into the bedroom, proceeded directly to a trunk against the wall, and returned with the required tool.

Presently Pink, having loaded himself with the platter of liver, a loaf of bread, two clean plates, and a bottle of molasses, started into the bedroom, calling behind him, "You teck up de lamp an' come on ahead of me; we gwine to eat dis col' night befo' de fieh-place, whar hit's wahm." The boy went rapidly out in front of him, set the lamp in the middle of the thickly cluttered room, and drew his chair quickly and clatteringly up to his plate, Blue stationing himself at his young master's feet with a sigh of resignation.

The diners were in no mood for conversation until the call of hunger should be satisfied. The brass hand lamp, of the kind without a chimney, sent a wavy ribbon of greasy, malodorous smoke up to the black ceiling. The steam-pipe over in the northwest corner, which with the cooking-stove furnished the heat of the "apartment," was clanking and rattling at an unaccustomed generous feeding of coal in the basement. After a while Pink nodded his head toward the noise.

"Bet you don' know whut dat is," he said. The boy pretended to be studying the matter.

"I dunno, gran'pap. Whut is it?"

"Hit's de fierce win' a-rattlin' dem empty go'ds we got hangin' on de pole out dar in de gyarden fer de bluebirds. You know, chile, when de leaves git brown an' fall off, an' cotton is a-movin' to town, an' ever'body is a-shakin' money in dee pockets, an' possums gittin' fat an' keerless—along 'bout dat time de bluebirds fly away furder souf 'n we is; gwine away to Mexico, I reckon. Den de win' clean out de nestes fer 'em, an' de rain wash de go'ds fer 'em; so dat when dee come back in de spring dee homes is all clean and sweet fer 'em to go right in an' start up housekeepin'. Lawdy, Lawdy, honey, listen how de win' is a-cleanin' dem go'ds."

And so the gray-haired old negro and the eager-eyed little black boy went on translating with the ease of loving practice everything about them into the language of a dear land the one never hoped to see again, nor the other to see just once.

Some seven years before a St. Louis lumber company had thrown a saw-mill and an army of employees upon an island of pine timber amidst the cotton farms of northern Louisiana, and in six months moved on. Mr. Dorgan, the very efficient resident manager, took along Shirley Fisher because Mrs. Dorgan said she was the best cook and the most loyal servant she had ever had. They took along also, to be man of all work, Pink, because the pleasant-faced, firm, valuable black girl would not leave without her father. The old negro sold his live-stock, having found no one willing to buy his twenty-acre farm

as it stood, and father and daughter went off happily conscious of the envy of their colored neighbors.

For a year now Mr. Dorgan had been a small potentate in a New York railroad office. Along the line of his jumping progress northward and eastward, Shirley had accomplished one of those transitory marriages not uncommon among her people, its chief obvious results being Grover, and, in her face, an expression of unpleasant sophistication and worried irritableness in place of the old placid amiability. With the entrance of the Dorgans into New York, Pink had been discharged, being worse than useless in a six-room apartment. He and the boy went to the negro section of San Juan Hill, in Sixtieth Street, and every night Shirley came home to look after them.

After their meal the old negro and the boy, having tidied up the two rooms, were sitting close to the stove in the kitchen talking in their beloved make-believe language when they heard her step outside in the hall; they fell instantly silent and straightened up in strained rectitude.

"Ssh!" whispered Pink to the boy. Any tender reference to the Louisiana farm now excited Shirley to terrifying anger.

They heard her walk to the chest of drawers against the wall and slam her hat down on it.

"Look out," cautioned Pink. "She sho' is mad dis night."

They waited, expecting to receive a dictatorial order from her. She lay down across the bed. Presently, from the dark room they heard a blurred, broken voice calling plaintively, "Pap—Grover—come in here."

They tipped in and stood by the bed in the dark, shocked at this collapse of their tall, hard queen, curious at whatever had brought her to speak appealingly to them.

"Pap, I've lost my job. Mis' Dorgan is tired of housekeepin' here; I don't blame her. She has taken two rooms in a hotel; they don't need me any more; anyhow, there ain't no room for me. Mr. Dorgan told me to-night. He said he felt mean about it, an' he offered to get tickets on the railroad back home for all of us."

The old negro felt Grover grab his arm; he leaned down swiftly and put his hand over the boy's mouth.

"But we ain't goin'," she went on. "I told him never mind; we'd make out up here."

Pink felt tears falling on his hand.

"How come we cain't, daught? We still got twenty acre o' lan'. We could rent some stock, an' anybody 'ud 'vance us supplies fer de fust yeah ef we mortgaged de place. Lawdy, Lawdy, chile, how I could wuk ef we wuz on a fahm now. I ain't so ole yit 'at I cain't meck a cotton crap; an' you knows whut a chimbly builder I is, daught. Sho'ly mus' be plenty o' people wantin' chimblies built er repaired down home now. An' Grover——"

"Pap!" She sat up on the bed. "For Gawd's sake, pap, don't argify with me now. I'm spectin' to find Grover's daddy up here somewheres. I heard he was here a long time ago. If I could only see Tom Poe again, he'd come back to me; yes, he would, pap."

She fell across the bed crying hard, and the old man and the boy stood waiting in anguish, not knowing what to do or say. After a while they went tipping back toward the kitchen.

"Stop it, tippin' that way," screamed Shirley, jumping to her feet. "Nobody's dead here. Bring in the lamp; we're goin' to bed."

"Hallelujah!" whispered Pink. "She's all right now."

Shirley's plan for getting along in New York, which she set forth the following morning, contemplated work for Pink as well as for herself; the liberal Dorgan salary must be made up that way. Grover was now old enough to take care of himself, she said, if some of the neighbors were asked to keep an eye on him.

Given a dime by his executive daughter for carfare if he should need it, Pink went forth searching for what he did not hope to find. In his wanderings around the city he had before this applied at some stables near the river-front in which truck horses were kept at night; but none of these had hitherto wanted an old negro, nor did they now.

Up on Ninth Avenue, near the Roosevelt Hospital, he remembered a crippled, gray-haired black man in charge of a newsstand. Approaching him, Pink cunningly drew out of him how he ran the business;

but that seemed to call for capital and at least a little reading and writing. He had none of these. Shirley had learning from the country school, as evidenced by her superior language, which often shamed

spent trying to find a satisfactory job as a cook. Quick financial pressure forced the acceptance of an advertised position to do two days laundry work a week. She meant that kind of money-making to be



"Lawdy, Lawdy, honey, listen how de win' is a-cleanin' dem go'ds."—Page 207.

him; but she had no capital, and he knew she would never stand on the street.

Early in the afternoon Pink drifted back home, finding Grover and Blue awaiting him disconsolately. The three of them hurried out to the far end of a long pier and sat on the string-piece watching the first ice of the season floating down to the bay.

Nor was Shirley much more successful. That day and a number following she

merely temporary, but presently she had given herself wholly to "washing out by the day." Mrs. Dorgan contributed her "soft clothes" work.

Often at night Shirley walked round and round the two principal railroad stations; but these searches never yielded a sight of Tom Poe. She frequently went with young negroes to dances and to what were correctly named "sociable times";

Tom Poe was not at any of them. Yet now and then still she heard tantalizing reports of some one answering his description. Also, in Cincinnati, where she had married him, and where Grover had been born, she had been told that a shift of the Pullman car porters had transferred him to a route that ended in New York. And she struggled on to keep her hope alive, and grew more irritable, and the winter dragged by.

One day in the spring Pink and Grover and Blue, rambling southward along the river-front, came to De Witt Clinton Park at Fifty-third Street. Workmen were inside the high iron fence at the back of the park, overlooking the Hudson, digging up the ground and making it into raised plots some five feet long and three feet wide. To the old negro they looked like little flattened graves; but a man sitting on the bench next to him said they were small gardens provided every year for children to work in.

Pink and Grover spent the best part of the day watching the men get the small beds ready for the spring planting. In all New York the old negro had seen nothing so thrillingly beautiful as that fresh upturned earth. He and the boy had loved the water-front chiefly because they liked to imagine that some of the ships passing down the river were on their way to New Orleans, which seemed a part of home. After that day the Hudson had a powerful added attraction for them. Sitting on a bench in the pergola in the rear of the park, they could look at the huge, quiet ships moving majestically southward, and by turning around see two hundred new gardens making ready for the great spring planting.

Constantly now Pink's imagination labored in the new ground, where his mind's eye rejoiced to see the very young plants showing their first uniform faint green, and then each family, lettuce and peas and all, developing their own kind of leaves and their own kind of color. But always in his imagination he saw boys and girls riding up to the rich iron gate in carriages and automobiles, accompanied by many servants, who then did the work while the splendid "quality" children played among their magnificent gardens.

Delayed at home one day, for they had been doing the housekeeping for a long time, Pink and Grover arrived at the park late in the afternoon. The iron gate must have opened at last; inside were boys and girls bending over the new plots, quiet and orderly and busy. All of them were manifestly of the neighboring Hell's Kitchen territory; some of them were as black as Grover. Shirley's astounded son and father pressed close to the fence and peered through the iron railings. A man pointed his finger at Grover.

"Don't you want one of these gardens?" he asked in eager solicitation. "You can have it for your very own, and you can take home what you raise. We'll give you the seed and show you how to plant them; only you'll have to do the work. Don't you want one?"

"Yassiree, I does," said Grover.

"Glory!" whispered Pink.

The boy ran around to the gate, which opened and closed behind him. Blue stood outside barking at him. The old man hurried to the elevated pergola bench on the river side of the gardens, where Grover was being assigned a bed, and from that vantage-point sat watching him dig into the ground.

"Lawdy, Lawdy, he sho' is dess a natchal-bawn fahmer," he said of the boy grandly.

At six o'clock the young Manhattan agriculturists were turned out of the gate. On the way home Pink asked Grover what he had planted.

"Gran'pap, dee give me fo' rows to plant. I got lettuce in de fust row over to'ards whar you wuz a-settin'. Nex' is li'l' bittie inions; nex' come peas; an' in de las' row I got cotton, fer to show us how hit's raised, de man said. Some o' de yudder boys got wheat, an' some millet, an'——"

The old negro, holding his finger tremulously up to his mouth, had stopped still on the sidewalk and was staring down at the boy.

"In de las' row, honey, whut you got planted dar?"

"Cotton, gran'pap."

"Lawdy, Lawdy, I cain' say nuffin now. Come on home, chile."

At the foot of the stairs in the Sixtieth Street tenement, Pink, halting Grover, pointed upward.

"Boy, don' you say cotton whar she can heah you."

"Ef she asts me whut I got planted in de las' row?"

"Say sandy lan' lilies."

Shirley was sunk so very deep in her troubles, however, that she rose to only a feeble interest in the garden; but the two conspirators, because they liked their secret name for cotton, continued to use it even when there was present to hear them no one more dangerous than the loyal Blue.

In the course of kindly time four or five head of lettuce appeared on the table, two meals of spring onions, and on one royal night a dish half filled with soft new English peas. The moody queen, as awful as she was, was not permitted to forget whence these fresh vegetables had come; she received the proud information with an indifference that was expected and yet heart-breaking.

After the harvesting of the first three rows Grover put in other crops. Pink had long since accumulated courage enough to ask for and obtain entrance through the great iron gate; so all the young planters had the benefit of his expert advice and his passionate day-to-day interest in their adventures into agriculture. For his sake even Blue was tolerated within the sacred enclosure.

The crop in the last row worried Grover considerably. Altogether ten or twelve stalks had come up out of the ground. At Pink's firm command, he had cut down all but five, these now standing in single, solemn grandeur a foot apart. When the creamy pink blossoms had been born and had died, the boy thought that was the end of his cotton; he was for digging up the plants and putting in something else.

"Wait!" ordered the outraged old negro with as near an approach to ferocity as his grandson had ever seen. "You dess wait tell Augus' have come an' gone; den you gwine to see sump'n'. Don' you tech 'em."

Ephemeral plants rose and fell on the first three rows, but on the last the little black boy left the consecrated crop to its mysterious final fruition.

He was not to see that taking place. One morning he could not get out of bed; within a week a doctor had ordered his removal to a hospital for proper treatment of typhoid; and at last his mother rose out of herself. Nothing now mattered except him. Accusing herself hotly for having neglected him, she sought to make amends within herself by encouraging her love to blaze and burn her. There were only three days a week when visitors were permitted to see the charity patients. Often her work, the earnings from which were more needed than ever, prevented her going to the hospital at these fixed hours; she was sure only of Sunday.

As for Pink, he was in anguished bewilderment because of this tremendous illness, something which might require weeks to cure, the doctor said, if a cure resulted. On the three open hospital days he was at the door long before the given hour. In the wide public ward on the second floor he was abashed by its sumptuous cleanliness, by the numbers of visiting people, most of them white, and by the uniformed nurses; so that, sitting by the bed holding the fallen planter's hand, he dared only to whisper his reports of the riverside crops.

Instinctively following the logical order, Pink disposed of the first three rows in the beginning of his reports, and then paused.

"Now tell me, gran'pap, how is de sandy lan' lilies?" Grover would hasten to ask.

"Doin' fine. Nevah see 'em do better on de bes' Louisiany lan'."

"I bet dee is all gone befo' I git up," sighed the boy. "I nevah will see de bolls bus' open an' th'ow out dee white flags, lak you say dee do."

"Don' you worry, honey; you gwine to see 'em yit." Pink smiled in valiant confidence.

And almost always on his visits, as the hour of leaving approached, Pink whispered, "Boy, long 'bout sundown yistiddy did you heah a dog a-barkin' under dis back winder by yo' baid?"

"Yassuh, I heerd him."

"Bet you don' know who hit wuz."

"Who wuz it, gran'pap?"

"Ole Blue. I brung him oveh."

And then usually a nurse would hurry forward to say, "You mustn't make him cry."

Presently the fever reached the stage of intermittent delirium, when sometimes

the patient slipped into the world of memories and dreams, talking back from there with uncanny naturalness. On a Sunday afternoon, when Shirley and Pink were with him, he began babbling about the two beehives and the ash-hopper, the china tree in the corner of the yard, the bluebird gourds in the garden, the family of flying squirrels that nested every year in the roof.

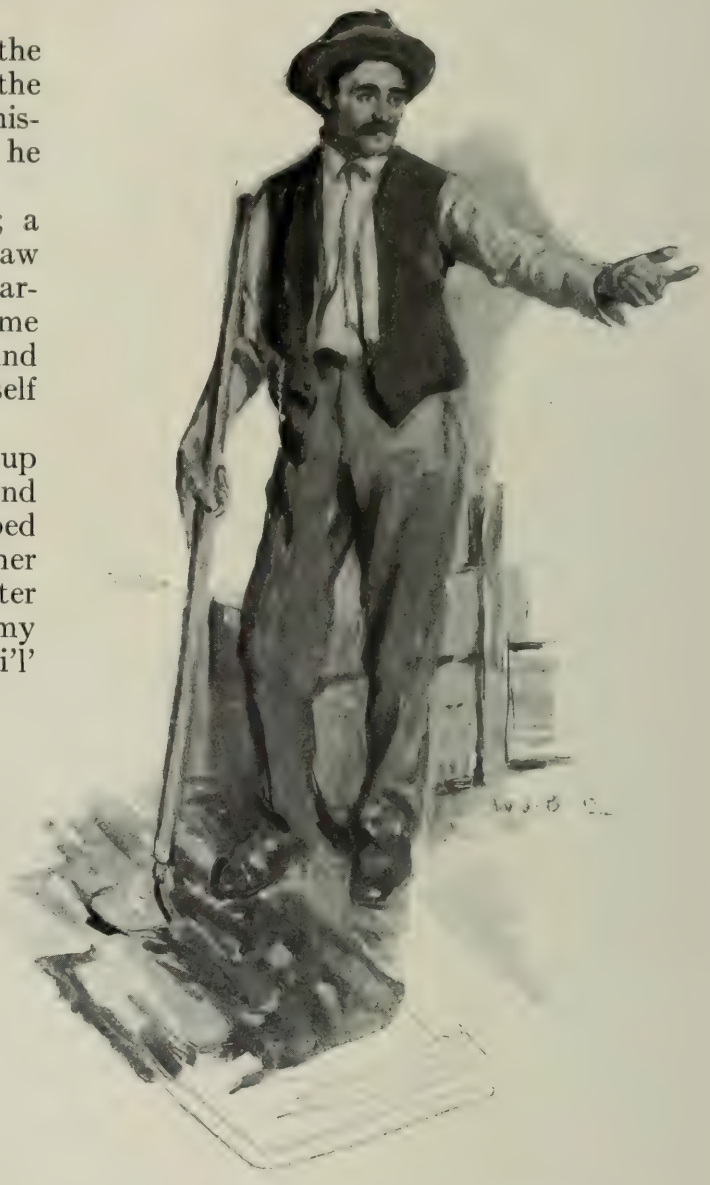
Leaning forward close to the old man, lest she disturb the roomful of people, Shirley whispered: "That's home, an' he never saw it."

"He know it good as us; a many a time he meck me draw hit on de flo' wif a piece o' charcoal, an' den he meck me name ev'y blessed single thing around de place. An' den he hisself drawed——"

"Hush, pap!" She picked up her son's hand and kissed it, and put her head down on the bed lest the crowding people see her eyes; and the stricken planter babbled on: "An' heah mammy laked to play when she wuz a li'l' bittie gal, heah unner de locust tree——"

After several days the disease entered that terrible phase when it is not possible to prophesy the result, when a tiny thing of chance may have a tremendous influence either up or down. The course of underfeeding required by the nature of typhoid had brought down the boy's vitality to a low point. His cheek-bones protruded cruelly, his eyes seemed twice as large as in health, his voice was a faint hoarse whisper. The doctors and nurses could only await the turn, whatever it might be, and caution the young black mother and her father to be careful.

And now it was August, the month, so Pink had told Grover, that sees the cotton bolls burst. The old negro hoped that the boy would not find out that the great white opening time had come, but the prostrate planter had been watching for it and asking the nurses about it. On his way to his first week-day visit in August, Pink planned to begin talking rapidly about everything he could think of that might hold the patient's mind away from cotton. He was interrupted before he had hardly started talking.



"Don't you want one of these gardens?"—Page 210.

"Hit's Augus', gran'pap. Have de sandy lan' lilies put out dee white flags yit?"

"Li'l' bit too early yit, chile. Dee's comin' on." And then he craftily rushed on to the question, "Boy, 'long 'bout sundown yistiddy did you heah a dog a-barkin' under dis winder by yo' baid?"

"Yassuh, I heerd him."
"Bet you don' know who hit wuz?"
"Who wuz it, gran'pap?"
"Ole Blue. I brung him oveh."

questions; for now the old negro knew that for some reason, perhaps because they had been attended too carefully, perhaps because they were not in their na-



"Glory!" whispered Pink.—Page 210.

In spite, however, of Pink's tortured strategy, at some time in all his visits he was compelled to report on the cotton crop. Frequently the little planter was in a delirium, and then to listen to his confident prattle was as hard to bear as his

tive climate, the sandy land lilies would never unfurl their snow-white flags.

Hearing Grover talking so much about them, one of the nurses asked and learned about the five-foot gardens; and she insisted that Pink should dig up one or two

of the cotton plants and bring them to the hospital.

"The sight of them may be just what he needs," she explained enthusiastically. "They are nice and fresh-looking, aren't they? Then he is so interested. And he knows them so well; I can see that they are very dear to him. They may cause just the turn we want."

Pink tried to argue the point; but she was from Canada and did not know about cotton, and being himself abashed he was hazy and ineffective in argument; so that finally he was forced to promise to do her will.

Two days later he was hanging fearfully about the door of the ward, his hat in one hand, in the other two huge cotton stalks from the raised beds by the riverside that had early reminded him of little flattened graves. Calling him in, the nurse placed the plants in a vase and set it on a table by the sleeping boy. She was enthusiastic; this was her idea. She thought the wizened, hard bolls very pretty. Grover was not to be waked up, she directed; let him come easily from his dreams and see his dear plants standing there. He could even reach up and touch them. She hastened on down the line, promising to be back soon.

Pink waited, desperate, watching one little black hand twitching at the white sheet. He prayed that he would not be there when Grover first saw his sandy land lilies, but his loyalty did not permit him to think of leaving before the hour had passed.

Presently Shirley came tipping into the ward; she had uneasily run away from her work. The slight noise she made in sitting down drew her son out of his sleep. Turning his head as much toward them as he could, he smiled. His voice was weaker than usual.

"Hello, gran'pap! Hello, mammy!"

His eyes caught the signal of green out to the right above him, and he raised up the better to see what it was.

"Whut is deze, gran'pap?" His face was radiant.

"Stop yo' foolin', boy. I digged up two an' brung 'em oveh fer you to see." Pink turned his head away.

Standing up, Shirley proudly held down the vase so that her son could run his hands lovingly over these his own children.

"Gran'pap?"

"Yass, chile?"

"De bolls ain' growed none at all since I seen 'em a long time ago."

"Lawdy, Lawdy, boy, you sho' is mighty mistaken," whispered Pink, not turning his head. "Dee *have* growed—some."

"Gran'pap, de bolls ain' nevah gwine to open an' th'ow out dee white flags. Dass why you is a-settin' dar cryin'." Moaning piteously, he rolled over and covered his head with the sheet to shut out the hideous sight. The interested nurse flew back with a whispered warning.

The tall, black mother, her lips pressed tightly together, straightened up, set the vase on the table, and moved it around behind the bed. Sitting down again, she pulled the sheet gently back from the boy's head.

Facing around to her, the old negro began talking in a passionate whisper.

"Chile's right. Dee nevah could open. Dis heah place ain' dee home; naw, ner hit ain' no nigger's home nudder. Cotton an' niggers ain' do no good onless dee at home."

Pink was looking at Shirley and, though he spoke no question, she nodded her head. Unmindful of the crowded room and the menacing nurse, the aged grandfather and chum dropped on his knees by the bed.

"Boy, yo' mammy say we gwine back home when you git well. Den we gwine to meck a cotton crap 'at will open, won't we, boy?"

"Yassiree, we will. Tell ole Blue."

Mr. Dorgan supplied the tickets.



Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"Gran'pap, de bolls ain' nevah gwine to open an' th'ow out dee white flags. Dass why you is a-settin' dar cryin'."—Page 214.

BERLIN

BY PRICE COLLIER

Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View," "The West in the East," etc.

HE is a fortunate traveller who enters Berlin from the west, and toward the end of his journey rolls along over the twelve or fifteen miles of new streets, glides under the Brandenburger Tor and finds himself in Unter den Linden. The Kaiserdamm, Bismarck Strasse, Berliner Strasse, Charlottenburgerchaussee, Unter den Linden, give the most splendid street entrance into a city in the world. The pavement is without a hole, without a crack, and as clear of rubbish of any kind as a well-kept kitchen floor. The cleanliness is so noticeable that one looks searchingly for even a scrap of paper, for some trace of negligence, to modify this superiority over the streets of our American cities. But there is no consolation; the superiority is so incontestable that no comparison is possible. For the whole twelve or fifteen miles the streets are lined with trees, or shrubs, or flowers, with well-kept grass, and with separate roads on each side for horsemen or foot-passengers. In the spring and summer the streets are a veritable garden.

Broadway is 80 feet wide; Fifth Avenue is 100 feet wide; the Champs Elysées is 233 feet wide; and Unter den Linden is 196 feet wide, and has 70 feet of roadway.

For every square yard of wood pavement in Berlin there are 24 square yards of asphalt and 37 square yards of stone. The total length of streets cleaned in Berlin, which has an area of 25 square miles, according to a report of some few years ago, was 316 miles; there are 700 streets and some 70 open places, and the area cleaned daily was 8,160,000 square yards. The cost of the care of the Berlin streets has risen with the growth of the city from 1,670,847 marks,* in 1880, to 6,068,557 marks, in 1910. The total cost of the street-cleaning in New York, in 1907, was $9,758,922, and in Manhattan, The Bronx, and Brooklyn 5,129 men were employed; while the working force in Berlin, in 1911, was 2,150. It should be said also that in New York an enormous amount of scavenging is paid for privately besides. In New York the street-sweepers are paid $2.19 a day; in Berlin the foremen receive 4.75 marks the first three years, and thereafter 5 marks; the men 3.75 marks the first three years, then 4 marks, and after nine years' service, 4.50 marks. The boy assistants receive 2 marks, after two years 2.25 marks, and after four years' service 3 marks. The whole force is paid every fourteen days. The street-cleaning department is divided into thirty-three districts, these districts into four groups, each with an inspector, and all under a head-inspector. Attached to each district are depots with yards for storage of vehicles, apparatus, brooms, shovels, uniforms, with machine shops, where on more than one occasion I have seen enthusiastic workmen trying experiments with new machinery to facilitate their work.

Over this whole force presides, a politician? Far from it; a technically educated man of wide experience and, of the official of my visit I may add, of great courtesy and singular enthusiasm, both for his task and for the men under him. What his politics are concerns nobody, what the politics of the party in power are concerns him not at all. That an individual, or a group of individuals, pow-

*The mark is equal to a little less than twenty-five cents.

erful financially or politically, should influence him in his choice, or in his placing, of the men under him, is unthinkable. That a political boss in this or in that district should dictate who should and who should not be employed in the street-cleaning department, even down to the meanest remover of dung with a dust-pan, as was done for years in New York and every other city in America, would be looked upon here as a farce of Topsy-Turvydom, with *Alice in Wonderland* in the title-rôle.

The streets are cleaned for the benefit of the people, and not for the benefit of the pockets of a political aristocracy. The public service is a guardian, not a predatory organization. In our country when a man can do nothing else he becomes a public servant; in Germany he can only become a public servant after severe examinations and ample proofs of fitness. The superiority of one service over the other is moral, not merely mechanical.

The street-cleaning department is recruited from soldiers who have served their time, not over thirty-five years of age, and who must pass a doctor's examination, and be passed also by the police. The rules as to their conduct, their uniforms, their rights, and their duties, down to such minute carefulness as that they may not smoke on duty, "except when engaged in peculiarly dirty and offensive labor," is here, as in all official matters in Germany, outlined in labyrinthine detail. Sickness, death, accident, are all provided for with a pension, and there are also certain gifts of money for long service. The police and the street-cleaning department co-operate to enforce the law where private companies or the city-owned street-railways are negligent in making repairs, or in replacing pavement that has been disturbed or destroyed. There is no escape. If the work is not done promptly and satisfactorily, it is done by the city, charged against the delinquent, and collected!

One need go into no further details as to why and wherefore Berlin, Hamburg, even Cologne in these days, Leipzig, Düsseldorf, Dresden, Munich, keep their streets in such fashion that they are as corridors to the outside of Irish hovels as compared to the city streets of America; for the definite and all-including answer and explanation are contained in the two words: no politics.

Berlin is governed by a town council, under a chief burgomaster and a burgomaster, and the civic magistracy, and the police, which is, however, under state control. The chief burgomaster and the burgomaster are chosen from trained and experienced candidates, and are always men of wide experience and severe technical training, who have won a reputation in other towns as successful municipal administrators.

In May, 1912, Wermuth, the son of the blind king of Hanover's right-hand man, and he himself the recently resigned imperial secretary of the treasury, was elected Oberburgomaster of Berlin. Such is the standing of the men named to govern the German cities. It is as though Elihu Root should be elected mayor of New York, with Colonel John Biddle as police commissioner, and Colonel Goethals as commissioner of street-cleaning. May the day come when we can avail ourselves of the services of such men to govern our cities!

The magistracy numbers 34, of whom 18 receive salaries. The town council consists of 144 members, half of whom must be householders. They are elected for six years, and one-third of them retire every two years, but are eligible for re-election. They are elected by the three-class system of voting, which is described in another article. This three-class system of voting results in certain inequalities. In Prussia, for example, fifteen per cent of the voters have two-thirds of the electoral power, and relatively the same may be said of Berlin.

Unlike the municipal elections in American cities, the voters have only a simple ballot to put in the ballot-box. National and state politics play no part, and the voter is not confused by issues that have nothing to do with his city government. The government of their cities is arranged for on the basis that officials will be honest, and work for the city and not for themselves. Our city organizations often give the air of framing laws to prevent thievery, bribery, blackmailing, and surreptitious murder. We frame our munic-

ipal laws as though we were in the stone age.

These German cities are also, unlike American cities, autonomous. They have no state-made charters to interpret and to obey; they are not restricted as to debt or expenditure; and they are not in the grip of corporations that have bought or leased water, gas, electricity, or street-railway franchises, and these, represented by the wealthiest and most intelligent citizens, become, through the financial undertakings and interests of these very same citizens, often the worst enemies of their own city. The German cities are spared also the confusion which is injected into our politics by a fortunately small class of reformers with the prudish peculiarities of morbid vestals; men who cannot work with other men and who bring the virile virtues, the sound charities, and wholesome morality into contempt.

We all know him, the smug snob of virtue. You may find him a professor at the university; you may find him leading prayer-meetings and preaching pure politics; you may find him the bloodless philanthropist; you may find him a rank atheist with his own patents for the bringing in of the kingdom of heaven. These are the men above all others who make the Tammanyizing of our politics possible. Honest men cannot abide the hot-house atmosphere of their self-conscious virtue.

Germany is just now suffering from the spasms of moral colic, due to overeating. All luxury is in one form or another overeating. Berlin itself has grown too rapidly into the vicious ways of a metropolis, where spenders and wasters congregate. But the German mind has no sympathy with hypocrisy. They may be brutal in their rather material views of morals, but they are frank. There may be mental prigs among them, but there are no moral prigs. In both England and America we suffer from a certain morbid daintiness. There is a ripeness of moral fastidiousness that is often difficult to distinguish from rottenness. It is part of the feminism of America, born of our prosperity, for not one of these men is not a rich man, and Germany escapes this difficulty. The government of a German city is so simple in its machinery that every voter can easily understand it. No doubt Seth Low and George L. Rives could explain to an intelligent man the charter under which New York City is governed, but they are very, very rare exceptions.

Our city government is bad, not because democracy is a failure, not because Americans are inherently dishonest, but because we are a superficially educated people, untrained to think, and, therefore, still worshipping the Jeffersonian fetich of divided responsibility between the three branches of the government. The judicial, the legislative, and the executive are, with minute care, forced to check and to impede one another, and we even carry this antiquated superstition, born of a suspicious and timid republicanism, into the government of our cities. With the exception of those cities in America which are governed by commissions, our cities are slaves as compared with the German cities. They are the slaves of the predatory politicians, and they, on the other hand, are the bribed task-masters of the rich corporations. The German asks in bewilderment why our men of wealth, of leisure, and of intelligence are not devoting themselves to the service of the state and the city. Alas, the answer is the pitiable one that the electoral machinery is so complicated that the voters can be and are continually humbugged; and worse, many of the wealthy and intelligent, through their stake in valuable city franchises, are incompetent to deal fairly with the municipal affairs of their own city.

In the great majority of German cities public-utility services, gas, water, electricity, street-railways, slaughter-houses, and even canals and docks, are owned and controlled by the cities themselves. There is no loop-hole for private plunder, and there is, on the contrary, every incentive to all citizens, and to the rich in particular, to enforce the strictest economy and the most expert efficiency.

What theatres, opera-houses, orchestras, museums, what well-paved and clean streets, what parks Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco might have, had these cities only a part of the money of which in the last twenty-five years they have been robbed! It is true

that the older cities of Germany have traditions behind them that we lack. Art treasures, old buildings, and an intelligent population demanding the best in music and the drama we cannot hope to supply, but good house-keeping is another matter. Berlin, for example, is a new city as compared with New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Detroit, and its growth has been very rapid.

It cannot be said for us alone that we have grown so fast that we have had no time to keep pace with the needs of our population. Berlin, all Germany indeed, has been growing at a prodigious rate. The population of Berlin in 1800 was 100,000; in 1832 only 250,000; hardly half a million in 1870, while the population now is over 2,000,000, and over 3,000,000 if one includes the suburbs, which are for all practical purposes part and parcel of Berlin. Charlottenburg, for example, with a population of 19,517 in 1871, now has a population of 305,976, and the vicinage of Berlin has grown in every direction in like proportions.

There were no towns in Germany till the eighth century, except those of the Romans on the Rhine and the Danube. In 1850 there were only 5 towns in Germany with more than 100,000 inhabitants, and in 1870, only 8; in 1890, 26; in 1900, 33; in 1905, 41; in 1910, 47; and nearly the whole increase of population is now massed in the middle-sized and large cities. The same may be said of the drift of population in America. "A thrifty but rather unprogressive provincial town of 60,000 inhabitants," writes Mr. J. H. Harper, of New York, in 1810.

Between 1860 and 1900 the proportion of urban to rural population in the United States more than doubled. In the last ten years the percentage of people living in cities or other incorporated places of more than 2,500 inhabitants increased from 40.5 to 46.3 per cent of the total; while twenty years ago only 36.1 per cent of the population lived in such incorporated places.

As late as the thirteenth century the Christian chivalry of the time was spending itself in the task of converting the heathen of what is now Prussia; and it was well on into the nineteenth century before serfdom was entirely abolished in this region. It is the newness and rawness of the population in the streets of the great German and Prussian capital which surprise and puzzle the Americans, almost more than the cleanliness and orderliness of the streets themselves. It is as though a powerful monarch had built a fine palace and then, for lack of company, had invited the people from the fields and farm-yards to be his companions therein.

> "Jamais un lourdaud, quoi qu'il fasse
> Ne saurait passer pour galaud."

One should read Hazlitt's "Essay on the Cockney" to find phrases for these Berliners. It is a gazing, gaping crowd that straggles along over the broad sidewalks. Half a dozen to a dozen will stop and stare at people entering or leaving vehicles at a shop or hotel door. I have seen a knot of men stop and stare at the ladies entering a motor-car, and on one occasion one of them wiped off the glass with his hand that he might see the better. It is not impertinence, it is merely bucolic naiveté. The city in the evening is like a country fair, with its awkward gallantries, its brute curiosity, its unabashed expressions of affection, by hands and lips, its ogling, coughing, and other peasant forms of flirtation, It should be remembered that this people as a race show somewhat less of reticence in matters amatory than we are accustomed to. In the foyer of the theatre you may see a young officer walking round and round, his arm under that of his fiancée or bride, and her hand fondly clasped in his. I have even seen kissing, as a couple walked up the stairs from one part of the theatre to another. In the spring and summer the paths of the *Tiergarten* of a morning are strewn with hair-pins, a curious, but none the less accurate, indication of the rather fumbling affection of the night before.

To live in a fashionable hotel in a land whose people you wish to study, is as valueless an experience as to go to a zoological garden to learn to track a mountain sheep, or to ride down a wild boar. You must go about among the people themselves, to their restaurants, to their houses, if they are good enough to ask you, and to the resorts of all kinds that they frequent.

The manners are better than in my student days, but there is still a deal of im-

provised eating and drinking. There is much tucking of napkins under chins that the person may be shielded from misdirected food-offerings. There is not a little use of the knife where the fork or spoon is called for; but this last I always look upon as a remnant of courage, of the virility remaining in the race from a not distant time when the knife served to clear the forest, to build the hut, to kill the deer, and to defend the family from the wolf; and the traditions of such a weapon still give it predominance over the more epicene fork, as a link with a stirring past. Mere daintiness in feeding, it is to be remembered, is characteristic of the lap-dog and other over-protected animals. Unthinking courage in the matter of victuals is rather a relief from the strained and anxious hygienic watchfulness of the over-civilized and the over-rich. The body should be, and is, regarded by wholesome-minded people, not as an idol, but as an instrument. The German no doubt sees something ignominious in counting, as one chews a chop; in the careful measuring of one's liquids; in the restricting of oneself to the diet of the squirrel and the cow. He would perhaps prefer to lose a year or two of life rather than to nut and spinach himself to longevity. The wholesome body ought of course to be unerring and automatic in its choice of the quantity and quality of its fuel.

A well-dressed man in Berlin is almost as conspicuous as a dancing bear. This comparison may lead the stranger to infer, in spite of what has been said of the orderliness of Berlin, that dancing bears are permitted in the streets. It is only fair to Berlin's admirable police president, von Jagow, to say that they are not.

If one leaves the officers, who are a fine, up-standing, well-groomed lot, out of the account, the inhabitants of Berlin are almost grotesque in their dowdiness. This is the more remarkable for the reason that the citizens of Berlin, wherever you see them, not only in the West-end, but in the tenement districts, in the public markets, going to or coming from the suburban trains, in the trams and underground railway, in the cheaper restaurants and pleasure resorts, taking their Sunday outing, or in the fourth-class carriages of the railway trains, or their children in the schools, show a high level of comfort in their clothing. There is poverty and wretchedness in Berlin, of which later, but in no great city even in America does the mass of the people give such an air of being comfortably clothed and fed.

We have been deluged of late years with figures in regard to the cost of living in this country and in that, and never are statistics such "damned lies" as in this connection. There is better and cheaper food in Berlin, and in the other cities of Germany, than anywhere else in our white man's world. Having for the moment no free trade, or protectionist, or tariff-reform axe to grind, and having tested the pudding not by my prejudices but my palate, and having eaten a fifteen-pfennig luncheon in the street, and climbed step by step the gastronomical stairway in Germany all the way up to a supper at the court, where eight-hundred-odd people were served with a care and celerity, and with hot viands and irreproachable potables, that made one think of the Arabian Nights, I offer my experience and my opinion with some confidence. You can get enough to stave off hunger for a few pfennigs, you can get a meal for something under twenty-five cents, and the whole twenty-five cents will include a glass of the best beer in the world outside of Munich. If you care to spend fifty cents there are countless restaurants where you can have a square meal and a glass of beer for that price; and for a dollar I will give you as good a luncheon with wine as any man with undamaged taste and unspoiled digestion ought to have.

There is one restaurant in Berlin which feeds as many as five thousand people on a Sunday, where you can dine or sup, and listen to good music, and enjoy your beer and tobacco for an hour afterward, and all for something under fifty cents if you are careful in your ordering. During my walks in the country around Berlin I have often had an omelette followed by meat and vegetables, and cheese, and compot, and Rhine wine, with all the bread I wanted, and paid a bill for two persons of a little over a dollar. The *Brödchen*, or rolls, seem to be everywhere of uniform size and quality, and the butter always good.

Paris is fast losing its place as the home

of good all-round eating as compared with Berlin. Of course, New York for geographical reasons, and also because the modern Mæcenas lives there, is nowadays the place where Lucullus would invite his emperor to dine if he came back to earth; but I am not discussing the nectar and ambrosia classes, but the beer, bread, and pork classes, and certainly Berlin has no rival as a provider for them.

After all our study of statistics, of figures, of contrasts, I am not sure that we arrive at any very valuable conclusions. American working classes work ever shorter hours, gain higher wages, but they are indubitably less happy, less rich in experience, less serene than the Germans. This measuring things by dollars, by hours, by pounds and yard-sticks, measures everything accurately enough except the one thing we wish to measure, which is a man's soul. We are producing the material things of life faster, more cheaply, more shoddily, but it is open to question whether we are producing happier men and women, and that is what we are striving to do as the end of it all. Nothing is of any value in the world that cannot be translated into the terms of man-making, or its value measured by what it does to produce a man, a woman, and children living happily together. Wealth does not do this; indeed, wealth beyond a certain limit is almost certain to destroy the foundation of all peace, a contented family.

A shady beer-garden, capital music, and happy fathers and mothers and children, what arithmetic, or algebra, or census tells you anything of that? The infallible recipe for making a child unhappy is to give it everything it cries for of material things and never to thwart its will. We throw wages and shorter hours of work at people, but that is only turning them out of prison into a desert. No statistics can deal competently with the comparative well-being of nations, and nothing is more ludicrous than the results arrived at where Germany is discussed by the British or American politician. Whatever figures say, and whatever else they may lack, they are better clothed, better fed and cared for, and have far more opportunities for rational enjoyment, and a thousandfold more for æsthetic enjoyment, than either the English or the Americans.

The city, with its broad, clean streets, its beautiful race-course, shaded walks, its forests and lakes, toward Potsdam, or at Tegel, or Werder, when the blossoms are out; with its well-kept gardens, its profusion of flowers and shrubs and trees, is physically the most wholesome great city in the world; but *Hans bleibt immer Hans!* Goethe, after a visit to Berlin, wrote: "There are no more ungodly communities than in Berlin."*

No one knows his Berlin better than that prince of German literary Bohemians, Paul Lindau, and he makes a character in one of his novels say of it: "untidy and orderly, so boisterous and so regulated, so boorish and so kindly, so indescribable —so *Berlinish*—just that!"†

In another place the same author writes: "Berlin as the Capital of the German Empire! There are many respects in which it nevertheless hasn't yet succeeded in taking on the character of a cosmopolitan city."‡ Not even literature finds material for a city novel. There is no Balzac, no Thackeray. Germany is still dominated by the village and the town. Goethe, Auerbach, Gottfried Keller, Freytag, my unread favorite "Fritz" Reuter, deal not with the life of cities. There is as yet no drama, no novel, no art, no politics born of the city. There is no domineering Paris or London or New York as yet.

After some years of acquaintance with Germany as school-boy, as student at the universities, and lately as a most hospitably received guest by all sorts and conditions of men, I do not remember meeting a fop. A German Beau Brummel is as impossible as a French Luther, an American Goethe, or an English Wagner. We have had attempts at foppery in America, but no real fops, merely effigies, foppery taking the dull commercial form of a great variety of raiment. It is a strange contradiction in German life that while they are as a people governed minutely and in detail, forbidden personal freedom along certain lines to which we should find it hard to submit, they are freer morally, freer in their literature, their art, their music, their social life, and in

* "Es giebt keine gottlosere Völker als in Berlin."

† "Staubig und ordentlich, so laut und geregelt, so grob und gemütlich, so unbeschreiblich, so berlinerisch, gerade so!"

‡ "Berlin als Hauptstadt des deutschen Reiches: in mancher Beziehung hatte es sich dem weltstädtischen Charakter doch noch nicht aneignen können."

their unself-conscious expression of them than any other people. There is a curious combination of legal and governmental slavery, and of spiritual and intellectual freedom; of innumerable restrictions, and great liberty of personal enjoyment, and these enjoyments of the most naïf kind. They seem to have done less to destroy life's palate with the condiments of civilization, and, therefore, still find plain things savorous.

I am not sure that the ecumenical sophistication known as world-etiquette marks a very high degree of knowledge or usefulness anywhere. To know which hat goes with which boots, and what collar and tie with what coat and waistcoat, and what costume is appropriate at 10 A. M., and what at 10 P. M., are minor matters. Such a mental equipment is not the stuff of which soldiers, sailors, statesmen, explorers, or governors are made.

We must not overrate the value of this feminine worldliness in judging the Germans. This effeminate categorical imperative of etiquette has not influenced them greatly as yet. But one must claim for the amenities of life that they have their value, that they are, after all, the external decorations of an inward discipline. It is not necessarily a fine disdain of material things, but rather a keen sense of moral and physical efficiency, which pays due heed to wherewithal ye shall be clothed, at any rate outside of Palestine. Those who dream and discuss may wear anything or nothing. It mattered not what Socrates wore. But men of action must wear the easy armor that fits them best for their particular task. Men who toil either at their pleasure or at their work must change their raiment, if only for the sake of rest and health. Now that government is in the hands of the vociferators rather than the meditators, even politicians must look to their costumes, merely out of regard to cleanliness. Evening clothes with a knitted tie dribbling down the shirt front; a frock coat as a frame for a colored waistcoat, such as at shooting, or riding, or golf, we permit ourselves to break forth in as a weak surrender to the tailor, or to the ingenuity of our womenfolk who are not "unbred to spinning, in the loom unskilled"; the extraordinary indulgence in personal fancies in the choice of colored ties, as though the male citizens of Berlin had been to an auction of the bastards of a rainbow; the little melon-shaped hats with a band of thick velvet around them; the awkward slouching gait, as of men physically untrained; the enormous proportion of men over forty who follow behind their stomachs and turn their toes out at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, whose necks lie in folds over their collars, and whose whole appearance denotes an uncared-for person and a negligence of domestic hygiene: these things are significant. No man who walks with his toes pointing southwest by south and southeast by south, when he is going south, will ever get into France on his own feet, carrying a knapsack and a rifle. Cranach's painting of Duke Henry the Pious, in the Dresden Gallery, gives an accurate picture of the way many Germans still stand and walk; while every athlete knows that runners and walkers put their feet down straight, or with a tendency to turn them in rather than out. The Indians of northwest India and the Indians of our own West are also good examples of this.

It is evident that the orderliness of Berlin is enforced orderliness and not voluntary orderliness. Both pedestrians and drivers of all sorts of vehicles take all that is theirs and as much more as possible. There is none of the give and take, and innate love of fair play and instinctive wish to give the other fellow a chance, so noticeable in London streets, whether on the sidewalks or in the roadway. There is a general chip-on-the-shoulder attitude in Prussia, which may be said, I think not unfairly, to be evident in all ranks, from their recent foreign diplomacy down to the pedestrians and drivers.

Many people whom I have met, not only foreigners but Germans from other parts of Germany, are loud in their denunciations of the Berliners. "Frech" and "roh" are words often used about them. There is a surly malice of speech and manner among the working classes, that seems to indicate a wish to atone for political impotence by braggart impudence to those whom they regard as superior.

Their awkward and annoying attentions to women alone on the streets; their staring and gaping; their rudeness in push-

ing and shoving; the general underbred look, the slouching gait, the country-store clothes, hats, and boots; the fearful and wonderful combinations of raiment; the sweetbread complexions, as of men under-exercised and not sufficiently aired and scrubbed; their stiff courtesy to one another when they recognize acquaintances with hat-sweeping bows; their fierce gobbling in the restaurants; their lack of small services and attentions to their own women when they go about in public with them; their selfish disregard of others in public places, their giving and taking of hats, coats, sticks, and umbrellas at the *garde-robes* of the theatres, for example; their habit of straggling about in the middle of the streets, like the chickens and geese on a country road: all these things I have noted too, but I must admit the surprising personal conclusion that I have grown to like the people. A good pair of shoulders and an engaging smile go far to mitigate these nuisances. It makes for good sense in this matter of criticism always to bear in mind that delicious piece of humor of the psalmist: "Let the righteous rather smite me friendly; and reprove me. But let not their precious balms break my head." The "precious balms" of the lofty and righteous critic are not of much value when they merely break heads.

I have been all over Berlin, and in all sorts of places, by day and by night. I have found myself seated beside all sorts of people in restaurants and public places, and I have yet to chronicle any rudeness to me or mine. I like their innocent curiosity, their unsophisticated ways, their bumpkin love-making in public; and many a time I have found entertainment from odd companions who seated themselves near me, when I have strayed into the cheaper restaurants to hear and see something of the Berliner in his native wilds. Their malice and rudeness and apparent impertinences are due to lack of experience, to the fact that their manners are still untilled, I believe, rather than to intentional insult. They are not housebroken to their new capital, that is all, and that will come in time. Their malicious jealousy peeps out in all sorts of ways. In the lower house of the Prussian Diet, recently, a member protested vigorously against the employment of an American singer in the Opera House! Chauvinism carried to this extreme becomes comic, and is noted here only to indicate to what depths of farm-yard provinciality some of the citizens of this great city can descend.

They are dreamers and sentimentalists too. There are more kissing, more fondling, more exuberance of affection, more displays of friendliness in Germany in a week than in England and America in six months. I confess without shame that I like to see it, and when it comes my way, as beyond my deserts it has, I like to feel it. How lasting is this friendliness I have no means of knowing till the years to come tell me, but that it is a pleasant atmosphere to live in there can be no doubt.

The driving is of the very worst. A man behind a horse, or horses, who knows even the elements of handling the reins and the whip and the brake would be a curiosity indeed. I have not seen a dozen coachmen, private or public, to whom my youngest child could not have given invaluable suggestions as to the bitting, harnessing, and handling of his cattle. On the other hand, I one day saw a street sign twisted out of its place. I was fascinated by this unexampled mark of negligence. I determined to watch that sign; alas, within forty-eight hours it was put right again.

Let it not be understood that there are no fine horses to be seen in Berlin. You will go far to find a better lot of horseflesh, or better-looking men on the horses, than you will see when the Kaiser rides by to the castle after his morning exercise; and he sits his horse and manages him with the easy skill of the real horseman, and looks every inch a king besides. It is told of Daniel Webster, walking in London, that a navvy turned to his companion and remarked: "That bloke must be a king!" You would say the same of the Kaiser if you saw him on horseback.

At horse shows and in the Tiergarten, and in riding-places in other cities, I have looked at hundreds of horses, and, if I mistake not, Germany is both buying and breeding the very best in the way of mounts, though their civilian riders are often of the scissors variety. There are comparatively few harness horses, and in

Berlin scarcely a dozen well-turned-out private carriages, outside the imperial equipages, which are always superbly horsed and beautifully turned out, so my eyes tell me at least, and I have watched the streets carefully for months. The minor details of a properly turned-out carriage, bits, chains, liveries, saddle-cloths, and so on, are still unknown here. I have had the privilege of driving and riding some of the horses in the imperial stables; and I have seen all of them at one time or another being exercised in harness and under the saddle. I have never driven a better-mannered four or ridden more beautifully broken saddle-horses. There are three hundred and twenty-six horses in his Majesty's stables, and for a private stable of its size it has no equal in the world. I may add, too, that there is probably no better "whip" in the world today, whether with two horses, four horses, or six horses, than the gentleman who trains the harness horses in the imperial stables. This German coachman would be a revelation at a horse show in either New York or London. If the citizens of Berlin were as well-mannered as the horses in the imperial stables, this would be the most elegant capital in the world. It is to be regretted that his Majesty's very accomplished master of the horse cannot also hold the position of *censor morum* to the citizens of Berlin. Individual prowess in the details of cosmopolitan etiquette has not reached a high level, but in all matters of mere house-keeping there are no better municipal housewives than these German cities and towns.

As a further example, the statues of Berlin are carefully cleaned in the spring, but what statues! With the exception of the Lessing, the Goethe, and the Great Elector, the statue of Frederick the Great, and the reclining statues of the late emperor and empress, by Begas, and one or two others, one sees at once that these citizens are no more capable of ornamenting their city than of dressing themselves.

Poor Bismarck! Grotesque figures, men, women, animals, surround the base of his statue in Berlin, in Leipsic; and in Hamburg, clad in a corrugated golf costume, with a colossal two-handed sword in front of him, he is a melancholy figure, gazing out over a tumble-down beer-garden. At Walmsee, near Berlin, there is, I must admit, a really fine bust of Bismarck. On a solid square pedestal of granite, covered with ivy and surrounded by the whispering, or sighing, or creaking and cracking trees that he loved, and facing the setting sun, and alone in a secluded corner, just the place he would have loved, there are the head and shoulders of the real Bismarck. Here for once he has escaped the fussy attentions of the artistry that he detested. Lehnbach, who painted Bismarck so many scores of times, never gave him the color that his face kept all through life, and with the exception of this bust, of the scores of Bismarck memorials one sees they all commiserate the lack of artist ability; they do not commemorate Bismarck. If this is what they do to the greatest man in their history, what is to be expected elsewhere? What has poor Joachim Friedrich done that he should pose forever in the Sieges Allée as an intoxicated hitching-post? What, indeed, have his companions done that they should stand in two rows there, studies in contortion, with a gilded Russian dancer with wings at one end of their line and a woodeny Roland at the other? But there they are, simpering a paltry patriotism, insipid as history, and ridiculous as art. What has become of Lessing, and Winckelmann, and Goethe, and their teachings? Is this the price that a nation must pay for its industrial progress?

The German, with all his boasting about the "centre of culture," has not discovered that the beauty of antiquity is the expression of those virtues which were useful at the time of Theseus, as Stendhal rightly tells us. Individual force, which was everything of old, amounts to almost nothing in our modern civilization. The monk who invented gunpowder modified sculpture; strength is only necessary now among subalterns. No one thinks of asking whether Frederick the Great and Napoleon were good swordsmen. The strength we admire is the strength of Napoleon advancing alone upon the First Battalion of the royal troops near Lake Loffrey in March, 1815; that is strength of soul. The moral qualities with which we are concerned are no longer the same as in the days of the Greeks. Before this cockney sculpture was planned, there

should have been a closer study of the history and philosophy of art in Berlin.

It is true that we in America are living in a glass house to some extent in these matters, but where in all Germany is there any modern sculpture to compare with our Nathan Hale, our Minute Man, and that most spirited bit of modern plastic art in all the world, the Shaw Monument in Boston? You cannot stand in front of it without keeping time, and here lips of bronze sing the song of patriotism till your heart thumps, and you are ready to throw up your hat as the splendid young figure and his negro soldiers march by—and they do march by! It is almost a consolation for what Boston has done to that gallant soldier and humble servant of God, that modest gentleman, Phillips Brooks. In a statue to him they have travestied the virtues he expounded, slain the ideal of the Christ he preached, theatricalized the least theatrical of men, and placed this piece of mortifying misunderstanding in bronze under the very eaves of the house that grew out of his simple eloquence. There is in Leipzig a similar misdemeanor in a statue of Beethoven. He sits, naked to the waist, in a bronze chair, with a sort of bath-towel drapery of colored marble about his legs, and an eagle in front of him. He has a chauffeurish expression of anxious futility, as though he were about to run over the eagle.

Men are without great dreams in these days, and art is elaborate and fussy and self-conscious. The technical part of the work is predominant. One sees the artist holding up a mirror to himself as he works. Pygmalion congratulates the statue upon the fact that he carved it, instead of being lost in the love of creating. It is as though a lover should sing of himself instead of singing of his lady. The subtle poison of self-advertisement has crept in, and peers like a satyr from the picture and from the statue. Even the most prominent name in German music at this writing is that of a man who is notorious as an expert salesman of symphonic sensationalism.

Though the streets are so well kept, the buildings in these miles of new streets are flimsy-looking, and evidently the work of the speculative builder. The more pretentious buildings ape a kind of Nuremberg Renaissance style, and are as effective as a castle made of cardboard. This does not imply that there are not simple and solid buildings in Berlin and, in the case of the new library and a score of other buildings, worthy architecture; but the general impression is one of haste multiplied by plaster.

The whole city blossoms with statuary, like a cosmopolitan 'Arriet who cannot get enough flowers and feathers on her Sunday hat. A certain comic anthropomorphism is to be seen, even on the balustrades of the castle, where the good Emperor William is posed as Jupiter, the Empress Augusta as Juno, Emperor Frederick as Mars, and his wife as Minerva! On the façades of houses, on the bridges, on the roofs of apartment houses, on the hotels even, and scattered throughout the public gardens, are scores of statues, and they are for the most part what hastily ordered, swiftly completed art, born of the dollar instead of the pain and travail of love and imagination, must always be.

A certain literary snob taken to task by Doctor Parr for pronouncing the one-time capital of Egypt "Alexandrīa," with the accent on the long i, quoted the authority of Doctor Bentley. "Doctor Bentley and I," replied Doctor Parr, "may call it 'Alexandrīa,' but I should advise you to call it 'Alexandrĭa.'" It was all very well for the Medici to ornament their cities and their homes with the fruit of the great artistic spring-time of the world, but I should strongly advise the Berliners to pronounce it "Alexandria" for some years to come. No matter how fervid the lover, nor how possessed he may be by his mistress, he cannot turn out every day, even,

> "A halting sonnet of his own poor brain,
> Fashion'd to Beatrice."

All this pretentious over-ornamentation is cosmeticism, the powder and paint of the vulgarian striving to conceal by a futile advertisement her lack of refinement. Paris was teaching the world when there was no capital in Germany; London has been a commercial centre for a thousand years, and Oxford was a hundred years old before even the University of Prague, the first in Germany, was founded by

Charles IV in 1348. You may like or dislike these cities, but at any rate they have a bouquet; Berlin has none.

When Germany deals with the inanimate and amenable factors of life, she brings the machinery of modern civilization well-nigh to the point of perfection. As a municipal and national housewife she has no equal, none. But art has nothing to do with brooms and dust-pans, and human nature is woven of surprises and emergencies, and what then? An interesting example in the streets of Berlin is the difference between the perfection of the street-cleaning, which deals with the inanimate and with accurately calculable factors, and the governing of the street traffic. Horses and men and motor-driven vehicles are not as dependable as blocks of pavement. When the traffic in the Berlin streets grows to the proportions of London, Paris, and New York, one wonders what will happen. Nowhere are there such broad, well-kept streets in which the traffic is so awkwardly handled.

The police are all, and must be, indeed, non-commissioned officers of the army, of nine years' service, and not over thirty-five years of age. They are armed with swords and pistols by night, and in the rougher parts of the town with the same weapons by day as well. After ten years' service they are entitled to a pension of twenty-sixtieths of their pay, with an increase of one-sixtieth for each further year of service. They are not under the city, but under state control, and the chief of police is a man of distinction, nearly always a nobleman, and nominated by, and in every case approved by, the Emperor. In Berlin he is appointed by the King of Prussia. He is a man of such standing that he may be promoted to cabinet rank. The men are well-turned-out, of heavy build, very courteous to strangers so far as my experience can speak for them, and quiet and self-controlled. Under the police president are one colonel of police, receiving from 6,000 to 8,500 marks, according to his length of service; 3 majors, receiving from 5,400 to 6,600 marks; 20 captains, receiving from 4,200 to 5,400 marks; 156 lieutenants, receiving from 3,000 to 4,500 marks; 450 sergeants, receiving from 1,650 to 2,300 marks; and 5,382 patrolmen, receiving from 1,400 to 2,100 marks. There are also some 300 mounted police, receiving from 1,400 to 2,600 marks. The colonel, majors, and captains receive 1,300 marks additional, and the lieutenants 800 marks additional, for house rent. The mounted police are well-horsed, but it is no slight to them to say, however, that their horses are not so well-trained and well-mannered, nor the men such skilful horsemen, as those of our mounted squad in New York, who, man for man and horse for horse, are probably unequalled anywhere else in the world.

The demand for these non-commissioned officers of nine years of army discipline, who cannot be called upon to serve in the army again, has grown with the growth of the great city, with its need of porters, watchmen, and the like, and so valuable are their services deemed that the present police force of Berlin is short of its proper number by some seven hundred men.

The examination of those about to become policemen extends over four weeks, and includes every detail of the multiplicity of duties, which ranges from the protection of the public from crime down to tracking down truants from school and the regulation of the books of the maid-servant class. The policeman who aspires to the rank of sergeant undergoes a still more rigorous examination, extending over twenty weeks of preparation, during which time he studies, note this list, ye "young barbarians all at play," German, rhetoric, writing, arithmetic, common fractions, geography, history, especially the history of the House of Hohenzollern, from the time of the Margraves to the present time (!), political divisions of the earth, especially of Prussia and Germany, the essential features of the constitution of the Prussian kingdom and German empire, the organization and working of the various state authorities in Prussia and Germany, elementary methods of disinfection, common veterinary remedies, the police law as applicable to innumerable matters from the treatment of the drunk, blind, and lame, to evidences of murder and the press law. The man who passes such an examination would be more than qualified to take a degree at one of our minor colleges, if he knew English, and

the classics were not required, and could well afford to sniff disdainfully at the pelting shower of honorary degrees of Doctor of Divinity, which descend from the commencement platforms, of our more girlish intellectual factories of orthodoxy.

The cost of the police in Berlin in 1880 was 2,494,722 marks; in 1890, 3,007,879 marks; in 1900, 6,065,975 marks; and in 1910, 8,708,165 marks.

I fancy that after an accident has taken place the literary, legal, and hygienic details are cared for by the Berlin police as nowhere else. In their management of the traffic they are distinctly lacking in decision and watchfulness. On the western side of the Brandenburger Tor there is seldom an hour without a tangle of traffic which is entirely unnecessary if the police knew their business. On the Tiergarten Strasse, a rather narrow and much used thoroughfare in the fashionable part of the town, trucks, cabs, and other vehicles are not kept close to the curbs, often they drive along in pairs, slowing up all the traffic, and at the east end of the street is a corner which could easily be remedied by the building of a "refuge," and an authoritative policeman to guard the three approaches. Not once, but scores of times, at the very important corner of Unter den Linden and Wilhelm Strasse I have seen the policeman talking to friends on the curb, quite oblivious to a scramble of cabs, wagons, and motors at cross purposes in the street. Potsdamer Platz presents a difficult problem at all times of the day, especially when the crowds are coming from or going toward home, but a few ropes and iron standards and four alert Irish policemen would make it far plainer sailing than now it is. It is to be remembered, too, that the traffic is a mere dribble as compared to a torrent, when one remembers Paris, New York, and London. In 1909 the street accidents in Paris numbered 65,870, and there was one summons for every 77 motor taxicabs, but Paris is now *hors concours* as the dirtiest, worst-paved capital in Europe, and the home of social anarchy; a place where adventurous spirits will go soon rather than to Africa, or to the Rocky Mountains, for excitement in affrays with revolvers, vitriol, and chloroform.

In London, in 1909, there were 13,388 accidents. In Berlin there was a total of 3,895 accidents in 1900; 4,797 in 1905; and 4,233 in 1910. One hundred persons were killed in 1900; 115 in 1905; and 136 in 1910. In this connection it is to be said that Berlin has fewer and much less adventurous inhabitants, very much less complicated traffic, much broader and better streets, and far fewer problems than the older cities. If the citizens of Berlin were anything like as capable of taking care of themselves in the streets as they should be, there would be hardly any accidents at all. The new police regulation of the traffic has been only some four or five years in existence in its more rigid form, and perhaps neither people nor police are accustomed to it. Even then, out of the total of 4,233 accidents in 1910, 1,876 of them were caused by the street-railway cars. This shows of itself how light the traffic must be, for worse driving and more awkward pedestrians one would go far to find.

The cost of Berlin housekeeping increases by leaps and bounds. The total city expenses were: 45,221,988 marks in 1880; 89,364,270 in 1890; 121,405,356 in 1900; and 355,424,614 in 1910. The debt of Berlin has risen from 126,161,605 marks in 1880, and 272,912,350 in 1900, to 475,799,231 in 1910, with a very considerable addition voted for 1912. In the ten years alone between 1897 and 1907 the debt of German cities, including only those with a population of more than 10,000, increased by $1,050,000,000.

It cannot be expected that the best-kept, cleanest, and most orderly cities in the world, and there need be no hesitation in saying this of the German cities, should not spend much money, and the states in which they are situated much money as well. The various states of the empire spent, according to a report of four years ago, $1,352,500,000; and the empire itself $738,250,000, or a total of $2,090,750,000. From the various state or empire controlled enterprises, such as railways, forests, mines, post and telegraph, imperial printing-office, and so on, the states and empire received a net income of $216,525,000, and the balance was, of course, raised by direct and indirect taxation.

One may put appropriately enough under this heading the invaluable and unpaid services of a host of honorary officials, who render expert service both in the state and city governments. There are over ten thousand honorary officials in the city of Berlin alone, more than three thousand of whom serve under the school authorities. They are chosen from citizens of standing, education, wealth, and ability, and assist in all the departments with advice and expert knowledge, and sit upon the various committees. The German citizen has not only his pocket taxed, but his patriotism also, and a capital philosophy of government this implies.

A friend, a large landholder in Saxony, gives, between his services as a reserve officer in the army and his magisterial and other duties, something over nine weeks of his time to the state every year, and he is by no means an exception, he tells me. A certain amount of this is required of him by the state, with a heavy fine for non-performance of these duties. The same is true of the many members of the various standing committees in the cities. Each citizen is compelled to contribute a certain proportion of his mental and moral prowess to the service of his state and city, but he receives a return for it in his beautifully kept city, in the educational advantages, in the theatres, concerts, opera, and in the peaceful orderliness, the value of which only the foreigner can fully appreciate.

Almost all the court theatres, for example, throughout Germany are under a director who works in harmony with the reigning prince. The King of Prussia gives for his theatres in Berlin, Wiesbaden, Hanover, and Cassel, more than $625,000 a year from his private purse; the Duke of Anhalt, $75,000 a year to the Dessauer theatre. The players have a sure position under responsible and intelligent government, and feel themselves to be not mere puppets, but educational factors with a certain pride and dignity in their work.

There are more Shakespeare plays given in Germany in a week than in all the English-speaking countries together in a year. This is by no means an exaggeration. The theatre is looked upon as a school. Fathers and mothers arrange that their older children as well as themselves shall attend the theatre all through the winter, and subscribe for seats as we would subscribe to a lending library. There is no spectacular gorgeousness, as when an Irving, a Booth, or a Beerbohm Tree sugar-coats Shakespeare to induce us barbarians to go, in the belief that we are after all not wasting our time, since the performance tastes a little of the more gorgeous music halls. The scenery and costumes are sufficient, and the performance always worth intelligent attention, for the reason that both the director and his players have given time and scholarship to its interpretation. The acting is often indifferent as compared to the French stage, but it is at least always in earnest and intelligent. The theatre prices in Berlin are high, even as compared with New York prices, but in other cities and towns of Germany cheaper than in England, France, or America.

Pericles passed a law in Athens by which each citizen was granted two oboli, one to pay for his seat at the theatre, the other to provide himself with refreshment. In Athens the play began at 6 or 7 A. M., and during the morning three tragedies and a satirical drama were played, followed in the afternoon by a comedy. The theatre of Dionysius seated 30,000 people, who brought their cushions, food, and drink, and occasionally used them to express their dislike of the performance or the performers. At one of the larger industrial towns in Germany, during a Sunday of my visit, there were three performances: one, at 11 A. M., of a patriotic melodrama, "Glaube und Heimat"; another, at 3.30 P. M., of "Der Freischütz"; and another, at 7.30 P. M., of Sudermann's play, "Die Ehre." The prices of seats for the morning performance ranged from eight cents to forty-five cents; a little more in the afternoon; and from seventeen cents to $1.15 in the evening. At the performance I attended, the house was crowded and attentive. I was not enough of an Athenian to attend all three. Even at the Music Hall in Berlin, where, as in other cities, the thinly covered salacious is ladled out to the animal man, there was a capital stage caricature of Œdipus, which atoned for the customary *ewig* Leg*liche*, which now rules in these resorts. If for

some untoward reason women ceased to have legs, what would the British and American theatrical trust managers do!

The German takes his theatre and his music as from the beginnings of these it was intended we all should do. They are not a distraction merely, but an education, an education of the senses, and through the senses of the whole man. There are music-lovers and serious playgoers in America; but for the most part our theatres cater to, and are filled by, a public seeking a soothing and condimented mental atmosphere in which to finish digestion. Theatrical salmagundi is served everywhere, and seems to be the dish best suited to the American æsthetic palate as thus far educated. We cannot complain, since other wares would be quickly provided did we but ask for them.

America has suffered because she was overtaken by a great material prosperity before she had a sufficient spiritual and intellectual development, and up to now the material side of life has had the upper hand. We buy the best pictures, the rare books and manuscripts, armor and silver and porcelain, and it must be said that there is a fine idealism here, because they are bought almost without exception by uncultured, often almost unlettered, rich men, who know nothing and care very little for these things, but who are providing rare educational opportunities for another generation. In the same way we hire the best musicians and singers, but our surroundings and the powerful circumambient ambitions have not tempted us as yet to live contentedly and understandingly in any such atmosphere, as the Germans do. It is a striking contrast, perhaps of all the contrasts the most interesting to the student, this of America growing from industrialism toward idealism, of Germany growing out of idealism into industrialism.

Germany floats in music; in America a few, a very few, float on it. In Germany everybody sings, almost everybody plays some instrument, and from the youngest to the oldest everybody understands music; at least that is the impression you carry away with you from the land of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Brahms, and Beethoven, and Wagner, and I might fill the page with the others.

You are at least on the ramparts of Paradise in the *Thomas Kirche* in Leipzig at the weekly Saturday concert of the scholars of the Thomas Schule. The worldliness is melted out of you, as you sit in the cool, quiet church with the sunlight slanting in upon you, and the atmosphere alive with sweet sounds. And this is only one of hundreds of such experiences all over Germany. At the *Kreuz Kirche* in Dresden, at the great Dom church in Berlin at Easter time, for the asking you may have the oil and wine of music's Good Samaritan poured upon the wounds of those sore-pressed travellers, your hopes and ideals, your dreams and ambitions, that have fallen among thieves, on the long, long way from Jericho to Jerusalem.

It is, I must admit, a drab and dreary crowd to look at, these Germans at the theatre, at the opera, in the concert halls. They do not dress, or if they are women undress, for their music as do we; their music dresses for them. They come, most of them, in the clothes that they have worn all day, each *quidlibet induitus*. They have many of them a meal of meat, bread, and beer during the long pause between two of the acts always provided for this purpose. Some of them bring little bags with their own provisions, and only buy a glass of beer. They are solemnly attentive, an educated and experienced audience there for a purpose, and not to be trifled with, the most competently critical audience in the world. I wonder as I look at them whether the fact that they have no backs to their heads, emphasized nowadays by the fact that many men wear their hair clipped close to the head, and no chins (the lack of chins in Germany is almost a national peculiarity) has any physiological or psychological relation to their prowess in, and love of, and critical appreciation of, the more nebulous arts: music, poetry, philosophy, and the serious drama.

They are as adamant in their observance of the rules in such matters. More than once I arrive at the opera a few minutes late, once four minutes late, the doors are closed and guarded, and I listen to the overture from the outside. At a concert led by the famous von Bülow half a dozen women come in after the music has begun, rustling, sibilant, and excited. The music stops, the great conductor turns to glare at them and, refer-

ring to the geese which are said to have saved Rome by their hissing, thunders: "Hier ist kein Capitol zu retten!"

There are some forty thousand professional musicians in Germany. The town council of Berlin is now discussing gravely the sum to be allotted to the support of the Symphony Orchestra; and Charlottenburg is building an opera house of its own, and Spandau a theatre; and there has just been formed in Berlin a "Society of the German Artistes' Theatre," with a capital of $200,000, which is a project along the general lines of the *Comédie Française*. The discussions and arguments relating to these municipal expenditures, as I read them in the newspapers, are all based upon the assumption that the people have a right to good and cheap music, just as they have a right to good and cheap beer and bread.

At Düsseldorf one of the theatres, managed by a woman and supported by the best people in the town, is not only a playhouse, but a school for actors, and a proving-ground for the drama. It is a treat indeed to attend the performances there. We have tried similar things in America, but with sad results. Fifty millionaires, no one of whom had ever read the text of a serious play in his life, build a temple for the drama, but there are no plays, no actors, no audience, nothing is accomplished. There is no critical body of real lovers of the drama, and there are no cheap seats, and there is still that fatuous notion that exclusiveness, except in the trifling matter of physical propinquity, can be bought with dollars.

The only impenetrably exclusive thing in the world is intellect, he is the only aristocrat left in these democratic days, and we are not devoting much attention as yet to his breeding. We do not realize that the only valuable democrat must be an aristocrat. "Culture seeks to do away with classes and sects; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely; nourished and not bound by them. This is the social idea; and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality."

In Germany there are more men of culture per thousand of the population than in any other land, but they rule the country not by "sweetness and light," but by force. This seems at first a contradiction. It is not. Religion, life, love are all savage things. Because we have known men who preach but do not believe; men who breathe and walk who have not lived; men who protest but who have not loved, we are prone to think of religion, life, and love as soft. We have conquered and chastened so much of nature: the air, the water, the bowels of the earth, that we fool ourselves with thinking that culture also is tame, that religion, life, and love are tame too. Savage things they are! You may know them by that! If you find them nice, vivacious, amusing, amenable, be sure that they are forgeries.

This is the profound fallacy underlying the present-day economic peace propagandism, whose heaviest underwriter, Mr. Carnegie, is, by the way, an agnostic. While there is faith, there will be fighting. Do away with either and society would crumble. What the Puritans did for us, the Prussians have done for Germany. They have fought, are fighting, and will fight for their faith. Though they have many unpleasant characteristics, this is their most admirable quality. They believe in an aristocracy of culture with a right to rule. Goethe said of Luther that he threw back the intellectual progress of mankind by centuries, by calling in the passions of the multitude to decide on subjects that ought to have been left to the learned. This is a good example of imitation culture. This is very much the view that Mr. Balfour holds in regard to Cromwell. But Luther and Bismarck made Germany. The one taught Germany to bark, the other taught Germany to bite. The great deliverers of the world came, not to bring peace, but a sword.

When you leave the drab crowd in the streets and enter the houses of the real rulers of Germany, the contrast between the aristocrat and the plebeian is nowhere so outstanding. I have seen no finer-looking specimens of mankind in face and figure and manner than the best of these men. If you stroll through the halls of the *Krieges Academie*, where the pick of the young officers of the German army are preparing themselves for the examinations which admit a very small proportion of them to appointments on

the general staff, you will be delighted with the faces and figures and the air of alertness and intelligence there. And you will find as fine a type of gentlemen, in face, manners, and figure, at their head as exists anywhere.

There are complaints that this Prussian aristocracy is socially exclusive, is given office both in the army and in civil life too readily; but what an aristocracy it is! These are the men whose families gave, often their all, to make Prussia, and then to make Germany. Service of king and country is in their blood. They get small remuneration for their service. There is no luxury. They spurn the temptations of money. Hundreds and hundreds of them have never been inside the house of a rich parvenu, nor have their women. They work as no other servants work, they live on little, they and their women and children; and you may count yourself happily privileged if they permit you the intimacy of their home life.

Officers and gentlemen there are, living on two thousand five hundred dollars a year, and most of them on much less, and their wives, as well born as themselves, darning their socks and counting the pfennigs with scrupulous care. These are the women whose ancestors flung themselves against the Roman foe, beside their husbands and brothers; these are the women who gave their jewels to save Prussia; these are the women, with the glint of steel and the light of summer skies braided in their eyes, who have taken their hard, self-denying part in making Prussia and the German empire. No wonder they despise the mere money-maker, no wonder they will have none of his softness for themselves, and hate what Milton calls "lewdly pampered luxury," as a danger to their children. They know well the moral weapons that won for this starved, and tormented, and poverty-stricken land its present place in the world as a great power.

"And as the fervent smith of yore
Beat out the glowing blade,
Nor wielded in the front of war
The weapons that he made,
But in the tower at home still plied
His ringing trade;

"So like a sword the son shall roam
On nobler missions sent;
And as the smith remained at home
In peaceful turret pent,
So sits the while at home the mother
Well content."

I, good democrat that I am, know very well that there are, and always have been, and always will be aristocrats, for there is no national salvation without them anywhere in the world. The aristocrats are the same everywhere, no matter what their distinctions of title, or whether they have none. They are those who believe that they owe their best to God and to men, and they serve. Likewise the plebeians are the same all over the world; whatever their presumptions or denials, they believe that they are here to get what they can out of God and men, and they take far more than they give.

Perhaps no feature of German life is so little known, so little understood, as this simple-living, proud, and exclusive caste, who have made, and still protect and guard, Prussia and Germany. They say: "We made Prussia and Germany, and we intend to guard them, both from enemies at home and from enemies abroad!" My admiration for these men and women is so unbounded that I would no more carry criticism with me into their homes than I would carry mud into a sanctuary.

They have done much for Germany, but the best perhaps of all is that they have made economy and simple living feasible and even fashionable; they have made talent aristocratic; they have insisted that social life shall be founded on service and breeding and ability. They will have no dealings with Herr Müller, the rich shop-keeper, but whatever name the distinguished artist, or public servant, or man of science, or young giant in any field of intellectual prowess may bear, he is welcomed. In general this welcome given by German society to talent holds good. There is, however, a society composed of the great landed proprietors, who live in the country, who come to Berlin rarely, and whose horizon is limited severely to their own small interests, their restricted circle, and by their provincial pride. They recognize nobody but themselves, for the reason that they

know nobody and nothing else. There is an exclusiveness born of stupidity, just as there is an exclusiveness born of a sense of duty to one's position and traditions in the world. One must recognize that this side of social life exists in Germany just as it exists in England, and France, and Austria, but it is fast losing its importance and its power.

One hears it lamented that society is changing, that the rich Jew and the rich gentile is received where twenty-five years ago the social portals were shut against him; and that many go to their houses who would not have gone not many years ago. My experience is too slender to weigh these matters in years: my contention is only that, from an American or English standpoint, their social life is notably simple, and still largely founded on merit and service rather than upon the means to provide luxury.

Though there are thousands of people received at court each year, this does not mean that they are invited to the more intimate parties of those in court control. They are tolerated, not welcomed. Such people are invited to the court ball, but never thought of, even, as guests at the small supper party of, say, a court official later in the evening. Prussia and Germany are still ruled socially and politically by a small group of, roughly, fifty thousand men; eight thousand of them in the frock coat of the civilian official, and the rest in military uniforms. Added to this must be named a few great financiers, shipping and mining and industrial magnates, and great landowners, and less than half a dozen journalists, and as many professors.

According to the census there are in all only 720 persons in Berlin with incomes of more than $25,000 a year, and 521 of these have between $25,000 and $60,000 a year; leaving a very small number indeed with incomes adequate, from an American point of view, for extravagant social expenditure. Of these 200, probably not 50 are figures in the social life of the capital. It may be seen at once, therefore, that entertaining cannot be on a lavish or spectacular scale.

The minister of foreign affairs and the imperial minister of the interior receive salaries of 36,000 marks, with 14,000 marks additional for expenses. The Prussian ministers have the same. Other ministers receive 30,000 marks and 14,000 additional for expenses. The chancellor of the empire receives 36,000 marks, and 64,000 additional for expenses. The highest receivable pension is three-fourths of the salary—not counting the additional sum for expenses, or, as it is named, *Repräsentationsaufwand* — after forty years of service. The foreign ambassadors to the more expensive capitals, London, Paris, New York, Saint Petersburg, receive 150,000 marks a year. Where one has seen something of the innumerable demands upon the income of a foreign ambassador, one is the more amazed that a great democracy like ours should so restrict the salaries of its representatives abroad that only rich men dare undertake the duty. What could be more undemocratic!

Germany is a rich, very rich, country in the sense that it has the most intelligent, hardest-working, most fiercely economical, and the most rationally and most easily contented population of any of the great powers. But Germany is not rich in surplus and liquid capital as compared with England, France, or America. It is the more to her credit that her capital is all hard at work. There is just so much less for luxury. The people in the streets; the shop windows; the scale of charges at places of public resort and amusement; the very small number of well-turned-out private vehicles; the comparatively few people who live in houses and not in apartments; the simplicity of the gowns of the women, and their inexpensive jewelry and other ornaments; the fewer servants; the salaries and wages of all classes, point decisively to plain living on the part of practically everybody. Let me say very emphatically, however, that this economy means no lack of generosity. I doubt if there are people anywhere so restricted as to means, and so delightfully hospitable at the same time. Berlin is not as yet under that cloud that covers the new, and uncultivated, and rich society in America, that tyranny of money which makes men and women fearful of being without it. Such people shiver at the bare thought of losing what money will

buy, for the shameful reason that then there would be nothing left to them; and they are driven, many of them, both in London and in New York, to any humiliation, often to any degradation, to avoid it. They grossly overrate the value of money, and they exaggerate the terrors of being without it.

Professor William James, who succeeded in analyzing what is at the back of men's brains as well as anybody, writes: "We have grown literally afraid to be poor. We despise any one who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life. We have lost the power of even imagining what the ancient idealization of poverty could have meant: the liberation from material attachments, the unbribed soul, the manlier indifference, the paying our way by what we are or do, and not by what we have, the right to fling away our life at any moment irresponsibly —the more athletic trim, in short, the moral fighting shape. . . . It is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our civilization suffers." They suffer from this malady less in Germany than in America or in England. I should like to introduce such people into dozens of households in Berlin; alas, they could not speak or understand the moral or mental language there, where there is everything that makes a home's heart beat proudly and peaceably except money. "La prospérité découvre les vices, et l'adversité les vertus."

These people need no tribute from me, and for their hospitality and friendliness I can make no adequate return. I sigh to think that we in America know so little of them. Germany would not be where she is without them; and I offer them as an example to my countrymen, and to my countrywomen especially, as showing what self-sacrifice and simplicity and loyal service can do for a nation in times of stress; and what high ideals and sturdy independence and contempt for luxury can do in the dangerous days of prosperity. Unadvertised, unheralded, keeping without murmuring or envy to their own traditions, they are here, as everywhere, the saviors of the world.

In this great city of Berlin it may seem that I have over-emphasized their part in the drama of the city's life. Not so! They are the backbone of the municipal as of the national body corporate. It is no easy industrial progress, no increasing wealth and population, no military prowess, no isolated great leader that makes a nation or a city. It is the men and women giving the high and unpurchasable gift of service to the state; giving the fine example of self-sacrificing and simple living; giving the prowess won by years of hard mental and moral training; giving the gentle courtesy and kindly welcome of the patrician to the stranger, who lift a nation or a city to a worthy place in the world. Seek not for Germany's strength first in her fleet, her army, her hordes of workers, nay not even in her philosophers, teachers, and musicians, though they glisten in the eyes of all the world, for you will not find it there. It is in these quiet and simple homes that so few Americans and Englishmen ever enter that you will find the sweetness and the sternness, the indomitable pride of service, and the self-sacrificing loyalty that won, that keep for Germany her place in the world.

SANITATION OF THE ISTHMUS

By Joseph Bucklin Bishop
Secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission

SOMETHING very like a marvel has been accomplished at Panama. A veritable valley of death has been converted into a land of health and comfort. So complete is the transformation that astonished observers have declared, with mild and not unjustifiable exaggeration, that the "foremost pest-hole of the earth has become a health resort." If it be not in the full sense of the term a health resort, that part of the Isthmus of Panama which is under American control is to-day as healthful a place of abode as most civilized communities anywhere, and far more so than many of them.

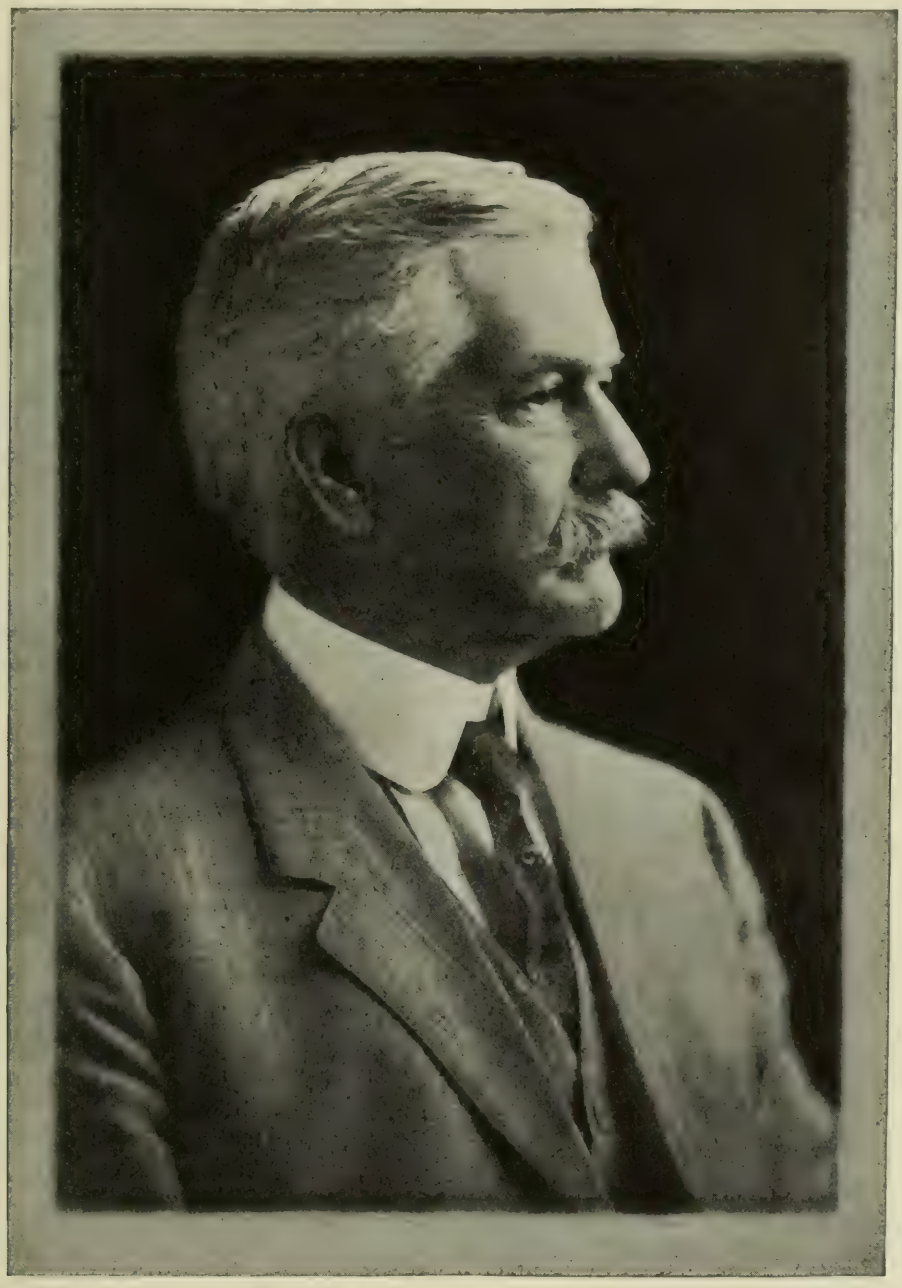
But while the transformation that has been wrought is marvellous and takes rank easily as the supreme achievement in sanitation, not only of the century but of the ages, there is nothing miraculous about it. It surpasses all previous efforts in the same field, in magnitude but not in effectiveness, simply because it was the first work on a large scale undertaken in the illuminating light of a discovery that, as by a flash of lightning, wrought a complete revolution in existing methods of tropical sanitation. Old things passed away and all became new in those methods when in 1900 surgeons and soldiers of the army of the United States, at the risk of their lives, proved that yellow-fever, the supreme terror of the tropics, was not a contagious or a filth disease, but was transmitted from one human being to another solely by a mosquito of a particular type, the *Stegomyia*. It was this conviction of the *Stegomyia* mosquito of high crimes and misdemeanors against the human race which lifted medical science out of the bog of blind, groping experimentation in tropical sanitation to the firm ground of exact knowledge. The sanitation of the Isthmus became a mere matter of intelligent administration, and the sanitation of the Isthmus made possible the construction of the Panama Canal, for without the light afforded by this discovery yellow-fever could not have been banished from the Isthmus, and its periodic outbreaks would have made it impossible to maintain an adequate working force of Americans. It is to the heroic men who risked their lives in the experiments which resulted in this discovery, and, above all others, to the martyr who both risked and lost his, that highest honors should be paid in celebrating the completion of the canal. The story of their deeds, one of the most inspiring in human annals, is entitled to first rank in the history of the canal, and especially of the sanitation of the Isthmus.

When the Americans took possession of the Isthmus in 1904 they began the task of converting it into a healthy place of abode and work, in the light, not only of the yellow-fever-transmission discovery, but of another, only secondary in importance, which had been made in 1898, that malaria was transmitted in like manner from person to person by a mosquito of a different type, the *Anopheles*. The details of these discoveries are so imperatively necessary to a proper comprehension of the work that has been done on the Isthmus that they are set forth here in advance of the account of the work itself, considering first the yellow-fever discovery because of its superior importance.

The theory that yellow-fever was transmitted from one person to another solely by means of a mosquito was advanced speculatively as early as 1847, but it was first set forth positively by Dr. Carlos J. Finlay, of Havana, in a paper published in 1881. Dr. Finlay made several experiments to test the truth of the theory, but they were not successful because he used for inoculation mosquitoes that had bitten yellow-fever patients only from two to five days earlier, whereas later experiments proved that the mosquito is harmless until twelve days or longer after the biting.

During the occupation of Cuba by the United States army in 1900 yellow-fever

became epidemic in Havana, and in spite of the use of all known methods for warding it off there were nearly 1,600 cases and 231 deaths among American officers and men. It was made evident to the army surgeons who were on duty there that existing methods of fighting the disease were wellnigh powerless to check its spread. They knew neither its cause nor its means of transmission. They stood by the death-beds of its victims, to quote one of them, "in utter perplexity and wonder." Dr. George M. Sternberg, surgeon-general of the United States army, considering the presence of the disease as affording opportunity for testing various theories that had been advanced in regard to it, appointed four army surgeons who were on duty in Cuba, Walter Reed, James Carroll, Jesse W. Lazear, and Aristides Agramonte, a board to conduct a series of experiments with a view to ascertaining the causation and method of transmission of the disease from one person to another.



Photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

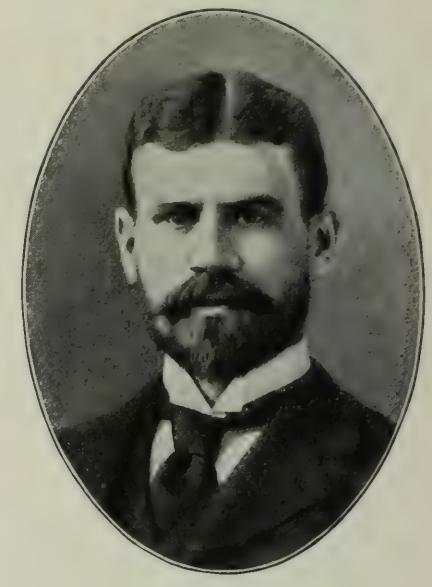
Colonel W. C. Gorgas.

The board began its experiments in June, 1900, and continued them into February, 1901. It first made thorough tests of the theory of bacterial transmission and

proved it to be unfounded. It then turned its attention to the theory of mosquito transmission, and decided to subject that to a series of experiments. In order to do this, human life must be put in jeopardy, for only human beings could be used for the experiments. One member of the board, Dr. Agramonte, was immune. The other three were not. These were unwilling to assume the responsibility of asking others to risk their lives, unless they first risked their own, and accordingly they agreed to make the first experiments upon themselves.



Dr. Carlos Finlay.



Dr. Jesse W. Lazear, U. S. A.

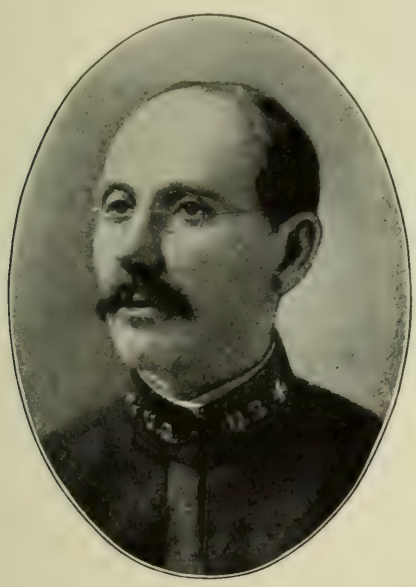
To realize the complete devotion to duty and the high courage of this resolve it should be borne in mind that these men were physicians who had been close observers and students of the disease for many years and were familiar with its deadly character. They made their resolve without proclamation of any sort, without publicity or the desire of it.

The duty of breeding and infecting mosquitoes for the tests was assigned to Dr. Lazear because of his special knowledge of mosquito work. Before the mosquitoes were ready for the tests Dr. Reed was summoned to Washington on urgent official duty, and was prevented from entering the experiments. Dr. Carroll was first bitten, and suffered a very severe attack of yellow-fever from which he recovered, but for a time his life hung in the balance. Subsequently Dr. Lazear, while in a yellow-fever hospital, collecting blood from the patients for study, saw a mosquito settle on the back of his hand. He allowed it to remain there, calmly studying its operations till it had satisfied its hunger. Five days later he came down with an attack of the disease "in its most terrible form," from which he died. These cases had demonstrated so conclusively that the disease was transmitted by mosquitoes that when Dr. Reed returned from Washington his friends persuaded him not to submit himself to infection, on the ground that it was a foolish and unnecessary risk for him at his age. He decided to conduct a series of more elaborate experiments for the purpose of establishing beyond dispute the truth of the new theory, and to demonstrate that not only was yellow-fever transmitted by the mosquito but by the mosquito alone.

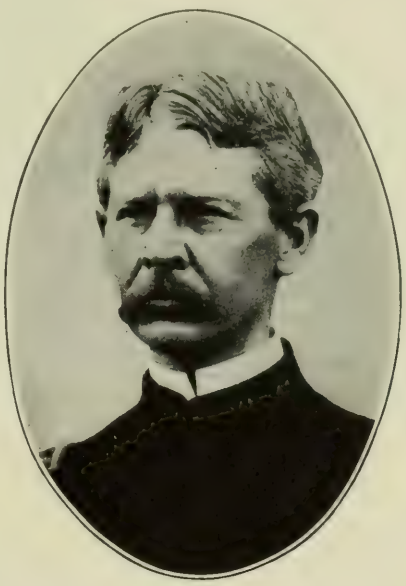
In an address which he delivered in April, 1901, describing the results of the Army Board's experiments, Dr. Reed paid this affectionate tribute to Lazear:

"Before proceeding to the discussion of this subject, it is fitting that I should pay brief tribute to the memory of a former member of this faculty, the late Dr. Jesse W. Lazear, United States Army. I can hardly trust myself to speak of my late colleague, since the mention of his name brings back such scenes of anxiety and depression as one recalls only with pain. Along with these sad memories, however,

come other recollections of a manly and fearless devotion to duty such as I have never seen equalled. In the discharge of the latter Dr. Lazear seemed absolutely tireless and quite oblivious of self. Filled with an earnest enthusiasm for the advancement of his profession and for the cause of science, he let no opportunity pass unimproved. Although the evening might find him discouraged over the difficult problem at hand, with the morning's return he again took up the task full of eagerness and hope. During a service of less than one year in Cuba he won the good-will and respect of his brother officers, and the affection of his immediate associates. Almost at the beginning of what promised to be a life full of usefulness and good works he was suddenly stricken, and, dying, added one more name to that imperishable roll of honor to which none others belong than martyrs to the cause of humanity."



Dr. James Carroll, U. S. A.



Dr. Walter Reed, U. S. A.

Tests had been made on nine volunteers before the infection of Drs. Carroll and Lazear, but had been without results because mosquitoes had been used too soon after biting yellow-fever patients. It was made plain by the cases of Carroll and Lazear that the infected mosquito did not become harmful till a considerable period had elapsed after biting. To establish the length of this period and also the length of the period which must elapse after the patient has been stricken before the disease can be conveyed to the mosquito for transmission, Dr. Reed instituted a second series of experiments in a camp established near Quemados, Cuba, and named after Lazear. General Leonard Wood, who was then military governor of Cuba, gave all possible assistance in the matter and to encourage volunteers for the tests offered a reward of $200 for such service.

It should be remembered that this call for volunteers was issued soon after the death of Lazear and at a time when it was common knowledge in the army that yellow-fever had been given both to him and Carroll through the bites of mosquitoes. Notwithstanding this, records Major Walter D. McCaw, of the medical corps of the United States army, "to the everlasting glory of the American soldier volunteers from the army offered themselves for experiment in plenty and with the utmost fearlessness."

The first to present themselves were two young soldiers from Ohio, John R. Kissinger and John J. Moran. Dr. Reed talked the matter over with them, explaining fully the danger and suffering involved, and stating the money consideration offered by General Wood. Both young men declared that they were prepared to undergo the experiment, but only on condition that they should receive no pecuniary reward. When he heard this declaration Dr. Reed touched his hat with profound respect, saying, "Gentlemen, I salute you!"

How well his respect was merited was shown a few days later when the two young soldiers faced the tests. Kissinger on three successive occasions was taken, clad only in a night-shirt, into a room where mosquitoes known to be infected were confined, and, lying down, remained there quietly while they bit him. On the third day, according to Major Reed's account, "we concentrated our insects upon him, selecting five of our most promising mosquitoes for the purpose," and he was infected with the fever, from which he recovered About the same date a room was prepared and made hospitable by the presence of fifteen infected mosquitoes. What happened in that inviting room is thus described by Major Reed:

"At noon on the same day, five minutes after the mosquitoes had been placed therein, a plucky Ohio boy, Moran by name, clad only in his night-shirt and fresh from a bath, entered the room containing the mosquitoes, where he lay down for a period of thirty minutes. Within two minutes from Moran's entrance he was being bitten about the face and hands by the insects, that had promptly settled down upon him. Seven, in all, bit him at this visit. At 4.30 P. M., the same day, he again entered and remained twenty minutes, during which time five others bit him. The following day at 4.30 P. M. he again entered and remained fifteen minutes, during which time three insects bit him; making the number fifteen that had fed at these three visits. On Christmas morning, at 11 A. M., this brave lad was stricken with yellow-fever, and had a sharp attack, which he bore without a murmur."



Dr. Robert P. Cooke,
Acting Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A.

With privates of the Hospital Corps he slept for twenty consecutive nights in the building furnished with infected yellow-fever bedding and clothing.



John R. Kissinger, who, with John J. Moran, volunteered for the yellow-fever tests. Both soldiers of the U. S. A.

Moran, like Kissinger, recovered. Well might Major Reed say of the two heroes: "In my judgment this exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the army of the United States." He might have added with perfect truth, "or anywhere else." The subsequent history of the two men will be referred to later in this narrative.

There were in all twenty-two persons, thirteen of them American soldiers, who submitted to the tests, most of whom accepted pecuniary reward.

Into the tests to demonstrate that yellow-fever was not a contagious disease seven persons entered, Dr. Robert P. Cooke, acting assistant surgeon of the army, and six privates of the hospital corps. The courage shown by these men was equalled only by that of the men who had undergone the other tests. A small building with a single room, fourteen by twenty feet, was erected and carefully guarded against the entrance of mosquitoes. Its temperature was maintained at about seventy-six degrees, with a sufficient amount of humidity. It was supplied with a large quantity of bed-clothing, wearing-apparel, and night-clothing taken from the beds and persons of patients who had died of yellow-fever. For twenty consecutive nights Dr. Cooke and his men went into this room, handled, wore, and slept in the contaminated clothing, although the

stench was so offensive as to be almost unbearable. They emerged from the ordeal in perfect health, proving beyond possibility of dispute that the disease was not contagious, and that the mosquito was the sole method of transmission. Let any one who wishes to comprehend fully the courage required for this service ask himself if he possesses it.



From "Walter Reed and Yellow Fever," by H. A. Kelly.

Camp Lazear.

Here the experiments with the yellow-fever mosquito were first carried out and the transmission of the disease by this means proven.

Like Lazear and Carroll and the brave American soldiers who underwent the first tests, Dr. Cooke and his associates were acting solely in the interest of humanity, were risking their lives for their fellow-men.



From "Walter Reed and Yellow Fever," by H. A. Kelly.

Camp Lazear.

Building where the experiments were made which proved that yellow-fever is not transmitted by means of infected clothing (fomites).

On a tablet erected to the memory of Lazear in Johns Hopkins Hospital, at Baltimore, there is this inscription, written by President Eliot of Harvard University:

"With more than the courage and the devotion of the soldier he risked and lost his life to show how a fearful pestilence is communicated, and how its ravages may be prevented."

Surely it can be said of all the men who entered the two series of tests that they showed "more than the courage and the devotion of the soldier," for there were lacking the excitement of the battle-field, the inspiring and sustaining presence of thousands of companions, and the hope of martial glory. Unwitnessed and alone they went into the presence of death itself, remaining there for hours and days and weeks inviting it, without thought of



Old open sewer, Bolivar Street, before paving, Colon.

renown or lasting remembrance. We may well be proud that they were Americans, that we belong to a race capable of such lofty heroism. But, like Lazear, who was also American, and like Carroll, who was of English birth, they belong to no country but to the human race. Their deeds are the common heritage and the common glory of all mankind.



Bolivar Street, after paving, Colon.

These pictures give a good example of the work done by the Department of Municipal Engineering.

In order to make complete the record of experiments in Cuba, it should be added that Dr. John Guiteras, of Havana, began in February, 1891, a series of tests for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not yellow-fever could be propagated in a controllable form by means of infected mosquitoes, thus securing immunization, as is done by the use of vaccination in the case of smallpox. He infected eight persons with mosquitoes, three of whom died, including an American nurse, Miss Clara B. Maas. of Orange, N. J., who volunteered herself for the experiment. This result was so unfavorable to the theory of controllable propagation that further experiments in that field were abandoned, but the additional tests had afforded complete confirmation of the truth of the mosquito theory of transmission.

The discovery that malaria is not due to miasma or to poisonous air of any sort, but is transmitted from one person to another by a mosquito of the *Anopheles* variety, was made by Major Ronald Ross, a surgeon of the British army, formerly in the India service and now connected with the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. He had been a careful student of the problem for several years when in a series of experiments in 1898 he succeeded in infecting birds with malaria from the bites of mosquitoes. Later in the same year and in 1899 three Italian physicians, A. Bignami, G. Bastianelli, and B. Grassi, applying the methods of Ross, succeeded in infecting human beings. Major Ross and the same physicians had proved, in previous experiments, that men could not be infected with malaria with air or water brought from malarious localities.

Not only were these discoveries known several years before the task of sanitation was begun on the Isthmus, but practical application had demonstrated the complete effectiveness of the new theories. The Board of Army Surgeons that had conducted the experiments in Cuba drew up a set of regulations for the application of the new methods of fighting yellow-fever in Havana, and these were put in force on February 15, 1901, by order of General Leonard Wood, and under the direction of Surgeon Major W. C. Gorgas, at that time chief sanitary officer of the city. The main features of the new methods were the segregation of all yellow-fever patients behind wire screens and the fumigation of all infected houses. Success was immediate and convincing. Within three months yellow-fever was banished from Havana, and for a period of fifty-four days the city was free of the disease. Subsequently there was an outbreak of it in the town of Santiago de las Vegas, a suburb of Havana, whence it was brought into the city, but strict and prompt application of the new methods in both places stamped it out within six weeks, and in the autumn of 1901, the period in which for many years the annual epidemic of yellow-fever had been at its height, there was not a single case in Havana. There have been sporadic cases of it since from time to time, but these have been controlled easily and there has been no infection.

Application of suppression methods against the malaria mosquito, in accordance with the discovery of Dr. Ross, was made in Havana during the same period and with striking success. In 1900 the number of deaths from malaria in the city had been 325. In 1901, the year in which malaria mosquito work was begun, the number of deaths was reduced to 151, in 1902 to 77, and in 1903 to 45—which has been about the average annual rate since.



Quarantine Station, on Culebra Island, in the Bay of Panama, at the Pacific entrance to the Canal.

Immediately following the discovery of Major Ross application of the new method of suppressing malaria was made in various parts of the world, notably in Egypt. The most striking success was that achieved under the personal direction of Major Ross, acting for the Suez Canal Company, at Ismailia. This is a town of 10,000 inhabitants on Lake Timsah, in Egypt, a small sea-water lake through which the Suez Canal passes. Originally a healthful town, it had become, through the formation of shallow marshes, defective drainage, and lack of sewerage,

a hot-bed of mosquitoes and of malaria. Nearly 2,000 cases were treated each year, and in 1901 there were nearly 2,500. By strict application of the new methods the disease was stamped out completely in three years, and the town has remained free from it since. The original outlay to the work was about ten thousand dollars, and the annual expenditure is about five thousand dollars. Similar results were achieved subsequently at Port Said.

Like all revolutionary discoveries, these of mosquito transmission were received with quite general incredulity, and even in the medical profession scepticism was by no means unusual. The most striking case of it was that of Colonel W. C. Gorgas, the man who was destined to win world-wide fame in applying the new methods. He was present in Cuba when the yellow-fever experiments were made, and was a close witness of them; yet even after they had been concluded and Major Reed had declared the results in a paper, which he read before the Pan-American Medical Congress, at Havana, in February, 1901, Colonel Gorgas was still incredulous. Nothing but the success of the new methods, which he himself had applied in Havana, sufficed to remove his doubts, for in an official report of that work which he made to General Wood, under date of July 12, 1902, he said of Major Reed's paper of the previous year:

"This idea was so new and so entirely contrary to all former theories on the subject, and, apparently, to all former experience, that the paper was received with scant belief. I myself had seen the work, and was convinced that the mosquito could convey yellow-fever, but I was hardly prepared to believe that it was the only way, or even the ordinary way, of conveying the disease. . . .

"I had very little hope of accomplishing much [in Havana]; it seemed to me that even if the mosquito did convey yellow-fever, he could not be gotten rid of, and, apparently, from all past experience, the mosquito was not the only way, or even the principal way, of conveying the disease; but, as he evidently could convey the disease, it was our duty to take precautions in this direction."

His conclusion, in view of his unexpected success, was that "the *Stegomyia* mosquito is the only method of transmitting yellow-fever—a fact proved by the Army Commission." In an address that he made three years later, before the Pan-American Medical Congress, at Panama, Colonel Gorgas said:

"In time Reed's Army Board came along and made the astounding discovery that the mosquito alone conveyed yellow-fever, and that dirt and filth had very little, if anything, to do with the question. My good friend Dr. Finlay, some twenty years before, had advanced this same theory, and during the twenty years preceding our occupation of the island had written and advocated the theory continuously. I had often heard him expound his views on the subject, but, like the Cuban woman, I smiled in a superior way at the 'crazy Cuban doctor.'"

"The world requires," says Major Ross, in the preface to his most interesting and valuable book, "The Prevention of Malaria,"* "at least ten years to understand a new idea, however important or simple it may be. The mosquito theory of malaria was at first ridiculed, and its application to the saving of human life treated with neglect, jealousy, and opposition." The same thing could be said of the mosquito theorem of yellow-fever. In fact, when the American occupation of the Isthmus began in 1904, comparatively few people in the United States were aware that the two discoveries had been made, and still fewer realized their inestimable value in the task of building the canal. It is a safe assertion that when the sanitation of the Isthmus had been accomplished the general belief throughout the world was that the methods so successfully applied had been originated by those in charge of the work. It could not be said that the martyr Lazear and his heroic associates were forgotten—their deeds had never been known. It required the startling effect of a great success to awaken the world to a just sense of the priceless debt of gratitude that the human race owes to these modest, self-effacing surgeons and soldiers of the American army. To them belongs all the credit, without division or diminution, for, as President Eliot, with that aptness of phrase of which he is so enviable a master, has said, they not only

*E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1910.

showed "how a fearful pestilence is communicated," but "how its ravages may be prevented." The showing was so clear that the sanitation of the Isthmus or any other part of the tropics or of the world became a mere matter of intelligent administration.

President Roosevelt, who was fully aware of the value of the discoveries, instructed the first canal commission to give special attention to sanitation, and to secure the best medical experts attainable for this purpose, saying further, in a letter to the secretary of war, that "it is the belief of those who have noted the successful results secured by our army in Cuba in the obliteration of yellow-fever in that island that it is entirely feasible to banish the diseases that have heretofore caused most mortality on the Isthmus." By unanimous consent Colonel Wm. C. Gorgas was the expert best fitted to take charge of the work. His close association with the army surgeons who had made the discoveries and had formulated the new methods of applying them gave him the practical experience necessary for intelligent administration. He had only to adopt on the Isthmus the plans of the successful campaign in Cuba to win a second and more brilliant triumph.

Yellow-fever was the special curse of the Isthmus. Dread of that was the paramount obstacle in the way of canal construction. Malaria, in its most deadly form, Chagres fever, was a scarcely less venomous foe to health, but it excited far less fear. If yellow-fever could be banished, the canal could be built in spite of malaria and all other tropical ills. The "astounding discovery" had shown with a clearness that amounted to a revelation that existing methods of fighting yellow-fever were only so much wasted energy, and that the sure and only way to check and suppress it was to restrict the activity of the mosquitoes, and, so far as possible, suppress them.

Colonel Gorgas, who was familiar with the work of Major Ross in Ismailia and elsewhere, invited him to visit the Isthmus, when the work of sanitation began



City of Panama, from Ancon Hill, showing concrete reservoir which supplies water to Ancon, the American town just outside Panama city, and the Administration Building—the large structure with verandas in the left foreground.

in the summer of 1904, in order to have the benefit of his advice and suggestions, and the invitation was accepted, Major Ross making the visit as the guest of the Canal Commission. The work was begun, therefore, under most favorable conditions, with exact knowledge of what to do, and with expert ability to guide in doing it. There was still another and scarcely less valuable aid to the task. Under the treaty with Panama the United States had sovereign power for health purposes not only in the Canal Zone but in the cities of Colon and Panama, and could enforce all necessary regulations.



East end of Colon Hospital grounds, showing nurses' hall, and quarters for physicians.
The buildings are of the regulation screened type.

When the work began the whole Isthmus was literally a mosquito paradise, with wellnigh ideal conditions for propagation and infection. The temperature, being tropical and scarcely varying at all the year round, allowed constant breeding, for which opportunities and facilities were virtually universal. During nine months of the year the innumerable stagnant pools of fresh water left by the almost constant rains afforded the most favorable breeding-places possible for the malaria mosquito. In the dry season, there being no water supply for cities and towns, the rain was stored in tanks and receptacles of various kinds, which made equally favorable breeding-places for the yellow-fever mosquito. From one end of the Canal Zone to the other, a fifty-mile strip ten miles in width, tropical undergrowth flourished virtually undisturbed. Microscopical examination of the blood of the inhabitants showed that fully seventy per cent of the ten thousand or twelve thousand of them had the malarial parasite circulating in their blood. The malarial mosquito thus had a perpetual feeding-ground from which to obtain the seeds of infection. When a case of yellow-fever occurred the *Stegomyia* was at hand, propagated often at the very bedside of the victim, to obtain and convey the infection.

The work of the American sanitary officers was thus clearly marked out for them. They must restrict the activities of the mosquitoes and, so far as possible, suppress them. The first needs were a

water supply and sewer system for the cities and towns, for until these were furnished existing methods of storing water could not be abolished. While these were being supplied, houses could be screened and their inmates protected against infection.

Plans were adopted by the first commission, almost immediately after its appointment, for the construction of reservoirs to supply the cities of Panama and Colon with water, and later similar plans were adopted for all labor centres along the line of the canal. At the same time plans were adopted for a system of sewers for the cities, and the paving or resurfacing of their streets. This work, which was begun in the first six months of American occupation, was separate from the strictly sanitary work, and was performed by the Division of Municipal Engineering, which was under the general Department of Construction and Engineering, of which the chief engineer was the head. It was in existence till August 1, 1908, when, its work having been completed, it was abolished. During the four years of its activity it expended nearly $6,000,000, of which about $2,250,000 was for water-works, sewers, and pavements in the cities of Panama and Colon, and about $3,500,000 was for work in the Canal Zone. Subsequent expenditures in Colon and Panama brought the total of cost of improvements made in them by the commission up to nearly $3,500,000. All of this, in accordance with the treaty between the United States and Panama, will be paid back to the United States, through water and sewerage rates, within a period of fifty years, at the expiration of which the system of water-works and sewers within city limits will revert to the cities, and the use of water will be free to their inhabitants with the exception of a sufficient water rate necessary for maintenance and operation.



View of Hospital grounds from the entrance, Ancon.

Through these expenditures pure water was supplied to the cities of Panama and Colon and all settlements in the Canal Zone; the cities were converted from hotbeds of disease, without water supply or

decent pavements or sewers, into the best-paved, best-watered, and best-sewered cities in Central or South America.

Moving side by side with the work of the Division of Municipal Improvement, though separate and distinct from it, was the work of the Sanitary Department. The new methods of fighting disease, which had been shown to be effective by the mosquito tests in Cuba, were put into operation. Repairs and additions were made to the hospitals acquired from the French at Ancon and Colon and emergency hospitals and sick-camps were established along the line of the canal.

The supreme test of the mosquito theory as applied to yellow-fever came in 1905. When the Americans took possession of the Canal Zone in 1904 there were a few scattered cases of yellow-fever, but, as this was the usual condition between periodic epidemics of the disease, little concern was felt. In January, 1905, however, there was an increase in cases to nineteen, among whom there were seven employees of the commission and the Panama Railroad Company. Eight died, among them a canal employee. There were fourteen cases in February, eleven in March, and nine in April, and of these eighteen were employees, six of whom died.

The seven cases in April were among employees in the French Administration Building, which had become the headquarters of the commission in Panama, where about three hundred Americans were engaged. When three of them died a panic arose among Americans on the Isthmus, and all steamers outward-bound were laden to the full capacity with frightened employees. An increase of the number of cases in May to thirty-three, including twenty-two employees, three of whom died, and a further increase in June to sixty-two, including thirty-four employees, six of whom died, added to the panic, and nothing except lack of sailing accommodations prevented the scattering of the entire force. In July the number of cases began to decline, showing that the progress of the disease had been checked, and a further decline in August partially restored confidence. By the first of September the disease was shown to be under control, and in December the last case was registered, and there was no death. There had been among employees of the commission and of the Panama Railroad 133 cases and 35 deaths. As this epidemic was the last of its kind on the Isthmus, the full record of it appears on page 251.

In applying the new methods of fighting the disease Colonel Gorgas had the hearty co-operation and earnest support of Charles E. Magoon, who, as member of the second Isthmian Canal Commission, which had succeeded the first commission on April 3, 1905, was governor of the Canal Zone when the yellow-fever epidemic began to gain headway. Governor Magoon, immediately upon his arrival on the Isthmus, on May 24, assured Colonel Gorgas that the entire resources of the commission and the government of the Canal Zone were available for the work of stamping out yellow-fever on the Isthmus. Under the joint labors of these two officials the cities of Panama and Colon were fumigated house by house, the towns of the Canal Zone were divided into districts for the extermination of mosquitoes, medical inspectors were appointed to make daily house-to-house canvasses and to report all suspected cases, and all such were taken at once, willingly or unwillingly, to the hospitals and segregated.

At the same time that these vigorous measures were being applied a rigid quarantine, which had been established at the outset of American occupation, was maintained against all infected ports, preventing the introduction of disease from outside.

Since December, 1905, there has been no case of yellow-fever on the Isthmus which has originated there. There have been sporadic cases from time to time, but invariably of persons who have brought the disease from outside the Isthmus. In each instance the victim has been segregated and there has been no infection.

The utter and final rout of the scourge was the most convincing demonstration yet made of the truth of the theory of mosquito transmission. No rational person could thenceforth question either the truth or the limitless beneficence of the discoveries made in Cuba in 1900. Dr. Gorgas has borne emphatic testimony on that point. In an article which he published in the *Medical Record*, of May 18, 1907, he said:



Sanatorium, Taboga Island, ten miles off Panama in the Pacific, to which convalescents are sent after a period in the hospital.

"I do not believe that our present freedom from yellow-fever is in any way accidental. Our work here, I think, is another evidence of the great obligation mankind is under to the Army Board, of which Major Walter Reed was chairman, and Lazear and Carroll were members, for establishing the fact that the *Stegomyia* mosquito was the transmitter of yellow-fever. Without this knowledge I do not believe we could have done any better than did the French, and, judging from the alarm that was caused by the comparatively mild epidemic which we had among our employees in 1905, I doubt, in case we were having the same amount of yellow-fever that the French had, whether we could keep a sufficient force of white employees here to carry on the work. And even if we could keep white employees here under such circumstances, I doubt whether public sentiment in the United States would allow the canal to be built at such a sacrifice of human life."

In that opinion all competent authorities must agree. Reed, Carroll, and Lazear, the latter at the cost of his life, made possible the Panama Canal. Whatever honors may be awarded to those who took part in the work of actual construction, the first honor must be awarded to them. Their discovery, of incalculable value to human welfare and progress, was a direct outcome of the war between the United States and Spain, and will go far to justify the claim that that contest was a war in the interest of humanity.

What recognition have these brave men received for their services? Lazear left a wife and two small children, one of them born a few months before his death and never seen by him. Congress appropriated for his widow the magnificent pension of $17 a month, with $2 additional for each child until the age of sixteen! This was continued till May, 1908, when it was replaced with an annuity of $125 a month. A battery in Baltimore Harbor has been named in his honor, and a tablet to his memory has been placed in Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore.

Reed died in Washington, November 23, 1902. In March, 1903, a pension of $125 a month was granted to his widow. This was so inadequate for her support that a Walter Reed Memorial Association was formed, and a fund of $25,000 was raised, the interest of which, $75 a month, is to be paid to her during life and the principal used to erect a memorial to him after her death. A hospital in Washington has been named in his honor.

Carroll died in Washington, September 16, 1907. In May, 1908, Congress granted his widow a pension of $125 a month.

Kissinger's health failed so completely a few years ago that he was dependent on his wife for support. Application was made to Congress for a pension, and the response, in March, 1907, was a grant of $12 a month. Application was made again in 1910, Kissinger being then a hopeless paralytic, and a grant of a pension of $125 a month was passed by the Senate, but was objected to by the Committee on Pensions in the House because "in carrying a rate in excess of that allowed to any other private soldier" it would establish a vexing precedent. In February, 1911, the House cut down the amount of the pension to $100 and passed the grant.

In granting the $125 pension for Lazear's widow, Congress declared that it was bestowed "in special recognition of the eminent services of the said Jesse W. Lazear in discovering the means of preventing, as well as the cause and method of transmission and propagation of yellow-fever, and demonstrating on his own person the truth of the theory of the transmission by mosquitoes, and the sacrificing of his life in proving the same." The same language was used in the grant to Carroll's widow, with the final clause omitted. In the grant to Kissinger the pension is awarded "in special recognition of his eminent services rendered, suffered, and endured, and permanent disabilities contracted in the interest of humanity and science as a volunteer subject for experimentation in the yellow-fever hospital in Cuba."

There is a sad discrepancy here between the verbal and the pecuniary appreciations of the service rendered. Not only did that service make the building of the Panama Canal possible, but it abolished forever from the United States a scourge that during more than a century had, through periodic outbreaks, cost it a half million lives and many millions of dollars. Ninety times during that period had yellow-fever epidemics invaded American cities from Philadelphia and New York to New Orleans, carrying in their wake terror, devastation, and death, paralyzing industry and business, and filling the whole land with alarm. One epidemic alone, that of 1878 in the Mississippi Valley, caused nearly 16,000 deaths and inflicted upon the country a loss that has been estimated at $100,000,000.

When Jenner discovered vaccination he received from the British government grants amounting to about $150,000, and also a subscription fund of $35,000 raised in India. This was a hundred years ago, and the discovery, scarcely more valuable to human welfare than that of yellow-fever transmission, was made without risk of life to the discoverer.

As for Moran, he suffered no ill effects from the disease, and has never been an applicant for government or other aid. His ambition had been to become a physician, and in accordance with it he entered the University of Virginia as a medical student in 1901. He was compelled to discontinue his studies a year later through lack of funds. Since 1904 he has been in the service of the Canal Commission, in the Department of Sanitation, holding various positions and filling all of them with efficiency and with unvarying modesty.

With yellow-fever banished from the Isthmus, the Department of Sanitation was able to devote its entire energies to the task of restricting the ravages of malaria. The possibility of banishing that disease was too remote to be entertained. The problem was a very different one from that of yellow-fever. A victim of yellow-fever either recovers or dies. In either event he ceases to be a source of germ supply for the *Stegomyia*, and without such a source the *Stegomyia* becomes an entirely harmless mosquito. She—for the female alone transmits the disease—has nothing to carry. The life period of this mosquito is not known. In captivity it is seldom more than five weeks, though there are records of infection from its bites at intervals ranging from twelve to fifty-seven days after contamination. It is a house mosquito, cannot live without water, is fragile, and is easily destroyed by fumigation. If there is no fresh case of yellow-fever within a period of sixty days after the latest one in an epidemic, it is a safe conclusion that the disease has been stamped out because there is no mosquito alive to carry the parasite. After a period of ninety days all doubt on the subject ends. A community infested with *Steg-*

omyia can live in absolute security from yellow-fever unless a case be brought in from outside. As a matter of fact, the measures applied against this mosquito in the Canal Zone were so effective that during the past year or more an adult *Stegomyia* has been so rare as to be regarded as a curiosity.

But with the *Anopheles* it is quite another matter. This mosquito breeds in the country districts, in marshes, pools, and stagnant water of all kinds. Furthermore, a victim of malaria seldom dies of the disease, but is capable of infecting mosquitoes with it for three years, or at every recurrence of it. With a population, seventy per cent of whom had malaria in their systems, and with a fifty-mile strip of country, ten miles in width, breeding mosquitoes in nearly every part, the abolition of malaria was clearly an impossibility. But if it could not be abolished, its volume could be reduced, and this task was undertaken with great zeal, practically unlimited resources, and on lines of demonstrated effectiveness.

The task would have been hopeless from the outset had it been necessary to extend anti-mosquito operations over the entire territory of the Canal Zone, comprising 278,848 acres. The work of the Sanitary Department has been confined to the portions occupied by the canal forces, and these aggregate only about 1,200 acres. These were cleared of undergrowth of all kinds for a distance of two hundred yards around settlements, the grass over that area was kept less than a foot in height, marshes and swamps were drained, stagnant pools were oiled regularly to kill mosquito larvæ, and all buildings were screened. In this work there had been expended down to June 30, 1912, for sanitation proper, $3,644,000. If it cost this sum to create desirable sanitary conditions in 1,200 acres of the Canal Zone, what would it have cost to accomplish like results in 278,848 acres? Happily, no such herculean task was necessary to make canal construction possible.

So successful were the measures taken that within two years mosquitoes were so nearly exterminated in the occupied sections of the Canal Zone that during the dry seasons one was rarely seen or heard, and from that time till the present a steady diminution in malaria cases has been recorded, the average number at present being about one-third as large as that at the beginning of the work. In the rainy season the task of preventing mosquito-breeding is much more difficult, and there is uniformly a larger number of malarial cases in consequence. In fact it has been made apparent that the final extirpation of *Anopheles* mosquitoes is an impossibility. Nothing but unceasing warfare suffices to keep the number of them restricted. They reappear in undiminished hordes as soon as efforts for their suppression are relaxed, showing that the cost of keeping them in subjection must be a permanent annual expenditure. A very valuable result of the restrictive work has been the demonstration, conclusive and convincing, that the mosquito and the mosquito alone, transmits malaria—that the disease is not due to marsh miasma or poisonous air of any sort.

When the canal shall have been completed and opened to the shipping of the world two years hence, the health bill which the United States will have had to pay in connection with its construction will be very close to $20,000,000. Down to the end of the calendar year of 1912 the total expenditures of the Department of Sanitation aggregated about $15,500,000. Adding to this sum the $2,500,000 expended for water-works, sewers, etc., in the Canal Zone, we have a total for general health purposes of $18,000,000. The expenditures of the next two years will bring the amount to nearly or quite $20,000,000. It will have cost the United States Government this sum—first, to make the Isthmus a normally healthy place in which to live and work; second, to maintain it in that condition; and, third, to care for the sick, the injured, the insane, etc.

Under the title "Department of Sanitation" there has been grouped on the Isthmus all the work done in the interest of health, both in the Canal Zone and in the cities of Panama and Colon—sanitation proper, hospitals, quarantine, street-cleaning, garbage collection, etc. For sanitation proper there will have been expended when the canal is thrown open formally to the commerce of the world about $6,000,000. Of this amount over

$3,550,000 was spent during the first five years of American occupation. The average force of the department during most of that period was about 3,000 men, and the average annual expense about $710,000. During the next three years the annual average expense was about $488,000. At present it is very near the latter sum. These figures include certain overhead charges which are imposed proportionately upon all departments of canal work.

By far the largest item of health expenditure has been for hospitals, or general care of the sick. This, when the outlay for construction and repair of buildings is included, will aggregate on January 1, 1915, very nearly $9,000,000; that for all other branches of the health service about $7,500,000; and that for general administration of the department close to $1,000,000. Adding to these items the $2,500,000 spent for water-works, sewers, etc., in the Canal Zone we have the $20,000,000 total. The average annual outlay for all health purposes on the Isthmus during the ten and one-half years of canal construction will have been, therefore, about $1,900,000, and for sanitation proper about $570,000.

Has this expenditure made the Isthmus a "health resort"? In the full sense of the term, it has not. It has made it a reasonably healthful place of abode and work, and an agreeable and healthful place of sojourn, especially during the three months of the dry season. But this will remain true of the Isthmus only so long as stringent methods of health protection are enforced. Health statistics of the Canal Zone—sick and death rates—are misleading when used in comparison with like data of communities in the temperate zone, unless the peculiar conditions on the Isthmus are taken into account.

In the first place, the American colony in the Canal Zone is a selected white community, with less than the average allotment of women and children. All applicants for employment are required to be in good physical condition and all who are unable to maintain such condition after employment are deported. In this way the force is composed at all times of men who have shown themselves able to withstand the climate without serious disability, and the colony is rid of a permanently sick or incapable class. Furthermore, there are no aged and infirm persons to swell the sick and death rates.

In the second place, the health of the American colony is cared for as that of no other community on earth ever has been. Its members are provided with comfortable and healthful furnished quarters, free of rent, constructed on sanitary principles, and supplied with pure water. If one of them falls sick, he can obtain free medicines, free medical or surgical attendance, and, if taken to a hospital, free subsistence while there, and full pay, provided the period of his absence from work does not exceed thirty days in a year. His dwelling-place is cared for at the public expense and all sanitary regulations in regard to it are rigorously enforced. He lives, in short, under a system of compulsory health preservation which protects his physical condition on every side. In addition to all this, he is granted six weeks vacation each year with full pay in order that he may go to a more bracing climate and thus escape the deteriorating effects of the tropics.

All these things must be taken into account in considering the question of the healthfulness of the Isthmus and of the tropics in general, and the allied question of making the tropics as healthful a region for the white man, or the Anglo-Saxon, as the temperate zone is. Undoubtedly, the application of the methods employed in the Canal Zone to any other section of the tropics would produce like results; that fact has been clearly demonstrated; but such application requires for success the presence behind it of a rich and powerful government as willing to defray the cost as the United States Government has been in the case of the Isthmus. Some white men can undoubtedly maintain as good a condition of health in the tropics, under the methods of health protection enforced at Panama, as the same men would have been able to maintain in the temperate zone, but many others cannot. This has been demonstrated clearly on the Isthmus. The visitor to the canal sees the hardy, healthy-looking men who have been able to remain on the job, and judges of the healthfulness of the country from them, but he does not see those who have been obliged to return to the United States be-

cause they could not withstand the climate, and there have been a great many of these.

The curse of the Isthmus is malaria, and until the *Anopheles* mosquito shall have been annihilated this will remain. The warfare made against it during six years has greatly mitigated its ravages, but it still remains in formidable force. As I have said, the number of cases has been reduced about one-third during these six years, yet after this reduction there were among about 40,000 employees during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912, over 7,000 cases in the hospitals, with 32 deaths—22 whites, 4 of whom were Americans, and 10 blacks. Since the beginning of American occupation in 1904, 49 Americans have died of malaria; 35 of whom were men, 3 women, and 11 children. It is rarely a fatal disease among Americans, but its effect is great physical weakness and depression, and often life-long debilitation. Constant care in the manner of living, remaining behind screens at night, and taking liberal doses of quinine at more or less regular intervals are necessary safeguards. Many persons live for years on the Isthmus without being infected by it. I have lived there with my wife and daughter for nearly six years, and none of us has had a touch of it, but every clerk that I have had in my office during that time has had it, though all of them have occupied screened quarters. During these six years, beginning with 1906, the Sanitary Department distributed free among employees 15,600 pounds avoirdupois of quinine (109,200,000 grains), an average of 2,600 pounds (18,200,000 grains) a year.

The death-roll among employees of the Canal Commission and the Panama Railroad Company from all diseases, from the beginning of American occupancy to the end of the fiscal year 1912, eight years, was 5,141, of which number 284 were Americans; 4,119 died of disease and 1,022 from violence, or accident connected with the work. There were also during that period 49 deaths of American women and 87 deaths of American children. The most reasonable estimate of deaths among the French during the nine years of their occupancy is about 16,000, or a little more than three times that of the Americans during eight years.

STATISTICS OF THE LAST YELLOW-FEVER EPIDEMIC ON THE ISTHMUS, 1904–5.

(See page 246.)

MONTH	TOTAL		EMPLOYEES		PLACE OF ORIGIN			
	CASES	DEATHS	CASES	DEATHS	PANAMA	COLON	CANAL ZONE	FOREIGN PORTS
1904								
July	2	2	2	2	2	....	....	....
August	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
September	1	....	....	....	1	....	....	....
October	2	....	....	....	1	1	....	....
November	2	....	1	....	2	....	....	....
December	6	1	2	....	5	1	....	....
1905								
January	19	8	7	1	8	1	1	9
February	14	9	5	3	10	....	2	2
March	11	3	6	....	7	4	....	....
April	9	3	7	3	8	1	....	....
May	33	7	22	3	16	14	3	....
June	62	19	34	6	29	17	13	3
July	42	13	27	10	15	9	8	10
August	27	9	12	1	11	10	5	1
September	7	4	3	3	5	....	1	1
October	5	3	3	2	4	1	....	....
November	3	3	1	1	1	2	....	....
December	1	....	1	....	....	1	....	....
Total	246	84	133	35	125	62	33	26

THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

XXXVII

THE news reached Colonel Pendleton late one afternoon while he was sitting on his porch—pipe in mouth and with a forbidden mint julep within easy reach. He had felt the reticence of Gray's letters, he knew that the boy was keeping back some important secret from him as long as he could, and now, in answer to his own kind, frank letter Gray had, without excuse or apology, told the truth, and what he had not told the colonel fathomed with ease. He had hardly made up his mind to go at once to Gray, or send for him, when a negro boy galloped up to the stile and brought him a note from Marjorie's mother to come to her at once—and the colonel scented further trouble in the air.

There had been a turmoil that afternoon at Mrs. Pendleton's. Marjorie had come home a little while before with Jason Hawn and, sitting in the hallway, Mrs. Pendleton had seen Jason on the stile, with his hat in one hand and his bridle reins in the other, and Marjorie halting suddenly on her way to the house and wheeling impetuously back toward him. To the mother's amazement and dismay she saw that they were quarrelling—quarrelling as only lovers can. The girl's face was flushed with anger, and her red lips were winging out low, swift, bitter words. The boy stood straight, white, courteous, and unanswering. He lifted his chin a little when she finished, and unanswering turned to his horse and rode away. The mother saw her daughter's face pale quickly. She saw tears as Marjorie came up the walk, and when she rose in alarm and stood waiting in the doorway the girl fled past her and rushed weeping upstairs.

Mrs. Pendleton was walking up and down the porch when the colonel rode to the stile, and the distress in her face was so plain that far away even, that the colonel hurried up the walk, and there was no greeting between the two:

"It's Marjorie, Robert," she said simply, and the old gentleman, who had seen Jason come out of the yard gate and gallop toward John Burnham's, guessed what the matter was, and he took the slim white hands that were clinched together and patted them gently:

"There—there! Don't worry, don't worry!"

He led her into the house, and at the top of the steps stood Marjorie in white, her hair loose and tears streaming down her face.

"Come here, Marjorie," called Colonel Pendleton, and she obeyed like a child, talking wildly as she came:

"I know what you're going to say, Uncle Bob—I know it all. I'm tired of all this talk about family, Uncle Bob, I'm tired of it."

She had stopped a few steps above, clinging with one trembling hand to the balcony, as though to have her say quite out before she went helplessly into the arms that were stretched out toward her:

"Dead people are dead, Uncle Bob, and only live people really count. People have to be alive to help you and make you happy. I want to be happy, Uncle Bob—I want to be happy. I know all about the Pendletons, Uncle Bob. They were Cavaliers—I know all that—and they used to ride about sticking lances into peasants who couldn't afford a suit of armor, but they can't do anything for me now, and they mustn't interfere with me now. Anyhow the Sudduths were plain people and I'm not a bit ashamed of it, mother. Greatgrandfather Hiram lived in a log cabin. Grandfather Hiram ate with his knife. I've *seen* him do it, and he kept on doing it when he knew better just out of habit or stubbornness, but Jason's people *had* to eat with their knives because they didn't *have* anything but *two*-pronged forks—I heard John Burnham say that. And Jason's family is as good

as the Sudduths, and maybe as the Pendletons, and he wouldn't know it because his grandfathers were out of the world and were too busy, fighting Indians and killing bears and things for food. They didn't have *time* to keep their family trees trimmed, and they didn't *care* anything about the old trees anyhow, and I don't either. John Burnham has told me——"

"Marjorie!" said the colonel gently, for she was getting hysterical. He held out his arms to her, and with another burst of weeping she went into them.

Half an hour later, when she was calm, the colonel got her to ride over home with him, and what she had not told her mother Marjorie on the way told him—in a halting voice and with her face turned aside.

"There's something funny and deep about him, Uncle Bob, and I never could reach it. It piqued me and made me angry. I knew he cared for me, but I could never make him tell it."

The colonel was shaking his old head wisely and comprehendingly.

"I don't know why, but I flew into a rage with him this afternoon about nothing, and he never answered me a word, but stood there listening—why, Uncle Bob, he stood there like—like a—a gentleman till I got through, and then he turned away—he never did say anything, and I was so sorry and ashamed that I nearly died. I don't know what to do now—and he won't come back, Uncle Bob—I know he won't."

Her voice broke again, and the colonel silenced her by putting one hand comfortingly on her knee and by keeping still himself. His shoulders drooped a little as they walked from the stile toward the house, and Marjorie ran her arm through his:

"Why, you're a little tired, aren't you, Uncle Bob," she said tenderly, and he did not answer except to pat her hand, against which she suddenly felt his heart throb. He almost stumbled going up the steps, and deadly pale he sank with a muffled groan into a chair. With a cry the girl darted for a glass of water, but when she came back terrified, he was smiling:

"I'm all right—don't worry. I thought that sun to-day was going to be too much for me."

But still Marjorie watched him anxiously, and when the color came back to his face she went behind him and wrapped her arms about his neck and put her mouth to his ear:

"I'm just a plain little fool, Uncle Bob, and, as Gray says, I talk through my aigrette. Now, don't you and mother worry—don't worry the least little bit," and she tightened her arms and kissed him several times on his forehead and cheek. "I must go now—and if you don't take better care of yourself I'm going to come over here and take care of you myself."

She was in front of him now and looking down fondly; and a wistfulness that was almost childlike had come into the colonel's face:

"I wish you could, little Marjorie—I wish you would."

He watched her gallop away—turning to wave her whip to him as she went over the slope, her tears gone and once more radiant and gay, and the sadness of the coming twilight slowly overspread the colonel's face. It was the one hope of his life that she would one day come over to take care of him—and Gray. On into the twilight he sat still and thoughtful. It looked serious for her and Gray. Back his mind flashed to that night of the dance in the mountains, when the four were children, and his wonder then as to what might take place if that mountain boy and girl should have the chance in the world that had already come to them. He began to wonder how much of her real feeling Marjorie might have concealed—how much Gray in his letters was keeping back of his. Such a union was preposterous. He realized too late now the danger to youth of simple proximity—he knew the exquisite sensitiveness of Gray in any matter that meant consideration for others and for his own honor, the generous warm-hearted impulsiveness of Marjorie, and the appeal that any romantic element in the situation would make to them both. Perhaps he ought to go to the mountains. There was much he might say to Gray, but what to Jason, or to Marjorie, with that life-absorbing motive of his own—and his affairs at such a crisis? The colonel shook his head helplessly. He was very tired, and wished he could put the matter off till morning, when he

was rested and his head was clear, but the questions had sunk talons into his heart and brain that would not be unloosed, and the colonel rose wearily and went within.

Marjorie looked serious after she told her mother that night that she feared her uncle was not well, for Mrs. Pendleton became very grave:

"Your Uncle Robert is very far from well. I'm afraid sometimes he is sicker than any of us know."

"Mother!"

"And he is in great trouble, Marjorie."

The girl hesitated:

"Money trouble, mother?" she asked at last; "why, you—we—why don't——"

The mother interrupted with a shake of her head:

"He would go bankrupt first."

"Mother?"

The older woman looked with apprehension, so suddenly charged with an incredible something was the girl's tone:

"Why don't you marry Uncle Robert?"

The mother clutched at her heart with both hands, for an actual spasm caught her there. Every trace of color shot from her face, and with a rush came back—fire. She rose, gave her daughter one look that was almost terror, and quickly left the room.

Marjorie sat aghast. She had caught with careless hand the veil of some mystery—what long-hidden shrine was there behind it, what sacred deeps long still had she stirred?

XXXVIII

Jason Hawn rode rapidly to one of Morton Sanders's great stables, put his horse away himself and, avoiding the chance of meeting John Burnham, slipped down the slope to the creek, crossed on a water-gap, and struck across the sunset fields for home. He had felt no anger at Marjorie's mysterious outbreak—only bewilderment; and only bewilderment he felt now.

But as he strode along with his eyes on the ground things began to clear a little. The fact was that, as he had become more enthralled by the girl's witcheries, the more helpless and stupid he had become. Marjorie's nimble wit had played about his that afternoon like a humming-bird around a sullen sunflower. He hardly knew that every word, every glance, every gesture was a challenge, and when she began stinging into him sharp little arrows of taunt and sarcasm he was helpless as the bull's-hide target at which the two sometimes practised archery. Even now when the poisoned points began to fester he could stir himself to no anger—he only felt dazed and hurt and sore. Nobody was in sight when he reached his mother's home and he sat down on the porch in the twilight wretched and miserable. Around the corner of the house presently he heard his mother and Steve coming, and around there they stopped for some reason for a moment.

"I seed Babe Honeycutt yestiddy," Steve was saying. "He says thar's a lot o' talk goin' on about Mavis an' Gray Pendleton. The Honeycutts air doin' most o' the talkin' an' looks like the ole trouble's comin' up again. Old Jason is tearin' mad an' swears Gray'll have to git out o' them mountains——"

Jason heard them start moving and he rose and went quickly within that they might know he had been listening. After supper he was again on the porch brooding about Mavis and Gray when his mother came out. He knew that she wanted to say something, and he waited.

"Jason," she said finally, "you don't believe Colonel Pendleton cheated Steve—do ye?"

"No," said the lad sharply. "Colonel Pendleton never cheated anybody in his life—except himself."

"That's all I wanted to know," she sighed, but Jason knew that was not all she wanted to say.

"Jason, I heerd two fellers in the lane to-day talkin' about tearin' up Colonel Pendleton's tobacco beds."

The boy was startled, but he did not show it.

"Nothin' but talk, I reckon."

"Well, if I was in his place I'd git some guards."

Marjorie sat at her window a long time that night before she went to sleep. Her mother had come in, had held her tightly to her breast, and had gone out with only a whispered good-night. And while the girl was wondering once more at the

strange effect of her naïve question, she recalled suddenly the yearning look of her uncle that afternoon when she had mentioned Gray's name. Could there be some thwarted hope in the lives of Gray's father and her mother that both were now trying to realize in the lives of her and Gray? Her mother had never spoken her wish, nor doubtless Gray's father to him—nor was it necessary, for as children they had decided the question themselves, as had Mavis and Jason Hawn, and had talked about it with the same frankness, though with each pair alike the matter had not been mentioned for a long time. Then her mind leaped, and after it leaped her heart—if her Uncle Robert would not let her mother help him, why she too could never help Gray, unless—why, of course, if Gray were in trouble she would marry him and give him everything she had. The thought made her glow, and she began to wish Gray would come home. He had been a long time in those hills, his father was sick and worried—and what was he doing down there anyhow? He had mentioned Mavis often in his first letters, and now he wrote rarely, and he never spoke of her at all. She began to get resentful and indignant, not only at him but at Mavis, and she went to bed wishing more than ever that Gray would come home. And yet playing around in her brain was her last vision of that mountain boy standing before her, white and silent—"like a gentleman"—and that vision would not pass even in her dreams.

Through Colonel Pendleton's bedroom window an hour later two pistol shots rang sharply, and through that window the colonel saw a man leap the fence around his tobacco beds and streak for the woods. From the shadow of a tree at his yard fence another flame leaped, and by its light he saw a crouching figure. He called out sharply, the figure rose and came toward him, and in the moonlight the colonel saw uplifted to him, apologetic and half-shamed, the face of Jason Hawn.

"No harm, colonel," he called. "Somebody was tearing up your tobacco beds and I just scared him off. I didn't try to hit him."

The colonel was dazed, but he spoke at last gently.

"Well, well, I can't let you lose your sleep this way, Jason; I'll get some guards now."

"If you won't let me," said the boy quickly, "you ought to send for Gray."

The old gentleman looked thoughtful.

"Of course, perhaps I ought—why, I will."

"He won't come again to-night," said Jason. "I shot close enough to scare him, I reckon. Good-night, colonel."

"Thank you, my boy—good-night."

XXXIX

It was court day at the county seat. A Honeycutt had shot down a Hawn in the open street, had escaped, and a Hawn posse was after him. The incident was really a far effect of the recent news that Jason Hawn was soon coming back home—and coming back to live. Straightway the professional sneaks and scandal-mongers of both factions got busy to such a purpose that the Honeycutts were ready to believe that the sole purpose of Jason's return was to revive the feud and incidentally square a personal account with little Aaron. Old Jason Hawn had started home that afternoon almost apoplectic with rage, for word had been brought him that little Aaron had openly said that it was high time that Jason Hawn came home to look after his cousin and Gray Pendleton went home to take care of his. It was a double insult, and to the old man's mind subtly charged with a low meaning. Old as he was, he had tried to find little Aaron, but the boy had left town.

Gray and Mavis were seated on the old man's porch when he came in sight of his house, for it was Saturday, and Mavis started the moment she saw her grandfather's face and rose to meet him.

"What's the matter, grandpap?" The old man waved her back. "Git back inter the house," he commanded shortly. "No—stay whar you air. When do you two aim to git married?"

Had a bolt of lightning flashed through the narrow sunlit space between him and them, the pair could not have been more startled, blinded. Mavis flushed angrily, paled, and wheeled into the house. Gray rose in physical response to the physical

threat in old Jason's tone and fearlessly met the old man's eyes that were glaring furiously at him.

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Hawn," he said respectfully. "I——"

"The hell you don't," broke in the old man furiously. "I'll give ye jes two minutes to hit the road and git a license. I'll give ye an hour an' a half to git back. An' if you don't come back I'll make Jason foller you to the mouth o' the pit o' hell an' bring ye back alive or dead." Again the boy tried to speak, but the old man would not listen.

"Git!" he cried, and, as the boy still made no move, old Jason hurried on trembling legs into the house. Gray heard him cursing and searching inside, and at the corner of the house appeared Mavis with both of the old man's pistols and his Winchester.

"Go on, Gray," she said, and her face was still red with shame. "You'll only make him worse, an' he'll kill you sure."

Gray shook his head: "No!"

"Please, Gray," she pleaded; "for God's sake—for my sake."

That the boy could not withstand. He started for the gate with his hat in hand and his head high, and as he slowly passed through the gate and turned, the old man reappeared, glared after him, and sank into a chair sick with rage and trembling. As Mavis walked toward him with his weapons he glared at her, but she passed him by as though she did not see him, and put the Winchester and pistols in their accustomed places. She came out with her bonnet in her hand, and already her calmness and silence had had its effect—old Jason was still trembling, but from his eyes the rage was gone.

"I'm goin' home, Grandpap," she said quietly, "an' if it wasn't for Grandma I wouldn't come back. You've been bullyin' and rough-ridin' over men-folks and women-folks all your life, but you can't do it no more with *me*. An' you're not goin' to meddle in *my* business any more. You know I'm a good girl—why didn't you go after the folks who've been talkin' instead o' pitchin' into Gray? You know he'd die before he'd harm a hair o' my head or allow you or anybody else to say anything against my good name. An' I tell you to your face"—her tone fiercened suddenly—"if you hadn't 'a' been an old man an' my grandfather, he'd 'a' killed you right here. An' I'm goin' to tell you something more. He ain't responsible for this talk—*I* am. He didn't know it was goin' on—*I* did. I'm not goin' to marry him to please you an' the miserable tattletales you've been listenin' to. I reckon *I* ain't good enough—but I *know* my kinfolks ain't fit to be his—even by marriage. My daddy ain't, an' *you* ain't, an' there ain't but one o' the whole o' our tribe who is, an' that's little Jason Hawn. Now you let Gray alone an' you let me alone."

She put her bonnet on, flashed to the gate, and disappeared in the dusk down the road. The old man's shaggy head had dropped forward on his chest, he had shrunk down in his chair bewildered, and he sat there a crumbled, unanswering heap. When the moon rose Mavis was seated on the porch with her chin in both hands. The old circuit-rider and his wife had gone to bed. A whippoorwill was crying with plaintive persistence far up a ravine, and the night was deep and still about her, save for the droning of insect life from the gloomy woods. Straight above her stars glowed thickly, and in a gap of the hills beyond the river, where the sun had gone down, the evening star still hung like a great jewel on the velvety violet curtain of the night, and upon that her eyes were fixed. On the spur above, her keen ears caught the soft thud of a foot against a stone, and her heart answered. She heard a quick leap across the branch, the sound of a familiar stride along the road, and saw the quick coming of a familiar figure along the edge of the moonlight, but she sat where she was and as she was until Gray, with hat in hand, stood before her, and then only did she lift to him eyes that were dark as the night but shining like that sinking star in the little gap. The boy went down on one knee before her, and gently pulled both of her hands away from her face with both his own, and held them tightly.

"Mavis," he said, "I want you to marry me—won't you, Mavis?"

The girl showed no surprise, said nothing—she only disengaged her hands, took his face into them, and looked with unwavering silence deep into his eyes, looked

until he saw that the truth was known in hers, and then he dropped his face into her lap and she put her hands on his head and bent over him, so that her heart beat with the throbbing at his temples. For a moment she held him as though she were shielding him from every threatening danger, and then she lifted his face again.

"No, Gray—it won't do—hush, now." She paused a moment to get self-control, and then she went on rapidly as though what she had to say had been long prepared and repeated to herself many times:

"I knew you were coming to-night. I know why you were so late. I know why you came. Hush, now—I know all that, too. Why, Gray, ever since I saw you the first time—you remember?—why, it seems to me that ever since then even I've been thinkin' o' this very hour. All the time I was goin' to school when I first went to the blue-grass, when I was walkin' in the fields and workin' around the house and always lookin' to the road to see you passin' by—I was thinkin', thinkin' all the time. It seems to me every night of my life I went to sleep thinkin'—I was alone so much and I was so lonely. It was all mighty puzzlin' to me, but that time you didn't take me to that dance—hush now—I began to understand. I told Jason an' he only got mad. He didn't understand, for he was wilful and he was a man, and men don't somehow seem to see and take things like women—they just want to go ahead and make them the way they want them. But I understood right then. And then when I come here the thinkin' started all over again differently when I was goin' back and forwards from school and walkin' around in the woods and listening to the wood thrushes, and sittin' here in the porch at night alone and lyin' up in the loft there lookin' out of the little window. And when I heard you were comin' here I got to thinkin' differently, because I got to hopin' differently and wonderin' if some miracle mightn't yet happen in this world once more. But I watched you here, and the more I watched you, the more I began to go back and think as I used to think. Your people ain't mine, Gray, nor mine yours, and they won't be—not in our lifetime. I've seen you shrinkin' when you've been with me in the houses of some of my own kin—shrinkin' at the table at Grandpap's and here, at the way folks eat an' live—shrinkin' at oaths and loud voices and rough talk and liquor-drinkin' and all this talk about killin' people, as though they were nothin' but hogs—shrinkin' at everybody but me. If we stayed here, the time would come when you'd be shrinkin' from me—don't now! But you ain't goin' to stay here, Gray. I've heard Uncle Arch say you'd never make a business man. You're too trustin', you've been a farmer and a gentleman for too many generations. You're goin' back home—you've got to—some day—I know that, and then the time would come when you'd be ashamed of me if I went with you. It's the same way with Jason and Marjorie. Jason will have to come back here—how do you suppose Marjorie would feel here, bein' a woman—if you feel the way you do, bein' a man? Why, the time would come when she'd be ashamed o' him—only worse. It won't do, Gray." She turned his face toward the gap in the hills.

"You see that star there? Well, that's your star, Gray. I named it for you, and every night I've been lookin' out at it from my window in the loft. And that's what you've been to me and what Marjorie's been to Jason—just a star—a dream. We're not really real to each other—you an' me—and Marjorie and Jason ain't. Only Jason and I are *real* to each other and only you and Marjorie. Jason and I have been worshippin' stars, and they've looked down mighty kindly on us, so that they came mighty nigh foolin' us and themselves. I read a book the other day that said ideals were stars and were good to point the way, but that people needed lamps to follow that way. It won't do, Gray. You are goin' back home to carry a lamp for Marjorie, and maybe some day Jason'll come back to these hills to carry a lantern for me."

Throughout the long speech the boy's eyes had never wavered from hers. After one or two efforts to protest he had listened intensely, marvelling at the startling revelation of such depths of mind and heart—the startling penetration to the truth, for he knew it was the truth. And when she rose he stayed where he was, clinging to her hand, and kissing it reverently. He was speechless even when, obeying the

impulse of her hand, he rose in front of her and she smiled gently.

"You don't have to say one word, Gray —I understand, bless your dear, dear heart, I understand. Good-by, now." She stretched out her hand, but his trembling lips and the wounded helplessness in his eyes were too much for her, and she put her arms around him, drew his head to her breast, and a tear followed her kiss to his forehead. At the door she paused a moment.

"And until he comes," she half-whispered, "I reckon I'll keep my lamp burning." Then she was gone.

Slowly the boy climbed back to the little house on the spur, and to the porch, on which he sank wearily. While he and Marjorie and Jason were blundering into a hopeless snarl of all their lives, this mountain girl, alone with the hills and the night and the stars, had alone found the truth—and she had pointed the way. The camp lights twinkled below. The moon swam in majestic splendor above. The evening star still hung above the little western gap in the hills. It was his star; it was sinking fast: and she would keep her lamp burning. When he climbed to his room, the cry of the whippoorwill in the ravine came to him through his window—futile, persistent, like a human wail for happiness. The boy went to his knees at his bedside that night, and the prayer that went on high from the depths of his heart was that God would bring the wish of her heart to Mavis Hawn.

XL

Gray Pendleton was coming home. Like Jason, he, too, waited at the little junction for dawn, and swept along the red edge of it, over the yellow Kentucky River and through the blue-grass fields. Drawn up at the station was his father's carriage and in it sat Marjorie, with a radiant smile of welcome which gave way to sudden tears when they clasped hands —tears that she did not try to conceal. Uncle Robert was in bed, she said, and Gray did not perceive any significance in the tone with which she added that her mother hardly ever left him. She did not know what the matter was, but he was very pale, and he seemed to be growing weaker. The doctor was cheery and hopeful, but her mother, she emphasized, was most alarmed, and again Gray did not notice the girl's peculiar tone. Nor did the colonel seem to be worried by the threats of the night-riders. It was Jason Hawn who was worried and had persuaded the colonel to send for Gray. The girl halted when she spoke Jason's name, and the boy looked up to find her face scarlet and her eyes swerve suddenly from his to the passing fields. But as quickly they swerved back to find Gray's face aflame with the thought of Mavis. For a moment both looked straight ahead in silence, and in that silence Marjorie became aware that Gray had not asked about Jason, and Gray that Marjorie had not mentioned Mavis's name. But now both made the omission good—and Gray spoke first.

Mavis was well. She was still teaching school. She had lived a life of pathetic loneliness, but she had developed in an amazing way through that very fact, and she had grown very beautiful. She had startled him by her insight into—he halted—into everything—and how was Jason getting along? The girl had been listening, covertly watching, and had grown quite calm. Jason, too, was well, but he looked worried and overworked. His examinations were going on now. He had written his graduating speech but had not shown it to her, though he had said he would. Her mother and Uncle Robert had grown very fond of him and admired him greatly, but lately she had not seen him, he was so busy. Again there was a long silence between them, but when they reached the hill whence both their homes were visible Marjorie began as though she must get out something that was on her mind before they reached Colonel Pendleton's gate.

"Gray," she said hesitantly and so seriously that the boy turned to her, "did it ever cross your mind that there was ever any secret between Uncle Robert and mother?"

The boy's startled look was answer enough and she went on telling him of the question she had asked her mother.

"Sometimes," she finished, "I think that your father and my mother must have loved each other first and that some-

thing kept them from marrying. I know that they must have talked it over lately, for there seems to be a curious understanding between them now, and the sweetest peace has come to both of them."

She paused, and Gray, paralyzed with wonder, still made no answer. They had passed through the gate now and in a moment more would be at Gray's home. Around each barn Gray saw an armed guard; there was another at the yard-gate, and there were two more on the steps of the big portico.

"Maybe," the girl went on naïvely, almost as though she were talking to herself, "that's why they've both always been so anxious to have us—" Again she stopped—scarlet.

Behind them, at that hour, Jason Hawn was busy with his last examination. At noon he stepped into the first June sunlight and drew it into his lungs with deep relief. Looking upward from the pavement below, the old president saw his confident face.

"It seems you are not at all uneasy," he said, and his keen old eyes smiled humorously.

Jason reddened a little.

"No, sir—I'm not."

"Nor am I," said the old gentleman, "nor will you forget that this little end is only the big beginning."

"Thank you, sir."

"You are going back home? You will be needed there."

"Yes, sir."

"Good!"

It was the longest talk Jason had ever had with the man he all but worshipped, and while it was going on the old scholar was painfully climbing the steps—so that the last word was flung back with the sharp, soldier-like quality of a command given by an officer who turned his back with perfect trust that it would be obeyed, and in answer to that trust the boy's body straightened and his very soul leaped. He went to his room in the seniors' hall that was called "Heaven" by the lower classmen and dropped into a chair by the open window. He looked around at his books, and he already felt the pang of parting from them as from old friends. But, after all, it was a little end and the big beginning was at that moment at hand—a beginning that the old president did not suspect. Gray Pendleton had come home to trouble, and while his friend is in trouble the mountaineer's trouble does not end. Jason sprang from his chair, went to his boarding-house for a hasty lunch, and started for the court-house. There he had himself sworn in as a deputy sheriff, and busy with thoughts of the threats of the night-riders that had reached him through his mother he saw from the court-house steps a crowd gathering down the street on each side of the main street, and soon down it came a militia company with a Gatling gun in its midst. The tobacco warehouses of the town were threatened and the county judge was waking up. On he hurried to his mother's home—his every speculation busy with Steve Hawn. Steve was not the man who had tried to destroy Colonel Pendleton's tobacco beds, for that night his mother had assured him that her husband was at home and asleep. He began to wonder if his mother were protecting Steve and at the same time trying to prevent all the mischief she could, for lately Steve had been quiet and secretive, and had talked much about changing his ways, that he no longer had any resentment against Colonel Pendleton and wanted now to live a better life. His talk might have fooled Jason but for the fact that he shrewdly noted the little effect it all had on his mother. Entering the mouth of the lane, Jason saw Steve going from the yard-gate to the house, and his brows wrinkled angrily—Steve was staggering. He came to the door and glared at Jason.

"Whut you doin' out hyeh?"

"I'm goin' to see Gray through his troubles," said Jason quietly.

"I kind o' thought you had troubles enough o' yo' own," sneered the man.

Jason did not answer. His mother was seated within with her back to the door, and when she turned Jason saw that she had been weeping, and, catching sight of a red welt on her temple, he walked over to her.

"How'd that happen, mammy?"

She hesitated and Jason whirled with such fury that his mother caught him with both arms, and Steve lost no time reaching for his gun.

"I jammed it agin the kitchen door, Jasie."

He looked at her, knew that she was lying, and when he turned to go, halted at the door.

"If you ever *touch* my mother again," he said with terrifying quiet, "I'll kill you as sure as there is a God in heaven to forgive me."

Across the summer fields Jason went swiftly. On his right, half of a magnificent woodland was being laid low—on his left, another was all gone—and with Colonel Pendleton both, he knew, had been heartbreaking deeds of necessity, for his first duty, that gentleman claimed, was to his family and to his creditors, and nobody could rob him of his right to do what he pleased, much less what he ought, with his own land. And so the colonel still stood out against friend and neighbor, and open and secret foes. His tobacco beds had been raided, one of his barns had been burned, his cattle had been poisoned, and, sick as he was, threats were yet coming in that the night-riders would burn his house and take his life. Across the turnpike were the fields and untouched woodlands of Marjorie, and it looked as though the hand of Providence had blessed one side of the road and withered the other with a curse. On top of the orchard fence, to the western side of the house, Jason sat a while. The curse was descending on Gray's innocent head and he himself had had the weakness and the folly to lift his eyes to the blessing across the way. But now, Mavis had pointed out the way to Gray, so Marjorie, without knowing it, had pointed the way for him. When long ago he had been helpless before her by the snow-fringed willows at the edge of the pond in the old college yard, she had been frightened and had shrunk away. When he gained his self-control, she had lost hers, and in her loneliness had come trailing toward him almost like a broken-winged young bird looking for mother help—and he had not misunderstood, though his heart ached for her suffering as it ached for her. And Marjorie had been quite right—he had never come back after that one quarrel, and he would never come. The old colonel had gone to him, but he had hardly more than opened his lips when he had both hands on the boy's shoulders with broken words of sympathy and then had turned away—so quickly had he seen that Jason fully understood the situation and had disposed of it firmly, proudly, and finally—for himself. The mountains were for Jason—there were his duty and the work of his life. Now, under June apples turning golden, and amid the buzzing of bees, the boy went across the orchard, and at the fence on the other side he paused again. Marjorie and her mother were coming out of the house with Gray, and Jason watched them walk to the stile. Gray was tanned, and even his blonde head had been turned copper by the mountain sun, while the girl looked like a great golden-hearted lily. But it was Gray's face as he looked at her that caught the boy's eyes and held them fast, for the face was tense, eager, and worshipping.

He saw Marjorie and her mother drive away, saw Gray wave to them, and then he was so shocked at the quick change to haggard worry that draped his friend like a cloak from head to foot as he turned back to the house, that he could hardly call to him. And so Jason waited till Gray had passed within, and then he leaped the fence and made for the portico. Gray himself answered his ring and with a flashing smile hurried forward when he saw Jason in the doorway. The two clasped hands and for one swift instant searched each other's eyes with questions too deep and delicate to be put into words—each wondering how much the other might know, each silent if the other did not know. For Gray had learned from his father about Steve Hawn, and Jason's suspicions of Steve he had kept to himself.

"My father would like to have you as our guest, Jason, while I am here," Gray said with some embarrassment, "but he doesn't feel like letting you take the risk."

Jason threw back the lapel of his coat that covered his badge as deputy.

"That's what I'm here for," he said with a smile, "but I think I'd better stay at home. I'll be on hand when the trouble comes."

Gray, too, smiled.

"You don't have to tell me that."

"How is the colonel?"

"He's pretty bad. He wants to see you." Jason lowered his voice when they entered the hallway.

"The soldiers have reached town to-

day. If there's anything going to be done out here, it will probably be done to-night."

"I know."

"We won't tell the colonel."

"No."

Then Gray led the way to the sick-room and softly opened the door. In a great canopied bed lay Colonel Pendleton with his face turned toward the window, through which came the sun and air, the odors and bird-songs of spring-time, and when that face turned, Jason was shocked by its waste and whiteness and by the thinness of the hand that was weakly thrust out to him. But the fire of the brilliant eyes burned as ever, there was with him, prone in bed, still the same demeanor of stately courtesy, and Jason felt his heart melt and then fill as always with admiration for the man, the gentleman, who unconsciously had played such a part in the moulding of his own life, and as always with the recognition of the unbridgable chasm between them—between even him and Gray. The bitter resentment he had first felt against this chasm was gone now, for now he understood and accepted. As men the three were equal, but father and son had three generations the start of him. He could see in them what he lacked himself, and what they were without thought he could only consciously try to be—and he would keep on trying. The sick man turned his face again to the window and the morning air. When he turned again he was smiling faintly and his voice was friendly and affectionate:

"Jason, I know why you are here. I'm not going to thank you, but I—Gray," he paused ever so little, and Jason sadly knew what it meant—"will never forget it. I want you two boys to be friends as long as you live. I'm sorry, but it looks as though you would both have to give up yourselves to business—particularly sorry about Gray, for that is my fault. For the good of our State I wish you both were going to sit side by side at the Capital, in Congress, and the Senate, and fight it out" —he smiled whimsically—"some day for the nomination for the Presidency. The poor old commonwealth is in a bad way, and it needs just such boys as you two are. The war started us downhill, but we might have done better—I know I might. The earth was too rich here—it made life too easy. The horse, the bottle of whiskey, and the plug of tobacco were all too easily the best—and the pistol always too ready. We've been cartooned through the world with a fearsome, half-contemptuous slap on the back. Our living has been made out of luxuries. Agriculturally, socially, politically, we have gone wrong, and but for the American sense of humor the State would be in a just, nation-wide contempt. The Ku-Klux, the burning of toll-gates, the Goebel trouble, and the night-riders are all links in the same chain of lawlessness, and but for the first the others might not have been. But we are, in spite of all this, a law-abiding people, and the old manhood of the State is still here. Don't forget that—*the old manhood is here.*"

Jason had sat eager-eyed and listening hard. Bewildered, Gray felt his tears welling, for never in all his life had he heard his father talk this way. Again Colonel Pendleton turned his face to the window and went on as though to the world outside.

"I wouldn't let anybody out there say this about us, nor would you, and maybe if I thought I was going to live many years longer I might not be saying it now, for some Kentuckian might yet make me eat my words."

At this the eyes of the two boys crossed and both smiled faintly, for the sick man had been a generous liver, but both knew his palate had never known the taste of one of his own words.

"I don't know—but our ambition is either dying or sinking to a lower plane, and what a pity, for the capacity is still here to keep the old giants still alive if the young men could only see, feel and try. And if I were as young as one of you two boys, I'd try to find and make the *appeal.*"

He turned his brilliant eyes to Jason and looked for a moment silently:

"The death-knell of me and mine has been sounded unless boys like Gray here keep us alive after death, but your hills are only dawning. It's a case of the least shall be first, for your pauper counties are going to be the richest in the State. The Easterners are buying up our farms as they would buy a yacht or a motor-car, the tobacco tenants are getting their

mites of land here and there, and even you mountaineers, when you sell your coal lands, are taking up blue-grass acres. Don't let the Easterner swallow you, too. Go home, and, while you are getting rich, enrich your citizenship, and you and Gray help land-locked, primitive old Kentucky take her place among the modern sisterhood that is making the nation. To use a phrase of your own—get busy, boys, get busy after I am gone."

And then Colonel Pendleton laughed.

"I am hardly the one to say all this, or rather I am just the one because I am a —failure."

"Father!"

The word came like a sob from Gray.

"Oh, yes, I am—but I have never lied except for others, and I have not been afraid."

Again his face went toward the window.

"Even now," he added, in a solemn whisper that was all to himself, "I believe, and am not afraid."

Presently he lifted himself on one elbow and with Gray's assistance got to a sitting posture. Then he pulled a paper from beneath his pillow.

"I want to tell you something, Jason. That was all true, every word you said the first time Gray and I saw you at your grandfather's house, and I want you to know now that your land was bought over my protest and without my knowledge. My own interest in the general purchase was in the form of stock, and here it is."

Jason's heart began to beat violently.

"Whatever happens to me, this farm will have to be sold, but there will be something left for Gray. This stock is in Gray's name, and it is worth now just about what would have been a fair price for your land five years after it was bought. It is Gray's, and I am going to give it to him." He handed the paper to bewildered Gray, who looked at it dazedly, went with it to the window, and stood there looking out—his father watching him closely.

"You might win in a suit, Jason, I know, but I also know that you could never collect even damages."

At these words Gray wheeled.

"Then this belongs to you, Jason."

The father smiled and nodded approval and assent.

That night there was a fusillade of shots, and Jason and Gray rushed out with a Winchester in hand to see one barn in flames and a tall figure with a firebrand sneaking toward the other. Both fired and the figure dropped, rose to his feet, limped back to the edge of the woods, and they let him disappear. But all the night fighting the fire, and on guard against another attack, Jason was possessed with apprehension and fear—that limping figure looked like Steve Hawn. So at the first streak of dawn he started for his mother's home, and when that early he saw her from afar standing on the porch and apparently looking for him, he went toward her on a run. She looked wild-eyed, white, and sleepless, but she showed no signs of tears.

"Where's Steve, mammy?" called Jason in a panting whisper, and when she nodded back through the open door his throat eased and he gulped his relief:

"Is he all right?"

She looked at him queerly, tried to speak and began to tremble so violently that he stepped quickly past her and stopped on the threshold—shuddering. A human shape lay hidden under a brilliantly colored quilt on his mother's bed, and the rigidity of death had moulded its every outline.

"I reckon you've done it at last, Jasie," said a dead, mechanical voice behind him.

"Good God, mammy—it must have been Gray or me."

"One of you, shore. He said he saw both of ye shoot at the same time, and only one of you hit him. I hope hit was you."

Jason turned—horrified, but she was calm and steady now.

"Hit was fitten fer you to be the one. Babe never killed yo' daddy, Jasie—hit was Steve."

(To be concluded.)

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

THERE is a scene in Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus" in which the great doctor, wishing to show his power, asks a duchess what dainty she most desires. It being then mid-winter, she considerately chooses "a dish of ripe grapes." Nothing daunted, Faustus produces the grapes, and the duke exclaims, "Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me to wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes," while the delighted duchess chimes in, "Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before."

"In Their Season."

The passage often comes to my mind as I glance at the show windows of some "high-class" grocery, and realize that if the play were rewritten strictly up to date Faustus would have to produce something much more spectacular than grapes in January in order to rouse even a passing comment.

I wish it were not so. Not that I begrudge the duchess her grapes, or Faustus his chance to show off. They meant no harm. But against the tendency that they represent I protest. "That they should bring forth their fruits in due season." This embodies an older idea, and to my mind a better one. I am not prepared to defend everything in the original plan of the world—many things have been and many things can be improved. But this part of the arrangement always seemed to me, in its main outlines, very good.

"In their season." That, to my mind, means strawberries in June and blueberries in July and huckleberries in August. And when I encounter strawberries in January, blueberries in March, and raspberries in December I feel deeply irritated. I do not want all my seasons jogging my elbow at once. It makes me think of a certain sort of boarding-house table, under "liberal" management, where every day one is given six different vegetables, and mostly the same six. Far better one each day for six days, and a chance between to forget it.

I like my spring mud in March, my roses in June, my apples in September, my sleet and snow in January—all things in their own place. The time for winter seems to me to be the winter-time, and spring-time, I am profoundly convinced, is the time for spring. For one of the most joyous things about spring is that it comes after winter. Cayenne on the tongue, it is said, gives zest to champagne. Reversing the temperatures, winter gives zest to spring. What can it mean, I wonder, to countries who do not have to tussle through a New England winter? And, conversely, should we enjoy the cosiness and intimacy of winter if we had not had the great, wide summer to play in first?

Children understand these matters. Look how they take their sports! When the winds of March bluster round our house-corners, it is the time for kites—kites they must have. The cloud-swept skies are full of them—green diamond kites, red and yellow Japanese kites, big modern box kites, old-fashioned brown paper kites with long waggling tails, sensitively responsive to every stimulus. For a brief season they live overhead, riding still and calm, or performing wild antics, according to the wind or their own inherent nature. Then their time is past, leaving its traces only in the sorry remnants that nest in the tree-tops or dangle forlornly from the telegraph wires. And after them comes marbles—or is it jack-stones? and then tops, and then roller-skates, and then—? but this is no child's almanac; I may have the series all wrong, but I have digested the principle, and I should never expect to find a well-regulated child using jack-stones in the top season, or spinning tops in kite time.

It is not so with us older people. And I have been as bad as any. There was a time when I thought it a rather clever thing to take spring by violence. I brought out pussy-willows in December—it is a common enough offence. And when they had gone through all their stages, from silver kitten-paws to pink kitten-noses, then to fluffy yellow or green caterpillars, and finally had shed all these and sent out long pale shoots and masses of white roots, I was embarrassed to know what to do with them. I

could not throw live green things like that out in January snow-drifts. I could not plant them, I did not want to keep them in a jar until April. Finally I threw them in the fire and left the room quickly.

I tried again with dogwood. I picked it in January, and by the end of February it was in blossom. It was beautiful, of course, and I was rather proud—I don't know whether my enjoyment of the results came more from love of beauty or from pride. But after the blossoms had shrivelled, there were still March and April. Whenever I passed a dogwood tree, I felt, somehow, uncomfortable. I had had my dogwood. These little dabs at spring simply took the edge off, like a nap just before bedtime.

This, I fancy, is almost always true. There is no greater pleasure than that of watching the seasons—any season, whether of vegetables or of people—observe their own times and develop their own qualities. Moreover, in the opposite habit, the habit that Faustus exemplified and most of our modern institutions encourage, there lurks a real danger. It is the danger that things will be valued, not in proportion to their real goodness or charm, but in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining them. Faustus's grapes had a certain natural value as grapes, but they had also an artificial value as grapes in January. In his case this meant, the Devil. In our more modern situation, it means a hot-house or a cold-storage plant, and the establishment that goes with it; or it means the equivalent of this in money—which we may or may not call the Devil, according to the way we happen to look at such matters.

Faustus was proud of his Devil, and we are proud of our hot-houses or their equivalent, and in the meantime the goodness of grapes as grapes is apt to become a secondary matter—not, perhaps, to the duchess, who merely ate the grapes, but to Faustus. He was not above showing off, neither was the Devil, neither are any of us, though we are usually above seeming to show off, having lost the naïveté of the old doctor and his Mephisto; and this desire blurs our appreciation of grapes as grapes, and of other things. It may, indeed, carry us so far that we shall find ourselves cherishing and exhibiting ugliness, because it is hard to get, and growing indifferent to any beauty that is not rare.

It is not only the fruits and vegetables that are getting mixed up. The seasons in people's lives seem to be losing some of their individual character, so that we never know just what we are going to get. In some ways this is a gain. For example, the definite putting away of childish things was not an unalloyed good. The complete shutting off of the child from the confidence of the adult, the complete alienation of the adult from the interests of the youth, these are not habits to cling to. And yet it is a fact that life ought to bring us its various experiences with a certain regard to their seasonableness, and when we see little children going to "problem-plays," and grown-ups spending their mornings over cards and their evenings over picture-puzzles, one is tempted to think that something is wrong. Jaques would have to revise his summary of the seven ages of man, and still more of woman, rather thoroughly to make it pass muster now. There seems to be very little springtime in the lives of to-day; it is mostly summer and Indian summer, while winter—quiet, hospitable, intimate, stay-at-home winter—is getting left out entirely.

If we don't look out, we shall infect Nature. She is a sensitive creature, highly "suggestible," as the psychologists put it. Some one has maintained that it was purely at the suggestion of the impressionists that she perpetrated London fogs and purple cabbages. She may do other things. There is no telling what she may not do. In imagination I look out upon a world where babes in tailor-made suits play bridge through snow-bound July evenings, where old ladies in pinafores skip about picking daisies in December; but let us not too wildly anticipate! Let us bring ourselves up sharply before it is too late. Let us consider whether we do not, after all, get the most out of things, whether they be grapes or kites or snow-storms or enthusiasm, by taking them in their season.

·THE FIELD OF ART·

THE CITY IN PAINTING AND ETCHING

"We're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And . . .
art was given for that."

—BROWNING.

ONE of the most propitious signs of our artistic awakening may be recognized in our new acknowledgment of elements pictorial and even poetic in the modern city. It is difficult for us to relinquish a notion that the world of industry and commerce is an ugly and prosaic one. Now we are called upon to see in this same ugliness something positively beautiful. And we do begin to see it. We begin to see that the city reveals the character of an epoch, and that the spirit of our modernity is, at least, the most appropriate thing for us to express. Art is mere artifice unless it is the response of a genuine impulse, a genuine need that has compelled its creation. And architecture is merely the name we give to the task of planning how best in the construction of our buildings we may make beauty serve utility in accord with the eternal fitness of things. The skyscraper rose higher and higher on our streets, not aspiring to be beautiful but to be useful; to solve the problem of how to raise a huge edifice on a small plot of valuable land. This imperious invasion of upper air for the purposes of extending business seems to us now from our present vantage-point something titanic and typical of our time. Yet from ten to twenty years ago we never looked at the skyscraper to admire it, nor conceived the thought that under sun-flushed morning mist, or the slant sunset light, it might be, in a rare and stirring way, a thing of beauty. Now we are all ready to stand sponsor for this new American architecture that is so sincere and original, and we are all willing to acknowledge in its appearance not only something inherently picturesque, but unconsciously symbolical. And so more in America perhaps than in any other country the townscape has become a very formidable rival of the landscape in painting and in other pictorial arts.

Now that the city is such a favorite subject for representation in pictures, it would be interesting to trace the beginnings of the painter's responsiveness to the æsthetic possibilities of streets and buildings. If space permitted we could speculate upon the influence that prompted Ambrogio Lorenzetti to fresco an upper room in the beautiful town-hall of Siena with his delectable view of a mediæval city prospering under good government. Giotto had supplied the realistic impetus. But here the life, not of Christ, but of the average man within the grim brick battlements, was apprehended as material for pictures. Later we could speak of that gay romancer, Carpaccio. There is a fascination about the pageants he portrayed, and their setting, the shimmering lagoons, the semi-oriental towers and domes. Something of the fabulous glory of Venice in her day of pomp and power may be imagined. In the later period of her diminished importance she retained her proud beauty, but it is the more subtle appeal of faded splendor that Canaletto and Guardi immortalized in the eighteenth century. Very exquisitely did they paint for us the essential Venetian charms; delicate and yet sprightly colors; stately waterways traversed by ghostly gondolas; marble bridges and stairways; graceful balconies and loggias; all beneath that faint, long-lingering sunshine that in gracious melancholy is so like our Venice that remains.

These two painters responded to different phases of Venetian beauty. Canale, for instance, sought a clear and golden light, the general sense of radiant well-being that envelops such deep architectural perspectives as the Grand Canal curving down to the Rialto. Guardi, on the other hand, loved the pearly and mist-laden air and was sensitive to such passing impressions as impending rain, voyaging clouds, shadows falling across the house-tops of the Piazza, little animated figures catching the high lights of the sun. Canale's style was a lucid and substantial prose, Guardi's a subtle and fragile poetry. But the earlier master, too, could extol his city in lyric fashion. In London's National Gallery there is a superb example of this emotional realism. The evening shadows

are gradually darkening the green waters of a small canal, where gondolas lie black and motionless. The recesses, too, of a stately church on the farther shore are already immersed, only the soaring bell-tower still glowing against the rich blue sky. The foreground is in a glory of golden light that seems to pour through the frame of the picture. It is a homely scene, this foreground. Stone carvers are cheerily finishing their work in and around a wooden shanty. Doubtless it is the wife of one of them who plays with her babies while from an upper window a servant chats with her. The house on the extreme right has walls of peeling rose-red plaster—well imitated by thick pigment over cracked canvas. These walls, together with the arched balcony, the flowers and curtains of the windows, gleam transfigured in the radiant light. This is a vision of the long day's happiest hour.

In Holland, painters had earlier learned to look about them for subjects, and many are the Dutch townscapes. Pieter De Hoogh, with his doors and windows opening on canals and court-yards, the sunlight streaming in, creates just the genial, shut-in sentiment of city life. His homes are delightful, but the mind only needs his suggestions of brick walls and ampler air outside to go a-wandering into the winding ways of seventeenth-century Amsterdam. Vermeer painted two city pictures and they are visions of entrancing loveliness. In his celebrated "View of Delft," the very textures of the roofs and walls and steeples are imitated with grainy pigment, and the illusion of mellow evening sunshine is truly miraculous. But in all this triumphant naturalism there is nothing literal. As also in the little street scene of the Six Collection the foliage of the trees is of a most delicious blue. And through all the singing color-harmony there is a pervading sentiment of dreamful quiet resting upon the little town and its pale canal; the peace and joy of all the golden evenings that ever were. Never since Vermeer painted this enchanting canvas has the evanescent effect of glowing sunlight and lengthening shadows over walls of solid masonry produced a result so lyrical.

From the Dutch streets and canals of Vermeer and Van der Heyden to similar subjects in a radically different style by G. H. Breitner is a long leap, but in the intermediate two hundred years there are no noteworthy examples of successful townscape painting. Breitner is one of the stenographic impressionists bent on rapidly recording instantaneous effects. He either paints scenes of violent activity on the Rotterdam and Amsterdam docks, or the brown and white, peak-gabled houses bordering the quiet canals of residential districts. His brush-work is extremely vigorous and he has a realist's sure instinct for strength of color and of atmospheric illusion. I remember one particularly incisive transcript of a winter evening in a Dutch town. The foreground is a snow-covered bridge in the all but complete darkness of early nightfall. One may dimly distinguish a few belated pedestrians hurrying through the chill gloom. The observer is at once inside of the picture, seeking the lighted shop-windows of the middle distance. But his attention is diverted by the incident of a sullen glow of reddish light persisting in the western sky. Such work as this is a digression from the Dutch pictorial tradition which has always laid more emphasis on surface beauty than strength, and which has, in the nineteenth-century revival, tempered truth with sentiment. It is from Paris that Breitner's inspiration comes. There a school of specialists arose about 1860—specialists in light and air, transient effects guaranteed, prosaic subjects selected by preference. The Paris of the theatres, the boulevard cafés, the public parks and bridges, offered them abundant opportunity for exciting experiments with conflicts and complexities of light. Manet, the *chef d'école*, depicted the bar at the Folies Bergères and an open-air concert in the Tuileries Gardens, both daring studies of the animation of crowds and of the reflections and refractions of color. Monet painted the Gare Saint Lazare just at the moment when a locomotive has rushed under the glazed dome. The smoke from the engine rises blue in the enclosed foreground and drifts away pink in the open sunlight beyond. Many years later, in London, this great painter did the best work of his career with such scenes as Waterloo Bridge in the blue of morning fog. The struggling sunlight tints with purest violet the murky sky and the ascending columns of smoke from factory chimneys, and violet reflections shimmer across the waters of the Thames. To-day Paris is best portrayed by Raffaelli in paint-

ings, etchings, and lithographs. He emphasizes the vivacious pallor of the Champs Élysées, his sunshine there seeming ever faint and weary. He points with pride to the majesty of the Place de la Concorde, and comments on the contrast of faces to be seen any summer's day on the Boulevard des Italiens. Each picture is a moment fraught with significance and eloquent with unspoken suggestion. Raffaelli knows his Paris.

It is the perennial answer of the artist when a critic complains that a picture is not thus and so—"I paint what I see." Exactly. But what an amazing variety there is to our human vision. For us who walk and drive about a city catching enjoyable impressions that at the time are almost entirely optical and untroubled by any preconceptions of our own, the city means a series of more or less vivid sensations, of color, atmosphere, architecture, and abundant light and life, all blurred by the incessant movement and the constantly altered perspective. It was thus, representing the average man on the average street, that Manet, Monet, Degas, and Renoir purposed to paint their Paris. But while this coterie of clever naturalists were rapidly recording the kaleidoscopic city scene with purely objective absorption in facts, a half-starved, half-crazed genius was etching all the terror and the torment of his soul in once seen, never-to-be-forgotten visions of old Paris; visions that affect the observer with a sense of something abnormal and yet familiar, sinister and yet bewilderingly beautiful. In one of Méryon's famous plates the sun shines with pitiless glare upon the old morgue and a haggard row of tall, white tenements huddled back of it. In the foreground a corpse is being carried up from the river, the scene sharply silhouetted against the white light on the gleaming stone parapet. But we do not need this touch of melodrama to accentuate the "macabre" impression. The old buildings of the background, drawn with the consummate art that conceals its wizardry, oppress the eye and the mind with mysterious glamour. Thus might we behold beauty in a feverish dream or in some hour of intolerable depression. Marvellous, too, is Méryon's vision of Le Stryge, the horned and winged demon, that with tongue outthrust, from the northwest tower of Notre Dame, broods in lascivious thought and luxurious satisfaction over Paris. To the depiction of this monster of mediæval fantasy Méryon brought his own haunted imagination. Birds of prey swoop under the towers, and in the black shadows of the streets below evil secrets are in the air; crime might well be lurking around any corner. Joseph Pennell relates that once when he was sketching up among these eerie gargoyles he was surprised by the arrival of Whistler. The great painter had not however toiled up the painful stairway merely to enjoy the view. In fact, he soon became nervous and restless among the strange demons, and was obviously unhappy until they were completely out of his sight and mind.

This incident throws an important light on Whistler's real taste and temperament. He hated the grotesque and acutely resented the abnormal and the sensational. The city was to him a perpetual inspiration, and the poetry of nature, which most painters go seeking in woods and fields, he could find in London. But only when it is dusk or night, when there is a flush in the gloaming, or when the lamps are lit across the river and the blue mysterious world glimmers far and near with sparks of gold. That he preferred the gentle illusions of an enchanted darkness to the staring obviousness of the day is not surprising, but what may be at first disconcerting is that he carried this preference for intangible and inexplicable qualities to his choice of subjects. Although his dreams were expressed in simple terms of unmistakable reality—the atmosphere of his "Nocturnes" being truth itself—yet he never emphasized his observation. Just to show that the less there is to see the more there is to feel, his carefully colored wood-panels and absorbent canvases were often undisturbed by any but the most tentative suggestions of form. And he invariably selected for depiction, both in painting and etching, not the far-famed sights of cities but curiously casual bits that revealed his own discrimination; Venetian doorways and London fruit-stalls and suburban warehouses—remarkably unremarkable subjects about which he alone could say beautiful things and by the delicacy of his sight and touch convert the substance of prose into the essence of poetry. True individualists, then, can easily make their townscapes expressive of themselves—of the shape and color of their own minds, the key and tone of their own moods.

Before etchings of cities by Méryon, Whistler, and Brangwyn we do not think of the cities depicted but of the artists themselves, the appeal of their individual style, and of their original personalities. Before etchings of cities by Joseph Pennell, however, we instinctively exclaim as we glance hurriedly through a portfolio or around the walls of an exhibition—that is Paris, Chartres, Canterbury, London, New York, Pittsburgh. Each print is a portrait of the place it represents and a portrait full of the racial and the national as well as the local character of the subject. Pennell's Spanish cities are as unmistakably Spanish as his American cities are American. It is as easy for him to render the essential Castilian quality of Toledo on the Tagus as it would be for him to state all that is true of Ohio, and at the same time picturesque in Toledo, the American town. His pictures of New York skyscrapers are perhaps the summit of his achievement. They have genuinely thrilled him—these Towers of Babel, these incredible dream castles that are as real as their steel and stone construction, and as symbolical of our national character as anything that a poet's imagination could have devised. In some of Pennell's views of the sky-line from the river the tall buildings stand all spectral and fantastic in the misty morning light. In others we feel the height and bulk and clamor of the business districts during rush hours with a sense of overwhelming actualities.

Childe Hassam is another artist of objective vision who can record with exceptional skill the pictorial inspiration of our mighty cities. He has painted down-town New York with a virile and a facile brush, painted the spire of old Trinity dwarfed by the encircling hosts of steel-ribbed giants, painted Wall Street seen from above in whose bottom-most depths we may note the frenzied ground-whirl of humanity. The wondrous, jagged silhouette of gaunt buildings on the water-front he has portrayed under many conditions of atmosphere, and alike in the crystalline transparency of an autumn morning and the golden haze of a summer evening, the charm is irresistible. Then, too, he has rendered with Monet's spots and splashes the momentary impressions of rainy nights in the theatre districts. The blurred lights, the hurrying crowds under wet umbrellas, the glistening pavements, we see them all, not in detail but in that swift, all-pervasive sense when the hurried glance rests upon nothing in particular but takes in everything in general. In others of his city scenes he will present the proud pageant of Fifth Avenue on Sunday mornings or perhaps some side street in the grip of a midwinter's evening. The snow lies deep and soggy in drifts and furrows, reflecting on the pavements the dim illumination from the lamp-posts, while the more genial light from within the houses only accelerates the outer chill and gloom. Cornoyer's realism is more subjective than Hassam's. There is a tang of melancholy about it. Or is it ennui? He expresses by preference the quiet mood that may be fostered even amid the unrest and the uproar by such a sight as Madison Square on a damp, dark afternoon, trees and streets slick with soft moisture, and the outlines of tall buildings in the distance lost in the gloom of low-lying clouds. Then there is the mood of excitement so true to the dweller in cities. Glackens, Myers, Shinn, Luks, Hoffbauer, and many others have essayed it: the excitement of little children of the east-side tenements dancing around a grind-organ, or of fire-engines hurtling through the dark, or of cigarettes after dinner on a down-town roof-garden in the summer starlight, with search-lights playing from the harbor, and deep below the twinkling illumination of the streets. Such scenes are as yet too real to yield us illusions. But the sense of their romance will grow. And what seems fascinating to us even now in views of sky-scrapers and steel mills and harbor commerce and street traffic, with what new glamour shall they be invested when the eyes of future ages behold in them the true likeness of great American cities in the glorious days of the Republic! And not merely the show and the substance of them shall be known but also their significance. And the measure of historical importance that shall dignify these pictorial representations of cities shall in the end be identical with the measure of their importance as art. For only in so far as they can convey to the beholder the sense of visual impressions, not merely seen but felt, of moments vividly experienced and then, by the ordered magic of mind and hand, transferred to canvas and paper, can they make what are but realistic observations for us romantic visions for our children's children.

Duncan C. Phillips, Jr.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

MAVIS ON A PILLION BEHIND IN LAUGHING ACCEPTANCE OF THE OLD PIONEER CUSTOM.

—"The Heart of the Hills," page 332.

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THE GARDENS OF THE BOSPHORUS

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS

THE Turk has never acquired the reputation of his Arab and Persian cousins in the matter of gardens. Perhaps it is that he belongs to a younger race and has had more conflicting traditions out of which to evolve a style. For he is a man to whom a garden is a necessity. He would never be content like ourselves with a bare lawn and a potato patch. He is given to staying much at home, he has a great love of flowers and fresh air, the nature of his domestic arrangements leads him to screen his private life from observation. Hence it is that the gardens of the Bosphorus are one of the most characteristic features of that river-like strait. They have, moreover, a definite *cachet* of their own. This is largely prescribed to them by the nature of the soil on which they are laid out. The banks of the Bosphorus slope sharply back to a height of some four hundred feet, and are broken by valleys penetrating more gradually into the rolling table-lands of Thrace and Asia Minor. Few of their houses, therefore, do not enjoy some view of the water and of the opposite shore, rarely more than a mile or two away. The gardens of the houses are accordingly laid out with reference to those views, and are determined in form by the steepness of the hill-sides on which they lie. They are terraces, that is, one or many according to the size of the garden.

Italian gardens are often laid out on the same principle. And the analogy is carried a step farther by the decorative part played in Constantinople by the cypress and the stone-pine. But the gardens of the Bosphorus have really very little of an Italian air. The smallest patch of ground in Italy is more architectural than the largest Turkish estate. Except in their mosques and the dependencies thereof the Turks have never been great putters together of stone and mortar. They do put any amount of stone and mortar together in retaining and enclosing walls, but the result has little architectural effect. They do not trim their terraces with stone or marble balustrades, while the lack of garden sculpture is with them a matter into which religion enters. In spite of their climbing terraces, therefore, they lean to the landscape school. Shade, flowers, and seclusion are for them the three treasures of a garden. To pick a rose, to sit in an arbor, to see water framed in trees, to take their *kef*, smoke their cigarette, chat with their family or friends, without being too closely spied upon, are the advantages which the gardens of the Bosphorus provide them in great variety. And a terrace ten feet long may be as enviable as an estate reaching from the water's edge to the top of the hill, since it is the blue panorama of the strait, with its busy boats and its background of hills, that is the chief ornament of the garden.

Those who have never visited Constantinople sometimes imagine the Bosphorus to be overhung by palms—I suppose because it washes the coast of Asia and flows into the Mediterranean. They are accordingly sadly disillusioned when they come to it at the end of a winter in Egypt and Palestine and encounter a snow-storm. As a matter of fact the Bosphorus, which lies in about the same latitude as Long Island

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A terrace ten feet long may be as enviable as an estate reaching from the water's edge to the top of the hill.
—Page 269.

Sound, has in spite of its rapid current been solidly frozen over two or three times in history. The last time was in February, 1621. That winter, if I remember correctly, was also severe for certain adventurers lately come from England to Massachusetts Bay. But if palms are as great a rarity in Constantinople as in New York or Connecticut, the trees that do grow there belong to a climate more like northern Italy. Most striking among them, and happily one of the commonest, is the stone-pine. These are often magnificent, marching along the edge of a terrace or the top of a hill with full consciousness of their decorative value. The cypress, perhaps even more common, inclines to raggedness rather than to slenderness or height. Other evergreens, including the beautiful cedar of Lebanon, have been domesticated in smaller numbers for ornamental purposes. The magnolia might properly be classed among them, the *magnolia grandiflora* of our Southern States, since it keeps its glossy leaves all winter long. Of the less tenacious brotherhood the plane tree is easily king, often reaching a majestic girth and stature. Lombardy poplars, horse-chestnuts, acacias of various sorts — I am too little of a botanist to know whether the curiously coiling umbrella tree so popular for arbors be one of them—are also characteristic. In the hill-side parks that are the pride of the larger estates, deciduous trees predominate altogether—chestnuts, walnuts, limes, oaks, elms, beeches, and sycamores. Among them is a graceful tree of heart-shaped leaves and dark contorted branches with whose true title I am unacquainted, but which is one of the greatest ornaments of the Bosphorus. It is popularly known as the Judas tree, after some legend that makes it the tree on which the traitorous apostle hanged himself. He must then have been of high descent, for the blossoms, which took thereafter the stain of his blood, have a decided violet tinge. They cover the branches so thickly before the leaves are out that they paint whole hillsides of April with their magenta.

These bits of wood, so pleasantly green in rainless summers, so warmly tawny in the autumn, are perhaps the last fragments



Therapia enjoys some renown as the scene of combats between sea-marauders.

of vanished forests mentioned by the Byzantine historians. Not that you would suspect them of any great age, especially when violets are out and nightingales are busy among the branches. Neither are the houses to which they belong of an enduring architecture. A bit of marble in a deserted garden sometimes excites more interest than it should in an archæologically or romantically minded passer-by. But now and then a monstrous plane tree, a stately file of pines, has an air of saying to the nightingales: "Nous avons bien passé parlà." And sometimes a Byzantine capital, a broken pillar or stele, suddenly takes your thought back to pre-Turkish, even to pre-Roman springs. It can go back here, your thought, as far as you please—as far at any rate as Jason and the *Argo*, who sailed between these shores in the dawn of legend.

The name of one of the Bosphorus villages—of two, in fact—still recalls the transit of those early voyagers. When they returned from Colchis with Medea, that formidable passenger threw out poison upon the Thracian shore; whence the name Pharmakia, changed by the euphemism of the Greeks to Therapia, or Healing. The place which Therapia has long held in the hearts of Constantinopolitans would seem to prove that the latter was the truer name. While Therapia enjoys some renown as the scene of combats between sea-marauders of various nations, it is more celebrated as a place of *villeggiatura* for the great Phanariote families, who were interpreters of the Porte and Princes of Moldavia and Wallachia before the days of Balkan States. It is still the favorite summer resort of Christian Constantinople. There are, to be sure, reasons why it is better to look at Therapia than to be in it. The view it commands is the bleakest on the Bosphorus, and the prevailing north wind, which keeps the strait cooler in summer than Long Island Sound, sometimes gets on one's nerves. Nevertheless Therapia is an admirable centre for a variety of pleasant excursions; there are delicious gardens in the clefts of its hills, and from May till October the embassies impart to it such gayety as the somewhat meagre social resources of Constantinople afford.

Constantinople is, I believe, the sole diplomatic post to which summer residences are attached. Each envoy also has a steam launch, for keeping in touch with the Sublime Porte, fifteen miles away, and a despatch boat is detailed to each embassy except the Persian. These dignities came about very naturally, by reason of the epidemics and disorders which used to break out in the city, the habit of Constantinople to transport itself bodily to the Bosphorus during the summer, and the generosity of the sultans. The English, French, and German governments all own beautiful estates at Therapia, presented to them by different sultans, while the Russians are magnificently established at an adjoining village. Their great hill-side park is a perfect wood, so dense in summer that the water is scarcely visible from it. If I might choose I would rather be the French ambassador than any other. He occupies a charming old red Turkish palace—or Greek rather, since it once belonged to the famous Ypsilantis—with jutting upper rooms supported on curved wooden corbels. His garden is not so large as some others, but more sapiently laid out. A bridge leads from the house to the first terrace, whose flowers and trees irregularly follow the curve of the hill-side. A formal avenue and steep wood-paths mount to the grassy upper terrace, commanding between noble pines and beeches the mouth of the Black Sea. The Italians also make *villeggiatura* at Therapia, the Austrians and Persians being installed farther down the Bosphorus. Our ambassador is the sole envoy of his rank obliged to hunt up hired quarters, though even some of the small legations occupy their own summer homes. Should Congress ever persuade itself that ambassadorial dignity is a thing worthy to be upheld, or should some sultan present us with one of the old estates still available, I hope we shall build an embassy in keeping, like the French, with its surroundings, and not such a monstrosity as other Powers have put up.

There is rivalry between the gardens of the upper, the middle, and the lower Bosphorus with regard to their advantages of position. The upper Bosphorus is from the European point of view the most desirable. The middle Bosphorus, however, is chiefly favored by the Turks, and for most reasons I am with them. The midsummer *meltem*, often intensely irritating nearer the mouth of the Black Sea, is here somewhat tempered by the windings of the strait. Then here the coasts of the two continents approach each other most closely, are most gracefully modelled and greenly wooded. The Asiatic shore in particular, which opposite Therapia is forbidding enough, is here a land of enchantment with its gardens, its groves, its happy valleys, its tempting points and bays, its weathered wooden villages, its ruined water-side castle of Anadolu Hissar, its skyline of cypresses and pines—and most so if seen from Europe in a light of sunset or early morning. Yet the spell is not broken if you enter it—as strangers often do at the famous Sweet Waters—and follow the curve of the shore, sometimes along an open quay, sometimes between garden walls and under garden bridges, past grave old latticed wooden houses of broad eaves and bracketed projections, or if you climb to hill-tops from which you may behold the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them.

The most notable of these overlooks the point of Candilli, the Beaconed. The crest of the hill is the ruin of an old villa, on a square terrace fringed by pines, whence the discerning person who lived there commanded nearly the whole length of the Bosphorus, with its successive basins and narrows, from Therapia to the Sea of Marmora. I know not of how antique a past those pines may be a memento, or the broken granite column at the fire signal station just below; but there are other pines in Candilli, and other abandoned terraces, to prove that earlier generations appreciated that magnificent site. And we know that Sultan Mohammed IV, who came to the throne in 1649, often stayed there. His favorite wife, a lady almost as famous in Turkish history as Roxelana, was a Greek, whose graceful Turkish name may be less gracefully rendered as Rosy Beverage of Spring. Discovering that her lord spent more of his hours than she found proper in the society of a Circassian dancing girl, she caused a man slave of her own to be educated in the terpsichorean art and presented him to Mohammed. She then asked one night as they sat at the edge of the water that the two dancers perform together for her amusement. The slaves accordingly danced on the terrace before their



The garden of the Russian embassy, Buyukdereh.
The Russians are magnificently established.—Page 272,

imperial masters, nearer and nearer the water, till the man, by a seemingly careless thrust of his foot, tripped his companion into the Bosphorus. She was immediately carried away into the dark by the current, here extremely swift; and the Sultana doubtless slept the more sweetly, knowing there was one less dancer in the world. I presume the present imperial villa near the boat landing is the scene of this little drama. On a natural terrace higher up is a large white structure begun by Abdul Hamid II for one of his daughters. Surprised by the constitutional régime and wishing to curry favor with it, the wily old man gave the unfinished palace to the nation, for the first

Turkish girls' college. "I built it for my daughter," he said; "I give it to my daughters." They say the directress is to be an American.

Several of the most enviable estates on this stretch of the Bosphorus belong to the vice-regal family of Egypt. Not least enviable is the one above Anadolu Hissar owned by a daughter of Ismaïl Pasha, the Khedive under whom the Suez Canal was dug. She made a romantic marriage in her youth with a handsome Circassian coachman in her father's employ, now a pasha of whom no one thinks the less for his humble origin. The view from their hill-top is almost equal to that of Candilli; but there are certain cypress avenues on their hospitable property, there is in particular an abandoned garden on the point of a lovely little bay, for which I sometimes think I would give all the rest of the Bosphorus. A villa on the other side of this most perfect of bays used to belong to an undersecretary of state, whose daughters, brought up like Europeans, gave Pierre Loti most of his material for "Les Désenchantées."

The beautiful wooded point of Chibouklou, a little farther up, is crowned by the château recently built by the present Khedive—or rather by workmen he imported from France. Directly opposite, on the southern point of Stenia Bay, is the immense old tumble-down wooden *yali* of his grandfather Ismaïl, who died there in exile. The estate behind it is the largest and historically one of the most interesting on the Bosphorus. The name of the deep, narrow bay is derived from that of the votive temple, Sosthenia or Safety, built by the Argonauts after their escape from King Amycus. A temple of Hecate was also known there in more authentic times, and a church dedicated to the Archangel Michael by Constantine the Great. In 1352 a great sea fight took place in the bay between the Venetian admiral Nicolò Pisani and the Genoese. Emirghian, the next lower village, is named after a Persian general who surrendered Erivan to Sultan Mourad IV in 1635 and ended his days in pleasant captivity on this wooded shore. Mourad used often to visit his Palace of Feridoun, where, "in the design of refreshing his vital spirits and of summoning the warmth which awakens joy, it pleased" the Sultan "to give rein to the light courser of the beverage of the sunrise," as a discreet historian put that violent young man's propensity to strong waters. It was after a debauch here that he died, at the age of twenty-eight, having beheaded a hundred thousand of his people and having entertained a bloody ambition that the house of Osman should perish with himself. He gave orders on his death-bed that the head of his brother Ibrahim, the last surviving male of his blood, should be brought to him; but his courtiers took advantage of his condition to dissemble their disobedience, and the imperial family to-day springs from that brother.

At Roumeli Hissar, still farther to the south, is a neglected garden which belonged to Halim Pasha, brother of the spendthrift Ismaïl. According to the custom of Islam he would have been Khedive in turn if Ismaïl had not bound the Turkish government by a substantial *quid pro quo* to make the vice-royalty hereditary to the eldest son in his own family. And Halim Pasha's family later suffered the misfortune to be nearly ruined by an English speculator. But there is one spot in their park which must have gone far to make up for their disinheritance. It is the brow of a bluff which seems to drop sheer into the Bosphorus. There an artful group of cypresses and one gnarled olive frame the blue below; and there on sunny afternoons, there most notably on starry evenings, when shore lights curve fantastically through the underlying darkness and all land and water sounds have some summer magic in them, an Antony might dream away content the loss of Egypt.

Halim Pasha owned another splendid garden on Bebek Bay, still farther south. Next to his faded pink wooden *yali* in the dignified old Turkish style, and likewise linked by bridges across the public road to a park that climbs the hill behind, is the trim *art nouveau* villa of the actual Khedive's mother. This majestic old lady is one of the most familiar figures on the Bosphorus. Her annual approach and departure on her son's big turbine-yacht *Mahroussah* are the signals for spring and autumn to open their campaigns, while her skimming mahogany steam-launch is an integral part of summer. She is, moreover, a person whom the poor of her neighborhood have cause to bless. During the lenten month of Ramazan she provides *iftar*, the sunset breakfast of the day, for any who choose to



The grassy upper terrace of the French embassy, commanding between noble pines and beeches the mouth of the Black Sea.—Page 272.

come to her door. So many choose to come that during that month her grocery bills must be quite appalling. And on occasions of public rejoicing she literally keeps open house—or open garden. She admits any and all within her gates, offers them coffee, ices, and cigarettes, and entertains them with music.

The custom, for the rest, is common among the Turks on all occasions of festivity. I remember going one night to another garden in Bebek, not by invitation, but because any one was free to go in order to celebrate the Accession Day of his majesty Abdul Hamid II. The garden belonged to a younger brother of that personage, popularly known as Cowherd Solomon Esquire. Turkish princes have no title other than



The discerning person who lived there commanded nearly the whole length of the Bosphorus.—Page 272.

that of the plainest commoner. A band was playing in the garden, which is on the very top of Bebek hill, and the Greeks of the village were dancing in an open space between the flower-beds, while a row of little princes and princesses in big gilt arm-chairs looked solemnly on. Beyond them a clump of huge umbrella pines lifted themselves darkly against the fairy scene of the illuminated Bosphorus. Every other villa was outlined in light, the water burned with the reflections of architectural designs or Arabic texts of fire, and a faraway height behind Scutari, garden of the Prince Youssouf Izzeddin who is now heir-presumptive to the throne, was one twinkling Field of the Cloth of Gold. Suleiman Effendi was reported to be not too strong in the head, but to make up for it by possessing the Evil Eye and the greatest understanding of cows of any man in Constantinople. Of these he kept a large herd, selling their milk like any commoner, and when he wished to add to their number no man dared refuse him. If he did the cow in question was sure to die within the month, by reason of the Evil Eye of the imperial milkman. Abdul Hamid caused this eccentric old gentleman much unhappiness during his later years, tormenting him greatly with spies. Suleiman Effendi lived long enough to see the last of the spies, however, and also of Abdul Hamid. And he must have been not altogether destitute of human qualities, for his wife died of grief the day after his death.

Bebek, the Apple of the Eye, has always been a favorite resort of the masters of Constantinople. Its pleasant public garden probably belonged to the villas of Ahmet III and Selim I. Certain great plane trees there may even have shaded the ancient Chelæ, where once stood a temple of Artemis Dictynna. Somewhere in their vicinity the boy emperor Alexius II Comnenus ended his unhappy days in 1183. Of his imperial kinsman and murderer, Andronicus I, the grave Gibbon remarks that "his genuine adventures might form the subject of a very singular romance." This is not the place to recount his amours with four royal ladies, his wanderings in Europe, Syria, and Asia Minor, his various captivi-



There an artful group of cypresses and one gnarled olive frame the blue below.—Page 274.

ties, and his final usurpation of the Byzantine throne; but the charming wooded bay of Bebek reflected a scene of his tragic end. Himself supplanted by Isaac Angelus, he was taken there in chains and abandoned to the hatred of those whom he had wronged. The indignities they first heaped upon him were sharpened into torture. His teeth were broken, a hand was cut off, one eye was put out after the other. Paraded through the city on a mangy camel, he was pelted with every kind of filth; and he was eventually hanged head downward on the Hippodrome, where he was at last released from his agony by the sword of a compassionate Latin.

The gardens of the lower Bosphorus are in many ways less picturesque than those nearer the Black Sea. The hills on which they lie are lower, farther apart, and more thickly covered with houses. With their milder air, however, their more Mediterranean light, and their glimpse into the Sea of Marmora, they enjoy another, a supreme, advantage. The upper Bosphorus —well, in other places you may see sharply rising slopes terraced and wooded. Beside the Nordfjord, the coast of Dalmatia, or Lake Como, where would the Bosphorus be? But nowhere else may you behold the silhouette of Stamboul. And that, pricking the sky above its busy harbor, is the unparalleled ornament of the gardens of the lower Bosphorus.

The garden of the Seraglio, on the point of Stamboul itself, lacks that to be sure. But the garden of the Seraglio has its superb situation between the Marmora and the Golden Horn, its crescent panorama of cities, seas and islands, and its mementoes of the past, to put it alone among the gardens of the world. Acropolis of ancient Byzantium, residence of Roman, Greek, and Ottoman emperors for sixteen hundred years, it carries a heavier weight of history than any other garden in Europe. One could make a book alone of the precious things its triple walls enclose: the sarcophagi of Sidon, one of the greatest archæological finds of recent years; the column of Claudius Gothicus, the oldest Roman mon-

ument in the city; the church of St. Irene, originally built by Constantine, whose solemn mosaics look down as Justinian left them on the battle-flags of a hundred fields, the keys of conquered cities, the arms and trophies of the martial period of the Turks; the imperial Treasury, with its jewels, coins, rare stuffs, gemmed furniture, the gifts and spoil of kings, in vaults too dim and crowded for their splendor to be seen; the sacred relics of the Prophet—the green banner, the sword, the bow, the staff, the mantle, which Selim I captured with Egypt in 1517 and which constitute the credentials of the Sultans to the Caliphate of Islam. The structure in which these are preserved, its broad eaves and crusting of Persian tiles reflected in a pool bordered by lanterns to be lit on holy nights, is one of the things that make that garden incomparable. Then there are quaint kiosks and door-ways, there are white cloisters, a little grassy and neglected, there are black avenues of cypress, into which the sun looks with such an air of antique familiarity. . . .

Of all this every one has written who has ever been to Constantinople. But there is another imperial garden, visible from this one, and enjoying the view of its pinnacled outline, which has only within a few years been opened to the public. I speak of the garden of Yildiz, at Beshiktash, life-long residence of the dethroned Sultan Abdul Hamid II. The greatest of the imperial gardens, it originally belonged to the palace whose name has been corrupted by Europeans into Cheragan. Cheragan or Chira'an, if I am not mistaken, fell to the imperial family during the reign of Ahmet III, who ascended the throne in 1703. It was the property of his grand vizier and brother-in-law, Ibrahim Pasha, by some reports a renegade Armenian, famous in Turkish annals for his liberal administration, for his many public buildings, and for his introduction of printing into the Ottoman Empire. He also knew how to humor the tastes of his splendor-loving master, who delighted above all things in flowers, women, and illuminations. From their time dates the custom of illuminating the minarets for sacred anniversaries. Ibrahim Pasha gave the Sultan one night a garden party at which countless tortoises, with lights fastened to their shells, made a fantastic flicker among the trees. In such ways did the place acquire its name of Chira'an, The Torches. The culture of tulips under this congenial



A contrast in embassies.

The Austrian summer palace and the house hired by the American ambassador for the summer of 1910.



Palace of Chira'an.
Burned January 19, 1910.

pair became as extravagant a rage as ever it did in Holland. Indeed it was the Fleming Auger Busbecq, ambassador of the Holy Roman Empire to Suleiman the Magnificat, who first carried tulips into the Low Countries from Constantinople. Under the Latinized form of his name, Busbequius, he has left a quaint memoir of his two embassies. Sultan Ahmet had such an admiration for flowers that he created at his court a Master of them, whose credentials, ornamented by gilt roses, ended thus: "We command that all gardeners recognize for their chief the bearer of this diploma; that they be in his presence all eye like the narcissus, all ear like the rose; that they have not ten tongues like the lily; that they transform not the pointed pistil of the tongue into the thorn of the pomegranate, dyeing it in the blood of inconvenient words. Let them be modest, and let them keep like the rosebud their lips closed. Let them not speak before their time, like the blue hyacinth, which scatters its perfume before men ask for it. Finally, let them humbly incline themselves before him like the violet; and let them not show themselves recalcitrant."

An unhappy omen seems always to have clung about Chira'an. Ibrahim Pasha was strangled by the Janissaries and his body thrown out of the great gate of the Seraglio, beside the beautiful fountain he put there; while his master was deposed after a peaceful reign of twenty-seven years. The recently existing palace was built in 1863 by Sultan Abdul Aziz. He stumbled on the threshold the first time he went into it, and never would live in the house for which he spent millions; but after his dethronement he either committed suicide or was murdered there. His successor, Mourad V, dethroned in turn after a reign of three months, lived in Chira'an for nearly thirty years. Abdul Hamid is said to have kept his brother so rigorously that the ladies of the family were at one time obliged to dress themselves in the curtains of the palace, and that the so-called mad Sultan, deprived of books and even of writing materials, taught his children to read and write by means of charcoal on the parquet floor. The imperial prisoner occupied the central rooms in the rear of the palace, the doors leading from which were nailed up. When architects were called after his death to put the palace in order, they found a foot of water standing on the marble floor of the state entrance, at the north end; and street dogs, jumping in and out of the broken windows, lived in the throne-room above. Upon his own dethronement Abdul Hamid begged to be allowed to retire to this splendid residence. It was presented instead to the nation by Sultan Mohammed V for a Parliament House. But after two months of occupancy as such, it was mysteriously destroyed on the 19th of January, 1910, in broad daylight, when all the deputies were there, by a fire which left of the beautiful Palace of The Torches no more than its blackened marble walls.

The park of the palace, on the other side of the public road, came to bear the name of Yildiz, the Star, from a kiosk Abdul Mejid built there—whether for an odalisque of that name, or for his mother, report does not confirm. That kiosk at all events was the nucleus of the mass of build-

ings on top of the hill where his son Abdul Hamid II reigned for thirty-three years. The place used to be of all the most impenetrable, a second Forbidden City. It is now the first public park of Constantinople. It is one of which any capital might be proud, with its groves, its lawns, its ponds, its April nightingales, and its superb outlook upon the minaret-guarded gate of the Marmora. There are spots of special interest in it too, like the Malta Kiosk, where Mourad passed the first months of his long captivity and where Midhat Pasha, father of the Turkish constitution, was tried for the murder of Abdul Aziz. In the charming lower hall of this little palace, almost filled by a marble basin of goldfish, it is not easy to reconstitute that drama so fateful for Turkey—which did not end when Abdul Hamid received from Arabia, in a box labelled "Old Japanese Ivory," the head of the murdered patriot.

But the Palace of the Star has the quicker association with that long drama, the strange man who played in it the master part. It stands on the crest of the hill, partly built out above the park on a gigantic retaining wall. The medley of buildings in the fortified enclosure are chiefly of wood and chiefly in the tawdriest European cottage style. Among them is shown Abdul Hamid's theatre, communicating by a bridge with the *harem*. In this bonbon box of red velvet the singers and variety actors visiting the city used to be invited to perform—sometimes before a solitary spectator. King Otto of Bavaria would have found no kinship with him, though. On the wall a photograph of Arturo Stravolo, an Italian transformationist, hangs beside a large and bad portrait of Verdi. A small fee now admits any one to the inmost close which no man but the Sultan might enter at his will—the *harem* garden. It is like the bird-house in a zoological garden. Pigeons flutter everywhere, water-fowl play in an artificial canal winding fancifully among the trees—row-boats, a motor-boat, and even a small cutter are moored there—and birds of gaudy plumage cackle in cages against the wall. At one spot only does a small kiosk, execrably furnished, give access to the immense prospect the garden might enjoy. Through the telescope on the upper floor Abdul Hamid used to watch the city he dared not enter.

His private apartments, overlooking one side of this garden, give the most singular picture of that singular man. They are not usually shown; but by a rare irony they were opened a few weeks after their occupant's removal, for the benefit of the widows and orphans with whom he filled Adana. The dark crowded rooms were scarcely to be distinguished in their use, so full were they all of desks, screens, couches, weapons, and pianos. In one of the least ambiguous, where white chairs stood about a long dining table, was shown the gilt Vienna *récamier* in which Abdul Hamid received the notification of his dethronement. An orchestrion filled one end of the room, where was also a piano. No less than four of these instruments were in another apartment. Farther on were the empty safes where the old man hoarded his gold and his famous jewels, a closet of ugly tiles that was a mixture of Turkish *hammam* and European bath without the luxuries of either, a perfectly appointed carpenter's shop, and a chamber that had more the air of a bedroom than any other. For the sultan rarely slept twice in the same place, or undressed to do so. On a table were two of the bullet-proof vests he wore at *Selamlik*. A handsome case of arms stood by the door. High on the walls hung some crude pictures which he perhaps painted himself. He was fond of playing with the brush. A canvas somewhere else represented a boat full of priests standing, to whom a group of plump pink sirens beckoned from an arsenic shore. The officer in charge said that the faces of the priests were those of Midhat Pasha and other reformers. With all their oddity, the rooms had a familiar air of habitation. Things of use and of ornament were where Abdul Hamid dropped them the night he was taken away. Writing materials were strewn on the desks. A photograph of the German imperial family looked out of a gold frame set with brilliants. In a corner stood a table, a chair, and a footstool, all with crystal legs, where the sultan sat in thunder-storms. The whole place was full of small human touches of the suspicious, ignorant, lonely old man who lived there. And east and west were strangely jumbled in his well-worn furniture, as they were in his ancient empire—as they were in the visitors inquisitively trampling the carpets and fingering the belongings of the fallen master of the house.



Drawn by Fletcher C. Ransom.

The False Note.

GERMANY AND THE GERMANS
FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

THE DISTAFF SIDE

BY PRICE COLLIER
Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View," "The West in the East," etc.

MADAME NECKER writes of women: "Les femmes tiennent la place de ces légers duvets qu'on introduit dans les caisses de porcelaine; ou n'y fait point d'attention, mais si on les retire, tout se brise."

When one sees women and dogs harnessed together dragging carts about the streets; when one sees women doing the lighter work of sweeping up leaves and collecting rubbish in the forests and on the larger estates; doing the gardening work in Saxony and other places; when one sees them by the hundreds working bare-legged in the beet-fields in Silesia and elsewhere throughout Germany; when one reads "Viele Weiber sind gut weil sie nicht wissen wie Man es machen muss um böse zu sein," and "Der Mann nach Freiheit streibt, das Weib nach Sitte," two phrases from the German classics, Lessing and Goethe; when one recalls the shameless carelessness of Goethe's treatment of all women, including his own mother; of how his love-poems were sometimes sent by the same mail to the lady and to the press, and the unrestrained worship of Goethe by the German women of his day; when one sees time and time again all over Germany the women shouldered into the street while the men keep to the sidewalk; when one sees in the streets, railway carriages, and other public conveyances the insulting staring to which every woman is subjected if she have a trace of good looks, one realizes that at any rate Madame Necker was not writing of German women.

In the gallery at Dresden, where the loveliest mother's face in all the world shines down upon you from Raphael's canvas like a benediction, there is a small picture by Rubens, "The Judgment of Paris." The three goddesses—*induitur formosa est; exuitur ipsa forma est*—have taken literally the compliment paid to a certain beautiful customer by a renowned French dress-maker: "Un rien et madame est habillée!" They are coquettishly revealing their claims to the Eve-bitten fruit which Paris holds in his hand. Paris and his friend are in the most nonchalant of attitudes. They could not be more indifferent or more superior in appearance were they dandies judging the class for costermonger's donkeys at a provincial horse-show. The three most beautiful women in the world are squirming and posturing for praise and a decision before two as sophisticated and self-satisfied men as one will ever see on canvas or off it.

The same subject is treated by a man of the same breed, but of a later day, named Feuerbach, and his picture hangs, I think, in Breslau. Here again the supersuperiority of the male is portrayed.

In the Church of Saint Sebaldus at Nuremberg there is a delightful mural painting which makes one merry even to recall it. The subject is the Garden of Eden. Adam and Eve are being lectured by an elderly man in flowing robes with a long white beard. His beard alone would more than supply Adam and Eve with the covering they lack. In an easy attitude, with neither haste nor anxiety, he is pointing out to them the error of their ways. He is as detached in manner as though he were Professor Wundt, lecturing to us at Leipsic on the fourth dimension of space. Adam is somewhat dejected and reclines upon the ground. Eve, unabashed, with nothing on but the apple which she is munching, is evidently in a reckless mood. She looks like a child of fifteen, with her hair down her back;

the defiance of her attitude is that of a naughty little girl. The world-old problem is under discussion, but with an air of good humor and cheerfulness on the part of the lecturer, as though there were still time in the world, as though hurry were an undiscovered human attribute, as though possibly the world would still go on even if the problem were left unsolved and this first leafy parliament adjourned *sine die*.

They were so much wiser than are we! They knew then that there would be other sessions of congress, and that it was not necessary to decide everything on that spring day of the year One. But here again in this picture it is the male attitude toward the woman that is of chief interest. Adam is plainly bored. What if the woman has broken into the sanctuary of knowledge, she will only be the bigger fool, he seems to say. As for the professor in the red robes, his easy, patronizing manner is indicative enough of his mental top-loftiness toward the woman question. You can almost hear him say as he strokes his beard: "Küche, Kinder, Kirche!"

From the fields of Silesia, where the beet industry is possible only because there are hundreds of bare-legged girls and women to single the beets, a process not possible by machinery, at a wage of from twenty-five to thirty cents a day, to these German paintings with their illustrations of the spiritual and moral attitude of the German man toward the German woman, one sees everywhere and among practically all classes an attitude of condescension toward women among the polite and polished; an attitude of carelessness bordering on contempt among the rude. Their attitude is like that of the Jews who cry in their synagogues, "Thank God for not having made me a woman!"

One can judge, not incorrectly, of the status of women in a country by the manners and habits of the men entirely dissociated from their relations to women. When one sees men equipped with small mirrors and small brushes and combs, which they use in all sorts of public places, even in the streets, in the street-cars, in omnibuses, and in the theatres; when one opens the door to a knock and finds a gentleman, a small mirror in one hand and a tiny brush in the other, preparing himself for his entrance into your hotel sitting-room, you are bound to think that these persons are in the childhood days of personal hygiene, as it cannot be denied that they are, but also that their women folk must be still in the Eryops age of social sophistication not to put a stop to such bucolic methods of grooming. Even though the Eryops is a gigantic tadpole, a hundred times older than the oldest remains of man, this is hardly an exaggeration. In no other country in the cultured group of nations is the animal man so naïvely vain, so deliciously self-conscious, so untrained in the ways of the polite world, so serenely oblivious, not merely of the rights of women but of the simple courtesy of the strong to the weak. It is the only country I have visited where the hands of the men are better cared for than the hands of the women, and this is not a pleasant commentary upon the question of who does the rough work and who has leisure for a meticulous toilet.

In the streets and public conveyances of the cities, in the beer-gardens and restaurants in the country, in the summer and winter resorts from the Baltic to the Black Forest, from the Rhine to Bohemia, it is ever the same. They seat themselves at table first and have their napkins hanging below their Adam's apples before their women are in their chairs; hundreds of times have I seen their women arrive at table after they were seated, not a dozen times have I seen their masters rise to receive them; their preference for the inside of the sidewalk is practically universal; even officers in uniform, but this is of rare occurrence, will take their places in a railway carriage all smoking where two ladies are sitting, and wait till requested before throwing their cigars away, and what cigars! and then by smiles and innuendoes make the ladies so uncomfortable that they are driven from the carriage.

The inconveniences and discomfort of going about alone, for ladies in Germany, I have heard not from a dozen, but in a chorus from German ladies themselves. I am reciting no grievances of my compatriots, for I have seen next to nothing of Americans for a year or more, and I have no personal complaints, for these soft adventurers scent danger quickly, and give the masters of the world, whether male or female, a wide berth.

These gross manners are the result of two factors in German life that it is well to keep in mind. They are a poor people, only just emerging from poverty, slavery, and disaster; poor not only in possessions, but poor in the experience of how to use them. They do not know how to use their new freedom. They are as awkward in this new world of theirs of greater wealth and opportunity as unyoked oxen that have strayed into city streets. The abject deference of the women, who know nothing better than these parochial masters, adds to their sense of their own importance. It is largely the women themselves who make their men insupportable.

The other factor is the rigid caste system of their social habits. There is no association between the officers, the nobility, the officials, the cultured classes, and the middle and lower classes. The public schools and universities are learning shops; they do not train youths in character, manners, or in the ways of the world. They do not play together, or work together, or amuse themselves together. The creeds and codes, habits and manners of the better classes are, therefore, not allowed to percolate and permeate those less experienced.

In Homburg one day I saw a tall, fine-looking, elderly man step aside and off the sidewalk to let two ladies pass. It was for Germany a noticeable act. He turned out to be a famous general then in waiting upon the Emperor. There are not a few such courtly gentlemen in Germany, not a few whose knightliness compares with that of any gentleman in the world. Alas for the great bulk of the Germans, they never come into contact with them, their example is lost, their leaven of high breeding and courtesy does not lighten the bourgeois loaf! In America and in England we are all threading our way in and out among all classes. We are much more democratic. Men of every class are in contact with men of every other, we play together and work together, and consequently the level of manners and habits is higher. This state of things is less marked in south Germany than in Prussia, but is more or less true everywhere.

But how can this be possible, I hear it replied, in that land where every officer clacks his heels together with a report like an exploding torpedo, ducks his head from his rigid vertebræ, and then bends to kiss the lady's hand; and where every civilian of any standing does the same? I am not writing of the nobility and of the corps of officers in this connection. No doubt there are black sheep among them, though I have not met them. Of the many scores of them whom I have met, whom I have ridden with, dined with, romped with, drunk with, travelled with, I have only to say that they are as courteous, as unwilling to offend or to take advantage, as are brave men in other countries I know. I am writing of the average man and woman, of those who make up the bulk of every population, of those upon whom it depends whether a national life is healthy or otherwise.

The very stiffness of these mannerisms, the clacking of heels, the ducking of heads, the kissing of hands, the countless grave formalities among the men themselves, are all indicative of social weakness. They are afraid to walk without the crutches of certain formulæ, of certain hard-and-fast rules, of certain laws that they worship and fall down before. Slavery is still upon them. Escaped from a bodily master they fly to the refuge of a moral and spiritual one. These formalities are prescribed forms which they wear as they wear uniforms; they are not the result of innate consideration.

Uniform-wearing is a passion among the Germans, and may be included as still another indication of the universal desire to take refuge behind forms, and laws, and fixed customs, the universal desire to shrink from depending upon their own judgment and initiative. They will not even bow or kiss a lady's hand without a prescription from a social physician whom they trust.

The German officials are always officials, always addressed and addressing others punctiliously by their titles. They do not throw off officialdom outside their duties and their offices as we do, but they glory in it. We throw off our uniforms as soon as may be; we feel hampered by them. This leads to a feeling on the part of the Germans that we are too free and easy, and not respectful enough toward our own dignity or toward theirs. We

feel, on the other hand, that it is a farce to go to the every-day markets of life, whether for daily food or for daily social intercourse, with the bullion and certified checks of our official dignity; we go rather with the small change that jingles in all pockets alike, and is ready to be handed out for the frequent and unimportant buying and selling of the day and hour. We look upon this grallatory attitude toward life as artificial and hampering, and prefer to walk among our neighbors as much as possible upon our own feet.

I am not pretending to fix standards of etiquette. I can quite understand that when we grab the hand of the German's wife and shake it like a pump-handle instead of bowing over it; that when we nod cheerfully to him in the street with a wave of the hand or a lifting of a cane or umbrella instead of taking off our hat; that when we fail to address both him and his lady with the title belonging to them, no matter how commonplace that title, we shock his prejudices and his code of good manners.

If there is a stranger, a lady, in the drawing-room before dinner the German men line up in single file and ask to be presented to her. If the lady is tall and handsome and the party a large one, it looks almost like an ovation. If you go to dine at an officers' mess the men think it their duty to come up and ask to be presented to you. They wear their mourning bands on the forearm instead of the upperarm; they wear their wedding-rings on the fourth finger of the right hand; many of them wear rather more conspicuous jewelry than we consider to be in good taste.

The sofa, too, plays a rôle in German households and offices for which I have sought in vain for an explanation. Not even German archæology supplies a historical ancestry for this sofa cult. It is the place of honor. If you go to tea you are enthroned on the sofa. Even if you go to an office, say of the police, or of the manager of the city slaughter-house, or of the hospital superintendent, you are manœuvred about till they get you on the sofa, generally behind a table. I soon discovered that this was the seat of honor. Sofas have their place in life, I admit. There are sofas that we all remember with tears, with tenderness, with reverence. They have been the boards upon which we first appeared in the rôle of lover perhaps; or where we have fondled and comforted a discouraged child; or where we have pumped new ambitions and larger life into a weaker brother; or where we have tossed in the agony of grief or disappointment; or where we have waited drearily and alone the result of a consultation of moral or physical life and death in the next room. Indeed, this all reminds me that I could write an essay on sofas that would be poignant, touching, autobiographical, luminous, as could most other men, but this would not explain the position of the sofa in Germany in the least. "Travels on a Sofa"—I must do it one day, and perhaps, with more serious study of the subject, light may be thrown upon this question of the sofa in Germany.

Even at large and rather formal dinner-parties the host bows and drinks to his guests, first one and then another. At the end of the meal, in many households, it is the custom to bow and kiss your hostess's hand and say "*Mahlzeit*," a shortened form of "May the meal be blessed to you." You also shake hands with the other guests and say "*Mahlzeit*." In some smarter houses this is looked upon as old-fashioned and is not done. I look upon it as a charming custom, and think it a pity that it should be done away with.

Young unmarried girls and women courtesy to the elder women and kiss their hands, also a custom I approve. On the other hand, where a stalwart officer appears in a small drawing-room and seats himself at the slender tea-table for a cup of afternoon tea, holding his sword by his side or between his legs, that seems to me an unnecessary precaution, even when Americans are present, for many of us nowadays go about unarmed.

Except on official or formal occasions it seems a matter of questionable good taste to appear, say in a hotel restaurant, with one's breast hung with medals or with orders on one's coat or in the button-hole. Let 'em find out what a big boy am I without help from self-imposed placards, seems to me to be perhaps the more modest way. The method in vogue in Japanese temples, where the worshippers jangle a bell to call the attention of the gods to

their prayers or offerings, seems out of place where the god is merely the casual man in the street, in a Berlin restaurant.

At more than one dinner the soup is followed by a meat course, after which comes the fish. This does not mean that the dinners are not good. I fondly recall a dish of sauerkraut boiled in white wine and served in a pineapple. I may not give names, but the dinners of Mr. and Mrs. Fourth of December, of Mrs. Twenty-first of January, of Mr. and Mrs. Thirtieth of January, and of Mr. and Mrs. February First, and others rank very high in my gastronomic calendar. Do not imagine from what I have written that Lucullus has left no disciples in Germany. I could easily add a page to the list I have mentioned, and because we look upon some of these customs of the German as absurd is no reason for forgetting that he often, and from his stand-point rightly, looks upon us as boors. I like the Germans and I pretend to have learned very much from them. To sneer at superficial differences is to lose all profit from intercourse with other peoples. Goethe is right, "Überall lernt man nur von dem, den man liebt!" The argument is only all on our side when we are impervious to impressions and to other standards of manners and morals than our own.

"Am ende hangen wir doch ab"
"Von Kreaturen die wir machten"

are two lines at least from the second part of "Faust" that we can all understand.

It is sometimes thrown at us Americans that we love a title, and that we are not averse to the ornamentation of our names with pseudo and attenuated "Honorables" and "Colonels" and "Judges" and so on; and I am bound to admit the impeachment, for I blush at some of my becolonelled and becaptained friends, and wonder at their rejoicing over such effeminate honorifics, especially those colonelcies born of clattering behind a civilian governor, on a badly ridden horse. Which may be compared with that most attenuated title of all, that of a Texan who when asked why he was called "colonel" replied that he had married the widow of a colonel!

I prefer "Esqr." to "Mr." merely because it makes it easier to assort the daily mail; "Mr.," "Mrs.," and "Miss" are so easily taken for one another on an envelope; and particularly at Christmas time these more distinctly legible titles avoid the deplorable misdirection of the secrets of Santa Claus; aside from that I am happy to be addressed merely by my name, like any other sovereign.

We are, too, somewhat over-excited when foreign royalties appear among us. "What wud ye do if ye were a king an' come to this counthry?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "there's wan thing I wuddent do. I wuddent r-read th' Declaration iv Independence. I'd be afraid I'd die laughin'."

In Germany not only are titles showered upon the populace, but it is distinctly and officially stated by what title the office-holder shall be addressed.

In a case I know, a certain lady failed to sign herself to one of the small officials working upon her estate as, let us say, "I remain very sincerely yours," or its German equivalent; whereupon the person addressed wrote and demanded that communications addressed to him should be signed in the regulation manner. A lawyer was consulted and it was found that a similar case had been taken to the courts and decided in favor of the recipient of wounded vanity.

In hearty and manly opposition to this attitude toward life is the example of Admiral X. He had served long and gallantly, and just before he retired a friend said to him: "I hear that they're going to knight you." "By God, sir, not without a court-martial!" was the prompt reply. Indeed, things have come to such a pass in England that the offer of a knighthood to a gentleman of lineage, breeding, and real distinction has been for years looked upon as either a joke or an insult.

Not so among my German friends; they have a ravenous appetite for these flimsy tickets of passing commendation. At many, many hospitable boards in Berlin I have been present where no left breast was barren of a medal, and where the only medal won by participation in actual warfare, belonging to one of the guests, was safely packed away in his house. And as for the titles, there is no room in a small volume like this to enumerate them all;

and the womenfolk all carry the titles of the husband, from Frau Ober-Postassistent, Frau Regierungs Assessor, up to the Chancellor's lady, who, by the way, wears a title in her mere face and bearing. Not long ago I saw in a provincial sheet the notice of the death of a woman of eighty, who was gravely dignified by her bereaved relatives as the relict of a veterinary.

Upon a certain funicular at a mountain resort, where the cars pass one another up and down every twenty minutes, the conductors salute one another stiffly each time they pass.

Of the army of people with titles of Ober-Regierungsrat, Geheimer Regierungsrat, Wirklicher Geheimer Regierungsrat, Wirklicher Geheimer Ober-Regierungsrat, Wirklicher Geheimerat, who also carries the additional title of "Excellenz" with his title; Referendar, Assessor, Justizrat, Geheimer Justizrat, Gerichts-Assessor, Amtsrichter, Amtsgerichtrat, Oberamtsrichter, Landgerichtsdirector, Amtsgerichtspräsident, Geheimer Finanzrat, Wirklicher Geheimer Ober Finanzrat, Legationsrat, Wirklicher Geheimer Legationsrat, Vice Konsul, Konsul, General Konsul, Commercienrat, Wirklichercommercienrat, Staatsanwalt, Staatsanwaltschaftsrat, Herr Erster Staatsanwalt, where the "Herr" is a legal part of the title; of those who must be addressed as "Excellenz," and in addition military and naval titles, and the horde of handles to names of those in the railway, postal, telegraph, street-cleaning, forestry, and other departments, one must merely throw up one's hands in despair and bow to the inevitable disgrace of being quite unable to name this Noah's-ark procession of petty dignitaries.

In the department of post and telegraph a new order has gone forth issued during the last few months by which, after passing certain examinations, the employees may take the title of Ober-Postschaffner and Ober-Leitungsaufseher. After thirty years' service the postman is dignified with the title of Ober-Briefträger. It is difficult to understand the type of mind which is flattered by such infantile honors. At any rate, it is a cheap system of rewards, and so long as men will work for such trumpery ends the state profits by playing upon their childish vanity.

All the professions and all the trades, too, have their pharmacopœia of tags and titles, and you will go far afield to find a German woman who is not Frau Something-or-other Schmidt, or Fischer, or Müller. Every day one hears women greeting one another as Frau Oberforstmeister, Frau Superintendent, Frau Medicinalrat, Frau Oberbergrat, Frau Apothekar, Frau Stadt-Musikdirektor, Frau Doktor Rechtsanwalt, Frau Geschäftsführer, and the like. All these titles, too, appear in the hotel registers and in all announcements in the newspapers. Even when a man dies, his title follows him to the grave, and even beyond it, in the speech of those left behind.

These uniforms and titles and small formalities do make, I admit, for orderliness and rigidity, and perhaps for contentment; since every man and woman feels that though they are below some one else on the ladder they are above others; and every day and in every company their vanity is lightly tickled by hearing their importance, small though it be, proclaimed by the mention of their titles.

It pleases the foreigners to laugh and sometimes to jeer at the universal sign of "*Verboten*" (forbidden) seen all over Germany. They look upon it as the seal of an autocratic and bureaucratic government. It is nothing of the kind. The army, the bureaucracy, the autocratic Kaiser at the helm, and the landscape bestrewn with "*Verboten*" and "*Nicht gestattet*" (not allowed), these are necessities in the case of these people. They do not know instinctively, or by training or experience, where to expectorate and where not to; where to smoke and where not to; what to put their feet on and what not to; where to walk and where not to; when to stare and when not to; when to be dignified and when to laugh; and, least of all, how to take a joke; how, when, or how much to eat, drink, or bathe, or how to dress properly or appropriately. The Emperor is almost the only man in Germany who knows what chaff is and when to use it.

The more you know them, the longer you live among them, the less you laugh at "*Verboten.*" The trouble is not that there are too many but that there are not enough! When you see in flaring letters in the street-cars, "In alighting the left hand on the left-hand rail," when you

read on the bill of fare in the dining-car brief instructions underlined as to how to pour out your wine so that you will not spill it on the table-cloth; when you see the list of from ten to fifteen rules for passengers in railway carriages; when you see everywhere where crowds go and come, "Keep to the right"; when you see hanging on the railings of the canals that flow through Berlin a life-buoy, and hanging over it full instructions with diagrams for the rescue of the drowning; when you see over a post-box, "Aufschrift und Marke nicht vergessen" (do not forget to stamp and address your envelope); when you see in the church entrances a tray with water and *sal volatile*, and the countless other directions and remedies and preventives on every hand, you shrug your Saxon shoulders and smile pityingly, if you do not stand and stare and then laugh outright, as I was fool enough to do at first. But you soon recover from this superficial view of matters Teutonic. In one cab I rode in I was cautioned not to expectorate, not to put my feet on the cushions, not to tap on the glass with stick or umbrella, not to open the windows, but to ask the driver to do it, and not to open the door till the auto-taxi stopped; one hardly has time to learn the rules before the journey is over. In the days when everybody rode a bicycle, each rider was obliged to pass an examination in proficiency, paid a small tax, and was given a number and a license. Women who persisted in wearing dangerous hat-pins have been ejected from public vehicles. In a carriage on the Bavarian railroad, a husband who kissed and petted his tired wife was complained of by a fellow-passenger. The husband was tried, judged guilty, and fined. There was no question but that the woman was his wife; thus there is no loop-hole left for the legally curious, and thousands of male Germans hug and kiss one another on railway-station platforms who surely ought to be fined and imprisoned or deported or hanged! Shortly after leaving Germany, I returned from a few weeks' shooting in Scotland. We bundled out of the train onto the station platform in London. Dogs, gun-cases, cartridge-boxes, men and maid servants, trunks, bags, baskets, bunches of grouse, and the passengers seemed in a chaotic huddle of confusion. In Germany at least twenty policemen would have been needed to disentangle us. I was so torpid from having been long Teutonically cared for that I looked on momentarily paralyzed. There was no shouting, not a harsh word that I heard; and as I was almost the last to get away, I can vouch for it that in ten minutes each had his own and was off. I had forgotten that such things could be done. I had been so long steeped in enforced orderliness that I had forgotten that real orderliness is only born of individual self-control. I forgot that I was back among the free spirits who govern a quarter of the habitable globe and who are making America; and even if here and there one or more, and they are often recently arrived immigrants, are intoxicated by freedom and shoot or steal like drunken men, I realized that I am still an Occidental barbarian, thank God, preferring liberty, even though it is punctuated now and then with shots and screams and thefts, to official guardianship, even though I am thus saved the shooting, the screaming, and the thieving.

You read their history, you watch closely their manners, you prowl about among them, in their streets, their shops, their houses, their theatres; you accompany the crowds on a holiday in the trains, in the forests, in the summer resorts, at their concerts or their picnics, in their beer-gardens and restaurants, and you soon see that the orderliness is all forced upon them from without, and not due to their own knowledge of how to take care of themselves. In a recent volume by a distinguished German prison official he writes that, after a careful study of the figures from 1882 to 1910, he has discovered that one person now living in every twelve in Germany has been convicted of some offence. This does not mean that the Germans are criminal or disorderly, but, on the contrary, it shows how absurdly petty are the violations of the law punished by fine or imprisonment.

Their whole history, from Charlemagne down until the last fifty years, is a series of going to pieces the moment the strong hand of authority is taken away from them. The German, and especially the Prussian, policeman has become the greatest official busybody in the world. No German's house is his castle. The policeman enters at will and, backed by the authorities, questions the householder about

his religion, his servants, the attendance of his children at school, the status of the guests staying in his house, and about many other matters besides. If one of your children by reason of ill health is taught at home, the authorities demand the right to send an inspector every six months to examine him or her, to be sure that the child is properly taught. The policeman is in attendance on the platform at every public meeting armed with authority to close the meeting if either speeches or discussion seem to him unpatriotic, unlawful, or strife-breeding. Professors, pastors, teachers are all muzzled by the state and must preach and teach the state orthodoxy or go! A young professor of political economy in Berlin only lately was warned and has become strangely silent since.

The de-Germanizing of the German abroad is in line with this, and a constant source of annoyance to the powers that be. Buda-Pesth was founded by Germans in 1241, and now not one-tenth of the population is German. As the Franks became French, as the Long Beards became Italians, so the Germans become Americans in America, English in England, Austrian and Bohemian in Austria and Bohemia. It has been a problem to prevent their becoming Poles where the state has settled Germans for the distinct purpose of ousting the Poles.

In China, in South America, and even in Sumatra I have heard German officials tell with indignation of how their compatriots rapidly took the local color, and lost their German habits and customs and point of view.

One of the half dozen best-known bankers in Berlin has lamented to me that he must change his people in South America every few years, as they soon go to pieces there. Army officers came home from China indignant to find their compatriots there speaking English and unwilling even to speak German. Even as long ago as the time of the Thirty Years' War a forgotten chronicler, Adam Junghaus von der Ohritz, writes: "Further, it is a misfortune to the Germans that they take to imitating like monkeys and fools. As soon as they come among other soldiers, they must have Spanish or other outlandish clothes. If they could babble foreign languages a little, they would associate themselves with Spaniards and Italians."

Bismarck knew these people and the present Emperor knows these people better than do you and I! Bismarck even insisted upon using the German text, and once returned a letter of congratulation from an official body because it was written in the Latin text. Even the Great Elector must have recognized this weakness when he said: "Gedenke dass du bist ein Deutscher!" The present Kaiser lends his whole social influence to keep the Germans German. He will have the bill of fare in German, he prefers the dreadful word *Mundtuch* to napkin. His officers very often demand that the bill of fare in a German hotel shall be presented to them in German and not in French. And they are quite right to do so, and quite right to hang the German world with the sign "*Verboten*"; quite right to distribute titles and medals and orders, for the more they are uniformed and decorated and ticketed and drilled, and taken care of, the better they like it and the more contented these people are. Overorganization has brought this about. Their theories have hardened into a veritable imprisonment of the will. They have drifted away from Goethe's wise saying: "That man alone attains to life and freedom who daily has to conquer them anew."

Let me refer again just here to the socialist propaganda, which seems to the outsider so strong here in Germany. Even this is far flabbier than it looks, as I have attempted to explain elsewhere. In such strong and out-and-out industrial centres as Essen, Duisburg-Mühlheim, Saarbrücken, and Bochum, where a vigorous fight has been made against socialism, the following are the figures of the last election in 1912 when the socialists largely increased their vote throughout other parts of Germany:

	NATIONALLIBERAL	ZENTRUM	SOCIALDEMOKRAT
Essen	25,937	42,832	40,503
Duisburg-Mühlheim	33,934	31,559	34,187
Saarbrücken	25,108	24,228	4,157
Bochum	42,257	37,650	64,833

I cite this example because it seems as though the growth of socialism in Germany were in direct contradiction to my argument that they are a soft, an impressionable, an amenable, and easily led and governed people.

State socialism as thus far put into practice in Germany is, in a nutshell, the decision on the part of the state or the rulers that the individual is not competent to spend his own money, to choose his own calling, to use his own time as he will, or to provide himself for his own future and for the various emergencies of life.

They have been knocked about and dragooned by their own rulers and, be it said and emphasized, they have received certain compensations and gained certain advantages, if nothing else an orderliness, safety, and care for the people by the state unequalled elsewhere in the world. But there is no gainsaying, on the other hand, that they have lost the fruits that are plucked by the nations of more individualistic training.

They have clean streets, cheap music and drama, and a veritable mesh of national education with interstices so small that no one can escape, and they are coddled in every direction; but they have no stuff for colonizers, and they have been not infrequently wofully lacking in stalwart statesmen. .

To deprive the worker of his choice of expenditure by taking all but a pittance in taxation is a dangerous deprivation of moral exercise. To be able to choose for oneself is a vitally necessary appliance in the moral gymnasium even if here and there one chooses wrong. It is a curious trend of thought of the day which proposes to cure social evils always by weakening rather than by strengthening the individual.

Socialism is merely a moral form of putting a sharper bit in humanity's mouth; when of course the highest aim, the optimistic view, is to train people to go as fast and straight and far as possible with the least possible hampering of their natural powers by legislation. "Some men are by nature free, others slaves," writes Aristotle, but whether this axiom can be accepted fully or not it is undoubtedly true that you can first dragoon and then coddle a whole people into a lack of independence and a shrinking from the responsibilities of freedom. We are drugging the people ourselves just now with legislation as a cure for the evils of industrialism, but such legislation will only do what soporifics can do, they numb the pain, but they never bring health. What a forlorn philosophy it is! Men take advantage, rob and steal, we say, and to do away with this we give up the fight for fair play and orderliness and propose sweeping away all the prizes of life, hoping thus to do away with the highwaymen of commerce and finance. If there is no booty, there will be no bandit, we say, forgetting altogether the corollary that if there are no prizes there will be no prizemen! Neither God nor Nature gives anything to those who do not struggle, and both God and Nature appoint the stern task-master, Necessity, to see to it that we do struggle. Now come the ignorant and the socialists, demanding that the state step in and roll back the very laws of creation by supplying what is not earned from the surplus of the strong. Who cannot see anarchy looming ahead of this programme, for it is surely a lunatic negation of all the laws of God and Nature? They do not seem to see either in America or in England that state supervision carried too far leads straight to the sanction of all the demands of socialism and syndicalism. Legislation was never intended to be the father of a people, but their policeman. Overlegislation, whether by an autocrat or a democratic state, leads straight to revolution, to Cæsarism, or to slavery. In Germany the state by giving much has gained an appalling control over the minute details of human intercourse. I am no philosophic adviser to the rich; it is as the champion of the poor man that I detest socialism and all its works, for in the end it only leads backward to slavery. Every vote the working man gives to a policy of wider state control is another link for the chains that are meant for his ankles, his wrists, and his neck. If the state is to take care of me when I am sick or old or unemployed, it must necessarily deprive me of my liberty when I am well and young and busy, and thus make my very health a kind of sickness. A year in Germany ought to cure any sensible working man of the notion that the state is a

better guardian of his purse and his powers than he is himself. A distinguished German publicist, criticising this overpowering interference of the state, writes: "Mir ist wohl bewusst dass diese Gedanken einstweilen fromme Wünsche bleiben werden: die Schatten lähmender Müdigkeit die über unserer Politik lagern, lassen wenig Hoffnung auf fröhliche Initiative. Allein immer kann und wird es nicht so bleiben." ("I am well aware that for the time being these ideas will remain only devout wishes; the shadows of paralyzing lassitude that brood over our politics leave little hope for buoyant initiative. Yet it cannot and will not always be so!") And he ends with the ominous words: "Reform oder Revolution!"

One often hears the apostles of a certain kittenish humanitarianism talking of the great good that would result if we in America would provide light wines, and beer and music, and parks and gardens for our people. They see the crowds of men and women and children flocking by thousands to such resorts in Germany, where they eat tons of cakes and *Bröd-chens* and jam, and where they drink gallons of beer and wine, and where they sit hour after hour apparently quite content. Why, Lord love you, ladies and gentlemen, our populace would never be content with such mild amusements! Fancy "Silver Dollar" Sullivan or "Bath-house" John attempting to cajole their cohorts in such fashion!

It may be a pity that our people are not thus easily amused, but, on the other hand, it means simply that our energy, our vitality, our national nervousness if you like, will not be so easily satisfied. Our disorderly nervousness, or nervous disorderliness, though it has been a tremendous asset in keeping us bounding along industrially and commercially, and though it gives an exhilarating, champagne-like flavor to our atmosphere, has cost us dear. If you will have freedom, you will have those who are ruined by it; just as, if you will have social and political servitude, you will have a stodgy, unindependent populace.

Only one out of sixty perpetrators of homicidal crime suffers the extreme penalty attaching to such crimes in America. We use as large an amount of habit-forming drugs per capita as are used in the Chinese empire, so says Dr. Wright, who was commissioned by the State Department to gather facts on this subject. We import and consume 500,000 pounds of opium yearly, when 70,000 pounds, including its derivatives and preparations, should suffice for our medical needs. In the year 1910 no less than 185,000 ounces of cocaine were imported, manufactured, and consumed, although 15,000 ounces would supply every legitimate need. America collected $340,000,000 from tariff taxes in 1911, and $40,000,000 of this from tobacco and alcoholics.

My readers may look back to the title of this chapter and ask: What has all this to do with the status of women in Germany? I have told you in these few pages the whole secret. The men are not independent; what can you expect of the women! The men have, until very lately, had no surplus wealth or leisure, and have now, to all appearance, little surplus vitality or energy. Germany is getting to be a very tired-looking nation. One hears almost as little laughter in Germany as in Japan. Gayety and laughter are the bubbles and foam on the glass of life, proving that it is charged with energy. Do not believe me, although I have carefully watched many thousands of Germans in all parts of Germany taking their pleasure and their ease; come over and see for yourself! These thousands at their simple recreations are not gay.

It is the men who must supply the leisure, the independence, the setting, the background for the women. All Europe says that our women are spoiled, that they are tyrants, that they treat us men badly, that they flout us, do not do their duty by us, and finally divorce us. We can afford to let them say it! We have given our women an independence that many of them abuse, it is true. We perhaps give them more than their share to spend, and more of luxury than is good for them; and all too many of the underbred among them paint and bejewel and begown themselves to imitate the lecherous barbarism of the too free. But one of the greatest ladies in Germany tells me, "I am never so flattered as when I am taken for an American!" I can pay her no handsomer compliment than to reply that she is worthy

of the mistake. Our women revive the drooping dukedoms of England, and few will maintain that some of them at least are unsuited to the position. I have seen them in Germany as Frau Gräfin this or that, and not only their appearance but their house-keeping machinery, running noiselessly and accurately, proves that there is something more than dollars behind them.

One of the rare human beings whom I have known, who has at the same time the characteristics of the generous comrade, the good fellow, and the fine gentleman; who in moral courage in time of terrible strain or in physical courage when one's back is to the wall, never quailed, is an American woman; and thousands of my countrymen will say the same.

You cannot produce this type without freedom, without giving them opportunity, and taking the risks that are inherent in giving free scope to personal prowess. But they are not the women whom our blatant newspapers exploit, nor the women who buy the British aristocracy to launch them socially, nor the women who pervade the continental hotels and restaurants, nor the women whom as a rule the foreigner has the opportunity to meet. They are the women who have helped us to absorb the 21,000,000 aliens who have entered America since the Civil War; the women who stood behind us when we fought out that war for four years, leaving a million men on the fields of battle; the women who in the realm of house-keeping, to come down to practical levels, have revolutionized these duties and turned a drudgery into an art as have no other women in the world. The best answer the American can make to the luxurious lawlessness of some of our women is to point to the house-keeping and home-making of his compatriots, not only at home but right here in Germany.

The English attitude of women toward men is somewhat that of comradeship, and once married the man's comfort is looked after with some care; the American attitude of women toward men, in the more luxurious circles, is often, I admit, that of a spoiled child toward a gift-bringing uncle, and she permits him to worship her along the lines of a restricted rubric; but in Germany the subordination, the unquestioning and unthinking adulation, the blind acceptance of inferiority have not only softened the men but robbed the women of even sufficient independence to make them the helpmates that they try to be. There have been women of social and even political influence: Bettina von Arnhim, Caroline Schlegel, Charlotte Stieglitz, Rahel Varnhagen, and lately Frau Lebin, who seems to have been a soothing adjunct of the Foreign Office. It is rather as admirers than as executives that they shine. Their attitude toward the great Goethe and his nonchalant polygamy toward them is difficult for us to understand and approve.

> "The gentle Henrietta then,
> And a third Mary next did reign,
> And Joan and Jane and Andria;
> And then a pretty Thomasine,
> And then another Katherine,
> And then a long et cetera."

No real man is a misogynist, for not to like women is not to be a man. There are, however, many men, both in Germany and out of it, who greatly dislike sham women; that is, women who shirk their functional responsibilities. This form of dislike is a healthy instinct. Women are given the greatest and most inspiring of all tasks: to make men; and a woman who cannot make a man, by giving birth to one, or by developing one as son or husband, has failed more deplorably even than a man who cannot make a living. This task of theirs constitutes a superiority impossible to deny or to overcome. A woman, therefore, who craves man's activities and standards is as foolish as though a wheat-field should long to be a bakery. Most healthy-minded men hold this view, though some of us may think that German men overemphasize it.

The coarse sentimentality of the lower classes has been noted, but it is not confined to them. The premarital relations of all but the most cultured and experienced are marked by a mawkish sweetness which is all the more noticeable in contrast with the dull routine of saving and slaving which follows. She begins by being photographed sitting in her hero's lap, and ends by sitting on the less comfortable chair to darn his socks and to tend his babies. There are women enthroned, and who deserve to be, in Ger-

many as in other countries; but taken in the mass, speaking in hundreds of thousands, it is not an inaccurate picture to say that the women are not taken seriously in Germany except as mothers and servants.

The census of 1910 shows that there are 32,040,166 men in Germany and 32,885,827 women, or 845,661 more women than men. The number of men in proportion to the number of women is steadily increasing in Germany, showing that the habits of the men are more and more feminine, that the state provides for them and protects them, and that the women take good care of them.

In a virile state, where the men take risks, where they play hazardous games, where they travel and seek adventure, where they emigrate to seek new opportunities, the women will greatly outnumber the men. The German army, which is in itself a school of hygiene for the man, and where the death-rate is the lowest of any army in Europe, and the many provisions for the state care of the population, all go to coddle the men and protect them. The various forms of labor insurance alone in Germany cost the state over $250,000 a day, and if we include the amount expended in compensation in all its forms the yearly bill of the state for the care of its sick, injured, and aged amounts to nearly $170,000,000. No wonder that between the care of a grandmotherly state and the attentions of a subservient womankind the male population increases. I sometimes question whether there is not something of the hot-house culture about this male crop. Certainly consumption and other diseases are very wide-spread. A very detailed and careful investigation of certain forms of weakness is being made by our Rockefeller Institute at this time, and if I am not mistaken in the results of what these investigations have thus far disclosed, it will be found that Germany has her full share of rottenness to deal with. To those who care to corroborate these hints with facts I recommend the reading of certain recent numbers of the hygienic *Rundschau*, a German technical magazine of repute.

There is a lack of vitality and elasticity, a stodgy, plodding way of working, much indulgence in gregarious eating and drinking, and very mild forms of exercise and holiday-making, comparatively little sport, almost no game-playing where boys and men hustle one another about as in foot-ball and polo, and very long hours of application, from the school-boy to the ministers of state, all of which tend to and do produce a physical lack of alertness, vivacity, and audacity in the men of practically all classes.

The way to see the people of a country is to stand by the hour in the large industrial towns and watch them as they go to and from their work; to watch them flocking in and out of railway stations, and at work in large numbers in the fields of Saxony, Silesia, and other parts of Prussia; to spend hours, and I admit that they are tedious hours, strolling through factories, ship-yards, mines, and offices, paying no attention to the talk of your guide, but studying the faces and physique of the men and women. Having done this, an impartial observer is bound to remark that industrial and commercial Germany is taking a tremendous toll for the rapid progress she has made. It may be no worse here than elsewhere, but neither has the problem of a healthy, happy, toiling population been satisfactorily solved here though better than elsewhere. I have heard the women and girls in factories singing at their work, but the bird is no less caged because it sings.

Men who ought to know better set an example of long hours of confinement at their work which is quite unnecessary. They tell you with pride that they are at it from eight or nine in the morning till seven and often till later at night. That is something that no sane man ought to be proud of. On investigation you find that in industrial and commercial circles, and in the offices of the state, men take two hours for luncheon and then return to work till nightfall. Two hours in the open air at the end of the day could be managed easily, but they do not want it. There is no vitality left for a game, for exercise, for a bath, and a change.

They drug themselves with work, and slip away to the theatre, to a concert, to a *Verein* or circle, unwashed, ungroomed, and physically torpid, and the great mass of the population, high and low alike outside the army officers, look it.

The army officer's career is dependent upon his mental and physical vigor. The "cylinder" is quickly handed him and the helmet taken away if he grows too fat and too slow physically and mentally. There is no nepotism, no favoritism, and on reaching a certain rank he goes, if he falls below the standard required, and consequently he keeps himself fit. But a huge bureaucracy, with its stupid promotions by years and not by ability, with its government stroke, and its dangling pensions, positively breeds lassitude, laziness, and dulness. You may see it on every hand, in government offices, in the railway and postal services, where men are evidently kept on not for their fitness but by the tyranny of the system. High officials admit as much. In the little state of Prussia the railways pay well and are well managed, but they are clogged to a certain extent by inefficient and unnecessary employees, and were the system spread over the United States the chaos in a dozen years would be almost irreparable, and even here the complaints are many and vigorous. Probably one male over twenty-five years of age out of every four is in government employ. This alone would account for the general air of lassitude which is one of the most noticeable features of German life. The Germans as a whole are beginning to look tired. It is a German, not an Italian or a Frenchman, the philosopher Nietzsche, who writes: "Seit es Menschen giebt, hat der Mensch sich zu wenig gefreut; das allein ist unsere Erbsünde." ("Ever since men have existed, man has given himself too little enjoyment; that only is our hereditary sin.")

There has been a great change in the status of women in the last twenty-five years. The apophthegm of Pericles, or rather of Thucydides, "That woman is best who is least spoken of among men, either for good or evil," is not so rigidly enforced. Increased wealth throughout Germany has left the German woman more leisure from the drudgery of the home. She is not so wholly absorbed by the duties of nurse, cook, and house-maid as she once was. But even to-day her economics and her ability to keep her house with little outside assistance are amazing. Some of the most delightful meals I have taken have been in professional households where small incomes made it necessary that wife and daughters should do most of the work.

The German professor has his faults, but in his own simple home, the work of the day behind him, his family about him at his well-filled but not luxurious board, with some member of the family not unlikely to be an accomplished musician and with his own unrivalled store of learning at your service, when he raises his glass to you, filled with his best, with a smile and a hearty "Prosit," he is hard to beat as a host, to my thinking. Perhaps there is nothing like overindulgence to make one crave simplicity, and no doubt this accounts for the fact that the really great ones of earth are satisfied and happy with enough and abhor too much.

They tell me that the *Dienstmädchen* is no longer what she used to be, but to my untutored eye her duties still seem to be as comprehensive as those of a Sioux squaw, and her performances unrivalled. As is to be expected, Germany is not blessed with trained servants. They are helpers rather than professional servants. In the scores of houses, public and private, where I have been a guest only in one or two had the servants more than an alphabetical knowledge of what was due to one's clothes and shoes. The servants are rigidly protected by the state; they must have so much time off, they cannot be dismissed without weeks of warning, and they themselves carry books with their moral and professional biographies therein, which are always open to the inspection of the police; and they must all be insured.

In many towns, and cities too, there are hospitals and bands of nurses who for a small annual payment undertake to take over and care for a sick servant. If the doctor prescribes a "cure" for your servant, away she goes at the expense of the state to be taken care of. Wages are very small as compared with ours. Ten dollars a month for a cook, five for a house-maid, ten for a man-servant, forty to fifty for a chauffeur, and of course more in the larger and more luxurious establishments; though a chef who serves dinners for forty and fifty in an official household I know is content with twenty dollars a month. A nursery governess can be had

for twelve, and a well-educated English governess for twenty dollars a month. Even these wages are higher than ten years ago. To be more explicit, in a small household where three servants are kept the cook receives 30 marks, the maid-servant 25 marks, and the nursery governess 35 marks a month. In the household of an official of some means the man-servant receives 45 marks, the cook 30 marks, and the maid-servant 30 marks a month. When dinners or other entertainments are given, outside help is called in. In the household of a rich industrial, whose family consists of himself, wife, and four children, the man-servant receives 80 marks, the chauffeur 200, the cook 45, the lady's maid 35, the house-maid 25, kitchen-maid 12, and the governess 30 marks a month.

I carry away with me delightful pictures of German households, big, little, and medium; and, though it does not fit in nicely with my main argument, households whose mistresses were patterns of what a chatelaine should be. But I must leave that loop-hole for the critics, for I am trying only to tell the truth and to be fair, and not to be scientific or to bolster up a thesis.

I can see the big castle, centuries old, with its rambling buildings winging away from it on every side, and in the courtyard its regal-looking mistress positively garlanded with her dozen children. There is no sign of the decadence of the aristocracy here. We sit down twenty or more every day at the family luncheon. Tutors and governesses are at every turn. A French abbé, as silken in manner and speech as his own soutane, bowls over all my prejudices of creed and custom, as I watch him rule with the lightest of hands and the softest of voices a brood of termagant small boys; to turn from this to a game of billiards, and from that to the Merry Widow Waltz on the piano, that we may dance. An aide-de-camp trained in India and a French abbé, I am convinced that these are the apotheosis of luxury in a large household. My Protestant brethren would, I am sure, throw their prejudices to the winds could they spend an evening with my friend, Monsieur l'Abbé! Nor Erasmus, nor Luther, nor Calvin would have had the heart to burn him. He is just as good a fellow as we are, knows far more, can turn his hand to anything from photography to the driving of a stubborn pony, knows his world as few know it, and yet is inviolably not of it. I have chatted with Jesuit priests teaching our Western Indians; I have travelled with a preaching friar in Italy on his round of sermonizing; I have seen them in South America, in India, China, and Japan, and I recognize and acclaim their self-denying prowess, but no one of them was a more dangerous missionary than my last-named friend among them, Monsieur l'Abbé!

There was a profusion, there a heartiness of welcome, a patriarchal attitude toward the countless servants and satellites, an acreage of roaming space in the buildings, that smacked of the feudalism back to which both the castle and the family dated. How many Englishmen or Americans who sniff at German civilization ever see anything of the inside of German homes? Very few, I should judge, from the lame talk and writing on the subject. Let us go from this mediæval setting for modern comfort to a smaller establishment. Here a miniature Germania, with blue eyes and golden hair, presides, looking like a shaft of sunlight in front of you as she leads the way about the paths of her gloomy forest. In these, and in not a few other houses, there is little luxury, no waste, a certain Spartan air of training, but abundance of what is necessary and a cheery and frank welcome.

I sometimes think the Germans themselves lose much by their rather overdeveloped tendency to meet not so often in one another's homes as in a neutral place: a restaurant, a garden, a *Verein* or circle, of which there is an interminable number. You certainly get to know a man best and at his best in his own home, and you never get to know a wife and a mother out of that environment; for a woman is even more dependent than a man upon the sympathetic atmosphere that frames her. I should be, after my experience, and I am, the last person in the world to say that the Germans are not hospitable, but there is much less visiting even among themselves, and much less of constant reception of strangers in their homes, than with us. Habit, lack of wealth, lack of trained servants, and a certain proud shyness, and in some cases indifference and

a lack of vitality which welcomes the trouble of being host, account for this. No doubt, too, the old habit of economy remains even when there is no longer the same necessity for it, and saving and gayety do not go well together. *In Geldsachen hört die Gemüthlichkeit auf.* I should be sorry to spoil my picture by the overemphasis of details. The reader will not see what I have intended to paint, if he gets only an impression of caution, of economy, of sordidness and fatigue. No nation that gives birth to an untranslatable word like *Gemüthlichkeit* can be without that characteristic. The English words "home" and "comfort," the French word "esprit," and the German word *Gemüthlichkeit* have no exact equivalents in other languages. This in itself is a sure sign of a quality in the nation which bred the word. The difficulty lies in the fact that another language is another life.

The Germans are not cheerful as we are cheerful; they are not happy as we are happy; they are not free as we are free; they are not polite as we are polite; they are not contented as we are contented; and no one for a moment who is even an amateur observer and an amateur philologist combined would claim that the three words *love* and *amour* and *Liebe* mean the same thing. No word in the English language is used so often from the pulpit as the word *love*, but this cannot be said of the use of *amour* in France or of *Liebe* in Germany. Nations pour themselves into the tiny moulds of words and give us statuettes of themselves. The Anglo-Saxon, the Latin, and the Teuton have filled these three words with a certain vague philosophy of themselves, a hazy composite photograph of themselves. No one writer or painter, no one incident, no one tragedy, no one day or year of history has done this. To us, love is the coldest, cleanest, as it is perhaps the most loyal of the three. *L'amour* sounds to us seductive, enticing, often indeed little more than lust embroidered to make a cloak for ennui. *Liebe* is to us friendly, soft, childlike.

The nations of the earth, close as they are together in these days, are worlds apart in thought. Each builds its life in words, and the words are as little alike as in the days of Babel; and thus it comes about that we misunderstand one another. We translate one another only into our own language and understand one another as little as before, because we only know one another in translations, and the best of the life of each nation remains and always will remain untranslatable. No one has ever really translated the Greek lyrics or the choruses of Æschylus, or the incomparable songs of Heine. Who could dream of putting the best of Robert Louis Stevenson into German, or Kipling's rollicking ballads of soldier life into Spanish, or Walter Pater into Dutch, or Edgar Allan Poe into Russian! The one language common to us all, music, tells as many tales as there are men to hear. Each melody melts into the blackness or the brightness of the listener's soul and becomes a thousand melodies instead of one. What does the moaning monotony of a Korean love-song mean to the Westerner, or what does the Swan song mean to the Korean? Only God knows—we can never translate one nation into the language of another; our best is only an interpretation, and we must always meet the criticism that we have failed with the reply that we had never hoped to succeed. We are forever explaining ourselves even in our own small circles; how can we dare to suggest even that we have made one people to speak clearly in the language of another? The best that we can do is to give a kindly, a good-humored, and, at all times and above all things, a charitable interpretation.

There is a world of good humor, of cheerfulness, of contentment, of domestic peace and happiness in Germany. There are courtesy, politeness, even grand manners here and there. But these words mean one thing to them, another thing to us, and it is that I am striving, feebly enough to be sure, to make clear. May I beg the reader and the student to follow me with this point clearly in mind? While I am outlining with these painful details that their ways are not as our ways, I am not denouncing their ways, but merely offering matter for consideration and comparison.

A nation is most often punished for its faults by the exaggeration of its qualities, and if, as it seems to me, Germany suffers like the rest of us in this respect, it is none of my doing. It will be my failure and the

reader's failure if we do not profit by watching these qualities in ourselves and in others festering into faults. Woman's position and ambitions, the home, the amusements, and the satisfactions of life, are very different in Germany from ours. I note these as facts, not as inferiorities. I note, too, that in Germany, as elsewhere, Hegel was profoundly right in his dictum, that everything carried to its extreme becomes its contrary. Too much caution may become a positive menace to safety; too much orderliness may result in individual incapacity for self-control; just as liberty rots into license and demos descends to a crown and sceptre and tyranny. I am merely calling attention to this great law of national development that the exaggeration of even fine qualities is the road to the punishment of our faults in Germany as in every other nation under the sun.

It is only when you have had a peep into a small farmer's house in Saxony, into the artisans' houses in the busy Rhine and Westphalia country; spent a night in a peasant's house and stable, for they are under the same roof, in the mountains of the South; and visited the greater establishments of the large land-holder and the less pretentious houses of the gentleman farmer, and the country houses, big and little, in all parts of Germany, that you get anything of the real flavor of Germany.

If, as Burke says, it is impossible to indict a whole nation, it is even more difficult to fit a people with a few discriminating and really enlightening adjectives. One word I dare to apply to them all, though I know well how different they are in the north and south and east and west, as diversified indeed as any nation in the world, and that is the word patient. They can stand longer, sit longer, eat longer, drink longer, work longer hours, and dream longer, and dawdle longer than any people except the Orientals. The Emperor himself sets the example. He is an indefatigable stander, if I may coin the word, and on horseback he can apparently spend the day and night without inconvenience. Their patient quarry work in archæology and in comparative philology laid the foundations for the new history-writing of Heeren and Mommsen; and their scholarship to-day is still of the digging kind. They seldom produce a Jebb, a Jowett, a Verrall, and never that type of scholar, wit and poet combined, a Lowell or an Arthur Hugh Clough. Indeed, with a suspicious self-consciousness the German professional mind inclines to be contemptuous of any learning that is not unpalatably dry. What men can read with enjoyment cannot be learning, they maintain.

I have visited many hospitals, and on one or two occasions been present at an operation by a famous surgeon. It is evident from the bearing of patients, nurses, and students that they are dealing with a less highly strung population than ours. Indeed, the surgeons who know both countries tell me that here in Germany they have more endurance of this phlegmatic kind. They suffer more like animals. Their patience reaches down to the very roots of their being.

On that delightful big fountain in that paradise of fountains, Nuremberg, the statues of the electors and citizens picture men who were untroubled and cheerful, slow-moving, contented, patient; while the little figures on the guns are positively jolly. The only mournful figure on the whole fountain is a man with a book on his knees teaching a child. He is pallid, even in bronze, and his face is lined as he muses over the problem that has stumped the wisest of us: how to make a man by stuffing a child with books! It cannot be done, but we follow this will-o'-the-wisp through the swamps of experience with the pitiable enthusiasm of despair.

Only liberty can make a man, and she is such a costly mistress that with our increasing hordes of candidates for independence we cannot afford her; so we go on fooling them with mechanical education. But even this figure is patient!

The Germans are patient even with their food. What would become of them without the goose, the pig, the calf, and the duck, that meagre alimentary quartette? The country is white with home-raised geese, and yet they imported 8,337,708 in 1910, and 7,236,581 in 1911.

One of their most charming bits of classic art is the famous miniature statue of the Gooseman; and the real name of the great Gutenberg, who did more than any other mortal to make it easy for the hu-

man race to acquire the anserine mental habits and the anserine moral characteristics, was Gänsfleisch.

The goose is really the national bird of the German people. You eat tons of goose, and then you sleep beneath the feathers. The goose first nourishes you and then protects your digestion. The extraordinary make-up of the German bed must be laid to the door of the guilty goose. The pillows are so soft that your head is ever sinking, never at rest. Instead of easily applied blankets, that you can adapt to the temperature, you are given a great cloud of feathers, sewn in a balloon-like bag, which floats upon you according to your degree of restlessness, and leaves you for the floor, when in stupid sleepiness you endeavor to protect your whole person at once with its flimsy and wanton formlessness. As a rule the bed is built up at the head so that you are continually sliding down, down under the goose feathers, your nose and mouth are soon covered, and who can breathe with his toes!

They accumulate comfort very slowly. The wages are small and the satisfactions are small. On the street-cars the conductor is grateful for a tip of five pfennigs, and his daily customers are handed from the car-steps and respectfully saluted in return for this tiny *douceur*. When you dine or lunch at a friend's house you are expected to leave something in the expectant palm of his servant who sees you out.

Women carry small parcels of food to the theatre, to the tea and beer gardens, and thus save the small additional expense. Many a time have I seen these thrifty housewives pocket the sugar and the zwiebacks and *Brödchen* left over. In the hotels soap, paper, and common conveniences of the kind are taken, so I am told—not, I maintain, as a theft, but as an economy. We are in the habit of carrying our small change loose in a trousers pocket, but the German almost without exception carries even his ten and five pfennig pieces carefully in a purse. Outside many of the big shops is placed a row of niches where you may leave your unfinished cigar till you return. The economy thus illustrated shows a certain disregard of a not altogether agreeable chance of interchangeability that might even be dangerous to health. On the other hand, it is a wise precaution that marks beer-glasses and beer-jugs with a line to show just how much beer you are entitled to, and thus puts the foam-stealing vendor at your mercy.

The entertainments, dinners, luncheons, teas, except among the small cosmopolitan companies who do not count as examples of German manners and customs, are very prolonged affairs. There is much standing about. At ten o'clock, having dined at half past seven, beer, tea, coffee, sandwiches are brought in, and you begin the gastronomics over again on a smaller scale, so to speak. There is no occasion when eating and drinking are not part of the programme. If you go to the play or the opera you may eat and drink there; if you go for a walk the goal is not a bath and a rub-down but beer or chocolate and cakes.

I am not sure that there is not something in the theory that their soil has less iron in it, being so intensively cultivated, and that our food is consequently stronger than theirs; at all events, they eat more frequently and more copiously than we do. It seems to me that both the men and the women show it in their faces and figures. They are a heavy, puffy, tumbling lot after forty, and with my prepossessions on the subject I am inclined to put it down to irregular eating, to too much eating of soft and sweet food, too much drinking of fattening beverages, and much, much too little regular exercise, and to the fact that they are still infants in the matter of personal hygiene. Dressing-gowns, slippers, proper care of the teeth and hair, regular ablutions, changing of clothes, all these dozens of helps to health are patiently neglected. It is just as troublesome to take care of yourself, to groom your person, to be regular in your habits, and restrained and careful in your diet as to take proper care of a horse or a dog. It shows a rather high grade of persistent prowess in a man just to keep himself fit, to keep himself in working or playing health. Without the drilling they receive in the army in these matters, one wonders where this population would be.

The doggedness, the patience of the German is notable, but the alertness, vivacity, the energy easily on tap, these are lacking both among the men and the

women, and, as it seems to me, for these easily apparent reasons. There are more rest-cures, rheumatism, heart, liver, kidney, anæmic cures in Germany, and to suit all purses, than in all Anglo-Saxondom combined, even if subject territories are included. In Saxony alone, which is not renowned for its cures, the number of visitors at Augustus Bad, Bad Elester, Hermanus Bad, Schandau, and some seven others has increased from 13,000 ten years ago to 30,000 in 1910.

Between 1900 and 1909 while the population of Germany increased 15 per cent, the days of sickness in the insurance funds increased 59 per cent and the expenditure 95 per cent. Some alterations were made in the law between those years permitting a certain extension of the days of sickness, but an accurate percentage may be taken between the years 1905 and 1909. During those years the population increased by 7 per cent, the days of sickness by 17 per cent, and the expenditure out of the sick-funds by 32 per cent. The total cost of sickness insurance in 1900 was $42,895,000 and in 1909 $83,640,000. Of course, it is impossible to tell how many people are sick by being paid for it, probably not a small number. We all have mornings when we would turn over and stick to our pillows if we were sure of payment for doing so. The German apparently is the only person in the world who is happy, *ægrescit medendo*. The Germans keep going, we must all admit that, but at a slower pace, with less energy to spare, and with far less robust love of life.

If the men are patient, the women must be more so, and they are. The marriage service still reads: "He shall be your ruler, and you shall be his vassal." The women are not only patient with all that requires patience of the men, but they are patient with the men besides, a heavy additional burden from the American point of view. Beethoven writes: "Resignation! Welch' elendes Hülfsmittel! Und doch bleibt es mir das einzige übrige." ("Resignation! What a pitiful expedient! And yet it is the only one I have left!") They take resignation for granted as we never do.

Some ten years ago only, was formed the Women's Suffrage League in Germany. It was necessary to organize in the free city of Hamburg, because women were not allowed either to form or to join political unions in Prussia! It is only within a very few years that the girls' higher schools have been increased and cared for in due proportion to the schools provided for the higher education of the boys. The first girls' rowing club was organized at Cassel in 1911. Even now as I write there are protests and petitions from the male masters against women teachers in the higher positions of even these schools. In the discussions as to the proper subjects to be taught to the girls, who in 1912 began attending the newly constituted continuation schools for girls in Berlin, there is a strong party who argue that all of them should be taught only house-keeping and the duties pertaining thereto. To the great majority of German men, children and the kitchen are and ought to be the sole preoccupations of women, with occasional church attendance thrown in.

There have been enormous changes in the place women hold in the German world in the last thirty years. The Red Cross organization of the women throughout Germany is admirable and as complete and efficient as the army that it is intended to help; one can hardly say more. There are many private charities in Berlin and other cities, managed entirely by women, and doing excellent and sensible work; such as the kindergartens, the Pestalozzi-Fröbelhaus for example, where four hundred children are taken care of daily and fifteen thousand ten-pfennig meals provided, besides classes for the young women students under the supervision of the Berliner Verein für Volkserziehung, with courses in the elements of law and politics and other matters likely to concern them in their activities as teachers, nurses, or charity helpers, the invalid-kitchens, the societies for looking after young girls, the work in the Temperance League, the Lette-Verein, one of the most sane and sensible institutions in the world for the training of girls and young women, where they turn out some two thousand girls a year trained in housewifely economy; the wonderful and pitiful colony at Bielefeld, founded by one of Germany's greatest organizers and saints, Pastor Bodelschwing, and now carried on

by his equally able son and aided largely by the sympathy and resources of women. Only another Saint Francis could have imagined, and produced, and loved into usefulness such an institution.

The summer colonies, called Gartenlauben colonies, where the outlying and unused land on the outskirts of the cities is divided up into small parcels and rented for a nominal sum to the poorer working people of the city, constitute a most sensible form of philanthropy. You see them, each named by its proprietor, with a flag flying, with the light barriers dividing them, and with the small huts erected as a shelter, where flowers and fruits and vegetables are grown, often adding no small amount to income, and in every case offering the soundest kind of work and recreation. These colonies were started by a woman in France, and the idea worked its way through Belgium to Germany, and they are now supported and helped by the direct interest of the Empress. The woman who put this scheme into operation ought to have a monument! At Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin, on a plot lent by the city, there are thirteen of these colonies divided into over a thousand plots.

There are three-quarters of a million women in Germany who are independent owners and heads of establishments of different kinds, and some ten million who are bread-winners. Of the increase in the number of women students I have written in another chapter, and of their increasing participation in the political, economical, literary, and scholarly life of the nation there are many examples. Once or twice I have even heard them speak in public, and speak well, while if my memory serves me, this was practically unknown in my university days here. The problem of domestic apprenticeship is also being worked out by the women of Germany. In Munich, in Frankfort-on-Main, and elsewhere, this most difficult and delicate question is being partially answered at least. Girls are apprenticed to families needing them, under the supervision of a committee of women. The girls and their families agree to certain terms and the families agree also to teach them household duties, give them proper food, eight hours' sleep, their Sunday out, and so on. The German women's societies who have thus boldly tackled this problem are plucky indeed and prove easily enough that there is a large and growing body of women in Germany who have minds and wills of their own and great executive ability.

Let me suggest to some of our idle women that they pay a visit to the Hausfrauenbund at Frankfort and the Frauenverein-Arbeiterinnenheim at Munich before they pass judgment upon this chapter. For I should be sorry to leave the impression that all the women of Germany are listless, oppressed, and without any feeling of civic responsibility.

All these things have been accomplished by women in Germany with far less sympathy from the men than they receive in America or in England. Cato wrote of women's suffrage: "Pray what will they not assail, if they carry their point? Call to mind all the principles governing them by which your ancestors have held the presumption of women in check, and made them subject to their husbands. . . . As soon as they have begun to be your equals they will be your superiors." It is an older story than the unread realize, this of the rights of women. The bulk of Germany's male population still hold to Cato's view. It is not so much that they are antagonistic, except in the case of the teachers, where the women have become active competitors; they are in their patient way impervious. Nor can it be said that any very large number of the women themselves are eager for more rights; rather are they becoming restless because they receive so little consideration.

Their pleasures are simple and restricted: regular attendance at the theatre, at concerts, an occasional dinner of an anniversary at a restaurant, excursions with the whole family to a beer restaurant of a Sunday, and the endless meeting together for reading, sewing, and gossip—no German woman apparently but what belongs to a verein or circle, meeting, say, once a week.

The women and the men are gregarious. *Væ soli* is the motto of the race. They love to take their pleasures in crowds, and I am not sure that this does not dull the enthusiasm for personal rights and gratifications and for individual supremacy and

dignity. It is rare to find a German who would subscribe to Andrew Marvell's misogynist lines:

> "Two paradises are in one
> To live in Paradise alone."

It is typical of this love of being together that an independent member of the Reichstag, owing allegiance to no party, is called a *Wilde*, and this same word *Wilde*, or wild man, is applied to the student at the university who belongs to no corps or association of students. This love of being together, of touching elbows on all occasions, makes them more easily led and ruled. They hate the isolation of independence and revolt.

Of the relations between men and women I long ago came to the conclusion that this is a subject best left to the scientific explorer. It is, however, open to the casual observer to comment upon the monstrous percentage of illegitimacy in Berlin, twenty per cent, or one child out of every five, born out of wedlock; fourteen per cent in Bavaria; and ten per cent for the whole empire. This alone tells a sad tale of the attitude of the men and women toward one another. There is a long journey ahead of the women who propose to lift their sisters on to a plane above the animals in this respect. In the matter of divorce Prussia comes fourth in the list of European nations. Norway, with the cheapest and easiest, and at the same time the wisest, divorce law in the world, has almost the lowest percentage of divorce. In 1910 there were 390 divorces out of 400,000 existing marriages, of which 14,600 had taken place that year. The percentage is thus only about two and a half per year. The total per 100,000 of the population in Switzerland is 43; in France 33; in Denmark 27; and in Prussia 21. In industrial Saxony there are 32 and in Catholic Bavaria 13. The number of married people in Germany according to the last census shows an increase, the number of bachelors and widowed persons a decrease. Since 1871 the number of married persons has increased by 2 per cent. The birth rate shows a proportional decline. The problem that bothers all social economists is to the fore in Germany as elsewhere, for the people between sixty and seventy years of age number 14.65 per cent of the population, while the young people under ten number only 11.12, and those between twenty and thirty 10.93 per cent. The birth rate therefore shows the same tendency as in France, England, and America. A recent investigation on a small scale seems to show that bureaucracy has a certain influence here. Of 300 officials questioned, only 10, or 3½ per thousand, had more than two children. It is not an impossible, but certainly a laughable, outcome of state interference carried too far, should it result in the state's becoming an incubator for the unfit, in a country where the pensions for officers and employees of the state have risen from 50,000,000 marks in 1900 to 111,000,000 marks in 1911.

Even in higher circles in Germany there is a gushing idealism about the relations of the sexes. In their songs and sayings, as well as in their mythology, there is a laudation of love that is overstimulating. The lines of that inconsequential philosopher, that irresponsible moralist, that dreamy Puritan, Emerson,

> 'Give all to love;
> Obey thy heart;
> Friends, kindred, days,
> Estate, good fame,
> Plans, credit and the Muse—
> Nothing refuse,"

would be warmly praised in Germany.

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much
> Loved I not honour more,"

are lines more to our taste. Even love should have a deal of toughness of fibre in it to be worth much.

I must leave it to my readers to guess what I think of the German woman; indeed, it is of little consequence what any individual opinion is, if matter is given for the formation of an opinion by others. Truth cannot afford to be either gallant or merciless. There are women in Germany whom no man can know without respect, without admiration, without affection. There are the blue eyes, sunny hair, peach-bloom complexions of the north; there are the dark-eyed, black-haired, heavy-browed women of the Black Forest; there is often a Quakerish elegance

of figure and apparel to be seen on the streets of the cities; and from time to time one sees a real Germania, big of frame, bold of brow, fearless of glance—*patet dea!*

But we can none of us be quite sure of the impartiality of our taste in such matters. Our baby fingers and our baby lips were taught to love a certain type of beauty. Our mothers wove a web of admiration and devotion from which no real man ever escapes; our maturer passions lashed themselves to an image from which we can never wholly break away; our sins and sorrows and adventures have been drenched in the tears of eyes that are like no other eyes; and consequently the man who could pretend to cold neutrality would be a reprobate.

The German looks to Germany, the Englishman to England, the Frenchman to France, as do you and I to America for

"The face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium."

A BENEVOLENT DESPOTISM

By Joseph Bucklin Bishop

Secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission

"WHERE," asked a British colonial governor who was visiting a canal official on the Isthmus and was examining with many expressions of surprise and approval the screened, wide-verandaed, airy dwelling in which he was received—"where did you get this type of house?" The official replied that it was the result of American ingenuity applied to the needs of the situation. The needs of the situation being novel, novel methods of meeting them had been invented. The demand was for a house suitable for life in the tropics, and at the same time constructed and equipped in accordance with the modern ideas of comfortable living prevailing in the United States, and with modern ideas in sanitary science. By process of evolution, there was developed a type of building which met the requirements of the situation in every respect.

What is true of the dwellings is true of all features of the canal work on the Isthmus, from the dominating, autocratic government down to the housing and feeding of the common laborers. All are the results of a process of evolution, of the application of American intelligence and ingenuity to the needs of the situation. The nation was confronted with a task not only unprecedented in magnitude but unprecedented also in the conditions and surroundings in which it must be performed. Its own experience afforded no light for guidance, and the experience of other nations nothing except the dismal warnings of disaster.

A clear conception of this situation at the outset is necessary for a proper understanding of why there was built up in the Canal Zone a system of control which has been styled variously "paternalism," "modified socialism," and "benevolent despotism." It was not the work of a month or a year, but a gradual evolution, the outgrowth of practical experience, covering several years.

Congress, building better than it knew perhaps, left the direction of the great work entirely in the hands of President Roosevelt. It empowered him, through the law known as the Spooner Act, to construct the canal through a commission of seven members, selected in accordance with certain requirements as to personnel. In a separate act it conferred upon him all the military, civil, and judicial powers, as well as the power to make all rules and regulations, necessary for the government of the Canal Zone, which powers he was to exercise through such persons as he might choose and in such manner as he might direct. He was authorized to exercise these powers till the expiration of

the Fifty-eighth Congress; that is, from the date of the act, April 28, 1904, down to March 4, 1905, when the Congress named expired. That Congress went out of existence without taking further action in the matter, thus leaving the President without Congressional authority to continue the exercise of those powers which it had conferred in the act of 1904, and under which he had established a form of government in the Canal Zone, using the Canal Commission as a legislative body. As he was directed to construct the canal, as the maintenance of a government in the Canal Zone was essential to such construction, and as there was an existing government bound by existing laws which continued in effect, though the power to make or to amend them had ceased, the President decided that it was his duty, under his constitutional obligation, to see to it that the laws were enforced and that the established government carried out its functions as limited by legislative acts.

Through this failure of Congress to continue the legislation which it had enacted at the outset, the government of the Canal Zone, as well as the direction of the canal work, passed entirely into the hands of the President, and rule by Executive Order, rather than through legislative action by Congress or by the Canal Commission, was established over the canal work. Nothing more beneficial to that work could have happened. It substituted prompt action in place of indefinite delay in all matters of pressing importance. How valuable this was to the successful prosecution of the task will be made apparent as this narrative proceeds.

When the Americans took possession of the Canal Zone in the spring of 1904, it was virtually the universal belief in the United States, and, indeed, throughout the civilized world, that every person who ventured to go to the Isthmus did so at the peril of health and life. Scarcely had a small force been assembled when the outbreak of yellow-fever came in 1905, confirming the universal dread and making the task of assembling a competent force more difficult than ever. The fact that the pestilence had been checked and overcome through the application of newly discovered methods of suppressing it commanded far less public attention than the fact that thirty-five American employees had died of it. The gloomy reports of panic-stricken survivors who had been able to get back to the United States, and equally gloomy letters from their less fortunate associates who remained behind and were determined to get away at the first opportunity, had a wide hearing and intensified the original dread. These eyewitnesses of pestilence in action, who had seen their companions stricken at their side, spoke with the awful authority that terror alone can supply. They had escaped the supreme peril, but many of them were the victims of malaria, with its debilitating and depressing effects, and were sad examples of what the Isthmus climate could do to the health of a sojourner from the temperate zone.

It was evident that extraordinary inducements must be offered to persuade competent and satisfactory persons to enter the canal service in the first place, and other extraordinary inducements to persuade them to remain there after arrival. They must be given wages considerably in advance of those paid at home. They must be provided with living quarters that were not merely satisfactory but to some extent attractive. They must be provided also with a food supply similar to that to which they had been accustomed. Quarters and food must be furnished also on terms so low as not to offset the higher wages. There were no suitable quarters on the Isthmus, no food supply worth considering, and no supply of the ordinary necessities of life that was at all adequate, and what there was could be obtained only at exorbitant prices.

In fact, the Isthmus was a barren land so far as its ability to supply the vital, pressing needs of the invading army of American canal workers was concerned. There was no adequate base of supply nearer than two thousand miles by water, and no competent agent of supply and transportation except the United States Government. The canal force was precisely in the position of any army in the field two thousand miles from the base of supply. It had been sent there by the government; it was to be paid by the government; it was to be ruled by the government, and it must be housed, fed, clothed, and cared for in all respects by the government. There was

no escape from this, for no other method of care was possible. In due time it was to become clear that, being an army in the field, it must be ruled like an army; that is, by autocratic power.

The first Canal Commission began its efforts to assemble a force by authorizing the payment of the same wages and salaries that the French Canal Company had paid, but it soon discovered that satisfactory service could not be secured in that way. Higher rates were offered, but the response was still unsatisfactory. Special inducements were added, one after another, until an established system was developed which contained perquisites and gratuities that, in number and value, far exceeded anything of the kind bestowed upon a working force elsewhere on the face of the globe.

Inducements to enter the service included salaries and wages from twenty-five per cent to one hundred per cent above those paid in similar employments in the United States; free transportation from the United States to the Isthmus to all new employees and reduced transportation for their families; free furnished quarters, with free fuel, light, and water; free hospital and medical service, and thirty days of sick leave with pay each year; six weeks' vacation with pay each year, with reduced transportation to and from the United States for salaried employees and their families; privilege for all employees to buy at commission commissaries' provisions, clothing, and other necessary supplies at final cost prices, and to obtain meals at commission hotels, mess-houses, and kitchens at like prices.

Like all other features of canal management, these inducements were the result of evolution. Quarters had to be supplied because none existed. These had to be equipped with furniture and household articles, because employees could not be expected to bring these from the United States, and they could not be bought on the Isthmus, even if employees had been willing to go to that expense. Furthermore, if furnished by the government, they were kept in that condition through all changes of occupants. Being the property of the government, they must be under governmental supervision at all times, both for maintenance and conformity to sanitary regulation, so that care and repairs must be paid for by the government. Fuel, water, and light must be supplied by the government, because obtainable in no other way. They were a part of the commission's system of supply and control, and the question of making occupants pay for them was never seriously considered.

In the evolution of a system of food supply an interesting experiment was made. There had been on the Isthmus for several years, when the canal work began, a commissary store operated by the Panama Railroad Company for the benefit of its employees. This was used for a time by the commission as a base of supplies for hotels and mess-houses in labor camps and other settlements of employees, but as the force grew in size it became evident that a more comprehensive system must be devised, and, as the commission had so many other pressing problems on its hands, it was suggested by Mr. Wallace, the first chief engineer, who had had large experience in railway construction camps in which employees were fed by a private contractor, that the same method might be advisable on the Isthmus. In accordance with this suggestion, bids were asked for in the summer of 1905, and in September of that year a contract was awarded by the Panama Railroad Company to the lowest bidder. When the prices at which the contractor agreed to furnish meals to employees were made public on the Isthmus, they were seen to be considerably higher than those hitherto paid, and at once a vigorous protest was made by the employees, and Mr. Stevens sent a cable message to the Canal Commission at Washington saying that if he had that contract he would guarantee to make a million dollars a year under it. The contract was annulled by mutual consent before being put into operation, and no effort was made to obtain another.

During the period in which the matter had been under discussion the conclusion had been reached by Mr. Stevens and his associates that the government could furnish food at lower rates than were possible under a contract, for the simple reason that the government did not seek a profit on the business, while a profit was the only inducement which led a con-

tractor to undertake it. Furthermore, the government could obtain supplies at lower prices than a private contractor could, and through its ownership of the Panama Railroad Steamship Line could get lower rates of transportation. This was the first of several demonstrations destined to be made, as the canal work advanced, of the superior advantages possessed by the government over private operators or contractors, both in the performance of the work itself and in the care of those who were engaged in it.

With the abandonment of the private-contract plan of food supply, the commission turned its attention to the enlargement and perfecting of its existing system. It had the steamers of the Panama Railroad Steamship Line equipped with cold-storage facilities; established a cold-storage plant at Cristobal; ordered refrigerator cars for the Panama Railroad; entered into large contracts for meat and other food supplies; increased its hotels and mess-houses along the line until there was one in every settlement of employees, and within a year had an unbroken line of cold-storage provision supply between the markets of New York, Chicago, and New Orleans and the hotels, mess-houses, and dwellings of the Canal Zone. Within the same period, acting through the Panama Railroad, it took possession of and enlarged its commissary, converting it into a large modern department store; opened branch stores in all the larger line settlements; established a bakery and a laundry, and began the construction of warehouses for the storing of provisions at Cristobal. Later an ice-cream plant, coffee-roasting plant, and other features were added.

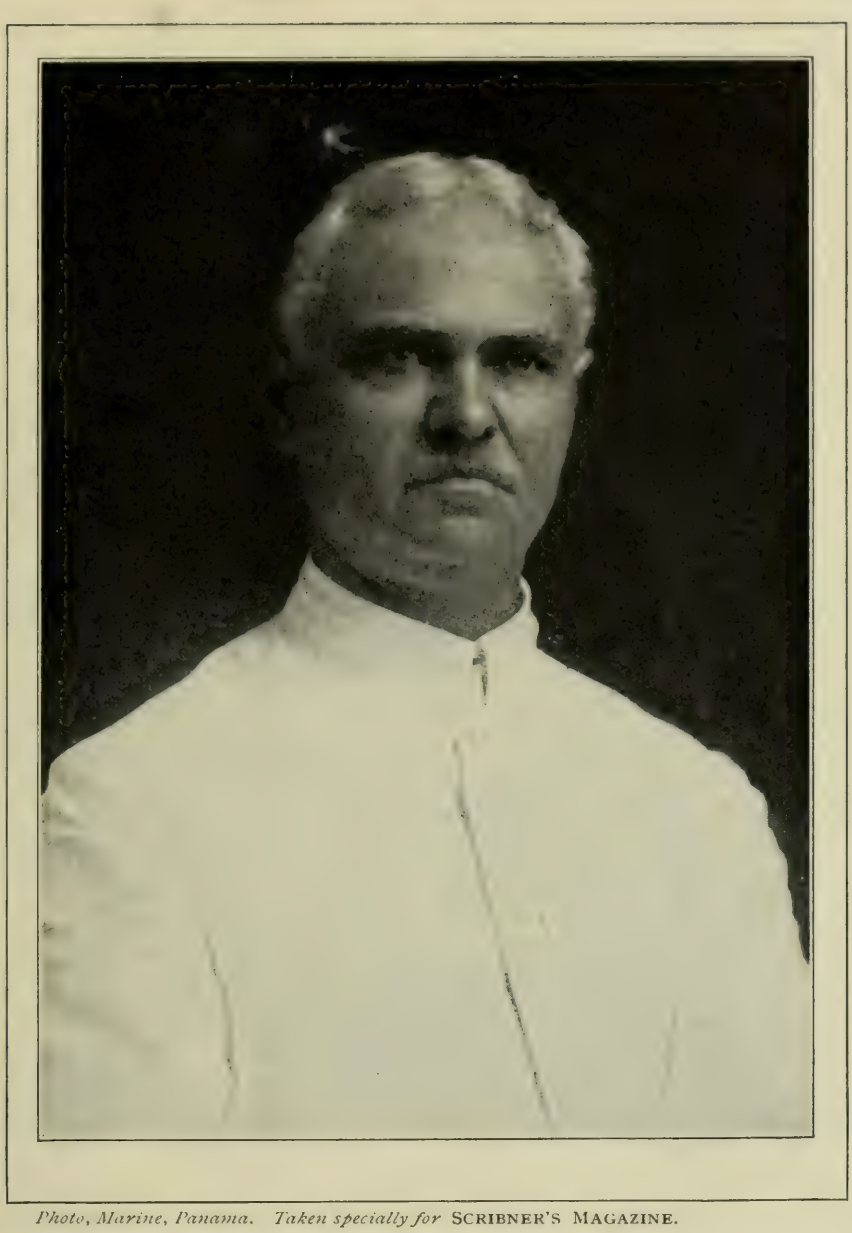
During the most active years of canal construction, when the force was at its maximum, the government, acting through the commissary and subsistence department of the Canal Commission, was housing, feeding, and, in large degree, clothing and providing with all necessities of life, nearly sixty-five thousand persons. This was about the number of employees and their families or dependants. It maintained a central commissary or department store and about twenty branch stores in as many villages and settlements of the Canal Zone. It operated the Hotel Tivoli, a public hotel with modern facilities and accommodations for five hundred guests; about twenty line hotels for American employees, and about the same number each of mess-houses and kitchens for common laborers. It did a business of about seven million dollars annually, and was self-sustaining.

There is a steady diminution in the volume of business as the canal nears completion and the force is reduced, but the system continues in operation unchanged and will continue till the end. When the canal is thrown open to commerce the plant will be used by the government to furnish supplies to the operating force, the Isthmus military establishment, the United States naval vessels, and all passing ships which desire to purchase them.

Every morning at 4 o'clock a supply train starts across the Isthmus from Cristobal, made up of refrigerator and ordinary freight cars carrying ice, cold storage, and other supplies. These are delivered at the stations along the line between the Atlantic and Pacific, and by the local quartermasters are taken to the hotels, mess-houses, and dwellings of the employees.

Prices in general have been and still are lower than those prevailing in the United States because supplies are purchased on very large contracts, awarded on open competitive bidding, and no profit is sought by the government. The only addition to the original wholesale cost is the actual expense of transportation, handling, and delivery. The business is managed as closely as possible so as to make both ends meet. Previous to January 1, 1912, whenever a profit resulted, which was not always the outcome of a year's operations, it was turned into a sinking fund to pay off the cost of cold-storage and other plants. This aggregated six hundred and eighty-eight thousand dollars, and was all paid off by the end of 1911. Since that time, whenever a profit is shown, the consumer is given either a reduction in prices or an improvement in the quality of supplies.

The net resulting benefit has been that the employees of the Canal Commission have been obtaining during the past six years their food and other supplies at prices considerably lower than those prevailing in the United States, and consequently



Photo, Marine, Panama. Taken specially for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

"The Benevolent Despot of the Canal Zone."

Colonel George Washington Goethals, U. S. A., Chairman and Chief Engineer of the Isthmian Canal Commission and Governor of the Canal Zone.

have suffered less than their fellow countrymen at home from the "high cost of living." This is especially true in the item of beef and meats in general. While the price of beef was soaring steadily upward in 1911 and 1912 the canal employees were paying the same price that they had paid during the preceding year. This was partly due to the system of purchase on large contracts, and partly to the ability of the subsistence department, through its control of all supplies, to equalize prices in such a way as to raise the lowest and maintain the highest unchanged.

When the contract plan was under consideration in 1905, the price of meals in hotels for American employees that was named in the accepted contract was thirty dollars a month, and that named for all common laborers was forty cents a day for three meals. Notwithstanding the advance in prices which has been in quite steady progress since that time, the Canal Commission has maintained its price, fixed in 1905, of thirty cents a meal for American employees, and has improved the quality. The price for European laborers, who are mainly Spaniards and Italians, is forty cents a day for three meals, and for West Indian laborers twenty-seven cents a day. The ability to maintain these prices, while increasing the quantity and improving the

quality of the food, demonstrates clearly the superior advantages possessed by the government over the private contractor as a caterer, and vindicates the judgment of the Canal Commission in the course which it adopted.

Following closely upon the decision in regard to the supply of food and other necessities, the Canal Commission took up the question of labor supply. When the Americans arrived on the Isthmus in 1904, there was no labor available except that of West Indians. There was a force of about seven hundred men, nominally in employment by the reorganized French company, but it was incompetent and inadequate. To attempt to construct the canal with West Indian labor alone was to invite indefinite delay in the time of completion. More efficient labor must be sought elsewhere. The first proposition was to secure Chinese. This was viewed with so much favor that the commission, in August, 1906, asked for proposals to furnish twenty-five hundred Chinese laborers, for a period of not less than two years, with privilege of increasing the number to fifteen thousand. Four bids were offered, two of which complied with the terms specified and agreed to supply the labor at prices very much lower than those which the commission paid subsequently to other labor. There was, however, a great outcry raised in the United States against the employment of Chinese, and partly because of this and partly because of certain undesirable conditions accompanying the bids, all were rejected and the plan was abandoned.

The commission thereupon, in October, 1906, issued invitations for proposals to have the work done by groups of contractors, the work to be divided into two or more sections, and each group of contractors to be composed of men who had achieved conspicuous success in their profession. The idea was to secure for the canal the services of contractors who had had experience in large railway construction work, and who would take to the Isthmus their gangs of trained laborers. The successful bidders were to be paid an agreed percentage on the work done, the government furnishing the capital. Several bids were received, but when they were opened on January 1, 1907, none of them was found to be satisfactory, and a call for new proposals was issued. Before answers to the second call were received President Roosevelt decreed that the plan should be abandoned.

In taking this action he proceeded in accordance with the views of Mr. Stevens, the chief engineer. When the plan was first proposed, Mr. Stevens favored it as offering the most available means of obtaining an efficient working force. While it was under discussion, however, certain tentative arrangements for collecting a force had been put in operation and had proved successful. The chief of these was the importation of laborers from northern Spain. These became the nucleus of an efficient force, and soon after the bids of contractors had been opened Mr. Stevens had become convinced that a force could be assembled by the commission without the aid of the railway contractors that would be as efficient as any that they might supply, and that with its own force the government could do the work more cheaply than would be possible under a contract system. Experience has fully justified this opinion and the action of President Roosevelt in accordance with it.

The working force which Mr. Stevens began to assemble in 1906 grew steadily and rapidly into a high condition of efficiency that was maintained undiminished during the entire period of active construction, and was surpassed by that of no other labor force anywhere and equalled by few. With this force at its command, with the unlimited capital and credit of the United States Government behind it, and with the entire canal work and administration under a single, all-powerful head, the commission was enabled to accomplish its task, not only more quickly and more cheaply than would have been possible under a contract plan, but in a manner so excellent in every part as to be beyond successful criticism. So clearly was the superiority of government operation demonstrated that contractors who had made bids for the work and who visited the Isthmus a few years later, declared frankly that not only was the work better done than they could have done it, but that if they had been intrusted with the task the outcome would have been failure and financial ruin for themselves.

Thus, by process of evolution through practical experience, the government, acting through the Canal Commission, having been compelled through necessity to provide living quarters for a canal force, and through sound economic reasons having been compelled to establish and operate its own system of food and other necessary supplies, was compelled next to assemble its own force of laborers and take into its own hands the work of construction.



Typical labor train in Culebra Cut, noon hour.

After these problems had been solved there remained still another that from the outset had been pressing for solution. This was to induce the Americans who composed the clerical, subordinate engineering, and skilled mechanical elements of the force to remain in the service after arrival. During the first two years the annual changes in these occupations were ninety per cent. It was clearly impossible to attain anything like efficiency under such conditions or to hope for anything approximating a permanent force. After a few months on the Isthmus, the great majority of American employees became discontented and depressed, lost interest in their work, and had no other ambition than to "get back to God's country" at the earliest opportunity. There were abundant reasons for this. Life on the Isthmus was without relief or diversion of any kind. There were no reputable places of amusement, no clubs, libraries, or reading-rooms. The only distractions from the constant dread of sickness and the inevitable loneliness of existence in a land not merely foreign but lacking in most of the familiar comforts of modern civilization, were vicious and degrading. It was evident that means must be devised to supply opportunities for amusement and recreation, and early in 1906 the second Canal Commission, with the cordial cooperation of President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft, took up the question of providing them. Efforts in these directions had been made by the employees themselves, but lack of adequate means had prevented these from assuming more than very modest dimensions.



One-family houses.



Typical four-family house, two families upstairs and two down.



Type of canal official's residence, at Ancon, Canal Zone.

It was first thought by the commission that it would be sufficient to build club-houses or recreation buildings for the employees and leave to them the task of furnishing and maintaining them, but this was found to be impracticable because the furnishing alone was far beyond the means of the employees. Gradually the commission enlarged its benefits till finally it provided for five of the principal centres of workers large buildings, fully furnished, at a total cost of $35,000 each. These contained an assembly room, a billiard and pool room, reading-room, bowling alleys, and other features of similar institutions in the United States. Smaller buildings, with less expensive equipment, were erected later at minor points.

The supreme value of the direct system of government through Executive Order in the canal work was demonstrated when the question of spending the necessary money for the erection and equipment of these club-houses came before the commission. Doubt was expressed as to whether or not it was a proper and lawful use of the funds appropriated for canal construction. If they were to be erected in time to be of service, they should be authorized immediately and work upon them should be begun at the earliest possible moment. De-

lay for any length of time would be fatal. The question was taken to President Roosevelt and the situation was explained to him. He directed that the expenditure be authorized at once and erection be begun, saying that if objections were raised later and the propriety of the use of the money were questioned, he would appeal to Congress for a special appropriation to cover the cost. As a matter of fact, no objection was ever made. If it had been necessary to refer the question of expenditure to Congress for decision, indefinite delay would have been the inevitable outcome, with strong probability of an inadequate appropriation in the end, and in the meantime the beneficial effect which the club-houses began to exercise as soon as opened, upon the contentment and well-being of the force, and the resulting increase in permanency and efficiency, would have been lost.



West Indian laborers' quarters at Cristobal.

By direction also of President Roosevelt, the Young Men's Christian Association, because of its large experience in work of this kind in the United States, was asked by the commission to undertake the management of the clubs, under the supervision of an advisory committee appointed by the commission. The International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association sent trained workers to the Isthmus for this duty. Their salaries were paid by the commission with the approval of President Roosevelt. For the large club-houses, libraries of six hundred volumes each were purchased by the direction of the President through the secretary of war. All employees on the "gold roll," who were virtually all white Americans, were eligible to membership on payment, at first, of one dollar a month, subsequently ten dollars a year. The revenues derived from this source and from the sale of certain privileges in the club-houses were placed in a fund. It was hoped originally that the clubs would become nearly if not quite self-sustaining, but this was not realized. The revenues were used to replenish worn-out and to purchase additional equipment and to defray a portion of the remaining expenses, but they were far from adequate to meet all expenditures. The larger club-houses cost the commission during the great part of the period of canal construction about seven thousand

dollars a year each for maintenance, in addition to the original outlay.

The club-houses were only one feature, though a most valuable one, in the general policy of making life more attractive to the employees and of cultivating among them at the same time a community spirit in support of public morality and good order. A no less valuable feature of this policy was the work of organized religious bodies, and to this hearty co-operation and generous aid were given from the outset. Two-story buildings were provided in the chief labor centres, one story for use as a church and the other as a lodge or society room. All denominations were treated on equal terms. Resident and visiting chaplains were employed by the commission to hold services, to visit the sick in hospitals, and to perform other duties within their calling. In 1910 there were thirty-nine church buildings in the Canal Zone, twenty-six of which were owned by the commission, and all but two of which were on sites owned by the United States Government. Seven of these were Catholic, thirteen Episcopalian, five Baptist, two Wesleyan, one Seventh-Day Adventist, eight non-denominationalist, including one Salvation Army. There were at that time in the pay of the commission fifteen chaplains, three Catholic, four Episcopal, four Baptist, two Methodist, one Wesleyan, and one Presbyterian.

Another feature of the commission's policy was encouragement to efforts on the part of employees to develop among themselves amusements and other means of recreation. When the employees organized a band of music from their own membership, the commission hired a leader and voted to pay the players a small monthly stipend, expending in this manner about twelve thousand dollars a year. Through this aid a very creditable musical organization was built up which gave regular concerts on Sundays in the various villages of the Canal Zone. Base-ball nines were encouraged by the creation of parks with suitable grounds and other aid, and all forms of athletic sports received similar support. The formation of women's clubs was encouraged and assisted in like manner.

It was estimated officially, when the canal force was at its maximum, that the



Branch commissary at Gatun.
The Gatun Lake, now filling, in the distance.

cost to the commission of the various privileges or perquisites to employees, not granted in similar employments in the United States, aggregated over two and a half million dollars a year; and that the average value of them to a married "gold," or American, employee was about seven hundred and fifty dollars a year; to a bachelor American employee about four hundred and twenty-five dollars a year; to a married "silver," or alien, employee about fifty dollars a year, and to a bachelor alien employee about thirty dollars a year.



Typical camp for European laborers.

Many persons, including members of Congress, who visited the Isthmus during the latter half of the construction period regarded the expenditure for these various objects as excessive, and, in some degree at least, unwarranted. The same critics considered the granting of free quarters, fuel, light, and water, the payment of high wages, and the bestowal of other benefits upon employees as unnecessarily generous treatment. They saw everywhere among employees contentment, enthusiasm, pride in their work, and the resulting high efficiency, and, being ignorant of original conditions on the Isthmus, were unable to see that the end amply justified the means. The fact that with all the special inducements afforded the annual change in the personnel of the canal "gold" force was at no time less than fifty per cent per year furnished indubitable evidence that without them nothing like a permanent force could have been maintained. Through their use, there was built up gradually a Canal Zone community, with its peculiar social activities and interests, and with no inconsiderable public spirit. It comprised about eight thousand white Americans, of whom five thousand were employees and three thousand women and children. A more orderly community of like size could not be found anywhere. While the annual change was fully fifty per cent a year, there was a permanent body of sufficient size to preserve a continuing public sentiment.

The imperative necessity for single-handed, autocratic control of the entire enterprise was made apparent within a few weeks after the first Canal Commission came into office in 1904. It was an



General view, cold-storage plant, Cristobal.



Commission hotel at Corozal.
This is the hotel described by a critic of canal work as being in a "hog wallow."

ting the commission's first annual report to the President, Secretary Taft declared that the commission had shown itself to be an unelastic body and not well adapted to canal work. The President had reached the same conclusion, and in sending the report to Congress he requested in the accompanying message such legislation as would allow him to select a smaller body, preferably one of three persons. The House passed a bill in accordance with this request, but it failed in the Senate.

excellent body of seven men, with special equipment for the work, whose selection had commanded general approval. But it was a body of seven executives, each of strong individuality, each accustomed to his own exercise of leadership, and most of them, either by temperament or confirmed habit, incapable of yielding to the leadership of others. This body selected a chief engineer who was subject entirely to its orders. One of its members, while designated governor of the Canal Zone by the President, was largely under the control and direction of the commission.

The inevitable developed almost immediately. There was constant discord in the commission, constant friction and lack of co-ordination between the commission and the chief engineer, and a similar state of affairs between the commission and the governor. Matters reached such a condition of inaction and inefficiency that six months after the commission was formed, one of its members resigned, and another advised the President of his intention to do so, on the ground that progress through such a body was impossible. In transmit-

President Roosevelt thereupon requested the members of the commission to resign, and appointed an entirely new body, with the exception of a single member of the former one. This new commission he reorganized in such a way as to make it in reality a body of three members. By Executive Order he constituted the chairman of the commission, the chief engineer, and the governor of the Canal Zone, an executive committee and centralized power in their hands. Each was to be supreme in his own department, and the three were to act for the entire commission. The four

other members of the commission were constituted an engineering committee, with merely advisory functions.

This three-headed plan proved to be more efficient than the full commission plan had been, but it developed such an amount of friction between the chairman and chief engineer that before it had been in operation a year the former resigned, and the President, having become convinced that a further concentration of power was desirable, made the chief engineer also chairman of the commission. Before entering upon his duties in this dual capacity the chief engineer resigned, and President Roosevelt decided to make a complete change and put the work in the hands of United States Army engineers.



Dinner-time on veranda of commission hotel.

The third commission, composed mainly of army engineers, entered upon its duties with the positions of chairman and chief engineer consolidated in one person. The executive committee of three had ceased to exist and rule by seven executives had virtually been restored. After a brief experience with this once rejected system, the President, who had reached the conclusion some time before that the only satisfactory solution was one-man control, issued, in January, 1908, an Executive Order which, by placing virtually supreme power in the hands of Colonel Goethals, who was chairman of the commission and chief engineer of the canal work, made him also governor of the Canal Zone. The members of the commission who were heads of departments and divisions became subordinate to him, and the commission itself mainly an advisory body. The process of evolution through practical experience had thus reached its logical and final stage, passing through various experimental stages of divided authority and responsibility to the concentration of all authority and responsibility in one person, whose only superior officer was the President of the United States, acting through the secretary of war.

The period of highest achievement in canal construction dates from the issuance of this Executive Order. During the three years which followed, 1908, 1909, and 1910, one-half of the entire amount of excavation needed for the canal was accomplished, and the whole work was carried forward



Reading-room in commission club-house at Culebra.

with such impetus that the canal's completion a year or more in advance of the date fixed for it was assured. The force was knitted into a compact, harmonious, enthusiastic body whose zeal, efficiency, and pride in the work commanded the wonder and admiration of all observers. When President Taft visited the Isthmus in November, 1910, he was much impressed by it, saying on the eve of his return to Washington: "The first thing that strikes one is the fact that work is being done apparently on every foot of the fifty miles of the canal, and is being done under an organization of men, plants, and material that operates as economically and effectively as if it were a machine with the hand of Colonel Goethals in control of the lever which sets and keeps the whole machine in operation."

As a matter of fact, the canal organization *was* a machine with the hand of Colonel Goethals on the controlling lever when the President saw it in operation in 1910, and it is so to-day—a huge, smoothly working engine of the highest capacity and efficiency. Its creation in the first place and its successful operation subsequently are both due to the possession of autocratic power by the man at the lever. Without that power he could not have set and kept the machine at "full speed ahead," with no fear of interference from any quarter, accomplishing results which in efficiency and economy are without parallel in great construction work either under private or governmental direction. That this is a conservative statement can be shown easily by a few citations from the record.

In October, 1908, the Isthmian Canal Commission made a carefully revised estimate of the total excavation and cost of the canal. This action had been made necessary by an advance in the cost of labor and in the prices of materials and manufactured articles, and by changes in the plan of the canal upon which the original estimates had been based, the most important of which were enlarging the size of the locks and widening the channel through Culebra Cut from 200 to 300 feet at the bottom. This revised estimate placed the total amount of excavation at 174,666,595 cubic yards, and the total cost, including the $40,000,000 purchase price to the French Canal Company, the $10,000,000 to the Panama Republic for the Canal Zone, and loans to the Panama Railroad Company, authorized by Congress, exceeding $8,000,000, at $375,201,000. This estimate included an allowance for about 8,000,000 cubic yards of "slides" or "breaks" in the banks of the canal through the Culebra Cut.

Soon after this revision was made, a great increase in the volume of slides and breaks began, lasting through several years, and bringing the amount of material that had to be removed because of them to about 21,000,000 cubic yards. Because of these, and of other developments as the work advanced, a further revision of excavation estimates was made in August, 1912, and the total required for the completion of the canal proper was placed at 203,433,000 cubic yards, or 28,766,000 more than the estimate upon which the final canal cost of $375,201,000 had been calculated. Yet, because of the efficiency and economy of operation which the one-man-power canal machine had attained, the commission will be able, even with this considerable lump of unanticipated extra work thrown in, to complete its great task a full year or more ahead of time, and with from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000 of its $375,000,000 of authorized expenditure not needed and available for auxiliary work.

An elaborate system of cost-keeping, providing complete control over expenditures for labor, material, and supplies, and showing total unit costs for various parts of the work, which has been in operation since January 1, 1910, has been of great use in promoting economy.

Surely if any form of government or control was ever justified by results, that in force in the Canal Zone for the past five years has been. The great end sought was the construction of the canal in the shortest time, at the lowest price, and in the best manner possible. Precisely this accomplishment is assured. As the work has advanced, hostile criticism, which during the early years was abundant, often reckless and not infrequently mendacious and malicious, has fallen gradually into total silence, and in its stead there is a world-wide chorus of praise. Not a shadow of scandal hovers over the

task as the end approaches, nor is there audible the faintest whisper of "graft" in connection with it.

What is the proper definition of the form of government under which this triumph, which is bringing credit and honor to the American name throughout the world, has been achieved? Not "socialism," for there has been no suffrage in the Canal Zone, and suffrage is the foundation stone of the socialist creed. Not "paternalism," for what the United States Government has been doing for the canal workers, its great army of peace, is nothing more than it does habitually for an army of its soldiers either in the field or in military posts. The canal colony was merely a huge construction camp in a foreign land, doing a great piece of work for its employer, the United States Government, which, like other employers, must provide for all needs of its workers. No precedent is established by the acts of the government in this respect on the Isthmus, except for procedure in other government work under like conditions hereafter.

It was an autocratic government in the same sense that the direction of every great enterprise of similar character by private individuals or corporations is autocratic. In adopting the one-man-power system on the Isthmus, the United States Government was doing simply what is done in every great private engineering or construction project—select the right man for the head of it and give him absolute power to execute it without interference. No private enterprise, not even a peanut stand on a street corner, could be conducted successfully with seven executives of equal power, and very few any better with three. The United States Government tried both seven and three with most unsatisfactory results, and was fairly compelled to select one and give him virtually despotic powers. It depended upon the man whether his use of those powers should lead to success and national honor or to failure and national disgrace, for it is upon the man and not upon the system that success or failure hinges in all cases. Happily in the case of the canal the man was not wanting.

When in the spring of 1907 the decision was reached by President Roosevelt



Canal Commission club-house at Gatun, with band-stand adjoining.

to turn the task of canal construction over to the Engineering Corps of the army there was no difference of opinion in government circles as to the member of that corps who should be selected as chief engineer. By unanimous consent George W. Goethals, then holding the rank of major, was the man. He had won, through his services in various kinds of engineering work for the government, the



Isthmian Canal Commission band.

undisputed reputation of ablest engineer in the army. He was selected chief engineer as a matter of course. He entered upon his new duties at a critical moment in the canal work, for two civilian chief engineers, one after the other, each after serving less than a year, had abandoned the task, their departure leaving the force in a condition of great nervous uncertainty about the future. It was a civilian force, and the change from civil to military control was a hazardous proceeding, for it might so aggravate existing uneasiness as to create thorough demoralization.

But from the moment of his advent on the Isthmus, Colonel Goethals showed that he was indeed the man for the work. He quieted the uneasiness of the force about military leadership, or "militarism," by announcing at once that there would be on the Isthmus no more militarism in the future than there had been in the past, that he was no longer a commander in the United States Army, but commander of the army of Panama, and that every man who did his duty would have no cause to complain of militarism. He has kept that promise to the letter during his leadership. From the first moment to the present time he has been an engineer and an administrator rather than a soldier. He has never been seen in uniform, for he brought none to the Isthmus. The final test in all cases has been efficiency, and not a complaint of militarism has been heard from any quarter.

A few months after Colonel Goethals had entered upon his duties, President Roosevelt, who had been keeping a close and somewhat anxious watch upon the situation on the Isthmus, wrote to a friend, in a tone of visible relief: "Evidently Goethals is exactly the man for the work. How fortunate we have been to get him! I shall back him up on all points."

In order to "back him up on all points," the Executive Order of January, 1908, was issued, and under that Colonel Goethals became the supreme ruler of the Canal Zone, creating that unique form of government which is best described as "benevolent despotism," or "rule by a benevolent despot," what Carlyle declared

to be the ideal form of government, provided an able and just man be secured as despot. That the Canal Zone has had such a despot for five years, a despot who has not abused his great powers, but has used them with justice and wisdom, is the unanimous and enthusiastic verdict of the great body of his subjects. No ruler anywhere has ever had under him a more loyal, devoted, and contented people than Colonel Goethals has had during his leadership and will have to the end. They have unbounded faith in his ability as an engineer and like faith in his ability and justice as a ruler. "He's onto his job, and he's square," is the terse way in which the average canal worker puts it, and when you come to think of it, that is not a bad definition of a benevolent despot.

My official relations with Colonel Goethals forbid any analysis by me in this place of his character and personal attributes, for a subordinate cannot discuss publicly the merits of his chief; but I may be permitted to quote the estimate of a keen observer who has had wide experience in the study of affairs and men, and who, whatever else may be said of him, has never been accused of too great leniency in judgment or a tendency to overpraise. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, of Boston, who visited the Isthmus in 1911, and made a careful study of the canal work, said in a paper read after his return before the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which he is president:

"In the course of a fairly long and somewhat varied life it has been my fortune to be brought in contact with many men—men prominent politically, and in administrative and professional work; generals in command of armies in active warfare; executives in the direction of large enterprises; financiers; notables of the marketplace. The one thing in these contacts which has always insensibly but most impressed me has been the presence or absence in individuals of that element known as character. Whether there or not there, the sense of its being there or not being there is instinctive. If there, in the man at the head, the thing permeates. You are conscious of it in every part. The individuality and character of Colonel Goethals to-day permeate, and permeate visibly, the entire zone; unconsciously on his part, unconsciously on the part of others, his influence is pervasive. Nor, in expressing this opinion of Colonel Goethals, do I for a moment wish to depreciate, much less to ignore, the zeal and fidelity shown by the heads of departments in the present canal organization. One and all, so far as my brief stay afforded me opportunities of reaching an opinion, were stamped by the same die. Of some, of course, I saw but little; others I did not meet at all; but indications of the influence of Goethals were, I thought, perceptible everywhere. Quiet, reserved, unassuming, known to every one engaged on the work, but noticed, as he quietly moved around, by no one, he gave the impression of conscious because innate but unobtrusive force."

It is an interesting and suggestive fact that the man who has won victory for his country in the greatest campaign ever conducted in the interest of world-wide peace and progress should have been trained by the government to serve his country as a soldier in time of war.

THE ROCKET

By Louise Saunders Perkins

Skyward it storms, with a rain of gold fire,
Roaring its song as it ploughs high and higher
Into the dark.

A bursting of stars! A wild splendor of light!
Then—slowly down-drifting alone through the night
Fades the last spark.

OLD PORTRAITS REVISITED

By Sarah N. Cleghorn

I

THIS lady's pearly shoulders dawn
Above a liquid India lawn,
(Such as Sir Joshua loved to paint);
Encased in beaded mittens quaint,
Her hands lie folded on her knee;
Her head a little wearily
Leans back against the carven chair,
As overweighted with its hair;
She bends her eyes of clouded gray
Beyond the inlet, down the bay,
A hundred thousand miles away!

Such was my great-aunt Madeline;
'Twas thus she looked at seventeen.

II

Elder and more robust than she,
This portrait's named *Penelope*.
—And fitly named, her carriage high
And amply sweeping skirts reply.
Although her shining braids are bare,
A shadowy cap seems resting there:
And in her hands, though clasped at ease,
I can discern the shadowy keys.
Her portrait thus foretells her fate,—
One of those learned ladies great
Who ruled and blessed some broad estate.

III

Can this the "little sister" be,
So oft described, so tenderly,—
With boyish locks all backward drawn,
And beech-brown eyes shot through with fawn?
O painter! with what art hast thou
Portrayed the bronzed November bough,—
The very wind that billows full
Her winter dress of crimson wool!

. . . . .

Alas the treacherous rapids fleet,
The vine that tangled round her feet—
Alas the glassy pool below!
And was it sixty years ago,
Or late by twilight yesterday,
The searching farmers chanced this way . . .
Where, through the shallows amber-brown,
One like Ophelia floated down?

THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHN

XLII

GRAY PENDLETON, hearing from a house servant of the death of Steve Hawn, hurried over to offer his help and sympathy, and Martha Hawn, too late for Jason's protest, let loose the fact that the responsibility for that death lay between the two. To her simple faith it was Jason's aim that the intervening hand of God had directed, but she did not know what the law of this land might do to her boy, and perhaps her motive was to shield him if possible. While she spoke, one of her hands was hanging loosely at her side and the other was clinched tightly at her breast:

"What have you got there, mammy?" said Jason gently. She hesitated, and at last held out her hand—in the palm lay a misshapen bullet.

"Steve give me this—hit was the one that got him, he said. He said mebbe you boys could tell whichever one's gun hit come from."

Both looked at the piece of battered, blood-stained lead with fascinated horror until Gray, with a queer little smile, took it from her hand, for he knew, what Jason did not, that the night before they had used guns of a different calibre, and now his heart and brain worked swiftly and to a better purpose than he meant, or would ever know.

"Come on, Jason, you and I will settle the question right now."

And, followed by mystified Jason, he turned from the porch and started across the yard. Standing in the porch, the mother saw the two youths stop at the fence, saw Gray raise his right hand high, and then the piece of lead whizzed through the air and dropped with hardly more than the splash of a rain-drop in the centre of the pond. The mother understood and she gulped hard. For a moment the two talked and she saw them clasp hands. Then Gray turned toward home and Jason came slowly back to the house. The boy said nothing, the stony calm of the mother's face was unchanged—their eyes met and that was all.

An hour later John Burnham came over, told Jason to stay with his mother, and went forthwith to town. Within a few hours all was swiftly, quietly done, and that night Jason started with his mother and the body of Mavis's father back to the hills. The railroad had almost reached the county-seat now, and at the end of it old Jason Hawn and Mavis were waiting in the misty dawn with two saddled horses and a spring wagon. The four met with a hand-shake, a grave "howdye," and no further speech. And thus old Jason and Martha Hawn jolted silently ahead, and young Jason and Mavis followed silently behind. Once or twice Jason turned to look at her. She was in black, and the whiteness of her face, unstained with tears, lent depth and darkness to her eyes, but the eyes were never turned toward him.

When they entered town there were Hawns in front of one store and one hotel on one side of the street. There were Honeycutts in front of one store and one hotel on the other side, and Jason saw the lowering face of little Aaron, and towering in one group the huge frame of Babe Honeycutt. Silently the Hawns fell in behind on horseback, and on foot, and gravely the Honeycutts watched the procession move through the town and up the winding road.

The pink-flecked cups of the laurel were dropping to the ground, the woods were starred with great white clusters of rhododendron, wood-thrushes, unseen, poured golden rills of music from every cool ravine, air and sunlight were heavy with the richness of June, and every odor was a

whisper, every sound a voice, and every shaking leaf a friendly little beckoning hand—all giving him welcome home. The boy began to choke with memories, but Mavis still gave no sign. Once she turned her head when they passed her little log school-house where was a little group of her pupils who had not known they were to have a holiday that day, and whose faces turned awe-stricken when they saw the reason, and sympathetic when Mavis gave them a kindly little smile. Up the creek there and over the up-sloping green plain of the tree tops hung a cloud of smoke from the mines. A few moments more and they emerged from an arched opening of trees. The lightning-rod of old Jason's house gleamed high ahead, and on the sunny crest of a bare little knoll above it were visible the tiny homes builded over the dead in the graveyard of the Hawns. And up there, above the murmuring sweep of the river, and with many of his kin who had died in a similar way, they laid slick Steve Hawn. The old circuit-rider preached a short funeral sermon, while Mavis and her mother stood together, the woman dry-eyed, much to the wonder of the clan, the girl weeping silently at last, and Jason behind them—solemn, watchful, and with his secret working painfully in his heart. He had forbade his mother to tell Mavis, and perhaps he would never tell her himself; for it might be best for her never to know that her father had raised the little mound under which his father slept but a few yards away, and that in turn his hands, perhaps, were lowering Steve Hawn into his grave.

From the graveyard all went to old Jason's house, for the old man insisted that Martha Hawn must make her home with him until young Jason came back to the mountains for good. Until then Mavis, too, would stay there with Jason's mother, and with deep relief the boy saw that the two women seemed drawn to each other closer than ever now. In the early afternoon old Jason limped ahead of him to the barn to show his stock, and for the first time Jason noticed how feeble his grandfather was and how he had aged during his last sick spell. His magnificent old shoulders had drooped, his walk was shuffling, and even the leonine spirit of his bushy brows and deep-set eyes seemed to have lost something of its old fire. But that old fire blazed anew when the old man told him about the threats and insults of little Aaron Honeycutt and the story of Mavis and Gray.

"Mavis in thar," he rumbled, "stood up fer him agin me—agin *me*. She 'lowed thar wasn't a Hawn fitten to be kinfolks o' his even by marriage, less'n t'was you."

"*Me?*"

"An' she told me—*me*—to mind my own business. Is that boy Gray comin' back hyeh?"

"Yes, sir, if his father gets well, and maybe he'll come anyhow."

"Well, that gal in thar is plum' foolish about him, but I'm goin' to let you take keer o' all that now."

Jason answered nothing, for the memory of Gray's worshipping face, when he went down the walk with Marjorie at Gray's own home, came suddenly back to him, and the fact that Mavis was yet in love with Gray began to lie with sudden heaviness on his mind and not lightly on his heart.

"An' as fer little Aaron Honeycutt——"

Over the barn-yard gate loomed just then the huge shoulders of Babe Honeycutt coming from the house where he had gone to see his sister Martha. Jason heard the shuffling of big feet and he turned to see Babe coming toward him fearlessly, his good-natured face in a wide smile and his hand out-stretched. Old Jason peered through his spectacles with some surprise, and then grunted with much satisfaction when they shook hands.

"Well, Jason, I'm glad you air beginnin' to show some signs o' good sense. This feud business has got to stop—an' now that you two air shakin' hands hit all lays betwixt you and little Aaron."

Babe colored and hesitated.

"That's jus' whut I wanted to say to Jason hyeh. Aaron's drinkin' a good deal now. I hears as how he's a-threatenin' some, but ef Jason kind o' keeps outen his way an' they git together when he's sober, hit'll be easy."

"Yes," said old Jason grimly, "but I reckon you Honeycutts had better keep Aaron outen his way a leetle, too."

"I'm a-doin' all I can," said Babe earnestly, and he slouched away.

"Got yo' gun, Jason?"

"No."

"Well, you kin have mine till you git away again. I want all this feud business stopped, but I hain't goin' to have you shot down like a turkey at Christmas by a fool boy who won't hardly know whut he's doin'."

Jason started for the house, but the old man stayed at the stable to give directions to a neighbor who had come to feed his stock. It sickened the boy to think that he must, perhaps, be drawn into the feud again, but he would not be foolish enough not to take all precaution against young Aaron. At the yard-fence he stopped, seeing Mavis under an apple-tree with one hand clutching a low bough and her tense face lifted to the west. He could see that the hand was clinched tightly, for even the naked forearm was taut as a bowstring. The sun was going down in the little gap, and above it already one pale star was swung and upon it her eyes seemed to be fixed. She heard his step and he knew it, for he saw her face flush, but without looking around she turned into the house. That night she seemed to avoid the chance that he might speak to her alone, and the boy found himself watching her covertly and closely, for he recalled what Gray had said about her. Indeed, some change had taken place that was subtle and extraordinary. He saw his mother deferring to her—leaning on her unconsciously. And old Jason, to the boy's amazement, was less imperious when she was around, moderated his sweeping judgments, looked to her from under his heavy brows, apparently for approval or to see that at least he gave no offence—deferred to her more than to any man or woman within the boy's memory. And Jason himself felt the emanation from her of some new power that was beginning to chain his thoughts to her. All that night Mavis was on his mind, and when he woke next morning it was Mavis, Mavis still. She was clear-eyed, calm, reserved when she told him good-by, and once only she smiled. Old Jason had brought out one of his huge pistols, but Mavis took it from his unresisting hands and Jason rode away unarmed. It was just as well, for, as his train started, a horse and a wild youth came plunging down the river bank, splashed across, and with a yell charged up to the station. Through the car-window Jason saw that it was little Aaron, flushed of face and with a pistol in his hand, looking for him. A sudden storm of old instincts burst suddenly within him, and had he been armed he would have swung from the train and settled accounts then and there. As it was, he sat still and was borne away shaken with rage from head to foot.

XLIII

Commencement Day was over. Jason Hawn had made his last speech in college, and his theme was "Kentucky." In all seriousness and innocence he had lashed the commonwealth for lawlessness from mountain-top to river-brim, and his own hills he had flayed mercilessly. In all seriousness and innocence, when he was packing his bag three hours later in "Heaven," he placed his big pistol on top of his clothes so that when the lid was raised the butt of it would be within an inch of his right hand. On his way home he might meet little Aaron on the train, and he did not propose to be at Aaron's mercy again.

While the band played, ushers with canes wrapped with red, white, and blue ribbons had carried him up notes of congratulation, and among them was a card from Marjorie and a bouquet from her own garden. John Burnham's eyes sought his with pride and affection. The old president, handing him his diploma, said words that covered him with happy confusion and brought a cheer from his fellow-students. When he descended from the platform Gray grasped his hand and Marjorie with lips and eyes gave him ingenuous congratulations, as though the things that were between them had never been.

An hour later he drove with John Burnham through soldiers in the streets and past the Gatling-gun out into the country, and was deposited at the mouth of the lane. For the last time he went to the little cottage that had been his mother's home and walked slowly around garden and barn, taking farewell of everything except memories that he could never lose. Across the fields he went once more to Colonel Pendleton's, and there he found Gray radiant, for his father was better,

and the doctor, who was just leaving, said that he might yet get well. And there was little danger now from the night-riders, for the county judge had arranged a system of signals by bonfires through all the country around the town. He had watchers on top of the court-house, soldiers always ready, and motor-cars waiting below to take them to any place of disturbance if a bonfire blazed. So Gray said it was not good-by for long, for when his father was well enough he was coming back to the hills. Again the old colonel wished Jason well and patted him on the arm affectionately when they shook hands, and then Jason started for the twin-house on the hill across the turnpike to tell Marjorie and her mother good-by.

An hour later Gray found Marjorie seated on a grape-vine bench under honeysuckles in her mother's old-fashioned garden, among flowers and bees. Jason had just told her good-by. For the last time he had felt the clasp of her hand, had seen the tears in her eyes, and now he was going for the last time through the fragrant fields —his face set finally for the hills.

"Father is better, the county judge has waked up, and there is no more danger from the night-riders, and so I am going back to the mountains now myself."

"Jason has just gone."

"I know."

"Back to Mavis?"

"I don't know."

Marjorie smiled with faint mischief and grew serious.

"I wonder if you have had the same experience, Gray, that I've had with Mavis and Jason. There was never a time that I did not feel in both a mysterious something that always baffled me—a barrier that I couldn't pass, and knew I never could pass. I've felt it with Mavis, even when we were together in my own room late at night, talking our hearts to each other."

"I know—I've felt the same thing in Jason always."

"What is it?"

"I've heard John Burnham say it's a reserve, a reticence that all primitive people have, especially mountaineers; a sort of Indian-like stoicism, but less than the Indian's because the influences that produce it—isolation, loneliness, companionship with primitive wilds—have been a shorter while at work."

"That's what attracted me," said Marjorie frankly, "and I couldn't help always trying to break it down—but I never did. Was—was that what attracted you?" she asked naïvely.

"I don't know—but I felt it."

"And did you try to break it down?"

"No; it broke me down."

"Ah!" Marjorie looked very thoughtful for a moment. They were getting perilously near the old theme now, and Gray was getting grim and Marjorie petulant.

And then suddenly:

"Gray, did you ever ask Mavis to marry you?"

Gray reddened furiously and turned his face away.

"Yes," he said firmly. When he looked around again a hostile right shoulder was pointing at him, and over the other shoulder the girl was gazing at—he knew not what.

"Marjorie, you oughtn't to have asked me that. I can't explain very well. I—" He stumbled and stopped, for the girl had turned astonished eyes upon him.

"Explain what?" she asked with demure wonder. "It's all right. I came near asking Jason to marry me."

"Marjorie!" exploded Gray.

"Well!"

A negro boy burst down the path, panting:

"Miss Marjorie, yo' mother says you an' Mr. Gray got to come right away."

Both sprang to their feet, Gray white and Marjorie's mischievous face all quick remorse and tenderness. Together they went swiftly up the walk and out to the stile where Gray's horse and buggy were hitched, and without a word Marjorie, bareheaded as she was, climbed into the buggy and they silently sped through the fields.

Mrs. Pendleton met them at the door, her face white and her hands clinched tightly in front of her. Speechless with distress, she motioned them toward the door of the sick-room, and when the old colonel saw them coming together, his tired eyes showed such a leap of happiness that Gray, knowing that he misunderstood, had not the heart to undeceive him, and he looked helplessly to Marjorie.

But that extraordinary young woman's own eyes answered the glad light in the colonel's, and taking bewildered Gray by the hand she dropped with him on one knee by the bedside.

"Yes, Uncle Bob," Gray heard her say tenderly, "Gray's not going back to the mountains. He's going to stay here with us, for you and I need him."

The old man laid a hand on the bright head of each, his eyes lighting with the happiness of his life's wish fulfilled, and chokingly he murmured:

"My children—Gray—Marjorie." And then his eyes rose above them to the woman who had glided in like a shadow. "Mary—look here."

She nodded, smiling tenderly, and Gray felt Marjorie rising to her feet.

"Call us, mother," she whispered.

Both saw her kneel, and then they were alone in the big hallway, and Gray, still dazed, was looking into Marjorie's eyes.

"Marjorie—Marjorie—do you——"

Her answer was a rush into his outstretched arms, and, locked fast, they stood heart to heart until the door opened behind them. Again hand in hand they kneeled side by side with the mother. The colonel's eyes dimmed suddenly with the coming darkness, the smiling, pallid lips moved, and both leaned close to hear.

"Gray—Marjorie—Mary." His last glance turned from them to her, rested there, and then came the last whisper:

"Our children."

XLIV

Jason did not meet young Aaron on the train, though as he neared the county-seat he kept a close watch, whenever the train stopped at a station, on both doors of his car, with his bag on the seat in front of him unbuckled and unlocked. At the last station was one Honeycutt lounging about, but plainly evasive of him. There was a little group of Hawns about the Hawn store and hotel, and more Honeycutts and Hawns on the other side of the street farther down, but little Aaron did not appear. It seemed, as he learned a few minutes later, that both factions were in town for the meeting between Aaron and him, and later still he learned that young Honeycutt loped into town after Jason had started up the river and was much badgered about his late arrival. At the forks of the road Jason turned toward the mines, for he had been casually told by Arch Hawn that he would find his mother up that way. The old circuit-rider's wife threw her arms around the boy when he came to her porch, and she smiled significantly when she told him that his mother had walked over the spur that morning to take a look at her old home, and that Mavis had gone with her.

Jason slowly climbed the spur. To his surprise he saw a spiral of smoke ascending on the other side, just where he once used to see it, but he did not hurry, for it might be coming from a miner's cabin that had been built near the old place. On top of the spur, however, he stopped—bewildered. That smoke was coming out of his mother's old chimney. There was a fence around the yard which was clear of weeds. The barn was rebuilt, there was a cow browsing near it, and near her were three or four busily rooting pigs. And stringing beans on the porch were his mother—and Mavis Hawn. Jason shouted his bewilderment, and the two women lifted their eyes. A high, shrill, glad answer came from his mother, who rose to meet him, but Mavis sat where she was, with idle hands.

"Mammy!" cried Jason, for there was a rich color in the pallid face he had last seen, she looked years younger, and she was smiling. It was all the doing of Arch Hawn—a generous impulse or an act of justice long deferred.

"Why, Jason!" said his mother. "Arch is a-goin' to gimme back the farm fer my use as long as I live."

And Mavis had left the old circuit-rider and come to live with her. The girl looked quiet, placid, content—only, for a moment, she sank the deep lights of her eyes deep into his and the scrutiny seemed to bring her peace, for she drew a long breath and at him her eyes smiled. There was more when later Mavis had strolled down toward the barn to leave the two alone.

"Is Mavis goin' to live with you all the time?"

"Hit looks like hit—she brought over ever'thing she has."

The mother smiled suddenly, looked to see that the girl was out of sight, and then

led the way into the house and up into the attic, where she reached behind the rafters.

"Look hyeh," she said, and she pulled into sight the fishing-pole and the old bow and arrow that Jason had given Mavis years and years ago.

"She fotched 'em over when I wasn't hyeh an' *hid* 'em."

Slyly the mother watched her son's face, and though Jason said nothing she got her reward when she saw him color faintly. She was too wise to say anything more herself, nor did she show any consciousness when the three were together in the porch, nor make any move to leave them alone. The two women went to their work again, and while Mavis asked nothing the mother plied Jason with questions about Colonel and Mrs. Pendleton and Marjorie and Gray, and had him tell about his graduating speech and Commencement Day. The girl listened eagerly, though all the time her eyes were fixed on her busy fingers, and when Jason told that Gray would most likely come back to the hills, now that his father would get well, she did not even lift her eyes and her face was calm as a star.

A little later Jason started back over to the mines. From the corner of the yard he saw the path he used to follow when he was digging for his big seam of coal. He passed his trysting-place with Mavis on top of the spur, walled in now, as then, with laurel and rhododendron. Again he felt the same pang of sympathy when he saw her own cabin on the other side, tenanted now by negro miners. Together their feet had beat every road, foot-path, trail, the rocky bed of every little creek that interlaced in the great green cup of the hills about him. So that all that day he walked with memories and Mavis Hawn; all that day it was good to think that his mother's home was hers, that he would find her there when his day's work was done, and that she would be lonesome no more. And it was a comfort when he went down the spur before sunset to see her in the porch, to get her smile of welcome that for all her calm sense of power seemed shy, to see her moving around the house, helping his mother in the kitchen and, after the old way, waiting on him at the table. Jason slept in the loft of his childhood that night, and again he pulled out the old bow and arrow, handling them gently and looking at them long. From his bed he could look through the same little window out on the night. The trees were full-leafed and as still as though sculptured from the hill of broken shadows and flecks of moonlight that had paled on their way through thin mists just rising. From the tree tops came the high vibrant whir of toads, the calls of katydids were echoing through forest aisles, and from the ground crickets chirped modestly upward. The peace and freshness and wildness of it all! Ah, God, it was good to be home again.

XLV

NEXT day Jason carried over to Mavis and his mother the news of the death of Colonel Pendleton, and while Mavis was shocked she asked no question about Gray. The next day a letter arrived from Gray saying he would not come back to the hills—and again Mavis was silent. A week later Jason was made assistant superintendent in Gray's place by the president of Morton Sander's coal company, and this Jason knew was Gray's doing. He had refused to accept the stock Gray had offered him, and Gray was thus doing his best for him in another way. Moreover, Jason was to be quartered in Gray's place at the superintendent's little cottage, far up the ravine in which the boy had unearthed the great seam of coal, a cottage that had been built under Gray's personal supervision and with a free rein, for it must have a visitors' room for any officer or stockholder who might come that way, a sitting-room with a wood fireplace, and Colonel Pendleton meant, moreover, that his son should have all the comfort possible. Jason dropped on the little veranda under a canopy of moon-flowers, exultant but quite overcome. How glad and proud his mother would be—and Mavis. While he sat there Arch Hawn rode by, his face lighted up with a humorous knowing smile.

"How about it?" he shouted.

"D'you have anything to do with this?"

"Oh, just a leetle."

"Well, you won't be sorry."

"Course not. What'd I tell ye, son? You go in now an' *dig* it out. And say, Jason—" He pulled his horse in and spoke

seriously: "Keep away from town till little Aaron gets over his spree. You don't know it, but that boy is a fine feller when he's sober. Don't you shoot first now. So long."

The next day Jason ran upon Babe Honeycutt shambling up the creek. Babe was fearless and cordial, and Jason had easily guessed why.

"Babe, my mammy told you something."

The giant hesitated, started to lie, but nodded assent.

"You haven't told anybody else?"

"Nary a livin' soul."

"Well, don't."

Babe shuffled on, stopped, called Jason, and came back close enough to whisper:

"I had all I could do yestiddy to keep little Aaron from comin' up hyeh to the mines to look for ye."

Then he shuffled away. Jason began to get angry now. He had no intention of shooting first or shooting at all except to save his own life, but he went straightway over the spur to get his pistol. Mavis saw him buckling it on, he explained why, and the girl sadly nodded assent.

Jason flung himself into his work now with prodigous energy. He never went to the county-seat, was never seen on the river road on the Honeycutt side of the ancient dead-line, and the tale-bearer son each side proceeded to get busy again. The Hawns heard that Jason had fled from little Aaron the morning Jason had gone back for his commencement in the blue-grass. The Honeycutts heard that Aaron had been afraid to meet Jason when he returned to the county-seat. Old Jason and old Aaron were each cautioning his grandson to put an end to the folly, and each was warning his business representative in town with commercial annihilation if he should be discovered trying to bring on the feud again. On the first county-court day Jason had to go to court, and the meeting came. The town was full with members of both factions, armed and ready for trouble. Jason had ridden ahead of his grandfather that morning, and little Aaron had ridden ahead of his. Jason reached town first, and there was a stir in the Honeycutt hotel and store. Half an hour later there was a stir among the Hawns, for little Aaron rode by. A few minutes later Aaron came toward the Hawn store, in the middle of the street, swaggering. Jason happened at that moment to be crossing the same street, and a Hawn shouted warning.

Jason looked up and saw Aaron coming. He stopped, turned, and waited until Aaron reached for his gun. Then his own flashed, and the two reports sounded as one. One black lock was clipped from Jason's right temple, and a little patch flew from the left shoulder of Aaron's coat. To Jason's surprise Aaron lowered his weapon and began working at it savagely with both hands, and while Jason waited Aaron looked up.

"Shoot ahead," he said sullenly, "it's a new gun and it won't work."

But no shot came, and Aaron looked up again, mystified and glaring, but Jason was smiling and walking toward him.

"Aaron, there are two or three trifling fellows on our side who hate you and are afraid of you. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, the same thing is true about me of two or three men on your side, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"They've been carrying tales from one side to the other. I've never said anything against you."

Aaron, genuinely disbelieving, stared questioningly for a moment—and believed.

"I've never said anything against you, either."

"I believe you. Well, do you see any reason why we should be shooting each other down to oblige a few cowards?"

"No, by God, I don't."

"Well, I don't want to die and I don't believe you do. There are a lot of things I want to do and a lot that you want to do. We want to help our own people and our own mountains all we can, and the best thing we can do for them and for ourselves is to stop this feud."

"It's the God's truth," said Aaron solemnly, but looking still a little incredulous.

"You and I can do it."

"You bet we can!"

"Let's do it. Shake hands."

And thus, while the amazed factions looked on, the two modern young mountaineers, eye to eye and hand gripping hand, pledged death to the long warfare

between their clans and a deathless friendship between themselves. And a little later a group of lounging Hawns and Honeycutts in the porches of the two ancient hostile hotels saw the two riding out of town side by side, unarmed, and on their way to bring old Aaron and old Jason together and make peace between them.

The coincidence was curious, but old Aaron, who had started for town, met old Jason coming out of a ravine only a mile from town, for old Jason, with a sudden twitch of memory, had turned to go up a hollow where lived a Hawn he wanted to see and was coming back to the main road again. Both were dim-sighted, both wore spectacles, both of their old nags were going at a walk, making no noise in the deep sand, and only when both horses stopped did either ancient peer forward and see the other.

"Well, by God," quavered both in the same voice. And each then forgot his mission of peace, and began to climb, grunting, from his horse, and each hitching it to the fence.

"This is the fust time in five year, Jason Hawn, you an' me come together, an' you know whut I swore I'd do," cackled old Aaron.

Old Jason's voice was still deep.

"Well, you've got yo' chance now, you old bag o' bones! Them two boys o' ours air all right, but thar hain't no manhood left in this heyh war o' ours. Hit's just a question of which hired feller gits the man who hired the other feller. We'll fight the ole way. You hain't got a knife—now?"

"Damn yo' hide!" cried old Aaron. "Do you reckon I need hit agin you?" He reached in his pocket and tossed the curved-bladed weapon into the bushes.

"Well," mumbled old Jason, "I can whoop you, fist an' skull, right now, just as I allers have done."

Both were stumbling back into the road now.

"You air just as big a liar as ever, Jase, an' I'm goin' to prove it."

And then the two tottering old giants squared off, their big, knotted, heavily veined fists revolving around each other in the old-fashioned country way. Old Jason first struck the air, was wheeled around by the force of his own blow, and got old Aaron's fist in the middle of the back. Again the Hawn struck blindly as he turned, and from old Aaron's grunt he knew he had got him in the stomach. Then he felt a fist in his own stomach, and old Aaron cackled triumphantly when he heard the same telltale grunt.

"Oh, yes, dad-blast ye! Come on ag'in, son."

They clinched, and as they broke away a blind sweep from old Jason knocked Aaron's brass-rimmed spectacles from his nose.

They fell far apart, and when old Jason advanced again, peering forward, he saw his enemy silently pawing the air with his back toward him, and he kicked him.

"Here I am, you ole idgit!"

"Stop," shouted old Aaron, "I've lost my specs."

"Whar?"

"I don't know," and as he dropped to his knees old Jason bent, too, to help him find his missing eyes. Then they went at it again—and the same cry came presently from old Jason.

"Stop; I've lost mine!"

And both, being out of breath, sat heavily down in the sand, old Jason feeling blindly with his hands and old Aaron peering about him as far as he could see. And thus young Jason and young Aaron found them, and were utterly mystified until the old men rose creakily and got ready for battle again—when both spurred forward with a shout of joy and threw themselves from their horses.

"Go for him, grandpap!" shouted each, and the two old men turned.

"Uncle Aaron," shouted Jason, "I bet you can lick him!"

"He can't do it, Uncle Jason!" shouted Aaron.

Each old man peered at his own grandson, dumfounded. Neither was armed, both were helpless with laughter, and each was urging on the oldest enemy of his clan against his own grandfather. The face of each old man angered, and then both began to grin sheepishly; for both were too keen-witted not to know immediately that what both really wished for had come to pass.

"Aaron," said old Jason, "the boys have ketched us. I reckon we better call this thing a draw."

"All right," piped old Aaron, "we're a couple o' ole fools anyhow."

So they shook hands. Each grandson helped the other's grandfather laughingly on his horse. The four rode back toward town, and thus old Jason and old Aaron, side by side in front, and young Jason and young Aaron, side by side behind, appeared to the astonished eyes of Hawns and Honeycutts on the main street of the county-seat. Before the Honeycutt store they stopped, and old Aaron called his henchmen into the middle of the street and spoke vigorous words that all the Honeycutts could hear. Then they rode to the Hawn store, and old Jason called his henchmen out and spoke like words that all the Hawns could hear. And each old man ended his discourse with a profane dictum that sounded like the vicious snap of a black-snake whip.

"By God, hit's *got* to stop."

Then turned the four again and rode homeward, and for the first time in their lives old Aaron and young Aaron darkened the door of old Jason's house, and in there the jug went round the four of them, and between the best of the old order and the best of the new, final peace was cemented at last.

Jason reached the mines a little before dusk, and the old circuit-rider lifted his eyes heavenward that his long prayer had been answered at last and the old woman rocked silently back and forth—her old eyes dimmed with tears.

Then Jason hurried over the hill and took to his mother a peace she had not known since her childhood and a joy that she never dreamed would be hers while she lived—that her boy was safe from blood-oaths, a life of watchful terror and constant fear of violent death. In Mavis's eyes was deep content when the moon rose on the three that night. Jason stayed a while after his mother was gone within, and, as they sat silently together, he suddenly took one of her hands in both his own and kissed it, and then he was gone. She watched him, and when his form was lost in the shadows of the trees she lifted that hand to her own lips.

XLVI

Winter came and passed swiftly. Throughout it Jason was on the night shift, and day for him was turned into night. Throughout it Mavis taught her school, and she reached home just about the time Jason was going to work, for school hours are long in the hills. Meanwhile, the railroad crept through the county-seat up the river, and the branch line up the Hawn creek to the mines was ready for it. And just before the junction was made, there was an event up that creek in which Mavis shared proudly, for the work in great part was Jason's. Throughout the winter, coke-ovens had sprung up like great beehives along each side of the creek, and the battery of them was ready for firing. Into each shavings and kindlings were first thrust and then big sticks of wood. Jason tied packing to the end of a pole, saturated it with kerosene, lighted it, and handed it to Mavis. Along the batteries men with similar poles waited for her. The end of the pole was a woolly ball of oily flames, writhing like little snakes when she thrust it into the first oven, and they leaped greedily at the waiting feast and started a tiny gluttonous roar within. With a yell a grinning darky flourished another mass of little flames at the next oven, and down the line the balls of fire flashed in the dusk and disappeared, and Mavis and Jason and his mother stood back and waited. Along came eager men throwing wood and coal into the hungry maws above them. Little black clouds began to belch from them and from the earth packed around, and over them arose white clouds of steam. The swirling smoke swooped down the sides of the batteries and drove the watching three farther back. Flames burst angrily from the oven doors and leaped like yellow lightning up through the belching smoke. Behind them was the odor of the woods, fresh and damp and cool, and the sound of the little creek in its noisy way over rocks and stray fallen timbers. Down from the mines came mules with their drivers, their harness rattling as they trotted past, and from the houses poured women and children to see the first flaming signs of a great industry. And good cheer was in the air like wine, for times were good and work and promise of work a-plenty. Exultant, Jason felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned to find the big superintendent smiling at him.

"You go on the day shift after this," he said. "Go to bed now."

The boy's eyes glistened, for he had been

working for forty-eight hours, and with Mavis and his mother he walked up the hill. At the cottage he went inside and came out with a paper in his hand which he handed to Mavis without a word. Then he went back and with his clothes on fell across the bed.

Mavis walked down the spur with her step-mother home. She knew what it contained, for two days before was the date fixed for the wedding-day of Marjorie and Gray Pendleton, and Gray had written Jason and Marjorie had written her, begging them both to come. By the light of a lamp she read the account, fulsome and feminine, aloud: the line of carriages and motor-cars sweeping from the pike-gate between two rows of softly glowing, gently swinging Japanese lanterns, up to the noble old Southern home gleaming like a fairy palace on the top of a little hill; the gay gathering of the gentlefolk of the State; the aisle made through them by two silken white ribbons and leading to the rose-canopied altar; the coming down that aisle of the radiant bride with her flowers and her bridesmaids with theirs, the eager waiting of the young bridegroom, the bending of two proud, sunny heads close together, and the God-sealed union of their hearts and lives. And then the silent coming of a great gleaming motor-car, the showers of rice, the showering chorus of gay good wishes and good-bys, and then they shot away in the night for some mysterious bourne of the honey-moon. And behind them the dance went on till dawn. The paper dropped in Mavis's lap, and Martha Hawn sighed and rose to get ready for bed.

"My, but some folks is lucky."

On the porch Mavis waited up a while with no envy in her heart. The moon was soaring over the crest of the Cumberland, and somewhere, doubtless, Marjorie and Gray, too, had their eyes lifted toward it. She looked toward the little gap in the western hills. Gray's star had gone down.

"I'm so glad they're happy," she whispered.

The moon darkened just then, and beyond and over the dark spur flashed a new light in the sky that ran up the mounting clouds like climbing roses of flame. The girl smiled happily. Under it tired Jason was asleep, but the light up there was the work of his hands below, and it hung in the heavens like a pillar of fire.

XLVII

Sitting on the porch next morning, Mavis and Martha Hawn saw Jason come striding down the spur.

"I'm taking a holiday to-day," he said, and there was a light in his eyes and a quizzical smile on his face that puzzled Mavis, but the mother was quick to understand. It was Saturday, a holiday, too, for Mavis, and a long one, for her school had just closed that her children might do planting in the fields. Without a word, but still smiling to himself, Jason went out on the back porch, got a hoe, and disappeared behind the garden fence. He came back presently with a tin can in his hands and held it out to Mavis.

"Let's go fishing," he said.

While Mavis hesitated, the mother, with an inward chuckle, went within and emerged with the bow and arrow and the old fishing-pole.

"Mebbe you'll need 'em," she said dryly.

Mavis turned scarlet and Jason, pretending bewilderment, laughed happily.

"That's just what we do need," he said, with no further surprise, no question as to how those old relics of their childhood happened to be there. His mother's diplomacy was crude, but he was grateful for it, and he smiled at her understandingly.

So, like two children again, they set off as long ago over the spur, down the branch, across the road below the mines, and down into the deep bowl, filled to the brim with bush and tree, and to where the same deep pool lay in deep shadows asleep—Jason striding ahead and Mavis his obedient shadow once more—only this time Jason would look back every now and then and smile. Nor did he drop her pole on the ground and turn ungallantly to his bow and arrow, but unwound the line, baited her hook, cast it, and handed her the pole. As of yore, he strung his bow, which was a ridiculous plaything in his hands now, and he peered as of yore into every sunlit depth, but he turned every little while to look at the quiet figure on the bank, not squatted with child-

ish abandon, but seated, as a maiden should, with her skirts drawn decorously around her pretty ankles. And all the while she felt him looking, and her face turned into lovely rose, though her shining eyes never left the pool that mirrored her below. Only her squeal was the same when, as of yore, she flopped a glistening chub on the bank, and another and another. Nor did he tell her she was "skeerin' the big uns" and set her to work like a little slave, but unhooked each fish and put on another worm. And only was Jason little Jason once more when at last he saw the waving outlines of an unwary bass in the depths below. Again Mavis saw him crouch, saw again the arrow drawn to his actually paling cheek, heard again the rushing hiss through the air and the burning hiss into the water, and saw a bass leap from the convulsed surface. Only this time there was no headless arrow left afloat, for, with a boyish yell, Jason dragged his squirming captive in. This time Jason gathered the twigs and built the fire and helped to clean the fish. And when all was ready, who should step forth with a loud laugh of triumph from the bushes but the same giant—Babe Honeycutt!

"I seed you two comin' down hyeh," he shouted. "Hit reminded me o' ole times. I been settin' thar in the bushes an' the smell o' them fish mighty nigh drove me crazy. An' this time, by the jumpin' Jehosiphat, I'm a-goin' to have my share."

Babe did take his share, and over his pipe grew reminiscent.

"I'm mighty glad you didn't git me that day, Jason," he said, with another laugh, "an' I reckon you air, too, now that——"

He stopped in confusion, for Jason had darted him a warning glance. So confused was he, indeed, that he began to feel suddenly very much in the way, and he rose quickly, and with a knowing look from one to the other melted with a loud laugh into the bushes again.

"Now, wasn't that curious?" said Jason, and Mavis nodded silently.

All the time they had been drifting along the backward current of memories, and perhaps it was that current that bore them unconsciously along when they rose, for unconsciously Jason went on toward the river, until once more they stood on the little knoll whence they had seen Gray and Marjorie ride through the arched opening of the trees. Hitherto speech had been as sparse between them as it had been that long-ago day, but here they looked suddenly into each other's eyes, and each knew the other's thought.

"Are you sorry, Mavis?"

She flushed a little.

"Not now;" and then shyly, "Are you?"

"Not now," repeated Jason.

Back they went again, lapsing once more into silence, until they came again to the point where they had started to part that day, and Mavis's fear had led him to take her down the dark ravine to her home. The spirals of smoke were even rising on either side of the spur from Jason's cottage and his mother's home, and both high above were melting into each other and into the drowsy haze that veiled the face of the mountain. Jason turned quickly, and the subdued fire in his eyes made the girl's face burn and her eyes droop.

"Mavis," he said huskily, "do you remember what I said that day right here?"

And then suddenly the woman became the brave.

"Yes, Jasie," she said, meeting his eyes unflinchingly now; and with a throb of desire to end his doubt and suffering quickly: "And I remember what we both *did*—once."

She looked down toward the old circuit-rider's house at the forks of the road, and Jason's hand and lip trembled and his face was transfigured with unbelievable happiness.

"Why, Mavis—I thought you—Gray—Mavis, will you, will you?"

"Poor Jasie," she said, and almost as a mother to a child who had long suffered she gently put both arms around his neck, and as his arms crushed her to him lifted her mouth to meet his.

Two hours it took Jason to go to town and back, galloping all the way. And then at sunset they walked together through the old circuit-rider's gate and to the porch, and stood before the old man hand in hand.

"Me an' Mavis hyeh want to git married," said Jason with a jesting smile, and the old man's memory was as quick as his humor.

"Have ye got a license?" he asked with a serious pursing of his lips. "You got to have a license, an' hit costs two dollars, an' you got to be a man."

Jason smilingly pulled a paper from his pocket, and Mavis interrupted:

"He's *my* man."

"Well, he will be in a minute—come in hyeh."

The old circuit-rider's wife met them at the door and hugged them both, and when they came out on the porch again there was Jason's mother hurrying down the spur and calling to them with a half-tearful laugh of triumph:

"I knowed it—oh, I knowed it."

The news spread swiftly. Within half an hour the big superintendent was tumbling his things from the cottage into the road, for his own family was coming, he explained to Jason's mother, and he needed a larger house anyway. And so Babe Honeycutt swung twice down the spur on the other side and up again with Mavis's worldly goods on his great shoulders, while inside the cottage Martha Hawn and the old circuit-rider's wife were as joyously busy as bees. On his last trip Mavis and Jason followed, and on top of the spur Babe stopped, cocked his ear, and listened. Coming on a slow breeze up the ravine from the river far below was the long mellow blast of a horn.

"'I God," laughed Babe triumphantly, "ole Jason's already heerd it."

And, indeed, within half an hour word came that the old man must have the infare at his house that night, and already to all who could hear he had blown welcome on the wind.

So, at dusk, when Jason, on the circuit-rider's old nag, rode through camp with Mavis on a pillion behind, in laughing acceptance of the old pioneer custom, women and children waved at them from door-ways and the miners swung their hats and cheered them as they passed. There was an old-fashioned gathering at the old Hawn home that night. Old Aaron and young Aaron and many Honeycutts were there; the house was thronged, fiddles played old tunes for nimble feet, and Hawns and Honeycutts ate and drank and made merry until the morning sun fanned its flames above the sombre hills.

But before midnight Jason and Mavis fared forth pillion fashion again. Only, Jason, too, rode sidewise every now and then, that he might clasp her with one arm and kiss her again and again under the smiling old moon. Through the lights and noise of the mighty industry that he would direct, they passed and climbed on.

Soon only lights showed that their grimy little working world was below. Soon they stood on the porch of their own little house. To them there the mighty on-sweeping hills sent back their own peace, God-guarded and never to be menaced by the hand of man. And there, clasped in each other's arms, their spirits rushed together, and, with the spiral of smoke from their own hearth-stones, went upward.

XLVIII

GENTLY that following midsummer the old president's crutch thumped the sidewalk leading to the college. Between the pillars of the gateway he paused, lifted his undimmed keen blue eyes, and more gently still the crutch thumped on the gravelled road as he passed slowly on under the trees. When he faced the first deserted building he stopped quite still. The campus was deserted and the buildings were as silent as tombs. That loneliness he had known many, many years; but there was a poignant sorrow in it now that was never there before, for only that morning he had turned over the reins of power into a pair of younger hands. The young men and young women would come again, but now they would be his no longer. There would be the same eager faces, dancing eyes, swift coming and going, but not for him. The same cries of greeting, the tramp of many feet, shouts from the playgrounds—but not for his ears. The same struggle for supremacy in the class-room—but not for his favor and his rewarding hand. That hand had all but upraised each building, brick by brick and stone by stone. He had started alone, he had fought alone, and in spite of his Scotch shrewdness, business sagacity, indomitable pluck and patience, and a nation-wide fame for scholarship, the fight had been hard and long. He had won, but the work was yet unfinished, and it was his no longer. For a little while he

stood there, and John Burnham, coming from his class-room with a little bag of books, saw the still figure on crutches and paused noiselessly on the steps. He saw the old scholar's sensitive mouth quiver and his thin face wrenched with pain, and he guessed the tragedy of farewell that was taking place. He saw the old president turn suddenly, limp toward the willow trees, and Burnham knew that he could not bear at that moment to pass between those empty beloved halls. And Burnham watched him move under the willows along the edge of the quiet pond, watched him slowly climbing a little hill on the other side of the campus, and then saw him wearily pass through his own gate—home. He wished that the old scholar could know how much better he had builded than he knew; could know what an exchange and clearing-house that group of homely buildings was for the human wealth of the State. And he wondered if in the old thoroughbred's heart was the comfort that his spirit would live on and on to help mould the lives of generations unborn, who might perhaps never hear his name.

There was a youthful glad light in John Burnham's face when he turned his back on the deserted college, for he, too, was on his way at last to the hills—and Saint Hilda. As he swept through the blue-grass he almost smiled upon the passing fields. The betterment of the tobacco troubles was sure to come, and only that summer the farmer was beginning to realize that in the end the seed of his blue-grass would bring him a better return than the leaf of his troublesome weed-king. There were groaning harvests that summer and herds of sheep and hogs and fat cattle. There was plenty of wheat and rye and oats and barley and corn yet coming out of the earth, and as woodland after woodland reeled past his window he realized that the trees were not yet all gone. Perhaps after all his beloved Kentucky would come back to her own, and there was peace in his grateful heart.

Two nights later, sitting on the porch of her little log cabin, he told Saint Hilda about Gray and Marjorie, as she told him about Mavis and Jason Hawn. Gray and Jason had gone back,—each to his own,—having learned at last what Mavis and Marjorie without learning already knew, that duty is to others rather than self, to life rather than love. But John Burnham now knew that in the dreams of each girl another image would live always; just as always Jason would see another's eyes misty with tears for him and feel the comforting clutch of a little hand, while in Gray's heart a woodthrush would sing forever.

And, looking far ahead, both could see strong young men hurrying up from the laggard blue-grass into the lagging hills and strong young men hurrying down from them, and could hear the heart of the hills beating as one with the heart of the blue-grass, and both beating as one with the heart of the world.

The End

WINTER FLOWERS

By Ruth Draper

So she stepped into her garden through the snow.
Though the cold wind blew without, there found she rest,
And sun, and warmth; and as she passed each row,
She plucked for him the blossoms—all her best.

For she plucked them from the garden in her heart,
Where they grow in spite of storm and stress and fears,
And their colors are her glances and her smiles,
And the dew-drops sparkling on them are her tears.

MADAME ROBIN

By Perceval Gibbon

Illustrations by N. C. Wyeth

FROM her little café among the palms of El Metallef, Madame Robin was writing a letter to her daughter at school in France. She had carried the materials of correspondence to the open front of the café, where the late afternoon light was best, and sat now at one of her small tables, laboring to devise an epistle which should possess the genteel flavor due to a young lady whose education was proceeding at an expensive convent. When she raised her eyes, shadowed with meditation, she looked forth between the slender trunks of the palms to the town of tents which housed the French troops on that unstable frontier of civilization, and beyond them to the tumbled sand-hills which fringe the Sahara. Behind her, at the back of the room, Jana, the stumpy black handmaid of the establishment, was squatted drowsily against the wall beside the coffee-brazier.

Madame's brows were clinched as if in effort as she bent above her note-paper; it is not easy to be reserved and judicious when one's impulse is to write "my darling, my little one," all down the page; but she was accustomed to subdue her impulses. She was a woman of forty or thereabouts, large and strong-bodied, with a serious, worn, capable face, and the manner of easy dignity which is part of a Frenchwoman's equipment. She had the repose and adequacy which are the *cachet* of those at home in their world, who neither fear it nor despise it. Her neat brown hair matched her quiet brown eyes, and the suns of north Africa, endured in a score of camps, had likewise touched her face with brown.

"I desire you," she wrote carefully, "in all things to take Madame the Superior for your guide. She is, of course, a good woman, a saint; that goes without saying; and before she retired from the world she was a countess. Therefore you cannot do better than seek her advice about your religious doubts and also about the new frocks."

The sound of footsteps gritting on the dry earth made her look up; her leisure was about to be interrupted by customers. Two men were approaching the café from opposite directions. Upon the first, a bearded, sallow white man, she cast a brief, indifferent glance; he was shabby, commonplace, and a stranger, and black Jana would minister to him. She saw the gleam of his sidelong eyes under his hat as he entered resting on her in sharp scrutiny, and turned her back to bestow her little formal bow of greeting upon the other arrival, a tall Arab, white-clad and magnificent, who came stalking through the palms like the ghost of a king. In Africa one accepts what friends one can find, and this was a friend dating from those early days when madame, newly abandoned by her husband, began her lone-hand struggle for a livelihood. She even rose and went herself to fetch his coffee and cigarettes.

The Arab murmured a word of thanks in French as she poured the thick, treacly coffee into the tiny cup before him. At the other side of the room the shabby stranger moved in his chair to watch the pair of them past Jana's thick black elbow.

"I thought," observed madame, lingering to make conversation in her best professional manner, "I thought you had already departed to the south."

"I go to-morrow," replied the Arab.

"You have a large party?" inquired madame politely.

"Thirteen camels only," said the Arab. He lit a cigarette from the blue packet she had brought him. "But I am to meet a caravan at the wells and thence we travel on to Timbuctoo."

"A long journey," said madame, and glanced out through the shadow-fret of the trees to the yellow, broken shores of

the great desert, the dead and empty heart of Africa. She sighed upon a sudden turn of thought. "Ah! If I were to travel, it is not south I would go. No!"

The Arab's thin, lofty face softened to a smile of sympathy and understanding as he looked up at her.

"You have had a letter—yes?—from the little daughter in France?" he asked.

Madame shrugged. "A letter, it is true!" she answered. "But consider, monsieur; she is now sixteen years old, and it is fourteen years since I have seen her."

Resignation as well as rebellion—those main constituents of the French temperament—were in her tone and gesture. The Arab nodded understandingly. From his place at the farther side of the café, the shabby stranger, with coffee and brandy before him on the table, looked on with furtive intentness.

"Ah, well!" sighed madame, as though to dismiss a matter which no talking could mend, and carried the long-handled copper pot back to its place.

Seated again at her table, she was slow to resume her interrupted letter. She sat with her brown, serious face propped on her hand, gazing forth through the colonnade of palms to the sunshine beyond. Her own words had touched to life memories she was used to avoid. But fourteen years! That gives to think. While the Arab, majestic in all his attitudes, smoked dreamily over his coffee-cup, and the stranger sipped his brandy and stared at her still profile, she took account of that elapsed term of her life.

At the beginning of it there had been a husband, a small shopkeeper in Algiers. Concerning him she remembered most poignantly the night when he had not come home. It was early in the evening when he went out, wearing his best clothes, and turned in the door-way to give her a nod of casual farewell. Her baby was ailing, so that she lay awake most of the night, wondering through the nervous hours at his lateness. She saw the dawn lighten through the blind of her window and heard the street wake for the day, and still he came not. He never came again. With that nod at the door, he had taken leave of his debts, his record, and his family, and vanished into the intricacy of the world.

"He did not even kiss the child," the deserted wife said when she knew the truth. And upon that epitaph the incident of her married life closed.

The outcries of her husband's defrauded creditors and the dispersion of the few assets he had left went on over her head; she had the child to support and wasted thought on nothing else. It was yet a baby, barely two years old, a tiny, demure armful of life with very soft fair hair and a little mouth that drooped as though it knew sadness. They made a gentle and pretty picture, the big young mother with the baby carried so easily on her arm; in those days Madame Robin had still a certain softness and allurement. She was strong also, and too young for despair; she set about gaining a livelihood vigorously, and there was a while when the pair of them were happy. Her muscles, her energy, and her honesty were at the service of any one who would pay for them; she would drive black servants or do their work; she would wash, she would sew, she would scrub. She had a single room in a dark house in the old town, and while she was at work a yellow woman in the same house gave perfunctory care to the child. The good hours were those when she returned at the day's end, often weary and stiff with her toil, and the door of her room shut out a world where women who are mothers may also be beasts of burden, and she was alone with her baby.

Small matters make the joy of the poor; but her joy was brief. There came that hot, airless evening when she was met at the door of the house by the yellow woman who had explanations to make.

"It is not my fault," she gabbled. She was fat, and, as she shrugged, her insufficient garment slipped off one bulging shoulder. "Naturally, I cannot stay in all day; for two francs a week, it is not to be expected. I go out, therefore, to see my sister, and when I return, the little one—well, perhaps it is the heat."

"Let me pass," cried Madame Robin.

"But listen. It is, of course, not my fault. For two francs a week——"

Madame Robin heard no more. Her elbow removed the yellow woman from her path and she was racing up the dirty stone stairs with terror in her heart.

In the yellow woman's hot room, where vague smells were forever discernible, the



From his place at the farther side of the café, the shabby stranger looked on with furtive intentness.
—Page 335.

child was lying on the unmade bed staring up at the ceiling. When Madame Robin bent over it it still stared, with no sign of recognizing her. The tiny face had a faint flush, the small mouth drooped, the forehead was hot to the hand; but what agonized the mother was some hint, some vague and shadowy suggestion of remoteness, as though her baby, since she had seen her last, had suffered and was changed by suffering. She hung over the bed, calling the child gently by name; the solemn baby eyes remained empty and unresponsive.

The fat yellow woman had followed her up the stairs and now entered at her back.

"To strike a friend in the stomach just because one is in a hurry—it is not amiable," she was complaining. "For two francs a week, that is not fair."

Madame Robin turned to her desperately.

"Have you seen a child like this before?" she asked. "Do you know what it is?"

The yellow woman came to the bedside, still muttering aggrievedly, and looked down on the sick child.



While the Arab, majestic in all his attitudes, smoked dreamily over his coffee-cup.—Page 335.

"She was like that when I returned from visiting my sister," she said. "If only it is not cholera!"

Madame Robin, bent over the bed, turned toward her a face which made the foolish fat creature step back; it was as if a beast-mother had turned at bay to fight for the life of its young.

"It is not my fault!" she babbled fearfully.

The house of the only doctor Madame Robin knew of stood in a garden, fenced by a hedge of prickly pear, and as she approached it, carrying her child in her arms, its windows were brilliant with lights. She waited in the darkness and odorous sweetness of the garden for the door to be opened to her knock, and was aware that within the house some one was singing.

The man who opened the door was short with her. "The doctor is not at home tonight," he said, and would have closed it again but that she pressed forward urgently.

"But my child is ill," she cried. "Perhaps it is—dying. Monsieur, I must see

the doctor." As she spoke, the music ceased and there was a noise of applause.

"But I tell you the doctor is not at home," retorted the man angrily. "And now there is another who comes," he said, looking past her to the rustling garden. He shut the door in her face.

Madame Robin, stupefied, desperate, was only aware of the other visitor when he stood beside her. He was seen then as a tall man in the white clothes of an Arab, with a staff in his hand. He looked down upon her as she hesitated.

"There is trouble?" he asked at last in French.

"My child is ill," she answered, "and the doctor has gone out."

From the interior of the house there began another song, the words indistinguishable, the voice sweet and rich.

"He has not gone far, I think," said the Arab. He lifted his staff and commenced a thunderous drum on the door that cut the song off short. The door opened swiftly and the man who had spoken to Madame Robin appeared again.

"Hey! What is this, then?" he cried.

"Enter, madame," said the Arab to the mother, and stood aside against the open door to let her pass in. The man-servant with his mean, impotent face stared and was helpless before his manner of grave power. It was as though swollen and consequential things were suddenly reduced to due proportions—a servant became one who serves, a doctor one who doctors, an entrance a place one enters by. Madame Robin, with her silent child at her bosom, had a momentary sense of being protected and guarded, which was strange to her and very comforting.

Then there was the doctor, in evening clothes, with white gloves on, fussing into the room where they waited.

"Here are two people whom your servant invites to die on your door-step," said the Arab gravely.

The doctor grunted; he was not disposed to discuss that matter. "What is the matter with you?" he demanded. "You are wounded?"

Madame Robin, with every faculty centred on the child in her arms, had not seen that the Arab's white garments were liberally stained with red about the left side. A man who insists upon his own way in the old town of Algiers may quickly have need of a doctor. But the Arab waved the doctor from him.

"Madame's affair is pressing," he said.

There is magic in the craft of a healer. The doctor was big-bellied, a frothy, ridiculous little man in his festive garments and white gloves; one would not have trusted him with any commonplace affair. But a life more precious than one's own—that is another matter. He bent over the child, frowning thoughtfully, and was at once mighty, the confidant of the powers of life and death.

"It—it is not cholera?" ventured Madame Robin fearfully.

"Cholera—nonsense!" he snorted at her. "Do not be a fool!" And she felt that her heart bounded in relief and gladness.

He gave her a prescription and various orders, and took her address that he might call and see the baby again next day. Then, while she put the child's clothes in order, he attended to the Arab in a far corner of the room.

She thought it not civil to look at what went on, but listened with averted head to the swish of a sponge in a basin and the doctor's grunts of disapproval as he bound up a knife wound. Then there was whispering and a chink of coins, and she roused herself to get at her pocket where she had nine francs.

"There is nothing—there is nothing," said the doctor. "Monsieur here has arranged all that."

She would have thanked the Arab; she had never taken charity in her life, but a mother can make light of little humiliations—and of great ones, too, when there is need; but he stood so royally impassive, with so lofty a tranquillity of countenance, as though in contempt for such trifles as coins, that she could only murmur vaguely.

That was her first meeting with the Arab who now sat smoking dreamily at her back. Since then she had encountered him here and there in the shifting arena of her days, while she learned the art of living and earning money. By train from the north, by camel from the south, he would turn up, pause for a civil word, and vanish again upon the endless roads of Africa. There existed between



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"Enter, madame," said the Arab to the mother, and stood aside against the open door to let her pass in.—Page 338.

them a relationship of a kind which people of a more formal civilization are apt to miss, that of mere mutual humanity. In all the fourteen years of their acquaintance there had passed between them no word of emotional quality or even of intimacy; they were allies rather than friends.

The shabby stranger, still staring, saw her move so that her hand for a while covered her eyes as she leaned. She was living again in memory that day of wind and heat—wind like a blast from an open furnace door, making the streets smoky with dust and whipping the sea to froth—when she bade farewell to her baby. The child would never do well in Africa, the doctor had decided; it must go to France, to clean air and milder skies; and a returning Sister of Mercy had been found to convey it there. There was a vision of it in the good, ugly Sister's arms, looking over her blue-clad shoulder with solemn, patient eyes and its tiny grieved face.

"I will not fail to send the money for her," Madame Robin assured the Sister over and over again. It was her way of reminding herself that the child was still hers, to labor for, to support, to love, though not to enjoy.

The decks of the steamer were crowded and a drunken man was making a disturbance. There was nowhere a quiet corner where a mother might have her child to herself to shed her torn soul in tears at the parting. It had all been as formal as a piece of business.

"Say adieu to maman," the Sister bade the baby.

"Adieu," lisped the child.

"Adieu," said Madame Robin. "Be very good," while her body quivered with the anguish which no words could express. And when at last she was obliged to go ashore, the Sister at once carried the baby below, out of the wind, and she felt as though her child had been torn from her with rude force and suddenness.

After that, what was there to remember? She had worked; she had cast herself direfully into toil, happy in some measure that from her labor and endurance there distilled a slender result of money that went across the water and maintained the baby. She had been a canteen-keeper, manageress of a small hotel, tobacconist, wine-dealer, female warder in a jail. She had followed at the heels of troops into new wild country; she had seen battle, murder, and sudden death; she was no longer liable to be mistaken as to whether a disease was or was not cholera. And now at last she had a business —two cafés a hundred miles apart; she was known and esteemed by the dusty, hard-disciplined regiments who press forever south; and the little daughter in France, who cost most of her income to maintain delicately and beautifully, never gathered from her letters that for Madame Robin she was all that made life endurable.

The Arab moved in his chair, dropped his cigarette into his coffee-cup, and sighed. Upon these signals of his desire to depart, madame rose and went to take the coin he laid on the table.

"Thank you," she said, with her trained air of having received conspicuous favors. "And it is to-morrow you go? *Bon voyage!*"

"Thank you," said the Arab, and went forth, always majestic and deliberate. Timbuctoo is far from El Metallef, and it must be at least two years before they would meet again, but it occurred to neither of them that this was an occasion for more elaborate farewells.

Madame picked up the empty coffee-cup and carried it to the back of the café for black Jana to wash. She looked perfunctorily at the other customer, who still sat at his table, and noted that his eyes were following her.

"Monsieur desires something?" she inquired, moving toward him.

He did not at once answer, but sat staring at her without disguise. Under the bagginess of his worn clothes he was lean and a little bowed; a square beard hid the lower part of his face and over it the cheeks were high and sallow and the eyes were shallow and mocking. He had the cut of a man whose life had been shaped in towns.

"I did not call," he answered slowly. "But now you are here——"

"Yes?" inquired madame. "More brandy?"

He shook his head, still keeping his eyes on her face. "Actually you do not remember me!" he said. "It is the beard, no doubt, but still——"

"Remember you!" repeated madame. "Why——"

She paused. He had raised his head a little, and the shadow of his hat-brim was removed from his face. The dissipated, tired features suddenly took on an aspect which was familiar to her; it was as if a ghost from the past had risen before her eyes.

"*Tiens!*" said madame. There was a weakness in her legs; she drew out a chair and sat down opposite to him at the little table.

The man smiled. "Yes," he said. "It is difficult to forget a husband—*pas vrai?* And now I will have some more brandy!"

Madame was trying to think. Mechanically she made a sign to Jana to bring a bottle, but her mind was fumbling, groping about this strange emergency. As in all other matters, the daughter in France was the first consideration. How would this touch her?

"It was just in time that I found you," the man was saying, with his glass in his fingers. "If I had made a mistake and you had proved to be some other Madame Robin, I should not have been able to pay for the coffee. It was as bad as that, you see."

He, at any rate, was not surprised or startled. He was at his ease, drinking off his cognac in a gulp and sighing with satisfaction as he set his glass down.

"It is fourteen years since you left me," said madame dazedly. "Where have you been?"

"Oh, in many places," he replied. "Marseilles, Paris, London; I have travelled, I assure you. And now I am back again. I hear you are doing well. That is good, for I have not done well—I—and I am in need of repose and nourishment."

He had a glib fashion of speech; he pattered like a showman or a beggar, and with it he had tricks of manner, an airy cock of the head, a humorous lift of the brows, while all the time his wary eyes were hard and watchful.

"I have had to work very hard," said madame.

"Me also," he replied. "And what have I got for it?"

She considered him anew. "You left me and the little one," she said. "We might have starved. You cannot come now and say simply that you are my husband."

He was pouring out a fresh glass and glanced up at her mockingly. "It *does* seem strange," he agreed, "and yet it is so. You will not drink a little glass with me—no?"

"You—you mean to stay?" she demanded.

He nodded. "For the present."

"For the present?"

"Yes," he said. "Later, perhaps, I shall sell the café and retire. This place does not seem very amusing."

"I see," said madame, and sat back in her chair.

She was a woman of business; she knew how she stood. If his power to seize her property as her husband was not absolute, neither was her right to withhold it. She was caught in a trap; he might yet strip her of all she possessed and vanish again to the streets of Europe.

"You must not sell the business," she said a little breathlessly. He leaned forward to listen to her with quick ironic politeness. "The little one—you have forgotten her, then? She is at school—a convent of the best—in France. She has not suffered; it is I that have suffered for fourteen years to keep her, to make up a *dot* for her. It costs much money, and if you sell the business it brings it all to an end. You shall not do it!"

By the brazier poor stupid Jana looked up in surprise at her tones. The man to whom she spoke frowned reflectively; he was an adroit animal, who had learned in a hard school the unwisdom of pushing a winning game too far. But it was obviously good policy to secure the mastery as soon as possible. He waved an easy hand.

"You excite yourself, my friend," he said. "These are details. We can consider them later."

"No," said madame. "There is nothing to consider. I have not seen her for fourteen years, and when I do see her, at last, it will not be as a girl seeking employment. No—she is not as you and I, you understand! She is a lady—very gentle and fine and tender. Why"—and her voice took on a boastful quality—"I have a bill here for her summer dresses which comes to twelve hundred francs!"



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"Then what are you going to do with me?"—Page 345.

"That is too much," said the man, watching her. "It is more than I can afford."

"Ah!" Madame sat back again, and a dull flush rose in her face. The man wondered if he had gone too far—she took it so quietly. She seemed to turn from a subject which they had exhausted; but in that moment she had seen clear and knew her peril utterly. Her faculties were gathered again to do battle for the one cause that had claimed her through so many years.

"Well," he said, yawning, "I am weary. If I were to lie down on a bed—eh?"

"Why not?" said madame in her pleasant innkeeper's voice.

There was but the one bedroom in the place, her own. He glanced about it with a slightly disparaging air and tossed his hat to a chair.

"It will do," he remarked. "I shall not undress. You will arrange the supper, of course?"

"Of course," agreed madame, still with cheerful civility, and left him to his repose. He smiled through a yawn as the door closed at her back, displaying his gapped yellow teeth like a beast of prey, and turned to make a more particular survey of the room. The only thing that interested him was an enlarged portrait of a young girl which hung upon the wall, the work of some costly photographer in France. It was a three-quarter profile, an effect of fair skin, bent head, and clasped hands—pretty, fragile, virginal. But what gained his attention was the look it had of a girl delicately nurtured, expensively equipped, to whom luxury was native.

"*Tiens!*" he said. "The little one! To look at her one would imagine me a millionaire."

He shook his head in disapproval and dropped back upon madame's bed. In two minutes he was asleep, confiding himself to slumber and defencelessness as tranquilly as though in all the world he were the sole dangerous creature.

It was some hours later when a hand on his shoulder roused him abruptly, and he started up on his elbow to find the room lamp-lit and full of people. It was Jana who had shaken him, and her meaningless black mask, with its ivory grin, was close to his face. Behind her madame, decorous in her plain black dress, held the lamp; and there were also the tall Arab he had seen in the café in the afternoon and a great negro, both white-clad and impassive.

"But," he stammered, staring, "but what is this?"

"You must get up," said madame. "These messieurs"—she indicated the Arab and the negro—"have come for you."

The two white-clad figures were waiting; he looked on them nervously, bewildered; they seemed to tower in the little room.

"For me? I do not understand!"

"They are going to take you away." Madame's voice was grave; she had a sense of assisting at a solemn scene. "You see, there is the little one in France; you must not behave badly to her again."

"But—I am not going to behave badly. What is all this?"

"But let me explain," urged madame. "When you left us before, I worked for her. I was glad to do it; I bear you no malice for that. But I am no longer so young and strong, and if you sold the business I could not do it again. For fourteen years I have kept her safe, and it has not been easy. For fourteen years I have worked very hard and very anxiously for her; but you are her father. Now it is your turn."

He was staring up at her fearfully; he still did not know what was going to happen, but there was that in the simple gravity of her tone, in the mien of the two men, and in Jana's dumb, hideous glee that scared him.

"I was joking when I spoke of selling the business," he cried. "It was a joke, I tell you. I would not do such a thing."

Madame shook her head slowly, regretfully. It was too late for him to hope to be believed by her.

"Then what are you going to do with me?" he quavered.

"This monsieur," said madame, "starts in the dawn with a caravan for the south, for Timbuctoo. There you can do us no harm; so he is taking you with him."

"Eh?" He glanced incredulously from one face to the other. "Timbuctoo—a caravan! You mean—you mean—as a—a slave?"

With the lamp in her hand madame gave the queerest apologetic little shrug,

as though to decline so gross and unpleasant a word.

"I am sorry," she murmured. "They have promised to be gentle with you. Adieu, Henri!"

The man on the bed tried to spring up as she passed the lamp to the tall Arab and moved toward the door.

"I will not go!" he yelled. "Help! Help! This is a crime! I will not go!"

The door swung behind madame. Black Jana, grinning like a demoniac, put her vast hand over his mouth. She had been a slave, too, in her time, and people had not been gentle with her. He struggled and tried to bite; but the great negro, drawing a cord from under his *bernous*, came forward, took him by the throat with a gripe that strangled his outcries, and bound his hands together. He went out with them by the back way, bound for slavery, Timbuctoo, and the great stillness.

Black Jana reported to her mistress in the closed café.

"All gone," she announced, with her face alight.

Madame nodded absently. She was finishing her weekly letter to the little daughter in France.



THE FRENCH IN THE HEART OF AMERICA

BY JOHN FINLEY

V.—THE VALLEY OF THE NEW DEMOCRACY

FRANCE evoked from the unknown the Mississippi Valley—a valley which is well called the heart of America. Her coureurs de bois opened its paths, made by the buffalo and the red men, to the shod feet of Europe. Her explorers planted the water-sheds with slender, silent portage traces that have multiplied into thousands of noisy streets and tied indissolubly the lakes of the North to the rivers of the South, from which they were long ago severed by nature. Her one white sail above Niagara marked the way of a mighty commerce. Her soldiers sowed the molten seeds of tumultuous cities on the sites of their forts, and her priests and friars consecrated with their faith and prayers forest trail, portage path, ship's sail, and leaden plate.

But that is not all—a valley of new cities like the old, of new paths for greater commerce, of more altars to the same God. The chief significance and import of the addition of this valley to the maps of the world—all, indeed, that makes it significant—is that here was given (though not of deliberate intent) a rich, wide, untouched field, distant, accessible only to the hardiest, without a shadowing tradition or a restraining fence, in which men of all races were to make attempt to live together under rules of their own devising and enforcing. And as here the government of the people by the people was to have even more literal interpretation than in that Atlantic strip which had traditions of property suffrage and church privilege and class distinctions, I have

called it "The Valley of the New Democracy."

When the French explorers entered it it was a valley of aboriginal, anarchic individualism, with little movable spots of barbaric communistic timocracy, as Plato would doubtless have classified those migratory, predatory kingdoms of Donnaconna and the hundreds of his contemporary red kings—communities governed by the warlike, restless spirit.

The French communities that grew in the midst of those naked timocrats, whose savagery they soothed by beads and crucifixes and weapons, were the plantings of absolutism paternalistic to the last degree. One cannot easily imagine a socialism that would go further in its care than did this affectionate, capricious, generous, if unwise, as it now seems, government of a village along the Saint Lawrence or the Mississippi, from a palace by the Seine, where a hard-working monarch issued edicts "in the fulness of our power and our certain knowledge."

The ordinances preserved in the colonial records furnish abundant proof of that parental concern and restraint. They relate to the regulation of inns and markets, poaching, preservation of game, sale of brandy, rent of pews, stray hogs, mad dogs, matrimonial quarrels, fast driving, wards and guardians, weights and measures, nuisances, observance of Sunday, preservation of timber, and many other matters.

One only I can cite here: an ordinance of Intendant Bigot, issued with a view, we are told, of "promoting agriculture and protecting the morals of farmers" by keeping them from the temptations of the cities: "We prohibit and forbid you to remove to this town [Quebec], under any pretext whatever, without our permission in writing, on pain of being expelled and sent back to your farms, your furniture and goods confiscated, and a fine of fifty livres laid on you for the benefit of the hospitals."

Like Æneas, therefore, these filial emigrants, seeking new homes, not only carried their *lares et penates* in their arms, but also bore upon their shoulders their father Anchises.

Succeeding savage individualism, this benevolent despotism at its going gave the valley into the keeping of an individualism even purer and less restrained than that which it succeeded, for the pioneer sparse settlements made by the later migrants, who came through the mountains, were practically governed at first only by the consciences or whims of the inhabitants instructed of parental commandments learned east of the mountains, and by their love of forest and prairie neighbors.

And when formal government came it came of individual interest and neighborly love and of no abstract philosophical theory or of protest against oligarchy; it came from the application (voluntary for the most part) of "older institutions and ideas to the transforming influence of land," free land; and such has been the result, says Professor Turner, that fundamentally "American democracy is the outcome of the American people in dealing with the West," that is, the valley of the French pioneers.

The democratical man, as Socrates is made to define him in Plato's Republic, was one in whom the licentious and extravagant desires have expelled the moderate appetites and love of decorum which he inherited from his oligarchical father. "Such a man," he adds, "lives a life of enjoyment from day to day, guided by no regulating principle, but turning from one pleasure to another, just as fancy takes him. All pleasures are in his eyes equally good and equally deserving of cultivation. In short, his motto is 'Liberty and Equality.'"

But the early "democratical man" of the Mississippi Valley, even if descended from such oligarchic sires as Socrates gives immediately to all democratical men, reached his motto of "Liberty and Equality" through no such sensual definition of life.

It is true that many of those first settlers migrated from places where the opportunities seemed restricted or conventions irksome or privileges unequal, but it "was no licentious or extravagant desire" or flitting from pleasure to pleasure that filled that valley with sober, pale-faced, lean-featured men and tired, gentle women who enjoyed the "liberty," not of a choice of pleasurable indulgences, but of interminable struggles, the "equality" of being each on the same social, economic, and

political footing as his neighbor. The sequent democracy was derived of neighborliness and good-fellowship—the "natural issue of their interests, their occupations, and their manner of life," and was not constructed of any theory of an ideal state. Nor were they frightened by the arguments of Socrates, who found in the "extravagant love of liberty" the preface to tyranny. And they would not have been frightened even if they had been familiar with his doctrine of democracy. They little dreamed that they were exemplifying the theories of a French philosopher or refuting those of a Greek philosopher.

Those primitive democratic and individualistic conditions had not yet been seriously changed when in that bit of the valley which lies in the dim background of my own memory there had developed a form of government more stern and uncaressing. There was not a pauper in all the township for its stigmatizing care. There was not an orphan who did not have a home; there was not a person in prison; there was only one insane person, and she was cared for in her own home. The national government was represented by the postmaster miles away; the state government by the tax assessor, a neighbor who came only once a year, if he came at all, to inquire about one's earthly belongings, which could not then be concealed in any way; and the local government by the school-teacher, who was either a man incapacitated for able-bodied labor or an unmarried woman. The citizens made and mended the public roads, looked after the sick in a neighborly way, bought their children's school-books, and buried their own dead. I can remember distinctly wondering what a "poor officer" was, for there were no poor in that society where none were rich.

It was a community of high social consistency, promoted not by a conscious, disinterested devotion to the common welfare, but by the common, eagerly interested pursuit of the same individual welfares, where there was room enough for all.

It is well contended in a recent and most profound discussion of this subject that this homogeneity of feeling was the most promising and valuable characteristic of that American democracy.

And this homogeneity was, indeed, prolific of mighty consequences.

First of all, it made it possible for the United States to accept Napoleon's proffer of Louisiana.

Second, it compelled the War of 1812, and so confirmed to the United States the fruits of the purchase, demonstrating at the same time that the "abiding-place" of the national spirit was in the West.

And third, that spirit of nationalism gave into its hands the reins of action in the time when nationality was in peril. Before the end of the Civil War the West was represented in the national government by the President, the Vice-President, the Chief-Justice, the Speaker of the House, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Postmaster-General, the Attorney-General, the General of the Army, and the Admiral of the Navy. And it furnished, as Turner adds in summary, the "national hero, the flower of frontier training and ideals."

While the mere fact of office-holding does not indicate the place or source of power, it is noteworthy that of the Presidents since the war, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, McKinley, Harrison, and Taft all came from this valley. Cleveland went over the edge of it when a young man to Buffalo, and left it only to become Governor and President; Arthur, who succeeded to the Presidency through the death of President Garfield, and President Roosevelt, who also came first to the Presidency through the death of a President and was afterward elected, were born in New York, though the latter had a ranch in the Far West, and seems rather to belong to that region than the place of his birth. Thus, of the elected Presidents there was not one who had not a Western origin, experience, or association. The Chief-Justices since the war have been without exception men of Western residence if not origin, and so, with few exceptions, have been the Speakers of the House. And practically all these Presidents, Chief-Justices, Speakers were pioneers or sons of pioneers in that Valley of the New Democracy, or, at any rate, were nurtured of its natural fellowships, its one-man-as-good-as-another institutions, and its unhampered ambitions.

It is not mere geographical and numerical majorities that are connoted. It is

the dominancy of the social, democratic, national spirit of the valley—the supremacy of the average, the useful man, his power and self-sufficiency when standing squarely, firmly upon the earth. It was the secret of the great wrestler, Antæus, the son of Terra, that he could not be thrown, even by Hercules, so long as his feet touched the earth. How intimately filial to the earth and neighborly the Middle West pioneers were has been suggested. And it was the secret of their success that they stood, every man in his own field, on his own feet, and wrestled with his own arms in primitive strength and virtue and self-reliant ingenuity.

Democracy did not theorize much, and when it did it stumbled. If it had indulged freely in the abstractions of its practices, it would doubtless have suffered the fate of Antæus, who was finally strangled in mid-air by a giant who came over the mountains.

As it was, this valley civilization apotheosized the average man. Mr. Herbert Croly, in his "Promise of American Life," makes this picture of him: "In that country [the very valley of which I am writing] it was sheer waste to spend much energy upon tasks which demanded skill, prolonged experience, high technical standards, or exclusive devotion. The cheaply and easily made instrument was the efficient instrument, because it was adapted to a year or two of use and then for supersession by a better instrument; and for the service of such tools one man was as likely to be as good as another. No special equipment was required. The farmer was required to be all kinds of a rough mechanic. The business man was merchant, manufacturer and store-keeper. Almost everybody was something of a politician. The number of parts which a man of energy played in his time was astonishingly large. Andrew Jackson was successively a lawyer, judge, planter, merchant, general, politician, and statesman; and he played most of the parts with conspicuous success. In such a society a man who persisted in one job, and who applied the most rigorous and exacting standards to his work, was out of place and was really inefficient. His finished product did not serve its temporary purpose much better than did the current careless and hasty product, and his higher standards and peculiar ways constituted an implied criticism upon the easy methods of his neighbors. He interfered with the rough good-fellowship which naturally arises among a group of men who submit good-naturedly and uncritically to current standards."

Is that what democracy, undefiled of aristocratic conditions and traditions, has produced? it will be asked. Has pure individualism in a virgin field, richer than Ormuz—all other valleys—wrought of its opportunity only this mediocre, all-round, good-natured, profane, rough, energetic, ingenious efficiency? Is that "social consistency" colorless, insipid, the best wine that the valley can offer of its early vintages?

So it doubtless seems to one who has not known intimately the rich, imaginative, uncommercial, idealistic spirit which is incorporate in every part of that good-natured mediocrity with its standardized successes; for there were other companionships than those that have been intimated—companionships which did not interfere with the rough frontier fellowships that made democracy possible. It was against that same dim background that the wild geese when they flew over the fields, squadrons of the sky, became to some the cranes of Ibycus. It was there that Horace literally sat by the plough and sang as on the Sabine Farm. It was there that Livy told his Old-World stories by lamplight or at the noon hour. It was there that Pythagoras explained his ancient and immortal proposition; and it is there, to this day, that the best in English letters has widest circulation in America. It would be true of art and of the imaginative expression of other languages, if only they were within reach, as, indeed, they are rapidly coming to be. At any rate, what has been within the aspiration and achievement of the people of that valley, as precursors, that is, explorers and prophets, as producers who literally lead forth, and as poets, the makers, the creators of society, is adequate to disturb generalizations as to the sacrifices which that democracy has demanded to social consistency and economic regularity.

But the wisdom "that cometh by leisure" they have not yet learned. Such a scene as I witnessed in the Amphitheatre

Richelieu, at the Sorbonne, in Paris, is not to be seen there. I saw that hall, seating a thousand, filled in the early afternoon with an audience markedly masculine listening to a lecture on ancient Greek life, interspersed with readings from the Homeric epics. I cannot visualize a like scene in that valley except in the atmosphere of a woman's club or in a university where attendance upon the lecture was required for a degree or possibly at a Chautauqua. I cannot visualize it even with such a charming and amphyonic lecturer as he who gathered weekly that great audience in the busy hours of the day.

It is that want of appreciation of the value of leisure and of its wisdoms, it is that worship of what the son of Sirach called the "wisdom of business," it is that disposition not to listen to the voices of the invisible multitude of spirits of the past (who, after all, help to constitute a nation no less than the multitude of spirits of the present and of the future), it is that inability to credit disinterested, unproductive purposes and pursuits and fit them into the philosophy of perfectibility based on material prosperity—it is all of these that intimate the shortcomings of that life of the valley of hurry.

I saw another great and, as it seemed, non-university audience in that same amphitheatre in Paris listening a little after mid-day to a lecture on Montesquieu, and I had not sufficient imagination to picture such an audience, near the Stock Exchange of Chicago, for example, where men take hardly time at that hour of day to eat, much less to philosophize. They will not pause to hear Montesquieu remind them that "democracy is virtue" or to hear Homer speak of virtue as the ancients conceived it.

But, on the other hand, and there is another side to it, they will give up private business, eating and all, to stop a patent dishonesty, to improve the mail service, let us say, to discuss the smoke nuisance that happens to be choking their throats, or get rid of the beggar at the door.

They do not there adequately appreciate the wonderful, indefatigable, disinterested efforts of scholars, artists, poets in the narrower sense—the wisdoms of seeming idleness or leisure. On the other hand, I am sure that the poetry and prophecy of those who, again in the language of the son of Sirach, are "building the fabric of the world," fail of appreciation in Paris, New York, and Chicago partly because of convention and wrongful representation and the obscuring of realities by the smoke and noise.

I knew those frontier Antæans who, with their feet on the prairie ground, faced every emergency with a piece of fence wire. They differed from their European brothers in being more resourceful, more energetic, and more hopeful. If it be true that "out of a million well-established Americans taken indiscriminately from all occupations and conditions," when compared to a corresponding assortment of Europeans, "a larger proportion of the former will be leading alert, active, and useful lives," though they may not be wiser or better men; that there will be a "smaller amount of social wreckage" and a "larger amount of wholesome and profitable achievement"; it may be safely said that if the Middle-West frontier Americans had been under consideration the proportion of alert achievement would have been higher and the social wreckage smaller—partly because of the encouragement of the economic opportunity and partly because of the influence of a casteless society.

II

The advancing frontier spent itself in the arid desert. The pioneer came to ride in his own automobile. The people began to jostle one another in following their common aspirations, where once there was freedom for the energy, even the unscrupulous energy, of all. Time accentuated differences till those who started together were millions of dollars apart. Failures had no kinder fields for new trials. Democracy had now to govern not a puritanical, industrious, sparsely settled Arcady, but communities of conflicting dynamic successes, static envies, and complaining despairs.

It met the new emergencies at first one by one with no other programme than only the most necessary restraints, for the dynamic encouragement of tariffs, and improved transportation for the static, and charity for the despairful, but still with

an optimism born of a belief in destined success.

To this has succeeded gradually a more or less clearly defined policy of constructive individualism under an increasingly democratic and less representative control. The paternal absolutism of Louis XIV has evolved into the paternal individualism of a people who are constantly struggling in imperfect speech to make their will understood and by imperfect machinery to get it done—and, as I believe, with increasingly disinterested purpose. It is, however, I emphasize, the paternalism of a highly individualized society.

I described in an earlier article a frontier community in that valley. See what has come, in its stead, in the city into which it has grown. The child coming from the unknown, trailing clouds of glory, creeps into the community as a vital statistic and becomes of immediate concern. From obliging the nurse to take certain precautions at its birth, the state follows the new-comer through life, sees that he is vaccinated, removes his tonsils and adenoids, even may furnish him with glasses if he has bad vision; compels him to go to school; prepares him not only for citizenship, but for a trade or profession; prevents the adulteration of his food, inspects his milk, filters his water, stands by grocer and butcher, and weighs his bread and meat for him; cleans the street for him; stations a policeman at his door; transports his letters of business and affection; furnishes him with seeds; gives augur of the weather, wind, and temperature; cares for him if he is helpless; feeds him if he is starving; shelters him if he is homeless; nurses him in sickness; says a word over him if he dies friendless, buries him in its Potter's field, and closes his account as a vital statistic in the mortality column.

And there are many agencies of restraint or anxious care that stand in a remoter circle, ready to come in when emergencies require. I have before me a report of legislation in the States alone (that is, exclusive of national and municipal legislation) for two years. I note here a few characteristic and illustrative measures out of the thousands that have been adopted. They relate to the following subjects: Health of women and children at work; employers' liability; care of epileptics, idiots, and insane; regulation of dentistry and chiropody; control of crickets, grasshoppers, and rodents; exclusion of the boll-weevil; the introduction of parasites, the quenching of fires, the burning of débris in gardens, the destruction of predatory fish, the prohibition of automatic guns for hunting game; hazing in schools, instruction as to tuberculosis and its prevention; the demonstration of the best methods of producing plants, cut flowers, and vegetables under glass; the establishment of trades-schools; the practice of embalming.

I present this brief but suggestive list as intimating how far a democratic people have gone in doing for themselves what Louis XIV at Versailles, in the "fulness of power" and out of "certain knowledge," did for the trustful habitants of Quebec and Montreal who were "ignorant of their true interest."

And, of course, with that increased paternalism has come of necessity an army of public servants—governors and policemen, street-cleaners and judges, teachers and factory inspectors—till, as I have estimated, in some communities one adult in every thirty is a paid servant of the public.

Such paternalism is not peculiar to that valley. I remember, years ago, when I was following the legislation of an Eastern State, that a bill was introduced fixing the depth of a strawberry box, and another obliging the vender of huckleberries to put on the boxes a label in letters of a certain height indicating that they were picked in a certain way. And this paternalism is even more marked in the old-age pension provision in England, where the "mother of parliaments," as one has expressed it, has been put on the level of the newest Western State in its parental solicitude. But nowhere else than in that valley, doubtless, is that paternalism so thoroughly informed of the individualistic spirit. Chesterton said of democracy that it educated a man not because he was miserable, but because he was so sublime, that it "does not so much object to his being a slave as to his not being a king." Indeed, democracy is ever dreaming of a nation of kings. And that characteristic is truer of the democracy that came stark out of the forests and out of the furrows than of

the democracy which sprang from protest against and terror of nominal kings.

The constitution devised east of the mountains was made in fear of a system which permitted an immediate and complete expression of the will of the people. The movement in American democracy which is most conspicuous is the effort to get that will accurately and immediately expressed—that is, a movement toward what might be called more democracy—and that movement has had its rise and strength in that valley, and beyond.

But that invisible multitude of yesterday and to-morrow, whose mouths are stopped with dust or who have not yet found human embodiment, must find voice in the multitude of to-day—the multitude that inherits the yesterdays and has in it the only promise of to-morrow. There may be some question there as to its being always the voice of God, but no one thinks of any other (except to add to it that of the woman). The "certain knowledge" and the "fulness of power" of Louis XIV have become the endowments of the average man—and the average man is one-half or two-thirds of all the voting men of the community or nation, plus one. But that average man, forgetful of the multitude of yesterday, and ungrateful, has none the less had wrought into his very fibre and spirit the uncompromising individualism, the unconventional neighborliness, and the frontier fellowships of yesterday. It is of these that he is consciously or unconsciously instructed at every turn. And he is now beginning to think more and more of that other invisible multitude, the nation of to-morrow.

It is deplored that the so-called individuality developed in that valley is "simply an unusual amount of individual energy successfully spent in popular and remunerative occupations," that there is "not the remotest conception of the individuality which may reside in the gallant and exclusive devotion to some disinterested and perhaps unpopular moral, intellectual, or technical purpose" as has such illustrious exhibition in France, for example. This is, we are told, one of the sacrifices to social consistency which menaces the fulness and intensity of American national life. And the most serious problem is to make a nation of independent kings who shall not exercise their independences "perversely or irresponsibly."

Men have been always prone to make vocational pursuits the basis of social classification. In the Scripture record of man he had not been seven generations in the first inhabited valley of earth before his descendants were divided into cattlemen, musicians, and mechanics. For the record runs that Lamech had three sons, Jabal, Jubal, and Tubal—Jabal, who became the father of those that live in tents and have cattle; Jubal, the father of those that handle the harp and the organ; and Tubal, the father of those who work in brass and iron. And we do not have to turn many pages to discover the social distinctions that grew out of the vocational. The first question of that Western valley is, "Who is he?" and the answer is one which will tell you his occupation. No one who has not an occupation of some regularity and recognized practical usefulness is, as Mr. Croly intimates, likely to have much recognition.

On the other hand, within the limits of approved occupations there is, except in great centres, no marked social stratification based on vocation as in Old-World life and that of the New World more intimately touched by the Old. The man is recognized for his worth.

In the midst of that valley is a university town, planted by a company of migrants from an older State seventy-five years ago, who bought a township of land, founded a college, and built their homes about on the wild prairie. It has now twenty thousand inhabitants and is an important railroad as well as educational centre. It was nearly fifty years old when I entered it as a student. That I studied Greek did not keep me from knowing well a carpenter; that in spare hours I learned a manual trade and put into type my translation of "Prometheus Bound" did not bar me from the homes of the richest or the most cultured. Once when a student, because of some little victory I was received by the mayor and a committee of citizens, but the men at the engines in the shops and on the engines in the yards blew their whistles. When I went back to that college as its president it was not remembered against me that I had sawed wood or driven a plough. I knew all the conductors and most of the engineers on the rail-

roads. I knew every merchant and nearly every mechanic as well as every lawyer, judge, and doctor. Men had, to be sure, their preferential associations, but these were personal and not determined of vocation or class. A recent mayor of that city of two colleges was once a cigar-maker, and, I was assured by a professor of theology in one of those colleges, the best mayor it has had in years. He died driving a small-pox patient to a pest-house. I received, when in Paris, by the same mail, a resolution of felicitation from a Protestant body of which I had been a member in that town, and a letter of like felicitation from the parish priest of that same city.

I do not know how better to illustrate to those who are working at the problem of democracy in other valleys how democracy has wrought for itself in that valley of neighborliness and resourcefulness and plenty.

III

Across the wonderful background of that valley—a background filled with dim epic figures that are now but the incarnations of European longings, as rich in color as that which lies more consciously back of Greece and Rome or in the fields of Gaul, the splendors of the court of Versailles shining through the sombre forests and into the huts of the simple habitants, the altar candles burning, the paths fragrant of an incense known to cathedral aisles—across this, in the rather shadowy suggestions of a matter-of-fact, drab democracy which is usually made to obscure all that background with its smoke, there passes the figure of him who was that democracy incarnate.

"You may," said Alcibiades, speaking of Socrates, "imagine Brasidas and others to have been like Achilles, or you may imagine Nestor and Antenor to have been like Pericles; and the same may be said of other famous men. But of this strange being you will never be able to find any likeness, however remote, either among men that now are or who ever have been —other than Silenus and the Satyrs, and they represent in a figure not only himself, but his words. For his words are like the images of Silenus which open. They are ridiculous when you first hear them. . . . His talk is of pack-beasts and smiths and cobblers and curriers. . . . But he who opens the bust and sees what is within will find they are the only words which have a meaning in them and also the most divine, abounding in fair images of virtue, and of the widest comprehension, or rather extending to the whole duty of a good and honorable man."

The twenty-three centuries since Socrates do not furnish me with a fitter characterization of this succinct embodiment of democracy's characteristics and spirit. His image was as homely as that of Silenus was bestial. His talk was of ploughs and boats, of rough men and of slaves. But those who opened this image found in him a likeness as of no other man, and in his words a meaning that was of widest and most ennobling comprehension. And as Crito said for all ages, after the sun that was on the hill-tops when Socrates took the poison had set and darkness had come, "Of all the men of his time, he was the wisest and justest and best," so has the poet of that Western democracy given to all time this phrase, sung in the evening of Lincoln's martyrdom, at the time when the lilac bloomed and the great star early drooped in the western sky and the thrush sang solitary: "The sweetest and wisest soul of all my days and lands."

We ask ourselves if he was the gift of democracy. And we find ourselves answering, his peculiar excellence could have come of no other order of society. We ask ourselves anxiously if democracy has the unerring instinct to find such men to embody its ideals, or did it take him only for a talented rail-splitter—an average man? But we have no certain answer to this anxious questioning. What gives most hope in new confusions and problems unknown to his day is that the more clearly his disinterestedness and forbearance and magnanimity and humility are revealed, the wider and deeper is the feeling of admiration and love for his character—which, perhaps, assures us better than anything else of the soundness and nobility of its own ideals.

THE RESCUE OF THE "TITANIC" SURVIVORS

BY THE "CARPATHIA," APRIL 15, 1912

By Captain Arthur H. Rostron, R. D., R. N. R.

With photographs by courtesy of Louis Mansfield Ogden

THE *Carpathia* left New York, April 11, 1912, in fine, clear weather, bound for Gibraltar and other Mediterranean ports.

Saturday and Sunday (13th and 14th) it was very fine but cold weather, and we had remarked that there must be a lot of ice to the north'rd, as we had then a light northerly breeze.

I turned in about midnight on Sunday, and was just dropping off to sleep when I heard the chart-room door open (this door leads directly into my cabin, near the head of my bunk), and I thought to myself: "Who the dickens is this cheeky beggar coming into my cabin without knocking?" However, I very soon knew the reason. I looked up and saw the first officer and the Marconi operator; the first officer at once informed me "we have just received an urgent distress message from the *Titanic* that she had struck ice and required immediate assistance."

You can imagine I was very soon wide awake, and, to say the least, somewhat astonished. I gave orders to turn the ship round, and jumped up getting hold of Marconi operator by the sleeve, and asked: "Are you sure it is the *Titanic*, and requires immediate assistance?" He replied: "Yes, sir." Again I asked: "Are you absolutely certain?" He again replied: "Yes." "All right," I said; "tell him we are coming along as fast as we can."

I then went into the chart-room and asked if he had given *Titanic's* position, and then the operator gave me the position on a slip of paper: "Lat. 41° 46′ N., Long. 50° 14′ W."

When in chart-room working out the position and course, I saw the bo's'n's mate pass with the watch as they were going to wash down the decks. I called him and told him to knock off all work, and get all our boats ready for lowering, and not to make any noise; also that the men need not get excited, as we were going to another vessel in distress.

I had already sent for chief engineer, and on coming up told him to turn out another watch of stokers, and make all speed possible and not to spare anything, as we were going up to *Titanic*, she being in trouble, having struck ice.

Chief engineer hurried away at once, and I then sent for English doctor, purser, and chief steward.

These officers were soon in my cabin, and I related the circumstances and gave following instructions:

English doctor, with assistants, to remain in first-class dining-room; Italian doctor in second, and Hungarian doctor in third-class dining-room, and to have supply of stimulants, restoratives, and everything necessary.

Purser, with assistant purser and chief steward to receive the people at the different gangways, controlling our own stewards in assisting the *Titanic's* people to the dining-rooms, etc. Also get Christian and surnames of survivors as soon as possible to send by wireless.

Inspector, steerage stewards, and masters-at-arms to control our own steerage passengers and keep them out of third-class dining-hall, also to keep them out of the way, and off the deck, to prevent confusion.

Chief steward, that all hands would be called, and to have coffee, etc., ready to serve out to our men. Have coffee, tea, soup, etc., in each dining-room for rescued. Have blankets near gangways, in saloons and public rooms, and also some handy for our own boats. To see all rescued cared for and immediate wants at-

tended to, that my cabin and all officials' cabins would be given up for accommodation of rescued; smoke-rooms, libraries, and dining-rooms, if necessary, to be utilized as accommodation. All spare berths in steerage to be used for *Titanic's* third-class, and to get all our own steerage passengers grouped together.

To all I strictly enjoined silence, order, and strict discipline; also to station a steward in each alleyway to reassure our own passengers should they inquire about any noise they might hear.

After receiving their instructions these officers hurried away to make their preparations.

I then went on to the bridge, and soon after the Marconi operator came up and reported he had picked up a message from *Titanic* to *Olympic*, asking the latter to have all his boats ready. (But previous to this the operator had received a message from *Titanic*, asking when we would be up there. I told him to reply: "About four hours." We did it in less than three and a half hours.) I told the operator to inform *Titanic* all our boats would be in readiness, and also all preparations necessary.



From a photograph by Hall.

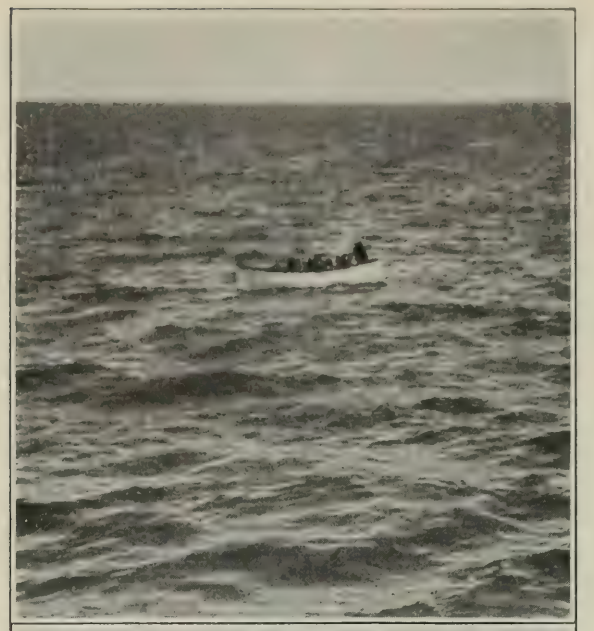
Captain Arthur H. Rostron.

After the operator left I gave following instructions to first officer:

All hands to be called and get coffee, etc.

Prepare and swing out all boats; all gangway doors to be opened.

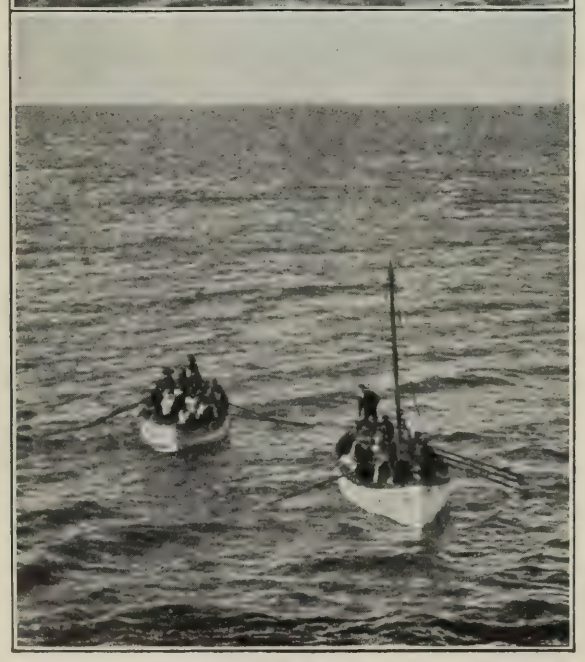
Electric clusters at each gangway and over the side.



Emergency boat No. 2.



Officer Lowe's boat under sail.



Fourth Officer Lowe towing the canvas collapsible.

A block—with line rove—hooked in each gangway.

A chair—slung—at each gangway for getting sick or wounded up.

Pilot ladders and side ladders at gangways and over the side.

Cargo falls, with both ends clear and bight secured, along ship's side on deck, for boat ropes or to help people up.

Heaving lines and gaskets distributed about the decks and gangways, to be handy for lashings, etc. Forward derricks rigged and topped, and steam on winches—to get mails on board or as required.

Pour oil down forward lavatories, both sides, to quiet the sea.

Canvas ash-bags near the gangways to haul the children up in.

Ordered company's rockets to be fired from three A. M., and every quarter of an hour, to reassure *Titanic*.

Also arranged as to how the officers would work, should the situation require the service of our boats.

About two thirty-five the doctor came on the bridge and reported all my instructions carried out, and everything in readiness.

I was talking to the doctor as to what we might expect, and keeping at the same time a sharp lookout, when quite suddenly—and only for a couple of seconds—I saw a green flare about a point on port bow. I remarked, "There's his light, he must be afloat still," as at one-thirty or so the operator had reported to me that he had received a message saying, "Engine-room filling." So, of course, I knew, on hearing that, of the gravity of the situation.

All our men were quietly but busily making preparations. It was a beautiful, fine, clear night, very cold, and every star in the heavens shining bright, the sea quite calm and no wind. We were racing along splendidly—attaining a maximum speed of about seventeen knots—our usual speed being fourteen.

The chief engineer had been up to me about one-thirty and reported all hands were working below and doing all they possibly could. It appears some of the stokers on being called—and knowing the reason—had turned straight out of their bunks and rushed below, not even taking time to dress.

Soon after seeing the green light the second officer reported an iceberg about two points on the port bow. This berg



Second Officer Lightoller's boat.

we saw with the reflected light of a star—a starbeam—on it.

From now on we were passing bergs on either side, and had to alter course several times to keep well clear of them. You may depend on it, we were keyed up pretty tight, and keeping a bright lookout. I was also fully aware of our danger, knowing what had already occurred to the *Titanic*. So it can be imagined I was pretty anxious, thinking of my own passengers and crew and ship, as well as those on the *Titanic*. We had three and a half rushing, anxious hours, and plenty to think of and plenty to do in the meantime in order to be ready.

We started sending up rockets at intervals of about a quarter of an hour, and when nearer fired the company's Roman candles (night signals), to let them know it was *Carpathia*. We saw the green light at intervals, and what with keeping a lookout for icebergs, vessels' lights, and the green light, we had to keep our eyes skinned and no mistakes to be made.

About three-thirty A. M. the purser and chief steward came up to the bridge and reported all in readiness, enumerating all the orders I had given.

Three-thirty-five or so I put the engines on the "stand by," so that I should know the engineers would be at the engines for instant action, if required.

About four A. M. I stopped the engines, knowing we must be somewhere near the position.

A few minutes after I saw an iceberg right ahead, and immediately the second officer reported the same. We had seen the green flare light low down not long before, and so knew it must be a boat. I had intended taking the boat on the port side, which was the lee side if anything, but with the iceberg to consider, I swung the ship round and made to pick up the boat on the starboard side.

Another few minutes and the boat was along-side; a hail came: "We have only one seaman in the boat and cannot work very well." "All right," I replied; "I'll bring the ship along-side the boat." We got her along-side and found her to contain



The canvas collapsible.

about twenty-five people, and in charge of an officer.

Now comes the heart-rending part when we knew for a certainty the *Titanic* had gone down; I sent word to the gangway to ask the officer to come up to me on the bridge when he came aboard. On coming



Boat coming along-side, and unloaded boat.

up to the bridge I shook hands and asked: "The *Titanic* has gone down, I suppose?" "Yes," he replied—but what a sad-hearted "Yes" it was—"she went down about two-thirty." Daylight was just setting in, and soon, in the early dawn, could be seen dozens and dozens of icebergs, large and small, all around us; here and there dotted about the calm sea we could distinguish the other boats, the boats being within a radius of about four to five miles, I should think.

We also saw the iceberg we picked up right ahead; this was about one-third of a mile off our starboard beam. Looking aft we saw a growler—a broken-off lump of ice—about ten to fifteen feet high and twenty-five feet long, a couple of hundred yards off our port quarter.

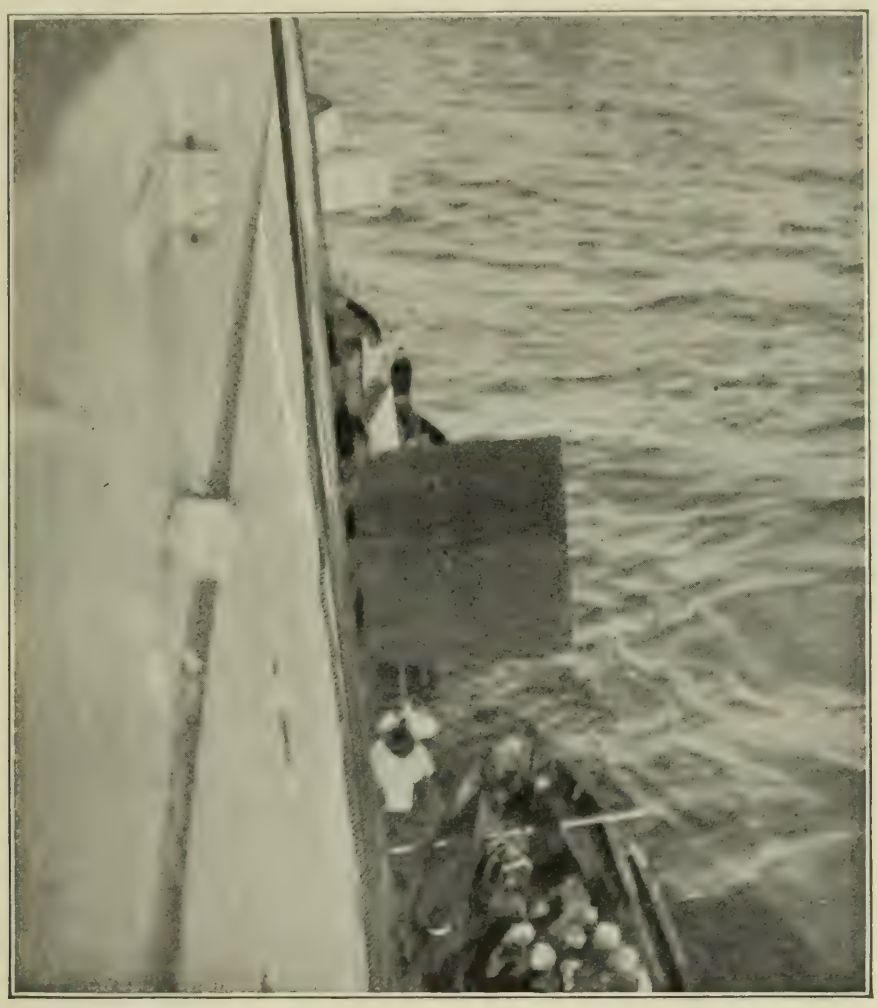
Giving instructions to junior officer on bridge to count the number of bergs about two hundred feet high—and pointing out several as a guide—he counted twenty-five estimated at from two hundred to two hundred and fifty, and dozens of bergs from fifty to one hundred and fifty, feet high.

From now on we were getting the remainder of the boats along-side, and one's



Near view of boat unloading.

imagination fancied these people shivering for hours during that cold night in their confined space. We manœuvred about to reach the boats, and by eight o'clock had all the boats along-side, and we were also found her to be the *Californian*. We signalled her and told news of trouble, and asked her to search round, as we were returning to New York. It was now blowing a moderate breeze and the sea getting up.



Bringing survivors on board.

in the immediate vicinity of the disaster. I had arranged to hold a short service whilst we were close to the spot—a short prayer of thankfulness for those saved and a short service for those lost.

This service was held in the first-class dining-room whilst slowly cruising about. From the deck we could see little to indicate the terrible catastrophe of a few hours previous. We saw little but bits of small wreckage—some deck chairs, a few life-belts and large quantities of cork; for all the world just as one sees on the sea-shore, merely a tide drift.

At eight o'clock we also saw a steamer coming toward us out of the ice-field. This ice-field stretched as far as the eye could see from northwest to southeast, and we soon

About eight-twenty or so all the people were aboard, and by eight-forty-five all the boats we could take, and then we proceeded to New York.

I had decided to return to New York, as I considered New York the only port possible under the circumstances.

We soon found our passage blocked by a tremendous ice-field. Of course we had seen this ice-field before, but did not know how compact it was, nor the extent of it. In the field were many bergs from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high, and the general mass of the ice perhaps six to twelve feet high. We sailed round this ice-pack for nearly four hours—quite fifty-six miles—before we could set our course for New York. We



Ice-field near the scene of the disaster, early morning, April 15.

also passed several large bergs clear of the pack.

About noon we passed the Russian steamer *Burmah*, bound east. We saw him attempt to cut through the ice-pack, but he had to turn out again. And I don't blame him, either.

We had been in wireless communication with several steamers that were coming up to assist, but I sent word we had accounted for all the boats, and it was useless, as we had left the *Californian* searching. They also were all a long distance off.

Our own passengers began to arrive on deck soon after the first boat was alongside.

It was quite remarkable the manner in which every one behaved. There was absolutely no excitement. Our own passengers did not seem to realize what was happening or the catastrophe which had occurred.

The *Carpathia* was stopped in mid-Atlantic. The sun was just rising over the horizon, chasing away the last shades of night from a cloudless sky; beneath us a calm sea with scarcely a ripple on its gently heaving swell; everything perfectly still—a perfect sunrise and a picture before us almost impossible to imagine either as regards the color or the subject.

All around us were dozens and dozens of icebergs, some comparatively close, others far away on the horizon, towering up like cathedral spires or assuming in one's fancy the forms of ships under full sail. The sun shining on these ice pinnacles seemed to enhance their splendor and belie the hidden truth. Dotted here and there on the quiet sea were to be seen the boats, some in groups of two or three, others singly, pulling in toward a common centre—the *Carpathia*.

Along-side were more boats more or less filled with people, more people climbing up the ship's side, others being pulled up, all having white life-belts on—no noise, no hurry.

The whole might have been an early morning improvised spectacular arrangement for the benefit of our passengers, but withal there was an atmosphere of inability to grasp that which was before them: as if it had been given them too suddenly, and just as if they were looking on at something most unusual, and yet with an indefinable tragedy behind it all; some-



From a photograph by L. C. Stoudenmire.

The ice-field several hours later.

thing too great to realize. In reality, our passengers had a few minutes before been asleep in their beds, and this sudden experience of such a scene and its relative meaning was almost beyond one's comprehension. Can one wonder, with the immensity of it all thrust on their hardly awakened senses in such an unheard-of and undreamt-of dramatic manner?

However, something of the true nature soon seemed to strike our people. They seemed to understand that they had a part to play, and that this was something which was not meant for them to be merely as an audience, but in which they could and ought to act.

Our passengers mixed with the new arrivals and tried to comfort and help them; persuading them to take some nourishment or stimulant, arguing with and pressing on them the necessity for such a course. Our doctors must have been relieved to see our own passengers using their persuasion and common-sense so successfully.

Then they saw the survivors required dry and warm clothing, so off they took them to their cabins to fit them out with everything they could do for them.

It was a most busy and stirring scene, our people never overdoing it and showing such excellent tact and sympathy, always ready to help and ready at any moment to do the right thing.

Our men gave up their cabins and the ladies turned out of theirs—in many instances to double up with other ladies, so leaving their cabins for the use of the survivors. The ladies were very soon self-appointed nursing sisters, getting some to lie abed, others to rest on deck, and listening to the heart-breaking tales, and doing all women can do to console and try to brighten them up.

As many of the second and third class people who came aboard were but poorly clothed, blankets and sheets were requisitioned, and many of the ladies started in to make clothes, work seeming a relief to their overwrought nerves. Some ladies—both survivors and our own—went amongst the third-class and nursed, bathed, and clothed and fed the children.

The cream of human kindness was surely given with a free hand those three days and a half, and through it all an almost unnatural quietness and lack of all excitement seemed to pervade the whole ship.

Our own doctors did all doctors could do: rest and sleep seemed to be the most desirable thing for those we had taken aboard, and so everything possible was done to induce sleep.

I was astonished and more than thankful and pleased when Doctor McGee, on Tuesday morning, reported to me all the survivors physically well. The doctor had hardly had a minute to himself—day or night—since we commenced embarking the people.

It seemed almost incredible that those hundreds of people who had undergone such trying experiences should not have developed some physical trouble. I knew it meant untiring attention on part of not only the medical staff but every one, both our own officers and men, and our passengers also, in attending to the people immediately they arrived, and also the preparations made for them on board.

I hardly think it good taste to attempt to picture the sad, heart-rending appearance of those sorely tried people as it impressed us, but I can say how bravely they bore up under their agonizing trouble, and how we one and all felt that we must get them to New York safe and sound and do all we possibly could to keep them from further trouble or anxiety.

About four-thirty Monday afternoon I received a wireless message from the *Olympic* asking for information. I gave the bare facts and also sent the official messages to the Cunard Company, etc. The names of the survivors were then sent, and we continued in communication until about one o'clock Tuesday morning, when we got out of range.



The *Californian* arriving on the scene.

This was the first opportunity we had had of sending any news of any kind through to shore, as the other steamers we had been in communication with earlier in the day were all too far to the eastward. It was also the last until Wednesday afternoon—and we afterward learned what an awful suspense the world was in during those three days, as we had only been able to send the formal official messages of disaster, with approximate number saved, and the names of the first and second class passengers and crew.

Our wireless instrument was only a short-distance one, limited to one hundred and thirty miles—to about two hundred and twenty under most favorable circumstances; also we only had one operator.

It was most difficult to get the names even, and the continuous strain at the instrument, the conditions under which the operator was working, and the constant

interruptions made it anything but a simple matter.

I must again refer to the quiet, subdued manner of every one on board during our return to New York.

We had several hours' fog on Tuesday morning early, and again it set in thick Wednesday morning and continued foggy, more or less, all the way to New York.

The dismal nerve-racking noise of the whistle blowing every half-minute must have been very distressing to the survivors especially, and one can quite understand their suspense and agony of mind in having gone through such a terrible experience on that fateful night, and then the other terror of the sea-fog coming to augment their mental suffering.

We had taken three bodies from the boats, and one man died during the forenoon of Monday, all four being buried at four in the afternoon, Protestant and Roman Catholic services being held over them according to their religion.

At half-past eight Monday night, in company with the purser and chief steward, I went all round the ship to inspect the arrangements made for every one, and found all that was possible to be done was either done or being done. All the public rooms were converted into sleeping accommodations. Fortunately, we had an ample supply of blankets and all spare mattresses and pillows were served out, every one having every attention given them that was at our command.

Many of our own stewards were self-appointed watchmen during the night, remaining at their posts in readiness to attend to any one requiring assistance, and to give moral support—to the ladies especially, who always found some one ready to help or to cheer them.

In speaking of the loyalty and cheerful willingness of every member of the crew, officers and men, from the moment I gave the first order to our arrival in New York (and I know for a certainty that the doctor, pursers, and stewards—even the little bell-boys—had very little rest until the Friday night, that is, the day we left New York again), I must also mention the assistance given by the stewards of the *Titanic* who were saved; they all turned to and assisted in every way they could.

We heard of many great and noble deeds of self-sacrifice performed by those on the *Titanic* that night: tales of heroism and bravery of men and women, of men who had everything in this world to live for, men who were sending away in the boats those who were dearest on earth to them, those in the boats leaving on the ship those most dear to them in the whole world. Men who had so much of this world's honors and riches yet at the great test they showed the world they had still greater gifts—the gift of great and noble self-sacrifice and self-command.

Standing out equal to each or any, and superbly noble, was that of a young girl.

A boat full of women and ready for lowering was found to be too full and the order was given for some one to get out, as it was considered unsafe. A young lady—a girl, really—got up to leave the boat; then some of the others tried to persuade her to remain. "No," she said, "you are married and have families; I'm not, it doesn't matter about me!"

This girl-woman, in the highest and noblest sense, got out of the boat and returned to the deck of the ship. Those in the boat were saved, the girl on deck went down with the ship. From being in a position to be saved she deliberately returned to the uncertainty, and so gave her life willingly that others might have a better chance of being saved. There were many incidents,—almost too numerous to mention,—and incidents one does not care to recall; but one case might be cited, perhaps.

During dinner on Sunday evening a wireless message was received by some of our passengers from relatives aboard the *Titanic*. At four-thirty Monday morning, two of the relatives were brought to the state-room of our passengers, who were then in bed asleep and knew nothing of what was taking place, such was the irony of fate! The surprise—nay, stupefaction—of our passengers so suddenly roused to hear such news can well be imagined.

Wednesday afternoon about one o'clock we were in wireless communication with U. S. S. *Chester;* dense fog at the time, and through her sent in the remainder of the names of survivors, with corrections also.

We picked up Fire Island light ves-

sel from its fog-horn about four o'clock Thursday afternoon, after which the weather cleared considerably. About six we stopped off Ambrose Channel light-ship, and picked up our pilot. It was at this time we got some idea of suspense and excitement in the world. We were met by several powerful tug-boats chartered by the press and full of press men, anxious to get news. Naturally, I did not care to have any of the passengers harassed by reporters seeking information; so I decided not to allow any one on board the *Carpathia*.

As we were going up Ambrose Channel, the weather changed completely, and a more dramatic ending to a tragic occurrence it would be hard to conceive.

It began to blow hard, rain came down in torrents, and, to complete the finale, we had continuous vivid lightning, and heavy, rolling thunder. This weather continued until our arrival off the Cunard dock.

It was astonishing how quiet—apparently stolid—every one aboard was in their loyalty. Seeing I refused to hold any communication with the press-boats, all the passengers seemed to take the same view, and to all inquiries for news or photographs, or even names, a tense silence was maintained throughout.

Whilst we were stopped off the dock, getting the *Titanic's* boats away from the ship, a press man did manage to get on board. It was reported to me and I had him brought on the bridge. I explained my reasons for not allowing any one on board, and that I could not allow the passengers to be interviewed, and put him on his honor not to leave the bridge under certain penalties. I must say he was a gentleman.

What with the wind and rain, a pitch-dark night, lightning and thunder, and the photographers taking flashlight pictures of the ship, and the explosion of the lights, it was a scene never to be effaced from one's memory. There were dozens of tugs dodging about the ship, and the lowering away of the *Titanic's* boats (we could not get into dock until all the *Titanic's* boats were away from the ship, as seven of them were suspended in our davits and six were on the forecastle head, and so in the way of working the mooring ropes), and these boats leaving the ship in the blackness of the night with two of the rescued crew in each boat and some of the *Titanic's* officers in charge of them, it brought back to one's mind the manner in which these same boats were last lowered from that great and magnificent ship never to reach New York.

It did indeed seem a fitting final scene to the most tragic and greatest marine disaster in the history of the sea. At nine-twenty we got into dock and the passengers were now free to land. And so they left us, after being aboard over three and a half days—landed to meet their dear ones and friends, and to feel once more their poignant grief surging uppermost in their minds. As they landed we all felt such a relief as only those experience who have for days been under a great strain—keyed up to the highest pitch of anxiety all the time. With such anxiety for the safety of so many people placed in my care under such heart-rending and tragic circumstances, on their landing I was thankful. With the people landed, the work of the *Carpathia* was finished, so far as the part we had taken in the catastrophe.

Of all the remarkable incidents in connection with the whole history of the short life of that magnificent creation of man, not the least was the name of that never-to-be-forgotten ship.

Looking in the dictionary one finds there the definition of that ill-fated name, "TITANIC: a race of people vainly striving to overcome the forces of nature." Could anything be more unfortunate or tragic in its significance?

THE SHEPHERD WHO WATCHED BY NIGHT

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL JULIEN MEYLAN

THE place had nothing distinguished or even perhaps distinctive about it except its trees and the tapering spire of a church lifting above them. It was not unlike a hundred other places that one sees as one travels through the country. It called itself a town; but it was hardly more than a village. One long street, now paved on both sides, climbed the hill, where the old post-road used to run in from the country on one side and out again on the other, passing a dingy, large house with white-washed pillars, formerly known as the tavern, but now calling itself "The Inn." This, with two or three cross-streets and a short street or two on either side of the main street, constituted "the town." A number of good houses, and a few very good, indeed, sat back in yards dignified by fine trees. Three or four churches stood on corners, as far apart apparently as possible. Several of them were much newer and fresher painted than the one with the spire and cross; but this was the only old one and was generally spoken of as "The Church," as the rector was meant when the people spoke of "the preacher." It sat back from the street, in a sort of sordid seclusion, and near it, yet more retired, was an old mansion, also dilapidated, with a wide porch, much decayed, and to the side and a little behind it, an out-building or two, one of which was also occupied as a dwelling. The former was the rectory, and the smaller dwelling was where the old woman lived who took care of the rectory, cleaned up the two or three rooms which the rector used since his wife's death, and furnished him his meals. It had begun only as a temporary arrangement, but it seemed to work well enough and had gone on now for years and no one thought of changing it. If an idea of change ever entered the mind of any one, it was only when the old woman's grumbling floated out into the town as to the tramps who would come and whom the preacher would try to take care of. Then, indeed, discussion would take place as to the utter impracticability of the old preacher and the possibility of getting a younger and liver man in his place. For the rest of the time the people were hopeless. The old preacher was not only past his prime but his usefulness. Yet what could they do? No one else wanted him, and they could not turn him out. He was saddled on them for life. They ran simply by the old propulsion; but the church was going down, they said, and they were helpless. This had been the case for years and now as the year neared its close it was the same.

Such was the talk as they finished dressing the church for Christmas and made their way homeward—the few who still took interest enough to help in this way. They felt sorry for the old man, who had been much in their way during the dressing, but sorrier for themselves.

This had been a few days before Christmas and now it was Christmas eve.

The old rector sat at his table trying to write his Christmas sermon. He was hopelessly behindhand with it. The table was drawn up close to the worn stove, but the little bare room was cold, and now and then the old man blew on his fingers to warm them, and pushed his feet closer to the black hearth. Again and again he took up his pen as if to write, and as often laid it down again. The weather was bitter and the coal would not burn. There was little to burn. He wore his old overcoat, to save fuel. Before him on the table, amid a litter of other books and papers, lay a worn Bible and prayer-book open, and beside them a folded letter on which his eye often rested. Outside, the wind roared, shaking the doors, rattling the windows, and whistling at the key-holes. Now and then the sound of a passing vehicle was borne in on the wind, and at intervals came the voices of boys shouting to each other as they ran by. The old

man did not hear the former, but when the boys shouted he listened till they had ceased, his thoughts turned to the past and to the two boys whom God had given him and had then taken back to Himself. His gray face wore a look of deep concern, and, indeed, of dejection, and his eye wandered once more to the folded letter on the table. It was signed "A Friend," and it was this which was responsible for the unwritten Christmas sermon. It was what the world calls an anonymous letter and, though couched in kindly terms, it had struck a dagger into the old man's heart. Yet he could not but say that in tone and manner it was a kind act. Certainly it had told the truth and if in tearing a veil from his eyes it had stunned him, why should he not face the truth!

He took the letter up again and reread it, not that he needed to read it, for he knew it by heart. Every sentence was seared into his memory.

He reread it hoping to find some answer to its plain, blunt, undeniable statements, but he found none. It was all true, every word, from the ominous beginning which stated that the writer felt that he had "a clear duty to perform," down to the close when with a protestation of good-will he signed himself the old man's friend.

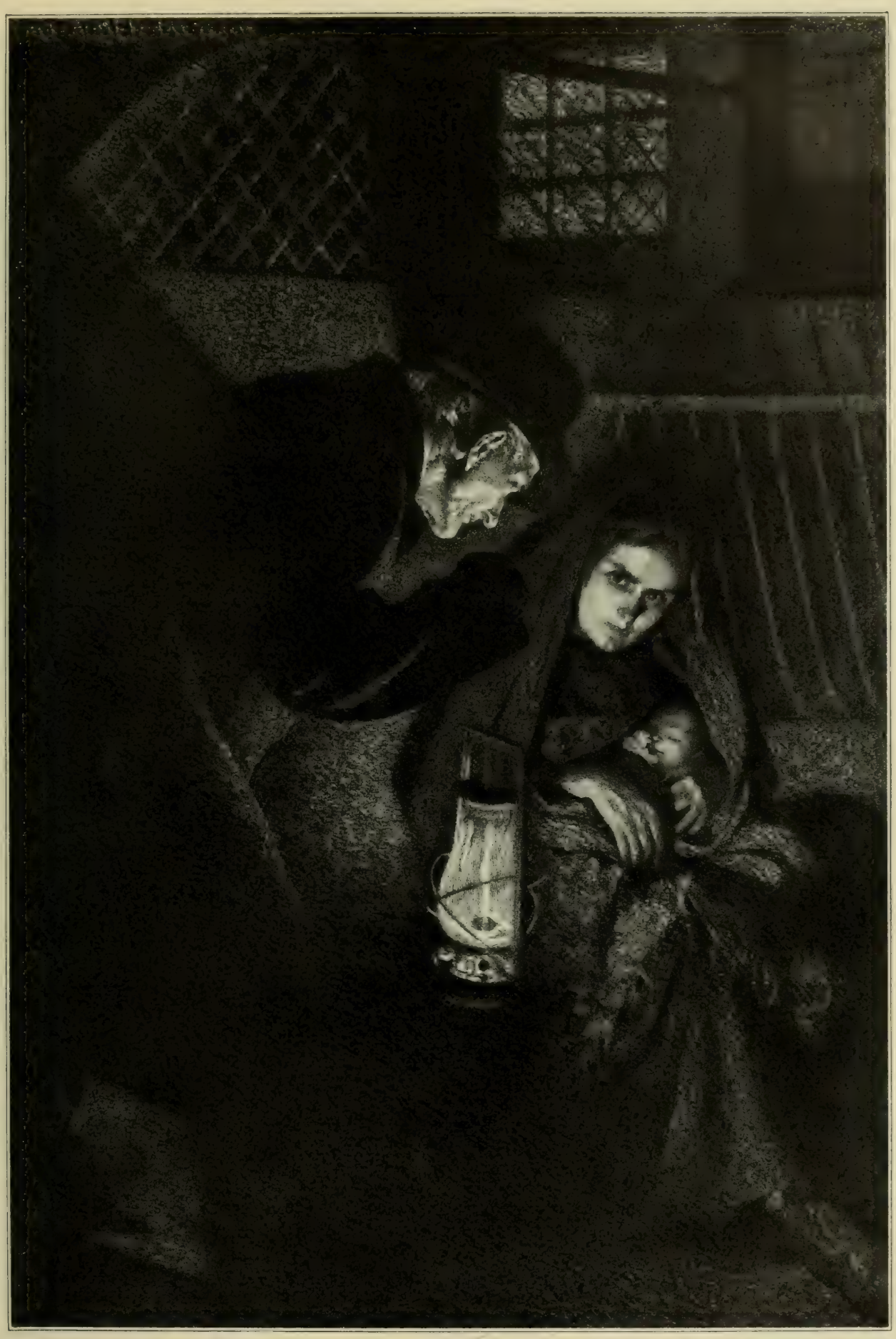
"You must see, unless you are blind," ran the letter, "that your church is running down, and unless you get out and let the congregation secure a new and younger man, there will soon be no congregation at all left. No men come to church any longer and many women who used to come now stay away. You are a good man, but you are a failure. Your usefulness is past." Yes, it was true, he was a failure. His usefulness was past. This was the reason doubtless that no Christmas things had come this year—they wanted to let him know. It pained him to think it, and he sighed.

"You spend your time fooling about a lot of useless things," continued the anonymous friend, "visiting people who do not come to church, and you have turned the rectory into a harbor for tramps.

"You cannot preach any longer. You are hopelessly behind the times. People nowadays want no more doctrinal points discussed; they want to hear live, up-to-date, practical discourses on the vital problems of the day. Such as the Rev. Dr. —— delivers. His church is full." This also was true. He was no longer able to preach. He had felt something of this himself. Now it came home to him like a blow on the head, and a deeper pain was the conviction which, long hovering about his heart, now settled and took definite shape, that he ought to get out. But where could he go? He would have gone long since if he had known where to go. He could not go out and graze like an old horse on the roadside. There was no provision made for such as he. No pensions were provided by his church for old and disabled clergymen, and the suggestion made in the letter had no foundation in his case: "You must or, at least, you should have saved something in all this time."

This sounded almost humorous and a wintry little smile flickered for a moment about the wrinkled mouth. His salary had never been over six hundred dollars, and there were so many to give to. Of late, it had been less than this amount and not all of this had been paid. The smile died out and the old man's face grew grave again as he tried to figure out what he could do. He thought of one or two old friends to whom he could write. Possibly, they might know some country parish that would be willing to take him, though it was a forlorn hope. If he could but hold on till they invited him, it would be easier, for he knew how difficult it was for a clergyman out of a place to get a call. People were so suspicious. Once out, he was lost.

At the thought, a picture of a little plot amid the trees in the small cemetery on the hill near the town slipped into his mind. Three little slabs stood there above three mounds, one longer than the others. They covered all that was mortal of what he had loved best on earth. The old man sighed and his face in the dim light took on an expression very far away. He drifted off into a reverie. Ah, if they had only been left to him, the two boys that God had sent him and had then taken back to Himself, and the good wife who had borne up so bravely till she had sunk by the wayside! If he were only with them! He used to be rebellious at the neglect that left the drains so deadly,



Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan.

He bent down, with the lantern held low, . . . "What are you doing here?" he asked.—Page 371.

but that was gone now. He leant forward on his elbows and gradually slipped slowly to his knees. He was on them a long time, and when he tried to rise he was quite stiff; but his face had grown tranquil. He had been in high converse with the blessed of God and his mind had cleared. He had placed everything in God's hands, and He had given him light. He would wait until after Christmas and then he would resign. But he would announce it next day. The flock there should have a new and younger and abler shepherd. This would be glad tidings to them.

He folded up the letter and put it away. He no longer felt wounded by it. It was of God's ordaining and was to be received as a kindness, a ray of light to show him the path of duty. He drew his paper toward him and, taking up his pen, began to write rapidly and firmly. The doubt was gone, the way was clear. His text had come to his mind.

"*And there were in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night, and lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. And they were sore afraid. And the Angel said unto them: Fear not, for behold, I bring unto you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger.*"

Unfolding the story, he told of the darkness that had settled over Israel under the Roman sway and the formalism of the Jewish hierarchy at the time of Christ's coming, drawing from it the lesson that God still had shepherds watching over His flocks in the night to whom He vouchsafed to send His heavenly messengers. On and on he wrote, picturing the divine mission of the Redeemer and His power to save souls, and dwelling on Christmas as the ever recurrent reminder of "the tender mercy of our God whereby the Day Spring from on High hath visited us."

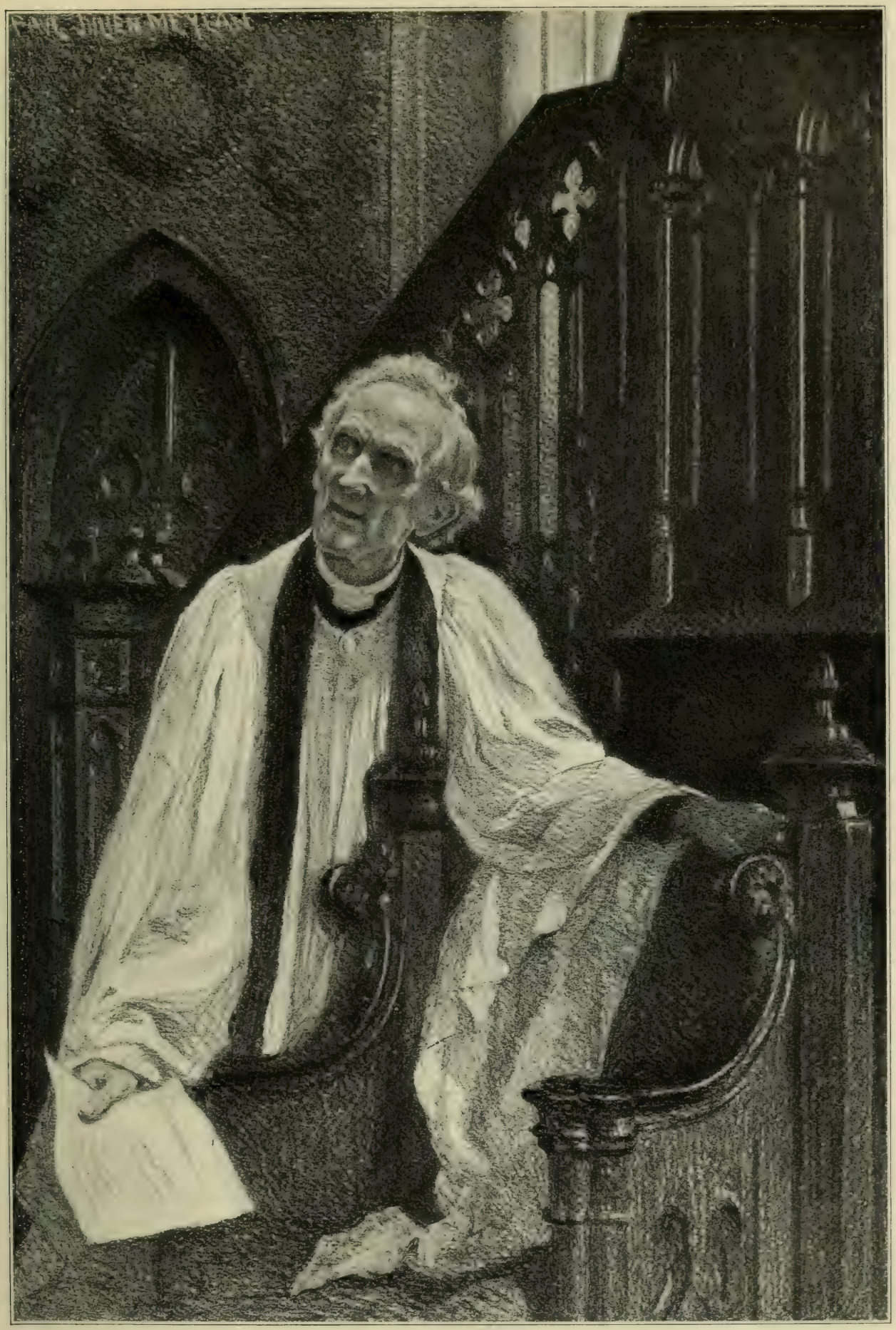
Suddenly he came to a pause. Something troubled him. It came to him that he had heard that a woman in the town was very sick and he had intended going to see her. She had had a bad reputation; but he had heard that she had reformed. At any rate she was ill. He paused and deliberated. At the moment the wind rattled the shutters. She did not belong to his flock or, so far as he knew, to any flock, and once when he had stopped her on the street and spoken to her of her evil life, she had insulted him. She had told him that he had better look after his own people instead of lecturing her. He turned back to his paper, pen in hand; but it was borne in on him that he was writing of watching over the flock by night and here he was neglecting one of his Father's sheep. He laid aside his pen and, rising, took down his old hat and stick, lit his lantern, turned down his lamp, and, shuffling through the bare, narrow passage, let himself out at the door. As he came out on to the little porch to step down to the walk, the wind struck him fiercely and he had some difficulty in fastening the door with its loose lock; but this done he pushed forward. The black trees swayed and creaked above him in the wind, and fine particles of snow stung his withered cheeks. He wondered if the shepherds in the fields ever had such a night as this for their watch. He remembered to have read that snow fell on the mountains of Judea. It was a blustering walk. The wind felt as if it would blow through him. Yet he stumbled onward.

At length he reached the little house on a back street in the worst part of the village, where he had heard the sick woman lived. A light glimmered dimly in an upper window and his knocking finally brought to the door a woman who looked after her. She was not in a good humor at being disturbed at that hour, for her rest had been much broken of late; but she was civil and invited him in.

In answer to his question of how her patient was, she replied shortly: "No better; the doctor says she can't last much longer. Do you want to see her?" she added presently.

The old rector said he did and she waved toward the stair. "You can walk up."

As they climbed the stair she added: "She said you'd come if you knew." The words made the old man warmer. And



Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan.

As he stooped to pick up a loose sheet from the floor he sank to his knees, but he picked it up. "Here it is," he said, with a tone of relief. "I remember now."—Page 372.

when she opened the door of the sick-room and said, "Here's the preacher, as you said," the faint voice of the invalid murmuring, "I hoped you'd come," made him feel yet warmer.

He was still of some use even in this parish.

Whatever her face had been in the past, illness and suffering had refined it. He stayed there long, for he found that she needed him. She unburdened herself to him. She was sorry she had been rude to him that time. She had been a sinful woman. She said she had tried of late to live a good life, since that day he had spoken to her, but she now found that she had not. She had wanted to be a believer and she had gone to hear him preach one day after that, but now she did not seem to believe anything. They told her that she must repent. She wanted to repent, but she could not feel. She was in the dark and she feared she was lost. The old man had taken his seat by her side, and he now held her hand and soothed her tenderly.

"Once, perhaps," he said doubtfully, "though God only knows that, but certainly no longer. Christ died for you. You say you wanted to change, that you tried to ask God's pardon and to live a better life even before you fell ill. Do you think you could want this as much as God wanted it? He put the wish into your heart. Do you think He would now let you remain lost? Why, He sent His Son into the world to seek and to save the lost. He has sent me to you to-night to tell you that He has come to save you. It is not you that can save yourself, but He, and if you feel that it is dark about you, never mind—the path is still there. One of the old Fathers has said that God sometimes puts His children to sleep in the dark."

"But I have been— You don't know what I have been," she murmured. The old man laid his hand softly on her head.

"He not only forgave the Magdalen, for her love of Him, but He vouchsafed to her the first sight of His face after His resurrection."

"I see," she said simply.

A little later she dozed off, but presently roused up again. A bell was ringing somewhere in the distance. It was the ushering in of the Christmas morn.

"What is that?" she asked feebly.

He told her.

"I think if I were well, if I could ever be good enough, I should like to join the church," she said. "I remember being baptized—long ago."

"You have joined it," he replied.

Just then the nurse brought her a glass.

"What is that?" she asked feebly.

"A little wine." She held up a bottle in which a small quantity remained.

It seemed to the old preacher a sort of answer to his thought. "Have you bread here?" he asked the young woman. She went out and a moment later brought him a piece of bread.

He had often administered the early communion on Christmas morning, but never remembered a celebration that had seemed to him so real and satisfying. As he thought of the saints departed this life in the faith and fear of God, they appeared to throng about him as never before, and among them were the faces he had known and loved best on earth.

It was toward morning when he left; as he bade her good-by he knew he should see her no more this side of Heaven.

As he came out into the night the snow was falling, but the wind had died down and he no longer felt cold. The street was empty, but he no longer felt lonely. He seemed to have got nearer to God's throne.

Suddenly, as he neared his house, a sound fell on his ears. He stopped short and listened. Could he have been mistaken? Could that have been a baby's cry? There was no dwelling near but his own, and on that side only the old and unoccupied stable in the yard whence the sound had seemed to come. A glance at it showed that it was dark and he was moving on again to the house when the sound was repeated. This time there was no doubt of it. A baby's wail came clear on the silence of the night from the unused stable. A thought that it might be some poor foundling flashed into his mind. The old man turned and, stumbling across the yard, went to the door.

"Who is here?" he asked of the dark. There was no answer, but the child wailed again and he entered the dark building, asking again, "Who is here?" as he groped his way forward. This time a

voice almost inarticulate answered. Holding his dim little lantern above his head, he made his way inside, peering into the darkness, and presently, in a stall, on a lot of old litter, he descried a dark and shapeless mass from which the sound came. Moving forward, he bent down, with the lantern held low, and the dark mass gradually took shape as a woman's form seated on the straw. A patch of white, from which a pair of eyes gazed up at him, became a face and, below, a small bundle clasped to her breast took on the lines of a babe.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, breathless with astonishment. She shook her head wearily and her lips moved as if to say, "I didn't mean any harm." But no sound came. She only tried to fold the babe more warmly in her shawl. He took off his overcoat and wrapped it around her. "Come," he said firmly. "You must come with me," he added kindly; then, as she did not rise, he put out his hand to lift her, but, instead, suddenly set down the lantern and took the babe gently into his arms. She let him take the child, and rose slowly, her eyes still on him. He motioned for her to take the lantern and she did so. And they came to the door. He turned up the walk, the babe in his arms, and she going before him with the lantern. The ground was softly carpeted with snow, the wind had died down, but the clouds had disappeared and the trees were all white, softly gleaming, like dream-trees in a dream-land. The old man shivered slightly, but not now with cold. He felt as if he had gone back and held once more in his arms one of those babes he had given back to God. He thought of the shepherds who watched by night on the Judean hills. "It must have been such a night as this," he thought.

As they reached his door he saw that some one had been there in his absence. A large box stood on the little porch and beside it a basket filled with things. So he had not been forgotten after all. The milkman also had called and for his customary small bottle of milk had left one of double the usual size. When he let himself in at the door, he took the milk with him. So the shepherds might have done, he thought.

It was long before he could get the fire to burn; but in time this was accomplished; the room grew warm and the milk was warmed also. The baby was quieted and was soon asleep in its mother's lap. And as the firelight fell from the open stove on the child, in its mother's arms before the stove, the old man thought of a little picture he had once seen in a shop window. He had wanted to buy it, but he had never felt that he could gratify such a taste. There were too many calls on him. Then, as she appeared overcome with fatigue, the old man put her with the child in the only bed in the house that was ready for an occupant and, returning to the little living-room, ensconced himself in his arm-chair by the stove. He had meant to finish his sermon, but he was conscious for the first time that he was very tired. But he was also very happy. When he awoke he found that it was quite late. He had overslept and though his breakfast had been set out for him, he had time only to make his toilet and to go to church. The mother and child were still asleep in his room, the babe folded in her arm, and he stopped only to gaze on them a moment and to set the rest of the milk and his breakfast where the young mother could find it on awaking. Then he went to church, taking his half-finished sermon in his worn case. He thought with some dismay that it was unfinished, but the memory of the poor woman and the midnight communion, and of the young mother and her babe, comforted him; so he plodded on bravely. When he reached the church it was nearly full. He had not had such a congregation in a long time. And they were all cheerful and happy. The pang he had had as he remembered that he was to announce his resignation that day was renewed, but only for a second. The thought of the babe and its mother, warmed and fed in his little home, drove it away. And soon he began the service. He had never had such a service. It all appeared to him to have a new meaning. He felt nearer to the people in the pews than he ever remembered to have felt. They were more than ever his flock and he more than ever their shepherd. More, he felt nearer to mankind, and yet more near to those who had gone before—the innumerable company

of the redeemed. They were all about him, clad all in white, glistering like the sun. The heavens seemed full of them. When he turned his eyes to the window, the whole earth seemed white with them. The singing sounded in his ears like the choiring of angels. He was now in a maze. He forgot the notice he had meant to give and went straight into his sermon, stumbling a little as he climbed the steps to the pulpit. He repeated the text and kept straight on. He told the story of the shepherds in the fields watching their flocks when the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and told of the Babe in the manger who was Christ the Lord. He spoke for the shepherds. He pictured the shepherds watching through the night and made a plea for their loneliness and the hardship of their lives. They were very poor and ignorant. But they had to watch the flock and God had chosen them to be His messengers. The wise men would come later, but now it was the shepherds who first knew of the birth of Christ the Lord. He was not reading as was his wont. It was all out of his heart and the eyes of all seemed to be on him—of all in pews and of all that innumerable host about him.

He was not altogether coherent, for he at times appeared to confuse himself with the shepherds. He spoke as if the message had come to him, and after a while he talked of some experiences he had had in finding a child in a stable. He spoke as though he had really seen it. "And now," he said, "this old shepherd must leave his flock, the message has come for him."

He paused and looked down at his sermon and turned the leaves slowly, at first carefully and then almost aimlessly. A breath of wind blew in and a few leaves slid off the desk and fluttered down to the floor. "I have been in some fear lately," he said, "but God has appeared to make the way plain. A friend has helped me, and I thank him." He looked around and lost himself. "I seem to have to come to the end," he said, smiling simply with a soft, childish expression stealing over and lighting up his wan face. "I had something more I wanted to say, but I can't find it and—I can't remember. I seem too tired to remember it. I am a very old man and you must bear with me, please, while I try." He quietly turned and walked down the steps, holding on to the railing. As he stooped to pick up a loose sheet from the floor he sank to his knees, but he picked it up. "Here it is," he said with a tone of relief. "I remember now. It is that there were shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night, and the light came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them and they were sore afraid, and the Angel said unto them:

"'*Fear not, for behold, I bring unto you good tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people; for unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.*'"

They reached him as he sank down and, lifting him, placed him on a cushion taken from a pew. He was babbling softly of a babe in a stable and of the glory of the Lord that shone round about them. "Don't you hear them singing?" he said. "You must sing too; we must all join them." At the suggestion of some one, a woman's clear voice struck up,

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,"

and they sang it through as well as they could for sobbing. But before the hymn was ended the old shepherd had joined the heavenly choir and gone away up into Heaven.

As they laid him in the chamber on the hill opening to the sunrise, the look in his face showed that the name of that chamber was Peace.

They talk of him still in his old parish, of the good he did, and of his peaceful death on the day that of all the year signified birth and life. Nothing was ever known of the mother and babe. Only there was a rumor that one had been seen leaving the house during the morning and passing out into the white-clad country. And at the little inn in the town there was vague wonder what had become of the woman and her baby who applied for shelter there that night before and was told that there was no place for her there, and that she had better go to the old preacher, as he took in all the tramps.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

BY EDITH WHARTON

BOOK II

XI

THE July sun enclosed in a ring of fire the ilex grove of a villa in the hills near Siena. Below, by the roadside, the long yellow house seemed to waver in the glare; but steep by steep, behind it, the ilex-dusk mounted to the ledge where Ralph Marvell, stretched on his back in the scant grass, lay gazing up at a black reticulation of branches between which bits of sky gleamed with the hardness and brilliancy of blue enamel.

Up there too the air was thick with heat; but compared with the white fire below it was a dim and tempered warmth, like that of the churches in which he and Undine sometimes took refuge at the height of the torrid days.

Ralph loved the heavy Italian summer, as he had loved the light spring days leading up to it: the long line of dancing days that had drawn them on and on across the landscape ever since they had left their ship at Naples four months earlier. Four months of beauty, changeful, inexhaustible, weaving itself about him in shape after shape of softness and mystery and strength; and beside him, hand in hand with him, embodying that spirit of shifting magic, the radiant creature through whose eyes he saw it. This was what their hastened marriage had blessed them with, giving them leisure, before summer came, to penetrate to remote folds of the southern mountains, to linger in the drowsy shade of Sicilian orange-groves, and then, travelling by slow stages to the Adriatic, to reach the central hill-country where even in July they might hope for a breathable air.

To Ralph the Sienese air was not only breathable but intoxicating. The sun, treading the earth like a vintager, drew from it heady fragrances, crushed out of it new deep colours. All the values of the temperate landscape were reversed: the noon high-lights were white, but the shadows had unimagined intensities of colour. On the blackness of cork and ilex lay the green and purple lustres, the coppery iridescences of old bronze; and night after night the skies were wine-blue and bubbling with stars. Ralph said to himself that no one who had not seen Italy thus prostrate beneath the sun knew what secret treasures she could yield.

As he lay there in the grass, fragments of past states of emotion, fugitive felicities of thought and sensation, rose and floated on the surface of his thoughts. It was one of those moments when the accumulated impressions of life converge on throbbing heart and brain, elucidating, enlacing each other, in a mysterious confusion of beauty. He had had intuitions of such a state before, of such mergings of the personal with the general life that one felt one's self a mere wave on the wild stream of being, and yet thrilled with a sharper sense of individuality than can be known in the mere bounds of the actual. But now he knew the sensation in its fulness, and with it came the releasing power of language. Words were flashing through the air like brilliant birds in the boughs overhead; he had but to wave the magic wand of expression to have them flutter down to him. Only they were so beautiful up there, weaving their fantastic flights against the blue, that it was pleasanter, for the moment, to watch them and let the wand lie.

He stared up at the pattern they made till his eyes ached with excess of light; then he changed his position and looked at his wife.

Undine, near by, leaned against a gnarled tree-trunk with the slightly constrained air of a person unused to sylvan abandonments. Her beautiful back could not adapt itself to the rugosities of the tree, and she moved a little now and then in the effort to find an easier position.

But her expression was serene, and Ralph, looking up at her through lids drowsy with heat, thought her face had never been more exquisite.

"You look as cool as a wave," he said, stretching out his arm to reach the hand on her knee. She let him have it, and he drew it closer, scrutinizing it as if it had been a bit of precious porcelain or ivory. Undine's hand was small and soft, a mere featherweight, a puff-ball of a hand—not quick and thrilling, not a speaking hand, but one to be fondled and dressed in rings, and to leave by its touch a rosy blur in the brain. The fingers were short and tapering, dimpled at the base, with nails as smooth as rose-leaves. Ralph lifted them one by one, like a child playing with the keys of a piano, but they were inelastic and did not spring back far—only far enough to show the dimples.

He turned the hand over and traced the course of its blue veins from the wrist to the rounding of the palm below the fingers; then he put a kiss in the warm hollow between. The upper world had vanished: his universe had shrunk to the palm of a soft hand. But—there was no sense of diminution. In the mystic depths whence his passion grew, earthly dimensions were ignored and the curve of beauty was boundless enough to hold whatever the imagination could pour into it. Ralph had never felt more convinced of his power to write a great poem, but now it was Undine's hand which seemed to hold the magic wand of expression.

She moved again uneasily, answering his last words with a faint accent of reproach.

"I don't *feel* cool. You said there'd be a breeze up here."

He gave a laugh of indolent enjoyment. "You poor darling! Wasn't it ever as hot as this in Apex?"

Undine withdrew her hand with a slight grimace.

"Yes—but I didn't marry you to go back to Apex!"

Ralph laughed again; then he lifted himself on his elbow and regained the hand. "I wonder what you *did* marry me for, Undine?"

"Mercy! It's too hot for conundrums." She spoke without impatience, but with a lassitude less joyous than his.

"Do you really mind the heat so much? We'll go, if you do."

She sat up eagerly. "Go to Switzerland, you mean?"

"Well, I hadn't taken such a long leap as that. I only meant we might drive back to Siena."

She relapsed listlessly against her tree-trunk. "Oh, Siena's hotter than this."

"We could go and sit in the cathedral—it's always cool there at sunset."

"We've sat in the cathedral at sunset every day for a week."

"Well, what do you say to stopping at Lecceto on the way? I haven't shown you Lecceto yet; and the drive back by moonlight would be glorious."

This roused her to a slight show of interest. "It might be nice—but where could we get anything to eat?"

Ralph laughed again. "I don't believe we could. You're so awfully practical."

"Well, somebody's got to be. And the food in the hotel is too disgusting if we're not on time."

"I admit that the most digestible portions have usually been appropriated by the extremely good-looking cavalry-officer who's so keen to know you."

Undine's face brightened. "You know he's not a Count; he's a Marquis. His name's Roviano; his palace in Rome is in the guide-books, and he speaks English beautifully. Céleste found out about him from the head-waiter," she said, with the security of one who treats of recognized values.

Marvell, sitting upright, reached lazily across the grass for his hat. "That being the case, there's all the more reason for rushing back to defend our share." His eyes absorbed in a last glance the glimmering submarine light of the ancient grove, through which Undine's figure wavered white and nereid-like above him.

"You never looked your name more than you do now," he said, kneeling at her side and putting his arm about her. She smiled back a little vaguely, as if not seizing his allusion, and being content to let it drop into the store of unexplained references which had once stimulated her curiosity but now merely gave her leisure to think of other things. But her smile was no less lovely for its vagueness, and indeed, to Ralph, as his lips pressed it,

the loveliness was enhanced by the latent doubt. He remembered afterward that at that moment the cup of life seemed to brim over.

"Come, dear—here or there—it's all divine!" he said.

In the carriage, however, she remained indifferent to the soft spell of the evening, noticing only the heat and dust, and saying, as they passed under the wooded heights of Lecceto, that they might as well have stopped there after all, since with such a headache as she felt coming on she didn't care if she dined or not.

Ralph looked up yearningly at the great walls overhead; but Undine's mood was hardly favourable to communion with such scenes, and he made no attempt to stop the carriage. Instead he presently said: "If you're tired of Italy, we've got the world to choose from."

She made no answer for a moment; then she said: "It's the heat I'm tired of. Don't people generally come here earlier?"

"Yes. That's why I chose the summer: so that we could have it all to ourselves."

She tried to put a note of reasonableness into her voice: "If you'd told me we were going everywhere at the wrong time, of course I could have arranged about my clothes."

Marvell laughed. "You poor darling! Let us, by all means, go to the place where the clothes will be right: they're too beautiful to be slighted in our scheme of life."

Her lips hardened. "I know you don't care how I look. But you didn't give me time to order anything before we were married, and I've got nothing but my last winter's things to wear."

Ralph smiled. Even his subjugated mind perceived the inconsistency of Undine's taxing him with having hastened their marriage; but her variations on the eternal feminine still enchanted him.

"We'll go wherever you please—you make every place the one place," he said, with the caressing accent of one who humours an irresistible child.

"To Switzerland, then? Céleste says St. Moritz is too heavenly," exclaimed Undine, who gathered her ideas of Europe chiefly from the conversation of her experienced attendant.

Her husband made a slight grimace. "One can be cool short of the Engadine. Why not go south again—say to Capri?"

"Capri? Is that the island we saw from Naples where the artists go?" She drew her brows together. "It would be simply awful getting there in this heat."

"Well, then, I know a little place in Switzerland where one can still get away from the crowd, and we can sit and look at a green water-fall while I lie in wait for adjectives."

Mr. Spragg's astonishment on learning that his son-in-law contemplated maintaining a household on the earnings of his Muse was still matter for pleasantry between the pair; and one of the humours of their first weeks together had consisted in picturing themselves as a primeval couple setting forth across a virgin continent and subsisting on the adjectives which Ralph was to trap for his epic. On this occasion, however, his wife did not take up the jest, and he remained silent while their carriage climbed the long dusty hill to the Fontebranda gate. He had seen her face droop as he suggested the possibility of an escape from the crowds in Switzerland, and it came to him, with the sharpness of a knife-thrust, that a crowd was what she wanted—that she was sick to death of their solitude.

He sat motionless, staring ahead at the red-brown walls and towers on the steep above them. After all there was nothing sudden in his discovery. For weeks it had hung on the edge of consciousness, but he had turned from it with the heart's instinctive clinging to the unrealities by which it lives. Even now a hundred qualifying reasons rushed to his aid. They told him it was not of himself that Undine had wearied, but only of their present way of life. He had said a moment before, without conscious exaggeration, that her presence made any place the one place; yet with what grace would he have consented to share in such a life as she was leading before their marriage? And their months of desultory wandering from one remote Italian hill-top to another must have seemed as purposeless to her as balls and dinners would have been to him. An imagination like his, peopled with such varied images and associations, fed by so many currents from the immemorial

stream of human experience, could at first hardly picture the bareness of the small half-lit place in which his wife's spirit fluttered. Her mind was as destitute of beauty and mystery as the prairie schoolhouse in which she had been educated; and her ideals seemed to Ralph as pathetic as the ornaments made of corks and cigar-bands with which her infant hands had been taught to adorn it. He was beginning to understand this, and learning to adapt himself to the narrow compass of her experience. The task of opening new windows in her mind, of dressing her blank past with the rich tapestry of romance and tradition, was inspiring enough to give him infinite patience; and he would not yet own to himself that the pliancy and responsiveness he felt in her were imitative rather than spontaneous.

Meanwhile he had no desire to sacrifice her wishes to his, and it distressed him that he dared not confess his real reason for avoiding the Engadine. The truth was that their funds were shrinking more rapidly than he had expected. Mr. Spragg, who, at first, had bluntly opposed their hastened marriage on the ground that he was not prepared, at such short notice, to make the necessary provision for his daughter, had shortly afterward (probably, as Undine observed to Ralph, in consequence of a lucky "turn" in the Street) met their desires with all possible "handsomeness," bestowing on them a wedding in conformity with Mrs. Spragg's ideals and up to the highest standard of Mrs. Heeny's clippings, and promising Undine an income sufficient to continue a career so brilliantly begun. It was more or less understood that Ralph, on their return, should renounce the law and go into some more immediately lucrative business; but this seemed the smallest of sacrifices to make for the privilege of calling Undine his wife; and besides, he still secretly hoped that, in the interval, his real calling might declare itself in some work which would justify his adopting the life of letters.

Ralph had taken it for granted that Undine's allowance, with the addition of his own small income, was enough to satisfy their needs. His own were few, and had always been easily kept within his means; but his wife's daily requirements, combined with her intermittent outbreaks of extravagance, had thrown out all his calculations, and they were already seriously exceeding their income.

If any one had told him before his marriage that he would find it difficult to tell this to Undine he would have answered: "It might be if she were marrying me for my money—"; and during their first days together it had seemed as though such a question were the last likely to be raised between them. But his marital education had since made strides, and he was learning that a disregard for money may imply not the willingness to get on without it but merely a blind confidence that it will somehow be provided. If Undine, like the lilies of the field, took no care, it was not because her wants were as few but because she assumed that care would be taken for her by those whose privilege it is to enable her sex to unite floral insouciance with Sheban elegance.

She had met her husband's first note of warning with the assurance that she "didn't mean to worry"; and Ralph felt beneath the declaration the tacit assumption that it was his business to do so for her. He certainly wanted—poor bewildered Ralph!—to guard her from this as from all other cares; he wanted also, and still more passionately after the topic had once or twice recurred between them, to guard himself from the risk of judging where he still adored. These restraints to frankness kept him silent during the remainder of the drive, and when, after dinner, Undine again complained of her headache, he let her go up to her room and wandered out alone to renewed communion with his problems.

They hung on him insistently as darkness fell, and Siena, behind him, grew vocal with that shrill diversity of sounds that breaks, on summer nights, from every cleft of the masonry in old Italian towns. Then the moon rose, unfolding depth by depth the lines of the antique land below him; and Ralph, leaning against an old brick parapet, and watching each silver-blue remoteness disclose itself between the dark masses of the middle distance, felt his spirit enlarged and pacified. For the first time, as his senses thrilled to the deep touch of beauty, he asked himself if out of these floating and

fugitive vibrations he might not build something concrete and stable, if even such dull common cares as now oppressed him might not become the motive power of creation. If he could only, on the spot, "do something" with all the accumulated spoils of the last months—something that should both put money into his pocket and harmony into the rich confusion of his spirit! "I'll write—I'll write: that must be what the whole thing means," he said to himself, with a vague clutch at some solution which should keep him hanging a little longer half-way down the steep of disenchantment.

He would have stayed on, heedless of time, to trace the ramifications of his idea in the complex beauty of the scene, but for the stronger desire to make Undine share in his mood. For the last few months every thought and sensation had been instantly transmuted into emotional relationships with his wife and, though the currents of communication between them were neither deep nor numerous, each fresh rush of feeling seemed to him strong enough to clear a way to her heart. This conviction now carried him straight, and almost breathlessly, back to the inn; but even as he knocked at Undine's door the subtle emanation of other influences seemed to arrest and chill him.

His wife had put out the lamp, and sat near a window in the moonlight, her head propped on a listless hand. She turned as Marvell entered; then, without speaking, she looked away again.

He was used to this mute reception, and had learned that it had no personal significance, but was the result of an extremely simplified social code. Mr. and Mrs. Spragg seldom spoke to each other when they met, and words of greeting seemed almost unknown to their domestic vocabulary. Marvell had fancied, at first, that his own warmth would call forth a response from his wife, who had been so quick to learn the forms of worldly intercourse; but he soon saw that she regarded intimacy as a pretext for escaping from such forms into a blank absence of expression.

To-night, however, he felt another meaning in her silence, and perceived that she intended him to feel it. He met it by silence, but of a different kind; letting his nearness speak for him, as he knelt beside her and pressed his cheek to hers. She seemed hardly aware of the gesture; but to that also he was used. She had never shown any repugnance to his tenderness, but such response as it evoked was remote and Ariel-like, suggesting, from the first, not so much of the recoil of ignorance as of the coolness of the element from which she took her name.

As he pressed her to him she seemed to grow less impassive. He felt her resign herself to his arm like a tired child, and held his breath, not daring to break the spell.

At length he said in a whisper: "I've just seen such a wonderful thing—I wish you'd been with me!"

"What sort of a thing?" She turned her head with a faint show of interest.

"A—I don't know—a vision. . . It came to me out there just now with the moonrise."

"A vision?" The interest in her voice had flagged. "I never cared much about spirits. Mother used to try to drag me to séances—but they always made me sleepy."

Ralph laughed. "I don't mean a dead spirit but a living one! I saw the vision of a book I mean to do. It came to me suddenly, magnificently, swooped down on me as that big white moon swooped down on the black landscape, tore at me like a great white eagle—like the bird of Jove! After all, imagination *was* the eagle that devoured Prometheus!"

She drew away abruptly, and the bright moonlight showed him the apprehension in her face. "You're not going to write a book *here?*"

His arm slipped from her waist, and he stood up and wandered away a step or two. Then he turned and came back to her. "Of course not here. Wherever you want. The main point is that it's come to me—no, that it's come *back* to me! For it's all these marvellous months, it's all our happiness—it's the meaning of life that I've found, and it's you, dearest, you who've given it to me!"

He dropped down beside her again, and swept her eyes and hair with his kisses. But she disengaged herself and he heard a little sound like a sob in her throat.

"Undine—what's the matter?"

"Nothing. . . I don't know. . . I suppose I'm homesick. . . that's all." She lifted her hands to her face.

"Homesick? My poor darling! You're tired of travelling? You want to go back to America?"

"I don't know. . . I don't like Europe . . . it's not what I expected, and I think it's all too dreadfully dreary!" The words broke from her in a long wail of rebellion.

Marvell gazed at her perplexedly. It seemed strange that such unguessed thoughts should have been stirring in the heart pressed to his. "It's less beautiful than you expected—or less amusing? Is that it?" he asked.

"It's dirty and ugly—all the towns we've been to are disgustingly dirty. I loathe the smells and the beggars. I'm sick and tired of the stuffy rooms in the hotels. I thought it would all be so grand and splendid—but New York's ever so much nicer!"

"Surely not New York in July?"

"I don't care—there are the roof-gardens, anyhow; and there are always people round. All these places seem as if they were dead. It's all like some awful cemetery."

A sense of compunction checked Marvell's laughter, and he drew her hands down soothingly. "Don't cry, dear—don't! I see, I understand. You're lonely and the heat has tired you out. It *is* dull here; awfully dull; I've been stupid not to feel it before. But we'll start at once—we'll get out of it."

She brightened instantly. "We'll go up to Switzerland?"

"We'll go up to Switzerland." He had a fleeting glimpse of the quiet place with the green water-fall, where he might have made tryst with his vision; then he turned his mind from it and said: "We'll go just wherever you want to. How soon can you be ready to start?"

"Oh, to-morrow—the first thing to-morrow morning! I'll make Céleste get up now and pack. Can we go right through to St. Moritz? I'd rather sleep in the train than in another of these awful places."

She was on her feet in a flash, her face alight, her loose hair waving and floating about her as though it rose on her happy heart-beats.

"Oh, Ralph, it's *sweet* of you, and I love you!" she cried out, letting him catch her to his breast.

XII

In the quiet place with the green water-fall Ralph's vision might have kept faith with him; but how could he hope to surprise it in the midsummer crowds of St. Moritz?

Undine, at any rate, had found there what she wanted; and when he was at her side, and her radiant smile included him, every other question was in abeyance. But there were hours of solitary striding over bare grassy slopes, face to face with the ironic interrogation of sky and mountains, when his besetting anxieties came back, more persistent and importunate. Sometimes they took the form of merely material difficulties. How, for instance, was he to meet the cost of their ruinous suite at the Engadine Palace while he awaited Mr. Spragg's next remittance? And once the hotel bills were paid, what would be left for the journey back to Paris, the looming expenses there, the price of the passage to America? These considerations would fling him back on the thought of his projected book, which was, after all, to be what the masterpieces of literature had mostly been—a pot-boiler. Well! Why not? Did not the worshipper always heap the rarest essences on the altar of his divinity? Ralph still rejoiced in the thought of giving back to Undine, in any form accessible to her imagination, something of the beauty of their first months together. But even on his solitary walks the vision eluded him; and he could spare so few hours to its pursuit!

Undine's days were crowded, and it was still a matter of course that where she went he should follow. He had risen visibly in her opinion since they had been absorbed into the heterogeneous life of the big hotels, and she had seen that his command of foreign tongues put him at an advantage even in circles where English was generally spoken if not understood. Undine herself, hampered by her lack of languages, was soon drawn into the group of compatriots who struck the social pitch of the hotel in which they annually congregated. Their types were familiar enough

to Ralph, who had taken their measure in former wanderings, and come across their duplicates in every scene of continental idleness. Foremost among them was Mrs. Harvey Shallum, a showy Parisianized figure, with a small wax-featured husband whose ultra-fashionable clothes seemed a tribute to his wife's importance rather than the mark of personal preference. Mr. Shallum, in fact, could not be said to have any individual bent. Though he conversed with a colourless fluency in the principal European tongues he seldom exercised his gift except in intercourse with hotel-managers and head-waiters; and his long silences were broken only by resigned allusions to the enormities he had suffered at the hands of this accomplished but unscrupulous class.

Mrs. Shallum, though in command of but a few verbs, all of which, on her lips, became irregular, managed to express a polyglot personality as vivid as her husband's was effaced. Her only idea of intercourse with her kind was to organize it into bands and subject it to frequent and fatiguing displacements; and society smiled at her for these exertions like an infant vigorously rocked. She saw at once Undine's value as a factor in her scheme, and the two formed an alliance on which Ralph refrained from shedding the cold light of depreciation. It was a point of honour with him not to seem to disdain any of Undine's amusements: the noisy interminable picnics, the hot promiscuous balls, the concerts, bridge-parties and theatricals which helped to disguise the difference between the high Alps and Paris or New York. He said to himself that there is always a Narcissus-element in youth, and that what Undine really enjoyed was the image of her own charm mirrored in the admiration it evoked. With her quick perceptions and adaptabilities she would soon learn to care more about the quality of the reflecting surface; and meanwhile he did not wish to throw on her pleasure the destructive light of his maturer criticism.

The prompt appearance at their hotel of the cavalry-officer from Siena was a slight strain on Ralph's philosophy; but even after the handsome Marquis had been introduced to Undine, and had whirled her through an evening's dances, her husband was not seriously disturbed. His relation to his wife had grown closer since they had come to St. Moritz, and in the brief moments she could give him she was now always gay and approachable. Her fitful humours had vanished, and she began to show qualities of comradeship that seemed the promise of a deeper understanding. But this very promise made him more subject to her moods, more fearful of breaking the accord on which his future hung. Least of all could he broach the subject of money: he had too keen a memory of the way her lips could narrow, and her eyes turn from him as if he were a stranger.

It was a different matter that one day brought the look he feared to her face. She had been in high good-humour all the morning, and after luncheon had announced her intention of going on an excursion with Mrs. Shallum and three or four of the young men who formed the nucleus of their shifting circle. For the first time she did not ask Ralph if he were coming, and he felt no resentment at being left out. He was tired of these noisy assaults on the high solitudes and the prospect of a quiet afternoon turned his thoughts to his book. Now if ever there seemed a chance of recapturing the moonlight vision. . .

He stood on the balcony of their apartment looking down on the assembling party. Mrs. Shallum was already on the scene, screaming bilingually at various windows in the long façade; and Undine presently appeared, attended by the Marchese Roviano and two young English diplomatists. Slim and tall in her trim Alpine dress, she made the ornate Mrs. Shallum look like a piece of ambulant upholstery. The high air brightened her cheeks and struck new lights from her hair, and Ralph thought he had never seen her so touched with morning freshness. But the party was not yet complete, and he felt a movement of annoyance when he recognized, in the last person to join it, a Russian lady of questionable fame whom he had run across in his unmarried days, and as to whom he had already given his wife a word of warning. Knowing what strange specimens from the depths slip through the wide meshes of the watering-place world, he had foreseen that Undine

would inevitably be brought in contact with the Baroness Adelschein; but he had not expected the latter to figure in their intimate circle.

When the party had started he turned back to his writing-table and tried to take up his work; but he could not fix his thoughts: they were far away, in Undine's wake. They had been but five months married, and it seemed, after all, a little soon for him to be dropped out of such excursions as unquestioningly as Harvey Shallum. He smiled away this first twinge of jealousy, but the sense of irritation which it left in him found a pretext in his displeasure at Undine's choice of companions. Mrs. Shallum grated on his taste, but she was as open to inspection as a shop-window, and he was sure that time would teach his wife the cheapness of what she had to show. Roviano and the Englishmen were well enough too: frankly bent on amusement, but well-mannered and well-bred. Men, however, took their tone from the women they were with; and Ralph knew enough of Madame Adelschein's to guess its effect on her companions. He knew also that Undine's gift of self-defense was offset by the instinct of adapting herself to whatever company she was in, of copying "the others" in speech and gesture as closely as she reflected them in dress; and he was tormented by the thought of what her ignorance and her adaptability might expose her to.

She came back late, flushed with her long walk, her face all sparkle and mystery, as he had seen it in the first days of his courtship; and the look somehow revived his irritated sense of having been intentionally left out of the party.

"You've been gone forever. Was it the Adelschein who made you all forget the time?" he asked her, trying to take a joking tone.

Undine, as she dropped down on the sofa and unpinned her walking-hat, shed on him the light of her guileless gaze.

"I don't know: everybody was amusing. The Marquis is awfully bright."

Ralph scraped his idle quill against the tray of the inkstand.

"I'd no idea you or Bertha Shallum knew Madame Adelschein well enough to take her off with you."

Undine twirled her hat in her hands and absently smoothed its tuft of glossy feathers.

"I don't see that you've got to know people particularly well to go for a walk with them. The Baroness is awfully bright too."

She always gave her acquaintances their titles, seeming not, in this respect, to have noticed that a simpler form prevailed.

"I don't dispute the interest of what she says; but I've told you what decent people think of what she does," Ralph retorted, exasperated by what seemed a wilful affectation of suddenly irritated ignorance.

She kept on him her candid gaze, in which there was no shadow of offense.

"You mean they don't want to go round with her? You're mistaken: it's not true. She goes round with everybody. She dined last night with the Grand Duchess; Roviano told me so."

This was not calculated to help Ralph to a more tolerant view of the question.

"Does he also tell you what's said of her?"

"What's said of her?" Undine's limpid glance rebuked him. "Do you mean that disgusting scandal? Do you suppose I'd let him talk to me about such things? I meant you're mistaken about her social position. He says she goes everywhere."

Ralph laughed impatiently. "No doubt Roviano's an authority; but it doesn't happen to be his business—or say his privilege—to choose your friends for you."

Undine laughed also. "Well, I guess I don't need anybody to do that: I can do it myself," she said, with the good-humoured brusqueness that was the habitual note of the Spragg intercourse.

Ralph, pushing aside his papers, sat down beside her and laid a caressing touch on her shoulder. "No, you can't, you foolish child. You know nothing of this society you're in; of its antecedents, its rules, its conventions; and it's my business to look after you, and warn you when you're on the wrong tack."

"Mercy, what a solemn speech!" She shrugged away his hand without ill-temper. "I don't believe an American woman needs to know such a lot about their

old rules. They can see I mean to follow my own, and if they don't like it they needn't go with me."

"Oh, they'll go with you fast enough, as you call it. They'll be too charmed to. The question is to what extent they'll make you go with them, and where, if you do, they'll finally land you."

She tossed her head back with the movement she had learned in "speaking" school-pieces about freedom and the British tyrant.

"No one's ever yet gone any farther with me than I wanted!" she declared on a clarion-note of defiance. She was really exquisitely simple.

"I'm not sure Roviano hasn't, in vouching for Madame Adelschein. But he probably thinks you know about her. To him this isn't 'society' any more than the contents of an omnibus. Society, to all these people, means the sanction of their own special group and of the corresponding groups elsewhere. The Adelschein goes about in a place like this because it's nobody's business to stop her; but the women who tolerate her here would drop her like a shot if she set foot on their own territory."

The thoughtful air with which Undine heard him out made him fancy this argument had carried; and as he ended she threw him a bright look.

"Well, that's easy enough: I can drop her if she comes to New York."

Ralph sat silent for a moment—then he turned away from her and began to gather up his scattered pages.

Undine, in the ensuing days, was no less often with Madame Adelschein, and Ralph suspected a challenge in her open frequentation of the lady. But if challenge there were, he let it lie. Whether his wife saw more or less of Madame Adelschein seemed no longer of much consequence: she had so amply shown him her ability to protect herself. The pang lay in the completeness of the proof—in the perfect functioning of her instinct of self-preservation. For the first time he was face to face with his hovering dread: he was judging where he still adored.

It was well for him that before long he was roused from such thoughts by the approach of concrete cares. He had already begun to watch the post for his father-in-law's monthly remittance, without precisely knowing how, even with its aid, he was to bridge the widening gulf of expense between St. Moritz and New York. The non-arrival of Mr. Spragg's cheque opened the door to graver apprehensions, and these were abruptly confirmed when, coming in one afternoon, he found Undine crying over a letter from her mother.

Her agitation made him fear that Mr. Spragg was ill, and he drew her to him soothingly; but she broke away with a jerk of impatience.

"Oh, they're all well enough—but father's lost a lot of money. He's been speculating, and he can't send us anything for at least three months."

Ralph murmured reassuringly: "As long as there's no one ill!"—but in reality he was following her despairing gaze down the long perspective of their barren quarter.

"Three months! Three months!" he repeated.

Undine dried her eyes, and sat with set lips and tapping foot while he hurried on through Mrs. Spragg's rambling pages.

"Your poor father! It's a hard knock for him. I'm sorry," he said as he handed back the letter.

For a moment she did not seem to hear; then she murmured between her teeth: "It's hard for *us*. I suppose now we'll have to go right off home."

He looked at her with wonder. "Go home? If that were all! In any case I should have to be back in a few weeks."

"But we needn't have left here in August! It's the first place in Europe that I've liked, and it's just my luck to be dragged away from it!"

He sat down by her with an impulse of compunction. "I'm so awfully sorry, dearest. It's my fault for persuading you to marry a pauper."

"It's father's fault. Why on earth did he go and speculate? There's no use his saying he's sorry now!" She sat brooding for a moment and then suddenly took her husband's hand. "Couldn't your people do something—help us out just this once, I mean?"

Marvell grew red to the forehead. It was inconceivable to him that she should make such a suggestion, and her doing so struck at the very roots of pride.

"I couldn't ask them—it's not possible. My grandfather does as much as he can for me, and my mother has nothing but what he gives her."

Undine seemed unconscious of his embarrassment. "He doesn't give us nearly as much as father does," she said; and, as Ralph remained speechless she went on irritably: "Couldn't you ask your sister, then? I must have some clothes to go home in."

His heart contracted as he looked at her. What sinister change came over her when her will was crossed? She seemed to grow inaccessible, implacable—her eyes were like the eyes of an enemy.

"I don't know—I'll see," he muttered, rising and moving away from her. At that moment the touch of her hand was repugnant to him. Yes—he might ask Laura, no doubt: and whatever she had would be his for the asking. But the necessity was bitter to him, and Undine's unconsciousness of the fact hurt him more than her indifference to her father's misfortune.

What hurt him most was the curious fact that, for all her light irresponsibility, it was always she who made the practical suggestion, hit the nail of difficulty on the head. No sentimental scruple made the blow waver and deflected her resolute aim. She had thought at once of Laura, and Laura proved, in the event, his only, his inevitable resource. His quick imagination forestalled his sister's wonder, and made him wince under the sting of Henley Fairford's irony: Fairford, who at the time of the marriage had sat silent and pulled his moustache while every one else talked and resisted, yet under whose silence Ralph had felt a deeper protest than under all the reasoning of the others. It was no comfort to reflect that Fairford would probably continue to say nothing! —but necessity made light of these twinges and Ralph set his teeth and cabled to his sister.

Undine's chief surprise seemed to be that the response, though immediate and generous, did not enable them to stay on at St. Moritz. But she apparently read, in her husband's look, the uselessness of this expectation, for, with one of the sudden changes of mood that still disarmed and reconciled him, she accepted the need of departure, and took leave philosophically of the Shallums and their band. After all, Paris was ahead, and in September, as she had learned, one would have a chance to see the new models undisturbed, and surprise the secret councils of the dress-makers.

Ralph was staggered by the tenacity with which she held to her purpose. He tried, when they reached Paris, to make her see the necessity of starting for home by the first steamer; but she complained of fatigue and of feeling vaguely unwell, and he could not but yield to her desire for rest. The word, however, was to strike him as strangely misapplied, for from the day of their arrival she was in a state of perpetual activity. She seemed to have mastered her Paris as by divination, and in the magic bounds between the Boulevards and the Place Vendome she moved at once with supernatural ease.

"Of course," she explained to him, "I understand how little we've got to spend; but I left New York without a rag, and it was you who made me countermand the things I'd ordered, instead of having them sent over after us. I wish now I hadn't listened to you—father'd have had to pay for *those* before he lost his money. As it is, it will be cheaper in the end for me to pick up a few things here. The great advantage of going to the French dressmakers is that they'll wait twice as long for their money as the people at home. And they're all crazy to dress me—Bertha Shallum will tell you so: she says no one ever had such a chance! That's why I was willing to come to this stuffy little hotel—I wanted to save every scrap I could to get a few decent things. And over here they're accustomed to being bargained with—you ought to see how I've beaten them down! Have you any idea what a dinner-dress costs in New York——?"

So it went on, obtusely, obstinately, whenever he tried to sound the note of abstinence. But on other themes she was more than usually accessible and responsive. Paris enchanted her, and they had delightful hours at the theatres—the "little" ones—amusing dinners at fashionable restaurants, and gay and desperate evenings in haunts where she thrilled with childish glee at the thought of what she must so obviously be "taken for." All

these familiar diversions regained, for Ralph, a fresh zest in her company. Her innocence, her high spirits, her astounding comments and credulities, renovated the old Parisian adventure and flung a veil of romance over its hackneyed scenes. Seen through such a medium the future looked less near and implacable, and Ralph, when he had received a reassuring letter from his sister, let his conscience sleep and slipped forth on the high tide of pleasure. After all, in New York amusements would be fewer, and their life, for a time, perhaps of necessity more quiet. Moreover, his dim glimpses of Mr. Spragg's past suggested that the latter was likely to be on his feet again at any moment, and atoning by redoubled prodigalities for his involuntary delay; and beyond all these possibilities there was the book to be written—the book on which Ralph was sure he should get a real hold as soon as they had settled down in New York.

Meanwhile the daily cost of living, and the bills that could not be deferred, were beginning to eat deep into Laura's subsidy. Ralph's anxieties returned, and his situation was brought home to him with a shock when, on going one day to the steamship office to engage passages, he learned that the price was that of the "rush season," and one of the conditions immediate payment. At other times, he was assured, the rules were easier; but in September and October no exception could be made.

As he walked homeward with this fresh weight on his mind he caught sight of the strolling figure of Peter Van Degen—Peter lounging and luxuriating among the seductions of the Boulevard with the disgusting ease of a man whose wants are all measured by money, and who always has enough to indulge them.

His present sense of these advantages revealed itself in the noisy affability of his greeting to Ralph, and in his off-hand request that the latter should "look up Clare," who had come over with him to get her winter finery.

"She's motoring to Italy next week with some of her long-haired friends—but I'm off for the other side; going back on the *Sorceress*. She's just been overhauled at Greenock, and we ought to have a good spin over. Better come with me, old man."

The *Sorceress* was Van Degen's steam-yacht, most monstrous and complicated of her kind: it was his habit, after his semi-annual flights to Paris and London, to let Clare return by steamer, and take a joyous company back on his own boat. The character of these parties made the invitation thus tossed at him almost an offense to Ralph; but reflecting that it was probably a phrase distributed to every acquaintance when Van Degen was in a rosy mood, he answered: "Much obliged, my dear fellow; but Undine and I are sailing at once."

Peter's glassy eye grew livelier. "Ah, to be sure—you're not over the honeymoon yet. How's the bride? Stunning as ever? My regards to her, please. I suppose she's too deep in dress-making to be called on?—but don't you forget to look up Clare!" He hurried on in pursuit of a flitting petticoat and Ralph continued his weary walk home.

He prolonged it a little in order to put off telling Undine of his plight; for he could devise only one way of meeting the cost of the voyage, and that was to take it at once, and thus curtail their Parisian expenses. He knew how unwelcome this plan would be, and he shrank the more from seeing Undine's face harden since, of late, he had so basked in its brightness.

When at last he entered the little *salon* she called "stuffy" he found her in conference with a blond-bearded gentleman who wore the red ribbon in his lapel, and who, on Ralph's appearance—and at a sign, as it appeared, from Mrs. Marvell—swept into his note-case some small objects that had lain on the table between them, and bowed himself out with a "Madame—Monsieur" worthy of the highest traditions.

Ralph looked after him appreciatively. "Who's your friend—an Ambassador or a tailor?"

Undine was rapidly slipping on her rings, which, as he now observed, had also been scattered over the table.

"Oh, it was only that jeweller I told you about—the one Bertha Shallum goes to."

"A jeweller? Good heavens, my poor girl! You've not, at this moment, been buying jewels?" The extravagance of the idea struck a laugh from him.

Undine's face did not harden: it took on, instead, an almost deprecating look. "Of course not—what a ridiculous idea! I only wanted a few old things re-set. But I won't let him do them if you'd rather not."

She came to him and sat down at his side, laying her hand on his arm. He took the hand up, looking at the deep gleam of the sapphires in the old family ring he had given her.

"You won't, at least, have that re-set?" he said, smiling and twisting the ring about on her finger; then he turned to his thankless explanation. "It isn't that I'd rather not have you do this or that, darling; it's simply that, for the moment, we're in rather a tight place. I've just been to see the steamer people, and our passages will cost a good deal more than I expected."

He set forth his difficulty, explaining that he must give an answer to the steamship company on the morrow. Would she consent to sail that very Saturday? Or should they go a fortnight later in a slow boat from Plymouth?

Undine frowned on both alternatives. She was an indifferent sailor and shrank from the possible "nastiness" of the cheaper boat. She wanted to get the voyage over as quickly and luxuriously as possible—Bertha Shallum had told her that in a "deck-suite" no one need be sea-sick—but she wanted still more to have another week or two of Paris; and it was always hard to make her understand why circumstances could not be bent to her wishes.

"This week? But how on earth can I be ready? Besides, we're dining at Enghien with the Shallums on Saturday, and motoring to Chantilly with the Jim Driscolls on Sunday. I can't imagine how you thought we could go this week," she reproached him.

But she still opposed the cheap steamer, and after they had carried the question on to Voisin's, and there unprofitably discussed it through a long luncheon, it seemed no nearer a solution.

"Well, think it over—let me know this evening," Ralph said, proportioning the waiter's fee to a bill burdened by Undine's ruthless choice of *primeurs*.

His wife was off to join the newly-arrived Mrs. Shallum in a round of the rue de la Paix; and he had seized the occasion to give himself the treat of a classical performance at the Français. On their arrival in Paris he had taken Undine to one of these entertainments, but it left her too weary and puzzled to encourage a renewal of the attempt, and he had not found time to return without her. He was glad now to shed his cares in such an atmosphere. The play was of the greatest, the acting in the note of the vanishing grand manner which lived in his first golden memories of the Parisian stage, and his promptness of surrender to such influences as fresh as in his early days. Caught up in the fiery chariot of art, he felt once more the tug of its coursers in his muscles, and the rush of their flight still throbbed in him when he walked back late to the hotel.

XIII

He had expected to find his wife still out; but on the stairs he crossed Mrs. Shallum, who threw at him from under an immense hat-brim: "Yes, she's in, but you'd better come and have tea with me at the Nouveau Luxe. I don't think husbands are wanted!"

Ralph retorted that in that case it was just the moment for them to appear; and Mrs. Shallum swept on, crying back: "All the same, I'll wait for you!"

In the sitting-room Ralph found Undine, still in her hat and walking-dress, seated behind a tea-table on the other side of which, in an attitude of confidential nearness, Peter Van Degen stretched his lounging length.

He did not move on Ralph's appearance, no doubt thinking their kinship close enough to make his nod and "Hullo!" a sufficient greeting. Peter in intimacy was given to miscalculations of the sort, and Ralph's first movement was to glance at Undine and see how this instance affected her. But her eyes gave out the vivid rays that noise and banter always struck from them; her face, at such moments, reminded Ralph of a theatre with all the lustres blazing. That the illumination should have been kindled by his cousin's husband was not precisely agreeable to Marvell, who thought Peter a bore in society and an insufferable nuisance on

closer terms. But he was growing accustomed, in Undine, to a lack of discrimination that he preferred to characterize as the tolerance of youth; and his own treatment of Van Degen was always tempered by his sympathy for Clare.

He therefore raised no objection to Peter's suggestion of an evening at a *petit théâtre* with the Harvey Shallums, and joined in the laugh with which Undine declared: "Oh, Ralph won't go—he only likes the theatres where they walk round in bath-towels and talk poetry.—Isn't that what you've just been seeing?" she added, with a turn of the neck that shed her brightness on him.

"What? One of those five-barrelled shows at the Français? Great Scott, Ralph—no wonder your wife's pining for the Folies Bergère!"

"She needn't, my dear fellow. We never interfere with each other's vices."

Peter, unsolicited, was comfortably lighting a cigarette. "Ah, there's the secret of domestic happiness. Marry somebody who likes all the things you don't, and make love to somebody who likes all the things you do."

Undine laughed appreciatively. "Only it dooms poor Ralph to such awful frumps. Can't you see the sort of woman who'd love his sort of play?"

"Oh, I can see her fast enough—my wife loves 'em," said their visitor, rising with a grin; while Ralph threw out: "So don't waste your pity on me!" and Undine's amusement had the slight note of asperity that any mention of Clare always elicited.

"To-morrow night, then, at Paillard's," Van Degen concluded, taking her hand. "And about the other business—that's a go too? I leave it to you to settle the date."

The nod and laugh they exchanged seemed to hint at depths of collusion from which Ralph was pointedly excluded; and he wondered how large a programme of amusement they had already had time to sketch out. He did not like the idea of Undine's being too conspicuously seen with Van Degen, whose Parisian reputation was not fortified by the connections that propped it up in New York. But he did not want to be always interfering with her pleasure, and he was still wondering what he should say when, as the door closed, she turned to him gaily.

"I'm so glad you've come! I've got some news for you," she said, with a light touch on his arm.

Touch and tone were enough to disperse his anxieties, and he answered that the gladness was all his at finding her in, when he had supposed her still engaged, over a Nouveau Luxe tea-table, in repairing the afternoon's ravages.

"Oh, I didn't shop much—I didn't stay out long." She slipped her arm through his, her face kindling beneath his eyes. "And what do you think I've been doing? While you were sitting in your stupid old theatre, worrying about the money I was spending (oh, you needn't fib—I know you were!) I was saving you hundreds and thousands. I've saved you the price of our passage home!"

Ralph laughed in pure enjoyment of her beauty. When she shone on him like that what did it matter what nonsense she talked?

"You wonderful woman—how did you do it? By countermanding a tiara, I suppose?"

"You know I'm not such a fool as you pretend!" She held him at arm's length with a nod of joyous mystery. "You'll simply never guess! I've made Peter Van Degen ask us to go home with him on the *Sorceress*. What do you say to that?"

She flashed it out at him on a laugh of triumph, without appearing to have a doubt of the effect she would produce.

Ralph stared at her. "The *Sorceress?* You *made* him?"

"Well, I managed it, I worked him round to it! He's crazy about the idea now—but I don't think he'd thought of it before he came."

"I should say not!" Ralph ejaculated. "He never would have had the cheek to think of it."

"Well, I've made him, anyhow! Did you ever know such luck?"

"Such luck?" He groaned at her obstinate innocence. "Haven't I told you enough about Van Degen? Do you suppose for a moment I'll let you cross the ocean on the *Sorceress?*"

Undine gave an impatient shrug. "I suppose you say that because your cousin doesn't go on her."

"If Clare doesn't, it's because it's no place for decent women."

"It's Clare's fault if it isn't. She's always snubbed and despised him. Everybody knows she's crazy about you, and she makes him feel it. That's why he takes up with other women."

She flung the words out on a gust of anger that reddened her cheeks and dropped her brows like a black bar above her glowing eyes. Even in his recoil from what she said Ralph felt the tempestuous heat of her beauty. But for the first time latent resentments rose in him, and he gave her back wrath for wrath.

"Is that the precious stuff he tells you?"

"Do you suppose I had to wait for him to tell me? Everybody knows it—everybody in New York knew she was wild when you married. That's why she's always been so nasty to me. If you won't go on the *Sorceress* they'll all say it's because she was jealous of me and wouldn't let you."

Ralph's anger had already flickered down to disgust. Undine was no longer beautiful—her face seemed to have taken the shape of her thoughts. He stood up with an impatient laugh.

"Is that another of his charming arguments? I don't wonder they're convincing—" But as quickly as it had come, the sneer dropped, yielding to a wave of pity, the vague impulse to silence and protect her. How could he have given way to the provocation of her weakness, when his business was to defend her from it and lift her above it? He recalled his old dreams of saving her from Van Degenism—it was not thus that he had imagined the rescue.

"Don't let's pay Peter the compliment of squabbling over him," he said, turning away to pour himself a cup of tea. "His defense may be left to the ladies who usually cross on the *Sorceress*."

He sat down near Undine, and looked at her with a smile. "No doubt he was joking—and thought you were; but if you really made him believe we might go with him you'd better drop him a line in the morning."

Undine's brow still gloomed. "You won't, then? You refuse?"

"Refuse? I don't need to! You'd hardly care to succeed to half the chorus-world of New York."

"They won't be on board with us, I suppose!"

"The echoes of their conversation will. It's the only language Peter knows."

"He told me he longed for the influence of a good woman—" She checked herself at her husband's laugh.

"Well, tell him to apply again when he's been under it a month or two. Meanwhile we'll stick to the liners."

Ralph was beginning to learn that the only road to her reason lay through her vanity, and that if she could be made to see Van Degen as an object of derision she might renounce the idea of the *Sorceress* of her own accord. But on this occasion he had apparently miscalculated, for her will hardened slowly under his joking opposition, and she became not less formidable as she grew more calm. He was used to women who, in such cases, yielded as a matter of course to masculine judgments: if one pronounced a man "not decent" the question was closed. But it was Undine's habit to refer such questions to personal motives, and he could see that she still ascribed his opposition to the furtive machinations of poor Clare. It was odious to him to have to prolong so trivial a discussion, for the accent of recrimination was the one he most dreaded on her lips. But the moment came when he had to take the brunt of it, averting his thoughts as best he might from the glimpse it gave of a world of mean familiarities, of reprisal drawn from the vulgarest of vocabularies. Certain retorts sped through the air like the flight of household utensils, certain charges rang out like accusations of tampering with the groceries. He stiffened himself against such comparisons, but they stuck in his wounded imagination, and left him thankful when Undine's anger at last yielded to a burst of tears. He had held his own and gained his point. The trip on the *Sorceress* was given up, and a note of withdrawal despatched to Van Degen, but at the same time Ralph cabled his sister to ask if she could increase her loan. For he had conquered only at the cost of a concession: Undine was to stay in Paris till October, and they were to sail on a fast steamer, in a deck suite, like the Harvey Shallums.

Undine's resentments always disappeared before any new distraction, and she gave herself to the untroubled enjoyment of her respite in Paris. The Shallums were the centre of a like-minded group, and in such hours as the ladies could spare from their dress-makers the restaurants shook with their hilarity and the suburbs with the shriek of their motors. Van Degen had postponed his sailing and was a frequent sharer in these diversions; but Ralph counted on New York influences to detach him from Undine's train. It was becoming a part of Ralph's system to influence her through her social instincts where he had once dreamed that he might appeal to other sensibilities.

His worst moment came when he went to see Clare Van Degen, who, on the eve of departure, had summoned him to her hotel. He found her less restless and rattling than usual, with a look in her eyes that reminded him of the days when she had haunted his thoughts. The visit, nevertheless, passed off without vain returns to the past; but as he was leaving she startled him by saying: "Don't let Peter make a goose of your wife."

Ralph reddened, but laughed off his annoyance.

"Oh, Undine's wonderfully able to defend herself, even against such seductions as Peter's."

Mrs. Van Degen looked down with a smile and twisted the heavy bracelets on her thin brown wrist. "His personal seductions—yes. But as an inventor of amusements he's inexhaustible; and Undine likes to be amused."

Ralph made no reply but showed no annoyance. He simply took her hand and kissed it, saying "Goodbye" as he did so; and she turned from him without audible farewell.

As the day of departure approached, Undine's absorption in her toilet almost precluded the thought of amusement. Early and late she was closeted with fitters and packers—even the competent Céleste not being trusted to handle such treasures as now poured in—and Ralph cursed his weakness in not restraining her, and then went out to lose the memory of it in museums and galleries.

He could not rouse in her any scruple about incurring fresh debts, yet he knew she was no longer unaware of the value of money. She had learned to bargain, pare down prices, evade fees, brow-beat her small tradespeople, and wheedle concessions from the great—not, as Ralph perceived, from any effort to restrain her expenses, but only to prolong and intensify the pleasure of spending. Pained by the trait, he tried to laugh her into a sense of its unbecomingness. He told her once that she had a miserly hand—showing her, in proof, that, for all their softness, the fingers would not bend back, or the pink palm open. But she retorted a little sharply that it was no wonder, since she'd heard nothing talked of since their marriage but economy; and this left him without an answer. So the line of purveyors continued to mount the narrow stairs to their apartment, and Ralph, in the course of his frequent flights from it, found himself always dodging the corners of black glazed boxes and of swaying pyramids of pasteboard; always lifting his hat to sidling milliners' girls, or effacing himself before slender *vendeuses* who floated by in a mist of opopanax. He felt incompetent to pronounce on the needs to which these visitors ministered; but the sight of the blond-bearded jeweller among the ascending train gave him definite ground for apprehension. Undine had assured him that she had given up the idea of having her ornaments re-set, and there had been ample time for their return; but on his questioning her she explained that there had been delays and "bothers" in getting the things back, and put him in the wrong by asking ironically if he supposed she was buying things "for pleasure" when she knew as well as he that there wasn't any money to pay for them.

But his thoughts were not all dark. Undine's moods still infected him, and when she was happy he felt an answering lightness. Even when her amusements were too primitive to be shared he could enjoy their reflection in her face. Only, as he looked back, he was struck by the evanescence, the lack of substance, in their moments of sympathy, and by the permanent marks left by each breach between them. Yet he fancied that some day the balance might be reversed, and that as she acquired a finer sense of values

depths still unstirred would find a voice in her.

Something of this was in his mind when, the afternoon before the day fixed for their sailing, he came home to help her with their last arrangements. She had begged him, for the day, to leave her alone in their cramped *salon*, into which belated bundles were still pouring; and it was nearly twilight when he ventured back. The evening before she had seemed pale and nervous, and at the last moment had excused herself from dining with the Shallums at a suburban restaurant. It was so unlike her to miss any opportunity of amusement that Ralph had been struck and a little anxious. But with the arrival of the packers, that morning, she was afoot and in command again, and he withdrew submissively, as Mr. Spragg, in the early Apex days, might have fled from the spring storm of "house-cleaning."

Returning now, he found the little sitting-room still in disorder. Every chair was hidden under scattered dresses, tissue-paper surged from the brim of yawning trunks and, prone among her heaped-up finery, Undine lay with closed eyes upon the sofa.

She raised her head with a start as he entered, and then turned away from him.

Ralph bent over her. "What's the matter, dear? Haven't the packers finished?"

As he touched her the storm broke. She flung herself face downward, and sob on sob shook her prostrate body. The violence of her weeping scattered her hair upon her shoulders, and her hands, clenching the arm of the sofa, pressed it away from her as if any contact were insufferable.

Ralph knelt down by her in alarm. "Why, what's wrong, dear? What's happened?"

Her fatigue of the previous evening came back to him—a puzzled hunted look in her eyes; and with the memory a vague wonder revived. He had fancied himself fairly disencumbered of the stock formulas about the hallowing effects of motherhood, and for the hardest of material reasons, this was not the time he would have chosen to put such sentiments to the test; but the woman a man loves is always a special case, and everything was different that befell Undine. If this was what had befallen her it was wonderful and divine: for the moment that was all he felt.

He laid a hand on her arm. "Darling, do tell me what's the matter."

She wept on unheedingly and he waited for her emotion to subside, more certain every moment of his conjecture. He shrank from the phrases considered appropriate to the situation, but he wanted to press her close and give her the depth of his feeling in a long embrace.

Suddenly she sat upright and turned her miserable face on him. "Why on earth are you staring at me like that? Anybody can see what's the matter!"

He shrank at her tone, but managed to get one of her hands in his; and they stayed thus for a while in silence, eye to eye.

"Are you as sorry as all that?" he began at length, conscious of an uncontrollable note of flatness in his voice.

"Sorry—sorry? I'm—I'm—" She snatched her hand away, and began to sob again.

"But, Undine—dearest—bye and bye you'll feel differently—I know you will!"

"Differently? Differently? When? In a year? It *takes* a year—a whole year out of life! What do I care how I shall feel in a year?"

In spite of himself Ralph felt the chill of her tone strike in. This was more than a revolt of the nerves: it was a settled, a reasoned resentment. He found himself groping for extenuations, evasions—anything to put a little warmth into her!

"Perhaps, after all — who knows? Perhaps, after all, it's a mistake."

There was no answering light in her face. She turned her head from him wearily.

"Don't you think, dear," he persisted, "you may be mistaken?"

"Mistaken? How on earth can I be mistaken?"

Even in that moment of confused agitation he was struck by the cold competence of her tone, and wondered why she was so sure.

"You mean you've asked—you've consulted a doctor——?"

The irony of it took him by the throat. They were just the words he might have spoken in some unhappy secret colloquy

—the words he was speaking to his wife!

Without answering him she repeated: "I tell you I know I'm not mistaken."

There was another long silence between them. Undine lay still, her eyes shut, drumming on the arm of the sofa with a nervous hand. The other lay cold in her husband's clasp, and through it there gradually stole to him the benumbing influence of the thoughts she was thinking: the sense of the approach of illness, anxiety, expense, and of the general unnecessary disorganization of their lives.

"That's all you feel, then?" he asked at length a little bitterly, as if to disguise from himself the hateful fact that he shared her feeling. He stood up and moved away. "That's all?" he repeated, speaking to her across the width of the room. "Regret that you know you're not mistaken?"

"Why, what else do you expect me to feel? I feel horribly ill, if that's what you want."

He saw the sobs trembling up through her again, and a fresh impulse of compassion drew him back to her side.

"My poor dear—poor girl. . . I'm so sorry—so dreadfully sorry!" he whispered with his arms about her.

The senseless reiteration seemed to exasperate her. He knew it by the quiver that ran through her like the premonitory ripple on smooth water before the coming of the wind. Suddenly she turned about on him and jumped to her feet.

"Sorry—you're sorry? *You're* sorry? Why, what earthly difference will it make to *you?*" She drew back a few steps and lifted her slender arms from her sides. "Look at me—see how I look—how I'm going to look! *You* won't hate yourself more and more every morning when you get up and see yourself in the glass! *Your* life's going on just as usual! But what's mine going to be for months and months? And just as I'd been to all this bother—fagging myself to death about all these things—" her tragic gesture swept the encumbered room—"just as I thought I was going home to enjoy myself, and look nice, and see people again, and have a little pleasure after all our worries—" With another burst of tears she dropped back into her chair. "For all the good this rubbish will do me now! I loathe the very sight of it!" she sobbed, and buried her face in her hands.

XIV

It was one of the distinctions of Mr. Claud Walsingham Popple that his studio was never too much encumbered with the attributes of his art to permit the installing, in one of its deeply cushioned corners, of an elaborately furnished tea-table flanked by the most varied seductions in sandwiches and pastry.

Mr. Popple, like all great men, had at first had his ups and downs; but his reputation had been permanently established by the verdict of an enlightened patron of the arts, who, returning from an excursion into other fields of portraiture, had given it as the final fruit of his experience that Popple was the only man who could "do pearls." To a clientèle for whom this was of the first consequence it was another of the artist's merits that he always subordinated art to elegance, in life as well as in his portraits. The "messy" element of production was no more visible in his expensively screened and tapestried studio than its results were perceptible in his painting; and it had been frequently said, in praise of his work, that he was the only artist who kept his studio tidy enough for a lady to sit to him in a new dress.

Mr. Popple, in fact, held that the personality of the artist should at all times be dissembled behind that of the man. It was his opinion that the essence of good-breeding lay in tossing off a picture as easily as you lit a cigarette. Ralph Marvell had once said of him that when he began a portrait he always turned back his cuffs and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, you can see there's absolutely nothing here;" and Mrs. Fairford supplemented the description by defining his painting as "chafing-dish" art.

On a certain late afternoon of December, some four years after Mr. Popple's first meeting with Miss Undine Spragg of Apex, even the symbolic chafing-dish had been smuggled out of sight; the only evidence of its recent activity being the full-length portrait of Mrs. Ralph Marvell, who, from her lofty easel and her heavily

garlanded frame, faced the doorway of the studio with the air of having been invited to "receive" for Mr. Popple.

The artist himself, in mouse-coloured velveteen, had just turned away from the picture to hover above the tea-cups; but his place had been taken by the considerably broader bulk of Mr. Peter Van Degen, who, tightly moulded into a coat of the latest cut, stood before the portrait in the attitude of a first arrival.

"Yes, it's good—it's damn good, Popp; you've hit the hair off rippingly; but the pearls ain't big enough," he pronounced.

A slight laugh sounded from the raised dais behind the easel.

"Of course they're not! But it's not *his* fault, poor man; *he* didn't give them to me!" Mrs. Ralph Marvell declared. As she spoke she rose from a monumental gilt arm-chair of pseudo-Venetian design and swept her long draperies to Van Degen's side.

"He might, then—for the privilege of painting you!" the latter rejoined, transferring his bulging stare from the counterfeit to the original. His eyes rested a moment on Mrs. Marvell's, in what seemed a quick exchange of understanding; then they passed on to a critical inspection of her person. She was dressed for the sitting in something faint-hued and shining, above which the slim curves of her neck looked dead white in the cold light of the studio; and her hair, all a shadowless rosy gold, was starred with a hard glitter of diamonds.

"The privilege of painting me? Mercy, *I* have to pay for being painted! He'll tell you he's giving me the picture—but what do you suppose all this cost?" she cried, touching her shimmering dress.

Van Degen's eye rested on her with cold enjoyment. "Does the price come higher than the dress?"

She ignored the allusion. "Of course what they charge for is the cut——"

"What they cut away? That's what they ought to charge for, ain't it, Popp?"

Undine took this with cool disdain, but Mr. Popple's sensibilities were offended.

"My dear Peter—really—the artist, you understand, sees all this as a pure question of colour, of pattern; and it's a point of honour with the *man* to steel himself against the personal seduction."

Mr. Van Degen received this protest with a sound of almost vulgar derision, but Undine thrilled agreeably under the glance which her portrayer cast on her. She was flattered by Van Degen's notice, and thought his impertinence witty; but she glowed inwardly at Mr. Popple's eloquence. After more than three years of social experience she still thought he "spoke beautifully," like the hero of a novel, and she ascribed to jealousy the lack of seriousness with which her husband's friend regarded him. His conversation struck her as extremely intellectual, and his eagerness to have her share his thoughts was in flattering contrast to her husband's growing tendency to keep his to himself. Popple's homage seemed the subtlest proof of what Ralph could have made of her if he had "really understood" her. It was but another step to ascribe all her past mistakes to the lack of such understanding; and the satisfaction derived from this thought had once impelled her to tell the artist that he alone knew how to rouse her "higher self." He had assured her that the memory of her words would thereafter hallow his life; and as he gave her to understand that it had been stained by the darkest errors she was moved at the thought of the purifying influence she exerted.

Thus it was that a man should talk to a true woman—but how few whom she had known possessed the secret! Ralph, in the first months of their marriage, had been eloquent too, had even gone the length of quoting poetry; but his eloquence disconcerted her by its baffling twists and strange allusions (she always scented ridicule in the unknown), and the poets he quoted were esoteric and abstruse. Mr. Popple's rhetoric was drawn from more familiar sources, and abounded in favourite phrases, and in moving reminiscences of the Fifth Reader. He was moreover as literary as he was artistic; possessing an unequalled acquaintance with contemporary fiction, and dipping even into the lighter type of memoirs in which the old acquaintances of history are served up in the disguise of "A Royal Sorceress" or "Passion in a Palace." The easy mastery with which Mr. Popple discussed the novel of the day, especially in relation to the emotions of its hero and

heroine, gave Undine a stimulating sense of intellectual activity, and contrasted strikingly with Marvell's flippant estimate of such works. "Passion," the artist gave her to understand, would have been the dominant note of his life, had it not been held in check by a sentiment of exalted chivalry, and by the sense that a nature of such emotional intensity must always be "ridden on the curb."

Van Degen was helping himself from the tray of iced cocktails which stood near the tea-table, and Popple, turning to Undine, took up in an undertone the thread of his discourse. But why, he asked, why allude before others to feelings so few could understand? The average man —lucky devil!—(with a compassionate glance at their companion's back) the average man knew nothing of the fierce conflict between the lower and higher natures; and even the woman whose eyes had kindled it—how much did *she* guess of its violence? Did she know— Popple recklessly asked—how often the artist was forgotten in the man—how often the man would take the bit between his teeth, were it not that the look in her eyes recalled some sacred memory, some lesson learned perhaps beside his mother's knee?

"I say, Popp—was that where you learned to mix this drink? Because it does the old lady credit," Van Degen called out, smacking his lips; while the artist, dashing a nervous hand through his hair, muttered: "Hang it, Peter—is *nothing* sacred to you?"

It was agreeable to Undine to feel herself capable of inspiring such emotions. She would have been fatigued by the necessity of maintaining her own talk on Popple's level, but she liked to listen to him, and especially to have others overhear what he was saying to her.

Her feeling for Van Degen was different. There was more similarity of tastes between them, though his manner flattered her vanity less than Popple's. She felt the strength of Van Degen's contempt for everything he did not understand or could not buy: that was the only kind of "exclusiveness" that impressed her. And he was still to her, as in her inexperienced days, the master of the mundane science she had once imagined that Ralph Marvell possessed. During the three years since her marriage she had learned to make distinctions unknown to her girlish categories. She had discovered that she had given herself to the exclusive and the dowdy when the future belonged to the showy and the promiscuous; that she was in the case of those who have cast in their lot with a fallen cause, or—to use an analogy more within her range—who have hired an opera box on the wrong night. It was all confusing and exasperating. Apex ideals had been based on the myth of "old families" ruling New York from a throne of Revolutionary tradition, with the new millionaires paying them feudal allegiance. But experience had long since proved the delusiveness of the simile. Mrs. Marvell's classification of the world into the visited and the unvisited was as obsolete as a mediæval cosmogony. Some of those whom Washington Square would have called unvisited were the centre of social systems far outside its ken, and as indifferent to its opinions as the constellations to the reckoning of the astronomers; and all these systems joyously revolved about their central sun of gold.

There were moments after Undine's return to New York when the sense of having blundered became almost unendurable, when she was tempted to class her marriage with the hateful early mistakes from the memory of which she had hoped it would free her. Since it was never her habit to accuse herself of such mistakes it was inevitable that she should gradually come to lay the blame on Ralph. She found a poignant pleasure at this stage of her career, in the question: "What does a young girl know of life?" And the poignancy was deepened by the fact that each of the friends to whom she addressed the question seemed convinced that—had the privilege been his—he would have known how to spare her the disenchantment it implied.

The conviction of having blundered was never more present to her than when, on this particular afternoon, the guests whom Mr. Popple had invited to view her completed portrait began to assemble before it.

Some of the principal figures of Undine's group had rallied for the occasion,

and almost all were in exasperating enjoyment of privileges for which she longed. There was young Jim Driscoll, heir-apparent of the house, with his short stout mistrustful wife, who hated society, but went everywhere lest it might be thought she had been left out; the "beautiful Mrs. Beringer," a lovely aimless being, who kept (as Laura Fairford said) a home for stray opinions, and could never quite tell them apart; little Dicky Bowles, whom every one invited because he was understood to "say things" if one didn't; the Harvey Shallums, fresh from Paris, and dragging in their wake a bewildered nobleman designated as "the Count," who offered cautious conversational bribes, like an explorer trying beads on savages; and, behind these more salient types, the usual filling in of those who are seen everywhere because they have learned to catch the social eye. Such a company was one to flatter the artist as much as his sitter, so completely did it represent that unanimity of opinion which constitutes social strength. Not one of the number was troubled by any personal theory of art: all they asked of a portrait was that the costume should be sufficiently "life-like," and the face not too much so; and a long course of training in idealizing flesh and realizing dress-fabrics had enabled Mr. Popple to meet both demands satisfactorily.

"Hang it," Peter Van Degen pronounced, standing before the easel in an attitude of inspired interpretation, "the great thing in a man's portrait is to catch the likeness—we all know that; but with a woman's it's different—a woman's picture has got to be pleasing first of all. Who wants it about if it isn't? Those big chaps who blow about what they call realism—how do *their* portraits look in a drawing-room? Do you suppose they ever ask themselves that? *They* don't care—they're not going to live with the things! And what do they know of drawing-rooms, anyhow? There's where old Popp has the pull over 'em—*he* knows how we live and what we want."

This was received by the artist with a deprecating murmur, and by his public with general expressions of approval.

"Happily in this case," Popple began ("as in that of so many of my sitters," he hastily put in) "there has been no need to idealize—nature herself has outdone the artist's dream."

Undine, radiantly challenging comparison with her portrait, glanced up at it with a smile of conscious merit, which deepened as young Jim Driscoll, turning to his wife, declared: "By Jove, Mamie, you must be done exactly like that for the new music-room."

The lady addressed turned a cautious eye upon the picture.

"How big is it? For our house it would have to be a good deal bigger," she objected; and Popple, fired by the thought of such a dimensional opportunity, rejoined that it would be the occasion of all others to "work in" a marble portico and a court-train: he had just done Mrs. Lycurgus Ambler in a court-train and feathers, and as *that* was for Buffalo of course the pictures needn't clash.

"Well, it would have to be a good deal bigger than Mrs. Ambler's," Mrs. Driscoll insisted; and on Popple's suggestion that in that case he might "work in" Driscoll, in court-dress also—("You've been presented, of course? Well, you *will* be,—you'll *have* to, if I do the picture —which will then make a lovely memento")—Van Degen turned aside to murmur to Undine: "Pure bluff, you know —Jim couldn't pay for a photograph. Old Driscoll's high and dry since the Ararat investigation."

She threw him a puzzled glance, having no time, in her crowded existence, to follow the perturbations of Wall Street save as they affected the hospitality of Fifth Avenue.

"You mean they've lost their money? Won't they give their fancy ball, then?"

Van Degen shrugged. "Nobody knows how it's coming out. That queer chap Elmer Moffatt threatens to give old Driscoll a fancy ball—says he's going to dress him in stripes! It seems he knows too much about the Apex street-railways."

Undine paled a little. Though she had already tried on her costume for the Driscoll ball her disappointment at Van Degen's announcement was effaced by the mention of Moffatt's name. She had not had the curiosity to follow the reports of the "Ararat Trust Investigation," but once or twice lately, in the snatches of

smoking-room talk, she had been surprised by a vague allusion to Elmer Moffatt, as to an erratic financial influence, half ridiculed, yet already half redoubtable. Was it possible that the redoubtable element had prevailed at last? That the time had come when Elmer Moffatt —the Elmer Moffatt of Apex!—could, even for a moment, cause consternation in the Driscoll camp? He had always said that he "saw things big"; but no one had ever believed he was destined to carry them out on the same scale. Yet apparently in those idle Apex days, while he seemed to be "loafing and fooling," as her father called it, he had really been storing up his weapons of aggression; there had been something, after all, in the effect of loose-drifting power she had always felt in him. Her heart beat faster at the thought, and she longed to question Van Degen; but she was afraid of showing her agitation, and turned back to the group about the picture.

Mrs. Driscoll was still presenting objections in a tone of small mild obstinacy. "Oh, it's a *likeness*, of course—I can see that; but there's one thing I must say, Mr. Popple. It looks like a last year's dress."

The attention of the ladies instantly rallied to the picture, and the artist paled under such a menace to his reputation.

"It doesn't look like a last year's face, anyhow—that's what makes them all wild," Van Degen murmured, with a glance at Undine.

She gave it back in a quick smile. She had already forgotten about Moffatt. Any triumph in which she shared left a glow in her veins, and the success of the picture obscured all other impressions. She saw herself throning in a central panel at the spring exhibition, haloed with the admiration of the crowd that pushed about the picture, repeating her name; and she decided to stop on the way home and telephone her press-agent to "place" a paragraph about Popple's tea.

But in the hall, as she drew on her long fur cloak, her thoughts reverted to the Driscoll fancy ball. What a blow if it were given up after she had taken so much trouble about her dress! She was to go as the Empress Josephine, after the Prudhon portrait in the Louvre. The dress was already fitted and partly embroidered, and she foresaw the difficulty of persuading the dress-maker to take it back.

"Why so pale and sad, fair cousin? What's up?" Van Degen asked, as they emerged from the lift in which they had descended alone from the studio.

She answered listlessly: "I don't know —I'm tired of posing. And it was so frightfully hot."

"Yes. Popple always keeps his place at low-neck temperature, as if the portraits might catch cold." Van Degen glanced at his watch. "Where are you off to?"

"West End Avenue, of course—if I can find a cab to take me there."

It was not the least of Undine's grievances that she was still living in the house which represented Mr. Spragg's first real-estate venture in New York. It had been understood, at the time of her marriage, that the young couple were to be established within the sacred precincts of fashion; but on their return from the honeymoon the still untenanted house in West End Avenue had been placed at their disposal, and in view of Mr. Spragg's financial embarrassment even Undine had seen the folly of refusing to inhabit it. That first winter, moreover, her exile had not weighed on her: while she awaited her boy's birth she was glad to be out of sight of Fifth Avenue, and to take her hateful compulsory exercise where no familiar eye could fall on her. And the next year of course her father would give them a better house.

But the next year rents grew formidable in the Fifth Avenue quarter, and meanwhile little Paul Marvell, from his beautiful pink cradle, was already interfering with his mother's plans. Ralph, alarmed by the fresh rush of expenses, sided with his father-in-law in urging Undine to resign herself to West End Avenue; and thus after three years she was still submitting to the incessant pin-pricks inflicted by the incongruity between her social and geographical situation—the need of having to give a west side address to her tradesmen, and the deeper irritation of hearing her friends say: "Do let me give you a lift home, dear—oh, I'd

forgotten! I'm afraid there isn't time to go so far——"

It was bad enough to have no motor of her own, to be avowedly dependent on "lifts," openly and unconcealably in quest of them, and perpetually plotting to provoke their suggestion (she did so hate to be seen in a cab!); but to miss them, as often as not, because of the remoteness and eccentricity of her destination, gave the last intensity to her sense of being "out of things."

Van Degen looked out at the long snow-piled street, down which the lamps were beginning to put their dreary yellow splashes.

"Of course you won't get a cab on a night like this. I've got the open car, but you'd better turn up your collar and jump in with me. I'll run you out to the High Bridge and give you a breath of air before dinner."

Undine hesitated. The offer was tempting, for her triumph in the studio had left her tired and nervous—she was beginning to learn that success may be as fatiguing as failure. Moreover she was going to a big dinner that evening, and the fresh air would give her the eyes and colour the occasion demanded; but in the back of her mind there lingered the vague sense of a forgotten engagement. As she tried to recall it she felt Van Degen raising the fur collar about her chin.

"Have you got anything you can put over your head? That lace thing? Is it warm enough? Come along, then." He pushed her through the swinging doors, adding with a laugh, as they reached the pavement: "You're not afraid of being seen with me, are you? It's all right at this hour—Ralph's still swinging on a strap in the elevated."

The winter twilight was deliciously cold, and as they swept through Central Park, and gathered impetus for their northward flight along the darkening Boulevard, Undine felt the rush of physical joy that drowns scruples and silences memory. Her scruples, indeed, were not serious; but she was aware that Ralph disliked her being too much with Van Degen, and it was her way to get what she wanted without more "fuss" than could be helped. Moreover, she knew it was a mistake to make herself too accessible to a man of Van Degen's kind: her impatience to enjoy was curbed by an instinct for holding off, for biding her time, that resembled the patient skill with which her father had conducted the sale of his "bad" real estate in the Pure Water Move days. But now and then youth had its way—she could not always resist the present pleasure. And it was amusing, too, to be "talked about" with Peter Van Degen, who was noted for not caring for "nice women." There was irresistible flattery in the thought of triumphing over meretricious charms: it ennobled her in her own eyes to influence such a man for good.

Nevertheless, as the motor flew on through the icy twilight, present cares began once more to overtake her. She could not shake off the thought of the useless fancy-dress which symbolized the other crowding expenses she had not dared confess to her husband. Van Degen caught the sigh on her lips, and bent down, lowering the speed of the motor.

"What's the matter? Isn't everything all right?"

His friendly tone made her suddenly feel that she could confide in him, and though she began by murmuring that it was "nothing" she did so with the conscious purpose of being persuaded to confess. And in the event his extraordinary "niceness" seemed to justify her and to prove, when the deed was done, that she had been right in trusting her instinct rather than in following the counsels of prudence. Heretofore she had never, with Van Degen, gone beyond the vaguest hint of material "bothers"—as to which dissimulation seemed vain while one lived in West End Avenue! But now that the confession of a definite worry had been wrung from her she felt the injustice of the view generally taken of poor Peter. For he had been neither too enterprising nor too cautious (though people said of him that "Peter didn't care to part"); he had just laughed away, in bluff brotherly fashion, the gnawing thought of the fancy dress, had assured her he'd give a ball himself rather than miss seeing her wear it, and had added: "Oh, hang waiting for the bill—won't a couple of thou' cover the whole business?" in a tone that made her feel what a small matter money was

to any one who took the larger view of life.

The whole incident passed off so easily that within a few minutes she had settled down—under his "Everything jolly again now?"—to untroubled enjoyment of the hour. Peace of mind, she said to herself, was all she needed to make her happy—and that was just what Ralph had never given her! At the thought she seemed to see his face before her, with the sharp lines of care between the eyes: it was almost like a part of his "nagging" that he should thrust himself in at such a moment! She tried to shut her eyes to the face; but a moment later it was replaced by another, a small odd likeness of itself; and suddenly, with a cry of compunction, she started up from her nest of furs.

"Mercy! It's the boy's birthday—I was to take him to his grandmother's at four. She was to have a cake with candles, and Ralph was to come up town for it. I *knew* there was something I'd forgotten!"

(To be continued.)

THE OLD REMAIN

By Madison Cawein

The old remain, the young are gone.
The farm dreams lonely on the hill:
From early eve to early dawn
A cry goes with the whippoorwill,
"The old remain, the young are gone."

Where run the roads they wander on?
The young, whose hearts romped shouting here;
Whose feet thrilled rapture through this lawn,
Where sadness walks now all the year.—
The old remain, the young are gone.

To what far glory are they drawn?
And do they weary of the quest?
And serve they now a king or pawn
There in the cities of unrest?—
The old remain, the young are gone.

They found the life here gray and wan,
Too kind, too poor, too full of peace;
The great mad world of brain and brawn
Called to their young hearts without cease.—
The old remain, the young are gone.

They left us to our Avalon,
The ancient fields, the house and trees,
Where we at sunset and at dawn
May sit with dreams and memories.—
The old remain, the young are gone.

Dear Heart, draw near and lean upon
My heart, and gaze no more through tears:
We have our love, our work well done,
To help us face the wistful years.—
The old remain, the young are gone.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

GOING abroad is largely a process of getting new points of view; and, generally speaking, the more one gets the better. Not that the traveller's old convictions necessarily suffer by comparison with his new sympathies, but that he no longer regards the former as exclusively reasonable, and therefore, perhaps, more nearly apprehends the many-sided truth of the world than before he set sail. He learns to consider himself at fault if he remains blind. Blind—that is it. A trip abroad opens eyes in all sorts of unexpected and unlikely places, and the universe discloses an amazing variety of new aspects in consequence.

Expatriates

But few of us can read quite all the meanings that are suggested to us on our travels. There is the Expatriate: some of us struggle in vain to get his point of view.

How many of him there are—or, more accurately, how many of her! Multitude always makes for respect, and it seems that there must be something in a cause which so many people support with such assurance. Such nice people, too! Often enough the very cream of our civilization. They breed a double despair in their critics: despair over the loss of them to their country, and despair of convicting them of sin. It is no light matter to bring to the bar of judgment these cultured, thoughtful, sensitive, intelligent persons.

Can it be that the love of country is one of the primitive, narrow emotions, proper to a state of barbarism, but now in gradual process of evolving away? Thus the critic takes counsel with his own heart, trying to bring himself to the bar instead of the charming American-Roman lady with whom he has just been talking. We are all of us citizens of the world nowadays; our national and individual efforts are all toward unity, tolerance, mutual concession; we are breaking down state barriers as fast as we can. Perhaps it logically follows that, as we cease to consider the claim of one country as *per se* paramount to all others, so its supreme importance must suffer in our hearts as well as in our minds, and we must hold ourselves free to distribute our local affection or to bestow it arbitrarily.

The charming American-Roman lady had smiled when the critic had ventured to question her on the matter of homesickness.

"Wait," she had answered. "You probably haven't been over here quite long enough yet to understand. Of course, you are not going home this summer; and may we not hope to have you with us in Rome another winter?"

The critic had not been so barbarous as to utter aloud the "Not on your life!" with which his mind had echoed; but he had said very promptly and firmly:

"On the contrary, I expect to sail week after next."

The lady had shaken her head then, still smiling, and had given an almost imperceptible shrug of her dainty shoulders; and the critic had come away, feeling crude but unconvinced.

For six months he had revelled in Italy, giving himself over heart and soul to the spell of that magical land. He had dreamed under stone pines and cypresses, studied the august significance of ruins, climbed the steep, picturesque streets of hill towns, worshipped in silent churches, held his breath before pictures and statues that thrilled him with the present touch of eternity. In particular, he had so steeped himself in the atmosphere of Rome that he seemed a humble part of the grand old city. He could almost defy any one to love Rome better than he. He had had a wonderful winter, not only renewing his life, but increasing it; and he could never be grateful enough for the experience.

And yet there had never been a day of the six months when his heart had not leaped at the mention of a west-bound steamer, and he had frequently caught himself counting the weeks till his own homeward sailing in the spring. He had been at a loss to account for this emotion—he was so truly and deeply enjoying his Italian sojourn; but there was no denying it, it was as inevitable as the response of the ear to a strain of music. Home! home! That could always claim him, even in the midst of the Roman Campagna, most beautiful spot on earth. As the spring came on, he had grown restless, definitely ill at ease. There was a vital lack somewhere in his environment. What was it? Not beauty,

charm, inspiration, significance, material for thought; not life, abounding life—but hold! Was he perfectly sure of that last item in his catalogue? Life was the very thing which he had seemed to be obtaining most securely from his trip abroad; and yet, when he scrutinized it, he lost his hold upon it.

Life—whose life? Why, here in Rome, Julius Cæsar's and Marcus Aurelius's and Hildebrand's. Garibaldi's, and Cavour's, and Victor Emmanuel's. Glorious lives, every one of them, noble, inspiring. The traveller had held his little cup to their abounding fountain, and they had filled it generously. What was the matter, then? Why was he not contentedly grateful for the priceless gift? Because the laws of nature demand that a cup which is full shall overflow, because the very condition of fulness is overflowing. Life is no such simple affair that Marcus Aurelius can bestow it on any one. He could save it in the old days, and he can still renew it; but the action which makes it living indeed is beyond his control. Nor yet is action enough to achieve the fulness of life; there must be a profound reaction among many people, giving and taking together, before a convincing result can ensue.

DO the expatriates give? If they do, the argument against them loses one of its strongest points. Do they contribute vitally to the life of Italy, or France, or England? How can they do so? Giving implies a simultaneous possession of a certain good on the one hand, and on the other a need for that same good; and people of the expatriate type carry coals to Newcastle. The things which they have to give are precisely the things which Europe has given them: a feeling for beauty, a historic sense, an appreciation of the finer, more spiritual aspects of life. If some of their practical, energetic, stay-at-home brothers should come and apply their keen wits to the solution of Europe's material problems, there might be a real contribution. But practical brothers are those who find "New York good enough for them," and who speedily pine and languish in the nonchalant atmosphere of Italy. The racial difference tells, too; it is a real barrier. Few people can so identify themselves with the interests of a foreign country that they can serve them from the inside. The hue of tradition must be dyed in the wool.

New Dreams for Old Memories

No, it hardly seems likely that American expatriates will contribute profoundly to the civilizations of Phidias and Michael Angelo. Even if giving were their concern, they have nothing to give. But giving is not their concern. They live in Europe because they like it, because their money goes farther there, because life is easier, not because they have found a field for usefulness. With all their charms and graces, they are rather a selfish lot.

How useful they might be at home! It is the realization of this possibility that stirs the hearts of their observers. Almost more useful than any other class of American citizen. For America's great need is precisely for the good which the expatriate carries so securely in his little cup. Beauty and fineness and leisure, thought, gentleness, patience, æsthetic standards—the lack of these things cries out from all branches of our young civilization. We have had enough of commercial success, of material luxury, of the hard wresting of dollars from one another. The exciting but fruitless game palls at last; we should like to turn our attention to something more enduringly worth while. But how can we do this unless we are taught? And who will teach us when those who know turn their backs on us and go over-seas?

In spite of all efforts to understand, in spite of all concessions, the irrepressible verdict is against the expatriates. Nor do they mend matters by the plea of humility: "I do not flatter myself that America loses anything in me." For such a confession really implies humiliation rather than humility. What is a man doing with his life that he should hold it worthless? Nothing, of course; and that is a trade of which a person may well think twice before he boasts.

Perhaps the expatriate honestly thinks that unless he can do something great and telling in the cause of sweetness and light, his influence will count for little. But that is uncommonly stupid in him; for, better than most people, he ought to know that this particular cause depends more on little things than on great, prospers best in obscurity and unconsciousness. What we need is not so much writers and speakers to urge beauty upon us, as beautiful, common lives, shaping themselves in serenity among us. The force of example is incalculable; and the leaven of thought works insidious, silent transformations.

It is hard to see how any one can fail to

feel the allurement of the unparalleled opportunity which America offers to dreams. New dreams instead of old memories. Is it not more interesting to create an atmosphere for the former than to accept the ready-made atmosphere of the latter? Yes, even when the memories are precious beyond price.

The present writer was wandering lately through the gray and thought-hushed streets of Assisi. Up and down, in and out, everywhere the footsteps of Saint Francis led me, and his gentle spirit brooded over every nook and corner of his little town. I found it very good to be there, where I seemed to meet him at every turn; and I was inclined to envy the citizens of Assisi who have the privilege of living in such a holy atmosphere, in such security of peace. It was largely with the desire of talking to one of them that I entered a little embroidery shop. But the woman who waited on me did not look as happy about her unquestioned serenity as I had expected. The eyes underneath her clear, childlike forehead were wistful, and her sweet mouth had a plaintive turn. She greeted me pleasantly, eagerly, but she had little to say for herself as I dallied among her quaint cross-stitch bags and table-covers. The hush of the little gray town had evidently invaded her spirit. It was only when she perceived that my admiration for her wares was outrunning the present resources of my pocket-book that she ventured a statement to the effect that she sometimes filled orders from England.

"Oh," I replied, with that instant warmth of denial which always amuses me when I am taken for an Englishwoman (as a matter of fact I like the English exceedingly), "but I am an American!"

"An American!"

It is hard to convey the intensity of interest and wonder which informed this exclamation, and which lighted the wistful eyes, making them more wistful than ever. Nor is it possible to describe the tone in which, after a short pause, the woman said, "Beata Lei!" She murmured the words half under her breath, speaking as much to herself as to me, and her look was wide and remote. She seemed to be seeing visions in me and through me, and to be hailing something which I did not apprehend. I shall never forget her expression, nor ever cease pondering upon it.

"Beata Lei!" In our day and country we might translate that "Lucky you!" But of course "beata" means more than lucky, especially from the lips of a Franciscan. It can mean so much that America, hearing it, must bow her head, thrilled with breathless humility. The tide of life has receded from the little gray town on the side of the hill. It ebbed with the passing of those dear holy ones who, seven hundred years ago, filled the whole Umbrian region so brimming full that its waters of refreshment spread far and wide. Assisi's mission is now one of passivity, of guarding memories for the sake of pilgrims. Life can be carried on only in terms of the current age; and the current age turned loose in Assisi would make short work of the footprints of Saint Francis. Therefore there is nothing for it but that Assisi shall forego its right to share the enterprise of the twentieth century, and shall devote itself to cherishing the memory of the thirteenth. The attitude is profoundly moving. But noble conduct does not always make for cheerfulness, though it does always make for peace; and the pensiveness of the little town is inevitable. No wonder it catches its breath with wistful admiration when it hears of a country where the tide is climbing fast, where every effort is toward the future, where the present is quick and active, where no dreams are finished but all may be coming true!

"Beata Lei!" Ah, truly we might be blessed among nations if we only would. The hope of Saint Francis, the dream of the church, the ecstatic vision of Saint Catherine, all the old desire of the striving world might approach fulfilment with us if we cared to have it so. But we need the help each one of the other. Let our expatriates come back and cast in their lot with us, and we shall see if the home of beauty and of holiness be over-seas.

"Beata Lei!" It rings in my ears with far more of urgency than of congratulation. We must make it good, must we not? The old world has dreamed and striven, achieving much but also failing largely. Now it is our turn. The dreams are there, the same Christ vision which no age has ever realized, but to which it is the world's great business constantly to approximate. The torch of life is in our hands. Why should we not run farther with it than any nation has run before? But we must all run together.

·THE FIELD OF ART·

THE ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF JAPANESE PAINTING

Hissei Ryo no gotoku.

(The brush-stroke's strength is that of a dragon.)

THE essential ideas or cardinal points underlying Japanese art are the strength of the brush-stroke, the play of the black color, the sentiment of the thing depicted, the spiritual manifestation.

This is, of course, a very incomplete statement, however, for the bare enumeration of such fundamental art principles leaves untouched a great deal that is important in connection with the subject. Though fundamentally correct, it fails to state sufficiently the distinctive features of Japanese painting. We must begin any real consideration of Japanese art by going back to the earlier Chinese art of writing.



A specimen of Chinese writing by the late Emperor's scribe.

Chinese characters long preceded the art of painting, and they have always been a special cult with the learned of that country. Two thousand years ago the secret of manufacturing proper brushes, a suitable pigment, and a special kind of paper had been discovered there, and an elaborate system of writing devised. This included the ancient forms called *ko mon;* the seal characters, or *ten sho* (*sho* meaning writing); the formal fashioning, *rei sho;* the flowing graceful manner, *so sho;* a rapid style called *gyo sho;* and the standard *kai sho.* The Chinese believe and claim that all their characters and ideographs had a divine origin; hence the art of skilfully writing them has always commanded their greatest reverence. These wonderful and ingenious symbols perfected into an elaborate and complicated system were written according to a code rigorously insisted upon.

The earliest characters (*ko mon*) being pictorial, crudely represented objects; the seal characters (*ten*) were supposed to resemble the ravaging tracks of the book-worm; the *rei* forms recalled the sentiment of carvings on metal or stone; the *so* suggested grass-fashioned characters; *gyo* approached a running hand; and the *kai* was the standard manner more or less acquired by all. To reproduce these different styles a sentiment in the writer corresponding to the nature of the characters executed and invoked at the time of writing was considered requisite. Thus, in the seal characters the brush must move with the deliberation of a boring insect devouring a leaf; in the *rei sho* style the writer must feel the brush to be a graving tool and what he writes to be engraved on stone or metal (this difficult manner is practised by some professional writers almost to the exclusion or neglect of other styles); in the grass characters the feeling or sentiment accompanying the brush-stroke must be easy, gentle, curving, and flowing; and so on for the other styles mentioned. The late distinguished Iwaya Ichi Roku was a master of all styles.

The characters when written are invested with living strength or vital force. To that end the brush-stroke is executed according to fixed rules, and the flow and color of the ink are also the subject of regulation. There is a rule determining the order of the strokes composing the characters, some of which have a score and over of lines, each line having its proper place as well as fixed sequence in which it must be written; this aids much in investing the stroke with the brush strength insisted upon.

It is difficult for us to appreciate the great importance the Chinese have always attached to their writing art; they have fairly worshipped those who were most proficient therein. Ogishi, the greatest of the Chi-

nese professionals, was said to transfer such force, such energy and vigor into the characters he wrote that they were believed to be endowed with life. Again, so thoroughly is the writer's nature reflected in his characters through the peculiarities or idiosyncrasies of his brush-stroke, the color of the pigment, and other indicia that the Chinese decline to possess the writings of a thus disclosed unworthy man.

When painting came into existence in China the principles governing the manipulation of the brush and the strength of its stroke, so essential in writing, were naturally adopted, made applicable to and became characteristic of the painting art. As the lines composing the characters were written in a fixed and regular order, so now the component lines of painted objects were similarly executed. Even the forms of the written symbols were invoked by the artist to produce pictorial effects. Thus, the disposition of the leaves on the drooping branches of the summer willow-tree is happily recalled in the stroke form of the Chinese character *hitsu*, meaning "positively"; another character meaning "the heart" is similarly suggestive for painting the flowers of the orchid plant. Many illustrations of this interesting principle applied to flowers, trees, rocks, etc., might be given.



A bird flying. By Bairei.

The ink pigment used in writing was, like the writing-brush and its technique, employed at the very beginning of painting, and every canon governing its uses in the writing art equally applied in the painting of pictures. And to the artist's use of the ink without other color, when art first originated in China, is doubtless to be attributed the preference of the connoisseur for what the Chinese call *boku gwa*, or ink painting, the accepted name for which in Japanese is *sumi e*.

From the dependence of the art of painting upon the earlier art of writing it can be understood that the art worth of a Chinese painting has always been judged and determined by applying to it those fundamental rules which govern Chinese writing.

The art of Chinese painting was elaborated by introducing various formulas of Chinese philosophy, such as the male and female principle, or contrast, called *In Yo;* the law of heaven, earth, and man, or *ten chi jin*, which applied to composition. Rules were devised also for ledges and ridges, and a system of dots was introduced for shrubbery, trees, near and distant effects, etc.

When colors came to be used there were invented eight distinctive ways of applying them. Many Eastern artists use colors sparingly, and others do not use them at all; the most critical art connoisseurs prefer the uncolored painting, because the ink picture discloses more successfully that which is individual and subtle in the work.

The arts of writing and painting were brought to Japan from China fifteen hundred years ago and with them were introduced all the foregoing essential ideas and characteristic principles.

In time there developed in Japan special schools of painting differing in methods of composition and execution as well as in the selection of subjects, but retaining the above four fundamental principles. Thus we have the Buddhist school of Kaneoka, with its religious scenes and saints; the Tosa school, whose subjects are preferably court scenes and court nobles, colors being used freely; the Kano school, devoted to Chinese scenery and Chinese sages, with color employed sparingly; the Okyo school, whose subjects are birds, flowers, and landscapes painted with or without colors; and the well-known Ukiyo E school.

In a Kano landscape the exact form of objects is of small importance compared with the sentiment the artist aims to suggest, like, for instance, the cheerful aspect of a spring shower, the drowsiness of a summer afternoon, the loneliness of snow scenery, or the violence of a winter gale. Such sentiment, called *kokoromochi*, the Kano artist secures by subordinating in his picture the forms of trees, people, or animals to the expression of the whole scene, and he does this by

feeling the nature of what he depicts and conveying it into his work through the magic of the brush-stroke, through the skilful way in which the pigment is applied with its contrasts of light and shade, sheen and shimmer, and through the manner in which the ink is made to flow and float in translucent waves over the surface.

Okyo, after a thorough apprenticeship in the Kano school, concluded that better results were achieved through more realism and less idealism, and instead of studying nature from the impressionistic or æsthetic side, he and his followers carefully sketched and accurately reproduced birds, flowers, etc. The Okyo school of landscape painting, while superior in perspective, lacks that largeness of treatment and charming sentiment of revery found in the work of the old painters of China and the Kano painters in Japan.



An original painting of a badger made for the author by Nochizuki Kimpo, the greatest living Japanese painter of furred animals.

A Japanese painting not only impresses us with its vital brush force, invigorating what it touches and suggesting the very nature of the thing depicted: it also reflects the spirit of the artist at the time he executes it; so that such painting if done for money or other compensation or from sordid motives is thought to disclose this blemish in the character of the brush-stroke, the color of the ink, and the manner in which the subject is presented, and the painting loses much of its æsthetic value. There is no imagination about this: it is a canon of art and a conviction as well among all Oriental painters. The great artists of Japan rarely sold their paintings, and those who did were given a special name to distinguish them. Many of the greatest artists were Buddhist priests who, cultivating the highest ideals, lived in monasteries or were nominally attached to the households of daimyos or other dignitaries; or they were military retainers of the Samurai class. Having all their material needs provided, they painted from a pure love of art, at their leisure, and only when the spirit moved them.

The use of the black pigment, or ink, is a distinguishing feature in all Japanese painting, in which, as in Chinese painting, it is always employed whether other colors be additionally introduced or not. The best brush effects are secured with it.

The secret of the manufacture of the fine Chinese ink-sticks or cakes of the Ming period is lost, but an excellent substitute therefor is made in Japan, compounded of the soot of certain plants, with deer-horn glue and other ingredients. The same piece of Chinese or Japanese ink moistened and rubbed upon the stone to yield the black pigment will differ in intensity of tone according to the strength and manner of the person producing it. The best results are obtained when a young girl prepares the ink, her strength and skill being considered exactly requisite. And it is a singular fact that this same ink applied upon paper or silk will differ fundamentally in color, in light and shade, in contrasts, in flow, and in spread, according to the differing skill of each artist using it.

In painting on Chinese paper the brush, charged and nicely balanced with water and ink, must be applied rapidly and dexterously, because of the quick response of that material. Thus the artist produces those marvellous effects of sunlight and shade characteristic of good ink paintings and termed *boku shoku*. This means literally the color of the ink, but it refers to its striking contrasts, to produce which is an art of supreme difficulty. The manner in which the ink is brushed in is so personal to the artist that a trained eye will detect spurious work

attributed to him wholly by the way the ink has been laid on or applied. Just as in writing Chinese characters, so in painting the artist discloses himself in his work—such latent, subtle, potent qualities inhere in the color of the ink and the character of the brush-stroke. In this connection it may be of interest to add that Japanese augurs will undertake to answer all questions put by any one who will first make for their inspection a single stroke of the brush charged with the black pigment.

To outline briefly the peculiar methods of the Japanese artist: he uses neither oils, canvas, card-board, nor Whatman paper, but employs, instead, painting-silk or absorbent paper, with ink applied with a well-watered brush, with or without other colors. There is a fixed sequence in the strokes of his painted objects and an established order in which these objects are introduced into the composition. The artist rarely outlines: he prefers to paint without defining boundaries; this charming manner is known as *bokketsu*. He paints upon the matting floor seated on his heels; he makes no tentative strokes—he knows in advance what is needed and paints from a well-stored and trained memory; he never retouches—a stroke once made can neither be recalled nor concealed; he paints with the greatest freedom of the arm, with the brush held perpendicularly, and with a stroke vigor "like the movements of a dragon," and he invests each stroke with a sentiment corresponding to the very nature of the thing painted. Nor must he hesitate or delay in the act, else the psychological moment would be gone. He never sketches casts or living models, and Buddhist influence has always prohibited the nude in art. In painting robes or other garments there are eighteen different ways of executing the lines thereof. In sketching from nature he interprets it not photographically but æsthetically and omits unessential details. He paints no shadows nor conceals in chiaro-oscuro anything he paints. Finally, he seeks for repose or freedom from all care as the ideal condition under which to pursue his art.

Nor can it be insisted upon too strongly that the chief charm of a Japanese painting lies in the inspired strength and character of the brush-stroke, which conveys a deep if unsyllabled sentiment, not only corresponding with the emotions of the artist when producing the work, but also enabling us to see with his eyes and feel with his soul. Through the magic of such stroke is reproduced the very nature of the thing represented—the hardness of stone, the mirrored reflections of silk, the fierceness of the tiger's eye and the cruel curving of his claw, the overpowering force of the ocean waves, the grace of budding flowers, the rapid flight of birds, the contained vigor of the falcon's beak, the cataract with its roar. And how is this attained? Through the artist's training, by virtue of which he is made to feel at the moment he paints the nature of what he depicts. A student of Japanese art at every stage of his work is admonished to observe this leading principle, technically called *sei do*, or living movement.

How can such essential ideas and methods of Japanese art be successfully transplanted into or influence Western painting? They are so clearly the ideals, ways of thinking and doing identified with the national life, habits, and sentiment of the East, having little or nothing in common with the West, that, if introduced into or combined with our art, the results would be undesirable and unfortunate.

Japanese painting would seem to have no more in common with Western art ideas, methods, and teachings than the Japanese language has in common with Aryan tongues. Perhaps Western art might borrow from the artists somewhat of the style of Japanese composition—that is, their way of presenting a subject—but nothing beyond this.

It is said that Whistler as a painter was influenced by Japanese art. In some of his landscapes the composition may have been suggested by Hiroshige prints which he imitated, but that hardly justifies the statement that Whistler as a painter was influenced by the essential principles of the art of Japan.

Some of our artistic posters, decoration schemes, and book covers are in the manner of Ukiyo E prints; but Japanese prints have few of the essential characteristics of the highest Japanese art, and they are not considered by Japanese artists to be at all characteristic of Japanese painting.

Henry P. Bowie.



Drawn by Charles Hoffbauer.

THE SHADOWY CITY LOOMS.

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THE DARK FLOWER

(THE LOVE LIFE OF A MAN)

PART I—SPRING

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

I

HE walked along Holywell that afternoon of early June with his short gown drooping down his arms, and no cap on his thick dark hair. A youth of middle height, and built as if he had come of two very different strains, one sturdy, the other wiry and light. His face too was a curious blend, for, though it was strongly formed, the expression was rather soft and moody. His eyes, dark gray, with a good deal of light in them, and very black lashes, had a way of looking beyond what they saw, so that he did not always seem to be quite present; but his smile was exceedingly swift, and alive, uncovering teeth as white as a negro's, and giving his face a peculiar eagerness. People stared at him a little as he passed—since in eighteen hundred and eighty he was before his time in not wearing a cap. Women especially were interested; they perceived that he took no notice of them, seeming rather to be looking into distance, and making combinations in his soul.

Did he know of what he was thinking—did he ever know quite definitely at that time of his life, when things, especially those beyond the immediate horizon, were so curious and interesting?—the things he was going to see and do when he had got through Oxford, where everybody was 'awfully decent' to him and 'all right' of course, but not so very interesting.

He was on his way to his tutor's to read an essay on Oliver Cromwell; and under the old wall which had once hedged in the town he took out of his pocket a beast. It was a small tortoise, and he watched it move its little inquiring head with an extreme absorption, feeling it all the time with his short, broad fingers, as though to discover exactly how it was made. How hard it was in the back! No wonder poor old Æschylus felt a bit sick when it fell on his head! The ancients used it to stand the world on—a pagoda world, perhaps, of men and beasts and trees, like that carving on his guardian's Chinese cabinet. The Chinese made jolly beasts and trees, as if they believed in everything having a soul, and not only being just fit for people to eat or drive or make houses of. If the Art school would let him model things 'on his own,' instead of copying and copying—it was just as if they imagined it would be dangerous to let you think out anything for yourself!

He held the tortoise to his waistcoat, and let it crawl. What would his tutor do, if he were to know it was there in his pocket—cock his head a little to one side, and say: "Ah! There are things, Lennan, not dreamed of in my philosophy!" Yes, there were a good many not dreamed of by 'old Stormer,' who seemed so awfully afraid of anything that wasn't usual. Noticing that the tortoise was gnawing the corner of his essay, he put it back in his pocket. Old Stormer seemed always laughing at you, for fear that you should laugh at him.

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There were lots of people in Oxford like that. It was stupid. You couldn't do anything decent if you were afraid of being laughed at! Mrs. Stormer wasn't like that; she did things because—they came into her head. But then, of course, she was Austrian, and ever so much younger than old Stormer.

And having reached the door of his tutor's house, he rang the bell. . . .

II

When Anna Stormer came into the study she found her husband standing at the window with his head a little on one side—a tall, long-legged figure in clothes of a pleasant tweed, and wearing a low turn-over collar (not common in those days) and a blue silk tie, which she had knitted, strung through a ring. He was humming and gently tapping the window-pane with his well-kept finger-nails. Though celebrated for the amount of work he got through, she never caught him doing any in this house of theirs, chosen because it was more than half a mile away from the college which held the 'dear young clowns,' as he called them, of whom he was tutor.

He did not turn—it was not, of course, his habit to notice what was not absolutely necessary—but she felt that he was aware of her. She came to the window-seat and sat down. He looked round, then, and said: "Ah!"

It was a murmur almost of admiration, not usual from him, since, with the exception of certain portions of the classics, it was hardly his custom to admire. But she knew that she was looking her best sitting there, her really beautiful figure poised, the sun shining on her brown hair, and making her deep-set, ice-green eyes very bright under their black lashes. It was sometimes a great comfort to her that she remained so good-looking. It would have been an added vexation indeed to have felt that she ruffled his fastidiousness. Even so, her cheekbones were too high for his taste, symbols of that something in her character which did not go with his—the dash of desperation, of vividness, that lack of a certain English smoothness which always annoyed him.

"Harold!"—she would never quite flatten her r's—"I want to go to the mountains this year."

The mountains! She had not seen them since that season at San Martino di Castrozza twelve years ago, which had ended in her marrying him.

"Nostalgia!"

"I don't know what that means—I am homesick. Can we go?"

"If you like—why not? But no leading up the Cimone della Pala for *me!*"

She knew what he meant by that. No romance. How splendidly he had led that day! She had almost worshipped him. What blindness, what distortion of everything! Was it really the same man standing there with those bright doubting eyes, and with gray already in his hair? Yes, romance was indeed over! And she sat silent, looking out into the street—that little old street into which she looked day and night. A figure passed out there, came to the door, rang.

She said softly: "Here is Mark Lennan!"

She felt her husband's eyes rest on her just for a moment, knew that he had turned, heard him murmur: "Ah! the angel clown!" And, quite still, she waited for the door to open. There was the boy with his blessed dark head, and his shy gentle gravity, and his essay in his hand.

"Well, Lennan, and how's old Noll? Hypocrite of genius, eh? Draw up; let's get him over!"

Motionless, from her seat at the window she watched those two figures at the table; the boy reading in his queer, velvety bass voice; her husband leaning back with the tips of his fingers pressed together, his head a little on one side, and that faint satiric smile which never reached his eyes. Yes, he was dozing, falling asleep; but the boy, not seeing, was going on. He came to the end, and glanced up. What eyes he had! Other boys would have laughed; but he looked almost sorry. She heard him murmur: "I'm awfully sorry, sir."

"Ah! Lennan, you caught me. Fact is, term's fagged me out. We're going to the mountains. Ever been to the mountains? What—never! Better come with us, eh? What do you say, Anna? Don't you think this young man ought to come with us?"

She got up, and stood staring at them both. Had she heard aright?

Then her answer came—very gravely: "Yes; I think he ought to come."

"Good, we'll get *him* to lead up the Cimone della Pala!"

III

When the boy had said good-by and she had watched him out into the street, Anna stood for a moment in the streak of sunlight that came in through the open door, her hands pressed to cheeks which were flaming. Then she shut the door and leaned her forehead against the window-pane, seeing nothing. Her heart beat very fast; she was going over and over again the scene just passed through. This meant so much more than it had seemed to mean. . . .

Though she always had *Heimweh*, and especially at the end of the summer term, this year it had been a different feeling altogether that made her say to her husband: "I want to go to the mountains!"

For twelve years she had longed for the mountains every summer, but had not pleaded for them; this year she had pleaded for them because she did not long. It was because she had suddenly realized the strange fact that she did not want to leave England, and—the reason for it, that she had come and begged to go. Why then had she said: "Yes, I think he ought to come!" when it was just to get away from thought of this boy that she had asked to go? Ah! but life was always a strange pull between the conscientious and the desperate, a queer, vivid, aching business! How long was it now since that day when he first came to lunch, silent, and shy, and suddenly smiling as if he were all lighted up within—the day when she had said to her husband afterward: "Ah! he's an angel!" Not yet a year—the beginning of last October term. He was different from all the other boys; not that he was a prodigy with untidy hair, ill-fitting clothes, and a clever tongue—but because of something—something—Ah! well—different; because he was—he; because she longed to take his head between her hands and kiss it. She remembered, so well, the day that longing first came to her. She was giving him tea—it was quite early in the Easter term—he was telling her that he meant to be a sculptor, but that his guardian objected, so that of course he could not start till he was of age. The lamp on the table had a rose-colored shade; he had been rowing—a very cold day—and his face was glowing; generally it was rather pale. He was stroking her cat, who always went to him; suddenly he leaned forward, smiling, and said: "It's beastly waiting for things, isn't it?" It was then she had almost stretched out her hands to draw his forehead to her lips. She had thought then that she wanted to kiss him because it would have been so nice to be his mother—she might just have been his mother, if she had married at sixteen. But she had long known now that she wanted to kiss not his forehead, but his lips. He was there in her life—as a fire is in a cold unaired house; it had even become hard to understand that she could have gone on all these years without him. How she had missed him those six weeks of the Easter vacation, how she had revelled in his three queer little letters, half-shy, half-confidential; kissed them, and worn them in her dress! And in return had written him long, perfectly correct epistles in her still rather quaint English. She had never let him guess; the idea that he might guess, shocked her inexpressibly. As spring became summer, life seemed to be all made up of thoughts of him. If, ten years ago, her baby had lived, if its cruel death—after her agony—had not killed for good her wish to have another; if for years now she had not been living with the knowledge that she had no warmth to expect, and that love was all over for her; if life in the most beautiful of all old cities had been able to grip her—there would have been forces to check this feeling. But there was nothing in the world to divert the current. And she was so brimful of life, so conscious of vitality running to sheer waste. Sometimes it had been terrific, that feeling within her, of wanting to live—to find outlet for her energy. So many hundreds of lonely walks she had taken during all these years, trying to lose herself in Nature—hurrying alone, running in the woods, over the fields—where people did not come—trying to get rid of that sense of waste, trying once more to feel as she had felt when a girl

with the whole world before her. It was not for nothing that her figure was superb, her hair so bright a brown, her eyes so full of light. She had tried many distractions. Work in the back streets—music—acting—hunting; given them up one after the other, taken to them passionately again. They had served in a way. But this year they had not served. . . . One Sunday, coming from confession unconfessed, she had faced herself. It was wicked. She would have to kill this feeling—she must fly from this boy who moved her so! If she did not act quickly, she would be swept away. And then the thought had come: Why not? Life was to be lived—not torpidly dozed through in this queer cultured place, where age was in the blood! Life was for love—to be enjoyed! And she would be thirty-six next month! It seemed to her already an enormous age. Thirty-six! Soon she would be old, actually old—and never have known passion! The worship, which had made a hero of the distinguished-looking Englishman, twelve years older than herself, who could lead up the Cimone della Pala, had not been passion. It might perhaps have become passion if he had willed. But he was all form, ice, books. Had he a heart at all, had he blood in his veins? Was there any joy of life in this too beautiful city and these people who lived in it—this place where even enthusiasms seemed to be formal and have no wings; where everything was settled and sophisticated as the very chapels and cloisters? And yet, to have this feeling for a boy—for one almost young enough to be her son! It was so—shameless! That thought haunted her, made her flush in the dark, lying awake at night. And desperately she would pray—for she was devout—pray to be made pure, to be given the holy feelings of a mother, to be filled simply with the sweet sense that she could do anything, suffer anything for him, for his good. After these long prayers she would feel calmed, drowsy, as though she had taken a drug. For hours perhaps she would stay like that. Then—it would all come over her again. She never thought of his loving her; that would be—unnatural. Why should he love her? She was very humble about it. Ever since that Sunday when she avoided the confessional, she had brooded over how to make an end—how to get away from a longing that was too strong for her! And she had hit on this plan—to beg for the mountains, to go back to where her husband had come into her life, and try if this feeling would not die. If it did not, she would ask to be left out there with her own people, in her own country. And now the fool—the blind fool—the superior fool—with his satiric smile, his everlasting patronage, had driven her to overturn her own plan. Well! let him take the consequences—she had done her best! She would have this one fling of joy, even if it meant that she must stay out there, and never see the boy again!

Standing in her dusky hall, where a faint scent of wood-rot crept out into the air whenever windows and doors were closed, she was all tremulous with secret happiness. To be with him among her mountains, to show him all those wonderful, glittering or tawny crags, to go with him to the top of them and see the kingdoms of the world spread out below; to wander with him in the pine woods, on the Alps in all the scent of the trees and the flowers, where the sun was hot! The first of July; and it was now the middle of June! Would she ever live so long! They would not go to San Martino, now—rather, to Cortina—some new place that had no memories!

Suddenly she moved from the window, and busied herself with a bowl of flowers. She had heard that humming sound which often heralded her husband's approach, as though warning the world to recover its good form before he reached it. In her happiness she felt kind and friendly to him. If he had not meant to give her joy, he had nevertheless given it! He came downstairs two at a time, with that air of not being a pedagogue, which she knew so well; taking his hat off the hat-stand, he half turned round to her.

"Pleasant youth, young Lennan; hope he won't bore us out there!"

His voice seemed to have an accent of compunction, to ask pardon for having issued that impulsive invitation. And there came to her an overwhelming wish to laugh. To hide it, to find excuse for it, she ran up to him, and, pulling his coat lapels till his face was within reach, she kissed the tip of his nose. And then she

laughed. And he stood looking at her, with his head just a little on one side, and his eyebrows just a little raised.

IV

When young Mark heard a soft tapping at his door, he was out of bed indeed, but getting on very dreamily—it was so jolly to watch the mountains lying out in this early light like huge beasts. The fellow they were going up—with his head just raised above his paws, looked very far away out there! Opening the door an inch, he whispered:

"Is it late?"

"Five o'clock; aren't you ready?"

It was awfully rude of him to keep her waiting! And he was soon down in the empty dining-room, where a sleepy maid was already bringing in their coffee. Anna was there alone. She had on a flax-blue shirt open at the neck, a short green skirt, and a gray-green velvety hat, small, with one blackcock's feather. Why could not people always wear such nice things, and be as splendid-looking! And he said:

"You do look jolly, Mrs. Stormer!"

She did not answer for so long that he wondered if he had been rude to say that. But she *did*—so strong, and swift, and happy-looking.

They went down the hill, through a wood of larch-trees, to the river, and crossing the bridge, began at once to mount by a path through hay-fields. How could old Stormer stay in bed on such a morning! Peasant girls in blue linen skirts were already gathering into bundles what the men had scythed. One, raking at the edge of a field, paused and shyly nodded. She had the face of a Madonna, very calm and grave and sweet, with delicate arched brows—a face it was pure pleasure to see. The boy looked back at her. Everything to him, who had never before been out of England, seemed strange and glamorous. The châlets with their long wide burnt-brown wooden balconies and low-hanging eaves jutting far beyond the walls; these bright dresses of the peasant women; the friendly little cream-colored cows, with blunt, smoke-gray muzzles. Even the feel in the air was new, that delicious crisp burning warmth that lay so lightly as it were on the surface of frozen stillness; and the special sweetness of all places at the foot of mountains—scent of pine gum, burning larch wood, and all the meadow flowers and grasses. But newest of all was the feeling within him—a sort of pride, a sense of importance, a queer exhilaration at being alone with her, the chosen companion of one so beautiful.

They passed all the other pilgrims bound the same way—stout unshaved Germans with their coats slung through straps, who trailed behind them heavy alpenstocks, carried greenish bags, and marched stolidly at a pace that never varied, grunting as Anna and the boy went by: "*Aber eilen ist nichts!*"

But those two could not go fast enough to keep pace with their spirits. It was no climb—just a training walk to the top of the Nuvolau; and they were up before noon, and soon again descending, very hungry. When they entered the little dining-room of the Cinque Torre Hütte, they found it occupied by a party of English people, eating omelettes, who looked at Anna with faint signs of recognition, but did not cease talking, in voices that all had a certain half-languid precision, a slight but brisk pinching of sounds, as if determined not to tolerate a drawl, and yet to have one. Most of them had field-glasses slung round them, and cameras were dotted here and there about the room. Their faces were not really much alike, but they all had a peculiar drooping smile, and a particular lift of the eyebrows, that made them seem reproductions of a single type. Their teeth too for the most part were a little prominent, as though the drooping of their mouths had forced them forward. And they were eating as people eat who distrust the lower senses, preferring not to be compelled to taste or smell.

Finding one small table on which no camera had been deposited, and ordering red wine and *schnitzels*, the intruders sat down. The lady who seemed in command of the English party inquired now how Mr. Stormer was—he was not laid up, she hoped. No? Only lazy? Indeed! He was a great climber, she believed. It seemed to the boy that this lady somehow did not quite approve of them. The talk was all maintained between her, a gentleman with a crumpled collar and puggaree, and a short thick-set gray-bearded

man in a dark Norfolk jacket. If any of the younger members of the party spoke, the remark was received with a rather arch lifting of the brows, and drooping of the lids, as who should say: "Ah! Very promising!"

"They are in our hotel," Anna whispered.

"Nothing in my life has given me greater pain than to observe the aptitude of human nature for becoming crystallized." The lady in command was speaking, and all the young people were swaying their faces up and down as if assenting. How like they were—the boy thought—to guinea-fowls with their small heads and sloping shoulders and speckly gray coats!

"Ah! my dear lady, you novelists are always girding at the precious quality of conformity. The sadness of our time lies in this questioning spirit. Never was there more revolt, especially among the young. To find the individual judging for himself is a grave symptom of national degeneration. But this is not a subject—" And the gentleman with the crumpled collar broke off.

"Surely, the subject is of the most poignant interest to all young people—" Again all the young ones were raising their faces and moving them slightly from side to side.

"My dear lady—we are too prone to let the interest that things arouse blind our judgment in regard to the advisability of discussing them. We let these speculations creep and creep until they twine themselves round our faith and paralyze it."

One of the young men interjected suddenly: "Madre—" and was silent.

"I shall not, I think"—it was the lady speaking—"be accused of license when I say that I have always felt that speculation is only dangerous when indulged in by the crude intelligence. If culture has nothing to give us, then let us have no culture; but if culture be, as I think it, indispensable, then we must accept the dangers that culture brings."

Again the young people moved their faces, and again the younger of the two young men said: "Madre——"

"Dangers? Have cultured people dangers?"

Who had spoken thus? Every eyebrow was going up, every mouth was drooping, and there was silence. The boy stared at his companion. In what a strange voice she had made that little interjection! There seemed a sort of flame, too, lighted in her eyes. Then the little gray-bearded man spoke; his rather whispering voice sounded hard and acid:

"We are all human, my dear Madam."

The boy felt his heart go thump at the queer little laugh that Anna gave. It was just as if she had said: "Ah! but not you—surely!" And he got up to follow her toward the door.

The English party had begun already talking—of the weather.

The two walked some way from the "hut" in silence, before Anna said:

"You didn't like me when I laughed?"

"You hurt their feelings, I'm afraid."

"I wanted to—the English Grundys! Ah! don't be cross with me! They *were* English Grundys, weren't they—every one?"

She looked hard into his face; he felt the blood rush to his cheeks, and a dizzy sensation of being drawn forward.

"They have no blood—those people! Their voices, their supercilious eyes that look you up and down! Oh! I've had so much of them! That woman with her Liberalism, just as bad as any. I hate them all!"

He would have liked to hate them too, since she did, but they had only seemed to him amusing.

"They aren't human. They don't *feel!* Some day you'll know them. They won't amuse you then!"

She went on, then, in a quieter, almost dreamy voice:

"Why does God allow them to come here? The world is still young and warm and good out here. Why doesn't he make them keep to their Culture, where no one knows what it is to ache and feel hunger? Their hearts don't beat. Feel!"

Disturbed beyond measure, the boy could not tell whether it was in her heart or in his hand that the blood was pulsing so. Was he glad or sorry when she let his hand go?

"Ah! well! They can't spoil this day. Let's rest."

They sat down at the edge of a larch

wood. Little mountain pinks, with fringed edges and the sweetest scent imaginable, were growing all around, and she got up presently to gather them. But he stayed where he was, watching her, and odd sensations stirred in him. The blue of the sky, the feathery green of the larch-trees, the mountains, were no longer to him what they had been that morning.

She came back with her hands full of the little pinks, spread her fingers and let them drop. They showered all over his face and neck. Never was so wonderful a scent; never such a strange feeling as they gave him. They clung to his hair, his forehead, his eyes, one even got caught on the curve of his lips; and he stared up at her through their fringed petals. There must have been something wild in his eyes then, something of the feeling that was stinging his heart—for her smile died; she walked away a few steps, and stood with her face turned from him. Confused, and unhappy, he gathered the strewn flowers; and not till he had collected every one did he get up and shyly take them to her, where she still stood, gazing into the depths of the larch wood.

V

What did he know of women, that should make him understand? At his public school he had seen none; at Oxford only this one. At home in the holidays, not any, save his sister Cicely. The two hobbies of their guardian, fishing, and the antiquities of his native county, rendered him averse to society; so that his little Devonshire manor-house with its black-oak panels and its wild stone-walled park along the riverside was, from year's end to year's end, innocent of all petticoats save those of Cicely and old Miss Tring, the governess. Then too the boy was shy. No, there was nothing in his past, of not yet nineteen years, to go by. He was not of those youths who are always thinking of conquests. The very idea of conquest seemed to him vulgar, mean, horrid. There must be many signs indeed before it would come into his head that a woman was in love with him, especially one to whom he looked up, and thought so beautiful. For before all beauty he was humble, inclined to think himself a clod. It was the part of life which was always unconsciously sacred, and to be approached trembling. The more he admired, the more tremulous and diffident he became. And so, after his one wild moment, when she plucked those blossoms, and dropped them over him, he felt abashed; and walking home beside her was quieter than ever, awkward to the depths of his soul.

If there were confusion in his heart which had been innocent of trouble, what must there have been in hers, that for so long had secretly desired the dawning of that confusion? She too was very silent.

Passing a church with open door in the outskirts of the village, she said:

"Don't wait for me—I want to go in here a little."

In the empty twilight within, one figure, a country-woman in her black shawl, was kneeling—marvellously still. He would have liked to stay there. That kneeling figure, the smile of the sunlight filtering through into the half darkness! He lingered long enough to see Anna too go down on her knees in the stillness. Was she praying? Again he had the turbulent feeling with which he had watched her pluck those flowers. She looked so splendid kneeling there! But this was caddish. And he turned quickly away into the road. But that sharp sweet stinging sensation did not leave him. He shut his eyes to get rid of her image—and instantly she became ten times more visible, his feeling ten times stronger. He mounted to the hotel; there on the terrace was his tutor. And oddly enough, the sight of him at that moment was no more embarrassing than if it had been the hotel concierge. Stormer did not somehow seem to count; did not seem to want you to count him. Besides, he was so old, nearly fifty!

The man who was so old was posed in a characteristic attitude—hands in the pockets of his Norfolk jacket, one shoulder slightly raised, head just a little on one side, as if preparing to quiz something. He spoke as Lennan came up, smiling—but not with his eyes.

"Well, young man, and what have you done with my wife?"

"I've left her in a church, sir."

"Ah! yes. She will do that! Has she

run you off your legs? No? Then let's walk and talk a little."

To be thus pacing up and down and talking with her husband seemed quite natural, did not even interfere with those new sensations, did not in the least increase his shame for having them. He only wondered a little how she could have married him—but so little! Quite far and academic was his wonder—like his wonder in old days how his sister could care to play with dolls. If he had any other feeling it was just a longing to get away and go down the hill again to the church. It seemed cold and lonely, after all that long day with her—as if he had left himself up there, walking along hour after hour, or lying out in the sun beside her. What was old Stormer talking about? The difference between the Greek and Roman views of honor. Always in the past—seemed to think the present was bad form. And he said:

"We met some English Grundys, sir, on the mountain."

"Ah! Grundys. Any particular brand?"

"Some advanced, and some not—but all the same, I think, really."

"I see. Grundys, I think you said?"

"Yes, sir; from this hotel. It was Mrs. Stormer's name for them. They were so very superior."

"Quite."

There was something unusual in the tone of that little word. And the boy stared—for the first time there seemed a real man standing there. Then the blood rushed up into his cheeks, for there she was! Would she come up to them? How splendid she looked—burnt by the sun, and walking as if just starting! She passed into the hotel without turning her head their way. Had he offended—hurt her? He made an excuse, and got away to his room.

In the window, from which that same morning he had watched the mountains lying out like lions in the dim light, he stood again, and gazed at the sun dropping over the high horizon. What had happened to him? He felt so different, so utterly different. It was another world. And the most strange feeling came on him, as of the flowers falling again all over his face and neck and hands, the tickling of their soft fringed edges, the stinging sweetness of their scent. And he seemed to hear her voice saying: "Feel!" and to feel her heart once more beating under his hand.

VI

Alone with that black-shawled figure in the silent church, Anna did not pray. Resting there on her knees she experienced only the sore sensation of revolt. Why had Fate flung this feeling into her heart, lighted up her life suddenly, if God refused her its enjoyment? Some of the mountain pinks remained clinging to her belt, and the scent of them, crushed against her, warred with the faint odor of age and incense. While they were there, with their enticement and their memories, prayer would never come. But did she want to pray? Did she desire the mood of that poor soul in her black shawl, who had not moved by one hair's breadth since she had been watching her, who seemed resting her humble self so utterly, letting life lift from her, feeling the relief of nothingness? Ah! yes—what would it be to have a life so toilsome, so little exciting from day to day and hour to hour, that just to kneel there in wistful stupor was the greatest pleasure one could know. It was beautiful to see her, but it was sad. And there came over Anna a longing to go up to her neighbor and say: "Tell me your troubles, we are both women!" She had lost a son perhaps, some love—or perhaps not really love, only some illusion. Ah! Love! . . . Why should any spirit yearn, why should any body full of strength and joy, wither slowly away for want of love? Was there not enough in this great world for her, Anna, to have a little? She would not harm him, for she would know when he had had enough of her; she would surely have the pride and grace then to let him go. For, of course, he would get tired of her. At her age she could never hope to hold a boy more than a few years—months perhaps. But would she ever hold him at all? Youth was so hard—it had no heart! And then the memory of his eyes came back—gazing up, troubled, almost wild—when she had dropped on him those flowers. That memory filled her with a sort of delirium! One look from her then, one touch, and he would have clasped her to

him. She was sure of it, yet scarcely dared to believe what meant so much. And suddenly the torment that she must go through, whatever happened, seemed to her too brutal, and undeserved! She rose. Just one gleam of sunlight was still slanting through the door-way; it failed by a yard or so to reach the kneeling country-woman, and Anna watched. Would it steal on, and touch her, or would the sun pass down behind the mountains, and it fade away? Unconscious of that issue, the black-shawled figure knelt, never moving. And the beam crept on. "If it touches her, then he will love me, if only for an hour; if it fades out too soon—!" And the beam crept on. That shadowy path of light, with its dancing dust-motes, was it, indeed, charged with Fate—indeed the augury of Love or Darkness? And, slowly moving, it mounted, the sun sinking; it rose above that bent head, hovered in a golden mist, passed, and suddenly was gone.

Unsteadily, seeing nothing plain, Anna walked out of the church. Why she passed her husband and the boy on the terrace without a look, she could not quite have said—perhaps because the tortured does not salute her torturers. When she reached her room she felt deadly tired, and lying down on her bed, almost at once fell asleep.

She was wakened by a sound, and, recognizing the delicate "rat-tat" of her husband's knock, did not answer; indifferent whether he came in or no. He entered noiselessly. If she did not let him know she was awake, he would not wake her. She watched him sit down noiselessly astride of a chair, cross his arms on its back, rest his chin on them, and fix his eyes on her. Through her veil of eyelashes she had unconsciously contrived that his face should be the one object plainly seen—the more intensely visualized, because of this queer isolation. She did not feel at all ashamed of this mutual fixed scrutiny, in which she had such advantage. He had never shown her what was in him, never revealed what lay behind those bright satiric eyes. Now perhaps she would see! And she lay regarding him with the intense excited absorption with which one looks at a tiny wild flower through a magnifying lens, and watches its insignificance expanded to the size and importance of a hothouse bloom. In her mind was this thought: He is looking at me with his real self, since he has no reason for armor against me now. At first his eyes seemed masked with their customary brightness, his whole face with its usual decorous formality; then gradually he became so changed that she hardly knew him. That decorousness, that brightness, melted off what lay behind, as frosty dew melts off grass. And her very soul contracted within her—as if she had become identified with what he was seeing; a something to be passed over, a very nothing. Yes, his was the face of one looking at what was unintelligible, and therefore negligible; at that which had no soul; at something of a different and inferior species and of no great interest to a man. His face was like a soundless avowal of some conclusion, so fixed and intimate that it must surely emanate from the very core of him—be instinctive, unchangeable. This was the real he! A man despising women! Her first thought was: What a fate for him to be married! Her second: If he feels that, perhaps thousands of men do! And I—are all women really what he thinks us? The conviction in his stare, its through and through conviction, had infected her, and she had given in to it for the moment, crushed. Then her spirit revolted with such turbulence, and the blood so throbbed in her, that she could hardly lie still. Was she really what he thought her—a nothing—a bundle of soulless inexplicable whims and moods and sensuality? No! It was *he* who was the soulless one, the dry, the godless one; he, who, in his sickening superiority, could thus deny her, and in her all women! It was just as if, in his stare, she saw a vision of her, a doll tricked out in garments labelled soul, spirit, rights, responsibilities, dignity, freedom—all—so many words. It was vile, it was horrible, that he should see her thus! And a really terrific struggle began in her, between the desire to get up and cry this out, and the knowledge that it would be stupid, undignified, even mad, to show her comprehension of what he would never admit or even understand that he had revealed to her. And then a sort of cynicism came to her rescue. What a funny thing was married life—to have lived all these years with him

and never known what was at the bottom of his heart! She had the feeling now that if she went up to him and said—I am in love with that boy!—it would only make him droop the corners of his mouth, and say in his most satiric voice: Really! That is very interesting!—would not change in one iota his real thoughts of her; only confirm him in the conviction that she was negligible, inexplicable, an inferior strange form of animal, of no real interest.

And then, just when she felt that she could not hold herself in any longer, he got up, passed on tiptoe to the door, opened it noiselessly, and went out.

The moment he had gone, she jumped up. So, then, she was linked to one for whom women did not, as it were, exist. It seemed to her that she had stumbled on knowledge of almost sacred importance, on the key of everything that had been puzzling and hopeless in their married life. If he really, secretly, whole-heartedly despised her, the only feeling she need have for one so dry, so narrow, so basically stupid, was just contempt. But she knew well enough that contempt would not shake what she had seen in his face; he was impregnably walled within his clever dull conviction of superiority. He was forever intrenched, and she would always be only the assailant. Though—what did it matter, now?

Usually swift, and almost careless, she was a long time that evening over her toilette. Her neck was very sunburnt, and she lingered, doubtful whether to hide it with powder, or accept her gipsy coloring. She did accept it, for she saw that it gave her eyes, so like glacier ice, under their black lashes, and her hair with its surprising glints of flame color, a peculiar value.

When the dinner gong sounded, she passed her husband's door without, as usual, knocking, and went down alone.

In the hall she noticed some of the English party of the mountain hut. They did not greet her, becoming at once interested in the barometer; but she could feel them staring at her very hard. She sat down to wait, and at once became conscious of the boy coming over from the other side of the room like a person walking in his sleep. He said not a word. But how he looked! Her heart began to beat. Was this the moment she had longed for? If it, indeed, had come—dared she take it? Then she saw her husband descending the stairs, saw him greet the English party, heard the intoning of their drawl. She looked up at the boy, and said quickly: "Was it a happy day?" It gave her such delight to keep that look on his face, that look as if he had forgotten everything except just the sight of her. His face seemed to have in it something holy at that moment, something of the wonder-yearning of Nature and of innocence. It was dreadful to know that in a moment that look must be gone. Perhaps it would never come back on his face—that look so precious! Her husband was coming up! Let him see, if he would! Let him see that some one could adore—that she was not to every one a kind of lower animal. Yes,—he must have seen the boy's face; and yet his expression never changed. He noticed nothing!—Or was it that he disdained to notice?

VII

Then followed for young Lennan a strange time, a time when he never knew from minute to minute whether he was happy—always trying to be with her, restless if he could not be, sore if she talked with, and smiled at, others; yet, when he was with her, restless too, unsatisfied, suffering from his own timidity.

One wet morning, she was playing the hotel piano, and he listening, thinking to have her to himself, when in came a young German violinist—pale, and with a brown, thin-waisted coat, longish hair, and little whiskers—rather a beast, in fact. Soon, of course, this young beast was asking her to accompany him—as if any one wanted to hear him play his disgusting violin! Every word and smile, that she gave him, hurt frightfully. How much more interesting than himself this foreigner was! And his heart grew heavier and heavier, and he thought: If she likes him I ought not to mind—only, I *do* mind! How can I help it? It was hateful to see her smiling, and the young beast bending down to her. And they were talking German, so that he could not tell what they were saying—which made it the more unbearable.

He had not known there could be such torture.

And then he began to want to hurt her too. But that was mean—besides, how could he hurt her? She did not care for him. He was nothing to her—only a boy. If she really thought him only a boy, who felt so old—it would be horrible. It flashed across him that she might be playing that young violinist against him, but it was only a flash! She never would do that! The young beast looked just the sort that might take advantage of her smiles. If only he *would* do something that was not respectful, how splendid it would be to ask him to come for a walk in the woods, and, having told him why, give him a thrashing. Afterward, he would not tell her, he would not try and gain credit by it. He would keep away till she wanted him back. But suddenly the thought of what he would feel if she really meant to take this young man as her friend in place of him became so actual, so poignant, so horribly painful, that he got up abruptly and went toward the door. Would she say anything to him before he got out of the room, would she try and keep him? If she did not, surely it would be all over; it would mean that anybody was more to her than he. That little journey to the door seemed like a march to execution. Would she call after him? He looked back. She was smiling. But *he* could not smile, she had hurt him too much! Turning his head away, he went out, then dashed into the rain bareheaded. The feeling of it on his face gave him a sort of dismal satisfaction. Soon he would be wet through. Perhaps he would get ill. Out here, far away from his people, she would have to offer to nurse him; and perhaps—perhaps in his illness he would seem to her again more interesting than that young beast, and then—Ah! if only he could be ill!

He mounted rapidly through the dripping leaves toward the foot of the low mountain that rose behind the hotel. A trail went up there to the top, and he struck into it, going at a great pace. His sense of injury began dying away; he no longer wanted to be ill. The rain had stopped, the sun came out; he went on, up and up. He would get to the top quicker than any one ever had! It was something he could do better than that young beast. The pine-trees gave way to stunted larches and these to pine scrub and bare scree, up which he scrambled, clutching at the tough bushes, terribly out of breath, his heart pumping, the sweat streaming into his eyes. He had no feeling now but wonder whether he would get to the top before he dropped, exhausted. He thought he would die of the beating of his heart; but it was better to die than to stop and be beaten by a few yards. He stumbled up at last on to the little plateau at the top. For full ten minutes he lay there on his face without moving, then rolled over. His heart had given up that terrific thumping; he breathed luxuriously, stretched out his arms along the steaming grass—felt happy. It was wonderful up here, with the sun burning hot in a sky clear-blue already. How tiny everything looked below—hotel, trees, village, châlets—little toy things! He had never before felt the sheer joy of being high up. The rain-clouds, torn and driven in huge white shapes along the mountains to the south, were like an army of giants with chariots and white horses hurrying away. He thought suddenly: "Suppose I had died when my heart pumped so! Would it have mattered the least bit? Everything would be going on just the same, the sun shining, the blue up there the same; and those toy things down in the valley." That jealousy of his an hour ago, why—it was nothing—he himself nothing! What did it matter if she were nice to that fellow in the brown coat? What did anything matter when the whole thing was so big—and he such a tiny scrap of it?

On the edge of the plateau, to mark the highest point, some one had erected a rude cross, which jutted out stark against the blue sky. It looked cruel somehow, sagged all crooked, and out of place up here; a piece of bad manners, as if people with only one idea had dragged it in, without caring whether or no it suited what was around it. One might just as well introduce one of these rocks into that jolly dark church where he had left her the other day, as put a cross up here.

A sound of bells, and of sniffing and scuffling, roused him; a large gray goat had come up and was smelling at his hair—clearly the leader of a flock. They were soon all round him, solemnly curious,

with their queer yellow oblong-pupilled eyes, and their quaint little beards and tails. Awfully decent beasts—and friendly! What jolly things to model! He lay still (having learned from the fisherman, his guardian, that necessary habit in the presence of all beasts), and the leader sampled the flavor of his neck. The passage of that long rough tongue athwart his skin gave him an agreeable sensation, awakened a strange deep sense of comradeship. He restrained his desire to stroke the creature's nose. It appeared that they now all wished to taste his neck; but some were timid, and the touch of their tongues simply a tickle, so that he was compelled to laugh, and at that peculiar sound they withdrew and gazed at him. There seemed to be no one with them; then, at a little distance, quite motionless in the shade of a rock, he spied the goatherd, a boy about his own age. How lonely he must be up here all day! Perhaps he talked to his goats. He looked as if he might. One would get to have queer thoughts up here, get to know the rocks, and clouds, and beasts, and what they all meant. The goatherd uttered a peculiar whistle, and something, Lennan could not tell exactly what, happened among the goats—a sort of "Here!" seemed to come from them. And then the goatherd moved out from the shade and went over to the edge of the plateau, and two of the goats that were feeding there thrust their noses into his hand, and rubbed themselves against his legs. The three looked beautiful standing there together on the edge against the sky. . . .

That night, after dinner, the dining-room was cleared for dancing, so that the guests might feel freedom and gaiety in the air. And indeed, presently, a couple began sawing up and down over the polished boards, in the apologetic manner peculiar to hotel guests. Then three pairs of Italians suddenly launched themselves into space—twirling and twirling, and glaring into each others' eyes; and some Americans, stimulated by their precept, began airily backing and filling. Two of the 'English Grundys' with carefully amused faces next moved out. To Lennan it seemed that they all danced very well, better than he could. Did he dare ask *her?* Then he saw the young violinist go up, saw her rise and take his arm and vanish into the dancing-room; and leaning his forehead against a window-pane, with a sick, beaten feeling, he stayed looking out into the moonlight, seeing nothing. He heard his name spoken; his tutor was standing beside him.

"You and I, Lennan, must console each other. Dancing's for the young, eh?"

Fortunately it was the boy's instinct not to show his feelings; to be pleasant, though suffering.

"Yes, sir. Jolly moonlight, isn't it, out there?"

"Ah! very jolly; yes. When I was your age I twirled the light fantastic with the best. But gradually, Lennan, one came to see it could not be done without a partner—there was the rub! Tell me—do you regard women as reasonable beings? I should like to have your opinion on that."

It was, of course, ironical—yet there was something in those words—something——!

"I think it's you, sir, who ought to give me yours."

"My dear Lennan, my experience is a mere nothing!"

That was meant for unkindness to her! He would not answer. If only Stormer would go away! The music had stopped. They would be sitting out somewhere talking! He made an effort, and said:

"I was up the hill at the back this morning, where the cross is. There were some jolly goats."

And suddenly he saw her coming. She was alone—flushed, smiling; it struck him that her frock was the very color of the moonlight.

"Harold, will you dance?"

He would say "Yes," and she would be gone again! But his tutor only made her a little bow, and said with that smile of his:

"Lennan and I have agreed that dancing is for the young."

"Sometimes the old must sacrifice themselves. Mark, will you dance?"

Behind him he heard his tutor saying:

"Ah! Lennan—you betray me!"

That little silent journey with her to the dancing-room was the happiest moment perhaps that he had ever known. And he need not have been so much afraid about

his dancing—true, it was not polished, but it could not spoil hers, so light, firm, buoyant! It was wonderful to dance with her. Only when the music stopped and they sat down did he know how his head was going round. He felt strange, very strange indeed. He heard her say:

"What is it, dear boy? You look so white!"

Without quite knowing what he did, he bent his face toward the hand that she had laid on his sleeve, then knew no more, having fainted.

VIII

Growing boy—over-exertion in the morning! That was all! He was himself very quickly, and walked up to bed without assistance. Rotten of him! Never was any one more ashamed of his little weakness than this boy. Now that he was really a trifle indisposed, he simply could not bear the idea of being nursed at all or tended. Almost rudely he had got away. Only when he was in bed did he remember the look on her face as he left her. How wistful and unhappy! It seemed to implore him to forgive her. As if there were anything to forgive! As if she had not made him perfectly happy when she danced with him! He longed to say to her: "If I might be close to you like that one minute every day, then I don't mind all the rest!" Perhaps he would dare say that to-morrow. Lying there he still felt a little funny. He had forgotten to close the ribs of the blinds, and moonlight was filtering in; but he was too idle, too drowsy to get up now and do it. They had given him brandy—that perhaps was the reason he felt so queer; not ill, but mazy, as if dreaming, as if he had lost the desire ever to move again. Just to lie there, and watch the powdery moonlight, and hear far-away music throbbing down below; and still feel the touch of her, as in the dance she swayed against him, and all the time to have the scent about him of flowers! His thoughts were dreams, his dreams thoughts—such precious unreality. And then it seemed to him that the moonlight was all gathered into a single slip of pallor—there was a thrumming, a throbbing, and that shape of moonlight moved toward him. It came so close that he felt its warmth against his brow; it sighed, hovered, drew back soundless, and was gone. He must have fallen then into dreamless sleep. . . .

What time was it when he was awakened by that delicate "rat-tat" to see his tutor standing in the door-way with a cup of tea?

Was young Lennan all right? Yes, he was perfectly all right—he would be down directly! It was most frightfully good of Mr. Stormer to come! He really didn't want anything.

Yes, yes; but the maimed and the halt must be attended to!

His face seemed to the boy very kind just then—only to laugh at him a very little—just enough. It was awfully decent of him to have come, and to stand there while he drank the tea. He was really all right, but for a little headache. Many times while he was dressing he stood still, trying to remember. That white slip of moonlight—was it moonlight? Was it part of a dream, or was it, could it have been she, in her moonlight-colored frock? Why had he not stayed awake? He would not dare to ask her, and now would never know whether the vague memory of warmth on his brow had been a kiss?

He breakfasted alone in the room where they had danced. There were two letters for him. One from his guardian enclosing money, and complaining of the shyness of the trout. The other from his sister. The man she was engaged to—he was a budding diplomat, attached to the embassy at Rome—was afraid that his leave was going to be curtailed. They would have to be married at once. They might even have to get a special license. It was lucky Mark was coming back so soon. They simply *must* have him for best man. The only bridesmaid now would be Sylvia. . . . Sylvia Doone? Why! she was only a kid! And the memory of a little girl in a very short holland frock, with flaxen hair, pretty eyes, and a face so fair that you could almost see through it, came up before him. But that, of course, was six years ago; she would not still be in a frock that showed her knees, or wear beads. It was stupid being best man—they might have got some decent chap! And then he forgot all—for there

she was, out on the terrace. In his rush to join her he passed several of the 'English Grundys,' who stared at him askance. Indeed his conduct of the night before might well have upset them. An Oxford man, fainting in a hotel! Something wrong here! . . .

And then, when he reached her, he did find courage.

"Was it really moonlight?"

"All moonlight."

"But it was warm!"

And, when she did not answer that, he had within him just the same light, intoxicated feeling as after he had won a race at school.

But now came a dreadful blow. His tutor's old guide had suddenly turned up, after a climb with a party of Germans. The war-horse had been aroused in Stormer. He wished to start that afternoon for a certain hut, and go up a certain peak at dawn next day. Lennan was not to go. Why not? Because of last night's faint; and because, forsooth, he was not some stupid thing they called 'an expert.' As if—! Where she could go he must! This was treating him like a child. Of course he could go up this rotten mountain. It was because she did not care enough to have him! She did not think him man enough! Did she think that he could not do what—what—he—her husband could! And if it were dangerous, *she* ought not to be going, leaving him behind—that was simply cruel! But she only smiled, and he flung away from her—not having seen that all this grief of his only made her happy.

And that afternoon they went off without him. What deep, dark thoughts he had then! What passionate hatred of his own youth! What schemes he wove, by which she might come back, and find him gone—up some mountain far more dangerous and fatiguing! If people did not think him fit to climb with, he would climb by himself. That, anyway, every one admitted, was dangerous. And it would be her fault. She would be sorry then. He would get up, and be off before dawn; he put his things out ready, and filled his flask. The moonlight that evening was more wonderful than ever, the mountains like great ghosts of themselves. And she was up there at the hut, among them! It was very long before he went to sleep, brooding over his injuries—intending not to sleep at all, so as to be ready to be off at three o'clock. At *nine* o'clock he woke. His wrath was gone; he only felt restless and ashamed. If, instead of flying out, he had made the best of it, he could have gone with them to the hut anyway, could have stayed the night there. And now he cursed himself for being such a fool and idiot. Some little of that idiocy he could, perhaps, retrieve. If he started for the hut at once, he might still be in time to meet them coming down, and accompany them home. He swallowed his coffee, and set off. He knew the way at first, then in woods lost it, recovered the right track again at last, but did not reach the hut till nearly two o'clock. Yes, the party had made the ascent that morning—they had been seen, been heard jodelling on the top. *Gewiss! Gewiss!* But they would not come down the same way. Oh, no! They would be going home down to the west and over the other pass. They would be back in hotel before the young *Herr* himself.

He heard this, oddly, almost with relief. Was it the long walk alone, or being up there so high; or simply that he was very hungry; or just these nice friendly folk in the hut, and their young daughter with her fresh face, queer little black cloth sailor-hat with long ribbons, velvet bodice, and perfect, simple manners; or the sight of the little silvery-dun cows, thrusting their broad black noses against her hand? What was it that had taken away from him all his restless feeling, made him happy and content? . . . He did not know that the newest thing always fascinates the puppy in its gambols! . . . He sat a long while after lunch, trying to draw the little cows, watching the sun on the cheek of that pretty maiden, trying to talk to her in German. And when at last he said: "Adieu!" and she murmured: "*Küss die Hand. Adieu!*" there was quite a little pang in his heart. . . . Wonderful and queer is the heart of a man! . . . For all that, as he neared home he hastened, till he was actually running. Why had he stayed so long up there? She would be back—she would expect to see him; and that young beast of a violinist would be with her, perhaps, instead! He reached the hotel just in time to rush up and dress, and rush down to dinner. Ah! They

were tired, no doubt—were resting in their rooms. He sat through dinner as best he could; got away before dessert, and flew upstairs. For a minute he stood there doubtful; on which door should he knock? Then timidly he tapped on hers. No answer! He knocked loud on his tutor's door. No answer! They were not back, then. Not back? What could that mean? Or could it be that they were both asleep. Once more he knocked on her door; then desperately turned the handle, and took a flying glance. Empty, tidy, untouched! Not back! He turned and ran downstairs again. All the guests were streaming out from dinner, and he became entangled with a group of 'English Grundys' discussing a climbing accident which had occurred in Switzerland. He listened, feeling suddenly sick. One of them, the short, gray-bearded 'Grundy' with the rather whispering voice, said to him: "All alone again to-night? The Stormers not back?" Lennan did his best to answer, but something had closed his throat; he could only shake his head.

"They had a guide, I think?" said the 'English Grundy.'

This time Lennan managed to get out: "Yes, sir."

"Stormer, I fancy, is quite an expert!" and turning to the lady whom the young 'Grundys' addressed as 'Madre,' he added:

"To me the great charm of mountain-climbing was always the freedom from people—the remoteness."

The mother of the young 'Grundys,' looking at Lennan with her half-closed eyes, answered:

"That, to me, would be the disadvantage; I always like to be mixing with my own kind."

The gray-bearded 'Grundy' murmured in a muffled voice:

"Dangerous thing, that, to say—in a hotel!"

And they went on talking, but of what, Lennan no longer knew—lost in this sudden feeling of sick fear. In the presence of these 'English Grundys,' so superior to all vulgar sensations, he could not give vent to his alarm; already they viewed him as unsound, for having fainted. Then he grasped that there had begun all round him a sort of luxurious speculation on what might have happened to the Stormers. The descent was very nasty—there was a particularly bad traverse. The 'Grundy,' whose collar was not now crumpled, said he did not believe in women climbing. It was one of the signs of the times that he most deplored. The mother of the young 'Grundys' countered him at once: In practice she agreed that they were out of place, but theoretically, she could not see why they should not climb. An American standing near threw all into confusion by saying he guessed that it might be liable to develop their understandings. Lennan made for the front door. The moon had just come up, over in the south, and exactly under it he could see their mountain. What visions he had then! He saw her lying dead; saw himself climbing down in the moonlight and raising her still living but half-frozen form from some perilous ledge. Even that was almost better than this actuality of not knowing where she was, what had happened. People passed out into the moonlight, looking curiously at his set face staring so fixedly. One or two asked him if he were anxious, and he answered: "Oh, no! thanks!" Soon there would have to be a search party. How soon? He would, he must be, of it! They should not stop him this time. And suddenly he thought: Ah! it is all because I stayed up there this afternoon, talking to that girl—all because I forgot *her!*

And then he heard a stir behind him. There they were, coming down the passage from a side door—she in front, with her alpenstock and rücksack—smiling! Instinctively he recoiled behind some plants. They passed. Her sunburnt face, with its high cheekbones, and its deep-set eyes, looked so happy; smiling, tired, triumphant. Somehow he could not bear it; and when they were gone by he stole out into the wood and threw himself down in shadow, burying his face and choking back a horrible dry sobbing that would keep rising in his throat.

IX

Next day he was happy; for all the afternoon he lay out in the shade of that same wood at her feet, gazing up through the larch boughs. It was so wonderful,

with nobody but Nature near. Nature so alive, and busy, and so big!

Coming down from the hut the day before, he had seen a peak, that looked exactly like the figure of a woman with a garment over her head—the biggest statue in the world; from further down it had become the figure of a bearded man with his arm bent over his eyes. Had she seen it? Had she noticed how all the mountains in moonlight, or very early morning, took the shape of beasts? What he wanted most in life was to be able to make images of beasts and creatures of all sorts, that were like—that had—that gave out the spirit of—Nature; so that by just looking at them one could have all those jolly feelings one had when one was watching trees and beasts and rocks, and even some sorts of men—but not 'English Grundys.'

So he was quite determined to study Art?

Oh, yes! Of course.

He would want to leave—Oxford, then!

No, oh! no! Only some day he would have to.

She answered: "Some never get away!"

And he said quickly:

"I shall never want to leave Oxford while you are there."

He heard her draw her breath in sharply.

"Oh! yes; you will. Now help me up!" And she led the way back to the hotel.

He stayed out on the terrace, when she had gone in; restless and unhappy the moment she was away from him. A voice, close by, said:

"Well, friend Lennan—brown study, or blue devils, which?"

There, in one of those high wicker chairs that insulate their occupants from the world, he saw his tutor leaning back, head a little to one side, and tips of fingers pressed together. He looked like an idol, sitting there so inert—and yet—yesterday he had gone up that mountain!

"Cheer up! You will break your neck yet! When I was your age, I remember feeling it deeply that I was not allowed to risk the lives of others."

Lennan stammered out:

"I didn't think of that; but I thought where Mrs. Stormer could go—I could!"

"Ah! For all our admiration, we cannot quite admit—can we—when it comes to the point?"

The boy's loyalty broke into flame:

"It's not that. I think Mrs. Stormer as good as any man—only—only——"

"Not quite so good as you, eh?"

"A hundred times better, sir."

Stormer smiled. Ironic beast!

"Lennan," he said, "distrust hyperbole!"

"Of course I know I'm no good at climbing," the boy broke out, "but—but—I thought where she was allowed to risk her life, I ought to be!"

"Good! I like that." It was said so entirely without irony for once, that the boy was disconcerted.

"You are young, Brother Lennan," his tutor went on. "Now at what age do you consider discretion begins? Because, there is just one thing always worth remembering—women have none of that better part of valor."

"I think women are the best things in the world," the boy blurted out.

"May you long have that opinion!" His tutor had risen, and was ironically surveying his knees. "A bit stiff!" he said. "Let me know when you change your views!"

"I never shall, sir."

"Ah, ah! Never is a long word, Lennan. I am going to have some tea;" and gingerly he walked away, quizzing, as it were, with a smile, his own stiffness.

Lennan remained where he was, with burning cheeks. His tutor's words again had seemed directed against her. How could a man say such things about women! If they were true, he did not want to know; if they were not true, it was wicked to say them. It must be awful never to have generous feelings; always to have to be satirical. Dreadful to be like the 'English Grundys'; only different, of course, because after all old Stormer was much more interesting and intelligent—ever so much more; only, just as 'superior.' "Some never get away!" Had she meant—from that superiority? Just down below were a family of peasants scything and gathering in the grass. One could imagine her doing that, and looking beautiful, with a colored handkerchief over her head; one could imagine her doing anything simple—one could not imagine old Stormer doing anything but what he did do. And suddenly the boy felt miserable,

oppressed by these dim glimmerings of lives misplaced. And he resolved that he would not be like Stormer when he was old! No, he would rather be a regular beast than be like that!

When he went to his room to change for dinner he saw in a glass of water a large clove carnation. Who had put it there? Who could have put it there—but she? It had the same scent as the mountain pinks she had dropped over him, but deeper, richer—a scent moving, dark, and sweet. He put his lips to it before he pinned it into his coat.

There was dancing again that night—more couples this time, and a violin beside the piano; and she had on a black frock. He had never seen her in black. Her face and neck were powdered over their sunburn. The first sight of that powder gave him a faint shock. He had not somehow thought that ladies ever put on powder. But if *she* did—then it must be right! And his eyes never left her. He saw the young German violinist hovering round her, even dancing with her twice; watched her dancing with others, but all without jealousy, without troubling; all in a sort of dream. What was it? Had he been bewitched into that queer state, bewitched by the gift of that flower in his coat? What was it, when he danced with her, that kept him happy in her silence and his own? There was no expectation in him of anything that she would say, or do—no expectation, no desire. Even when he wandered out with her on to the terrace, even when they went down the bank and sat on a bench above the fields where the peasants had been scything, he had still no feeling but that quiet, dreamy adoration. The night was black and dreamy too, for the moon was still well down behind the mountains. The little band was playing the next waltz; but he sat, not moving, not thinking, as if all power of action and thought had been stolen out of him. And the scent of the flower in his coat rose, for there was no wind. Suddenly his heart stopped beating. She had leaned against him, he felt her shoulder press his arm, her hair touch his cheek. He closed his eyes then, and turned his face to her. He felt her lips press his mouth with a swift, burning kiss. He sighed, stretched out his arms. There was nothing there but air. The rustle of her dress against the grass was all! The flower—it, too, was gone.

X

Not one minute all that night did Anna sleep. Was it remorse that kept her awake, or the intoxication of memory? If she felt that her kiss had been a crime, it was not against her husband or herself, but against the boy—the murder of illusion, of something sacred. But she could not help feeling a delirious happiness too, and the thought of trying to annul what she had done did not even occur to her.

He was ready, then, to give her a little love! Ever so little, compared to hers, but still a little! There could be no other meaning to that movement of his face with the closed eyes, as if he would nestle it down on her breast.

Was she ashamed of her little manœuvres of these last few days—ashamed of having smiled at the young violinist, of that late return from the mountain climb, of the flower she had given him, of all the conscious siege she had laid since the evening her husband came in and sat watching her without knowing that she saw him? No; not really ashamed! Her remorse rose only from that kiss. It hurt to think of that, because it was the death, the final extinction of the mother-feeling in her; the awakening of—who knew what—in the boy! For if she was mysterious to him, what was he not to her, with his eagerness, and his dreaminess, his youthful warmth, his innocence! What if it had killed in him trust, brushed off the dew, tumbled a star down? Could she forgive herself for that? Could she bear it if she were to make him like so many other boys, like that young violinist; just a cynical youth, looking on women as what they called 'fair game'? But *could* she make him into such—would he ever grow like that? Oh! surely not; or she would not have loved him from the moment she first set eyes on him and spoke of him as 'an angel.'

After that kiss—that crime, if it were one—in the dark, she had not known what he had done, where gone—perhaps wandering, perhaps straight up to his room. Why had she refrained, left him there,

vanished out of his arms? This she herself hardly understood. Not shame, not fear; reverence perhaps—for what? For love—for the illusion, the mystery, all that made love beautiful; for youth, and the poetry of it; just for the sake of the black still night itself, and the scent of that flower—that dark flower of passion that had won him to her, and that she had stolen back, and now wore all night long close to her neck, and in the morning placed withered within her dress. She had been starved so long, and so long waited for that moment—it was little wonder if she did not clearly know why she had done just this, and not that!

And now how should she meet him, how first look into his eyes? Would they have changed? Would they no longer have the straight look she so loved? It would be for her to lead, to make the future. And she kept saying to herself: I am not going to be afraid. It is done. I will take what life offers! Of her husband she did not think at all.

But the first moment she saw the boy, she knew that something from outside, and untoward, had happened since that kiss. He came up to her, indeed, but he said nothing, stood trembling all over, and handed her a telegram that contained these words: "Come back at once Wedding immediate Expect you day after tomorrow. Cicely." The words grew indistinct even as she read them, and the boy's face all blurred. Then, making an effort, she said quietly:

"Of course you must go. You cannot miss your only sister's wedding."

Without protest he looked at her; and she could hardly bear that look—it seemed to know so little, and ask so much. She said: "It is nothing—only a few days. You will come back, or we will come to you."

His face brightened at once.

"Will you really come to us soon, at once—if they ask you? Then I don't mind—I—I—" And then he stopped, choking.

She said again:

"Ask us. We will come."

He seized her hand; pressed and pressed it in both his own, then stroked it gently, and said:

"Oh! I'm hurting it!"

She laughed, not wishing to cry.

In a few minutes he would have to start, to catch the only train that would get him home in time. She went and helped him to pack. Her heart felt like lead, but, not able to bear that look on his face again, she kept cheerfully talking of their return, asking about his home, how to get to it, speaking of Oxford, and next term. When his things were ready she put her arms round his neck, and for a moment pressed him to her. Then she escaped. Looking back from his door, she saw him standing exactly as when she had withdrawn her arms. Her cheeks were wet; she dried them as she went downstairs. When she felt herself safe, she went out on the terrace. Her husband was there; and she said to him:

"Will you come with me into the town? I want to buy some things."

He raised his eyebrows, smiled dimly, and followed her. They walked slowly down the hill into the long street of the little town. All the time she talked of she knew not what, and all the time she thought: His carriage will pass—his carriage will pass!

Several carriages went jingling by. At last he came. Sitting there, and staring straight before him, he did not see them. She heard her husband say:

"Hullo! Where is our young friend, Lennan, off to, with his luggage—looking like a lion cub in trouble?"

She answered in a voice that she tried to make clear and steady:

"There must be something wrong; or else it is his sister's wedding."

She felt that he was gazing at her hard, and wondered what her face was like; but at that moment the word: "Madre!" sounded close in her ear, and they were surrounded by a small drove of 'English Grundys.'

(To be continued.)



DOWN THE WEST COAST TO LIMA

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN we boarded the steamer at Panama (or, as the new port is called, Balboa, and I like the name) we seemed to be headed for a new world. The moist and misty air, the soft hills fringed with tropical vegetation, the rich islands of the bay, Taboga and Taboguilla with their little neighbors, precipitous, yet thickly wooded down to the very water's edge, composed a picture so unlike the usual ports of embarkment in more northern climes that we settled ourselves in our chairs with a feeling of quiet expectancy, anticipating a voyage on placid waters in the doldrums under the Equator. Nor were we to be disappointed.

As we slowly steamed down the Gulf the sun neared the horizon and its broad golden rays spread out great fingers behind the purple islands, making them appear, as one of the young ladies naïvely expressed it, "like the old pictures of heaven." Long files of pelicans lazily flapped their heavy wings as they slowly made their way homeward against the evening breeze.

An hour later the faint forms of the Pearl Islands rose before us—San José to the southward; Pedro Gonzales to the north, and behind them the cloud-wreathed summit of Rey Island that screened from view Saint Michael's Bay, where Balboa strode into the surf to take possession of the Southern Sea in the name of the Spanish King. These islands lured us on like sirens, as they had many a mariner before us by the glint of their precious gems, to fall into the hands of some pirate, some John Sharp or his like, lurking in an inlet awaiting the galleons, gold-laden, that bore the treasure of the Incas for transshipment to Spain.

Following the same track that we were taking, Pizarro, nearly four hundred years ago, with his little company, had set out upon his conquest of Peru. And that tall brig upon the horizon,

"her tiering canvas in sheeted silver spread,"

might she not well be his caravel bound for Gorgona or lonely Gallo or the verdant islands of the Gulf of Guayaquil? The sun had now set; the clouds parted, and the moon, hitherto hidden, poured its pale radiance upon the calm Pacific.

Next morning (how strange at sea!) I was awakened by the bleating of a lamb and by a lusty cock-crow. The Royal Mail steamers of the West Coast are a strange little world. Built for an ocean where storms are unknown, they combine certain comforts not to be found on much more pretentious boats. Their saloons and cabins are exceptionally large and open directly upon the promenade decks that stretch the entire length of the ship, there being, properly speaking, no steerage and no second-class. The natives and others who cannot afford the first-class ticket travel in the "cubierta," as it is called, a deck at the stern roofed with canvas but otherwise open, where in picturesque confusion, surrounded by bags and bundles, they loll in hammocks or lie wrapped in shawls.

Upon this deck the hen-coop faces—a big two-story affair, partly filled with ripening fruits, bananas, oranges, and the like, and partly with chickens, ducks, and other forlorn-looking fowl, fattening for the table. Between decks stands your beef and mutton on the hoof, gazing mournfully up at you as you look down the hatchways.

Upon this home-like boat, quiet and contented, with no unseemly hurry, you meander down the coast at ten knots. The air is soft as a caress and for at least eight months of the year the sea as placid as a mountain lake, a glassy mirror reflecting an azure sky.

For one who wishes to escape the rigors

of a northern winter, for a lover of soft sunshine, of southern seas without the brisk trades of the Caribbean, I can imagine no more delightful voyage than this West Coast cruise, quietly gliding southward, a cloudless sky overhead in the daytime, a marvellous starry heaven at night. Little by little the North Star drops toward the horizon; little by little the Southern Cross ascends in the firmament.

It may be hot for the first day or two, but on the third day out you cross the Equator and face the breeze that follows the Antarctic Current, Humboldt's Current, that freshens and cools what otherwise would be a hot and steamy coast. Occasionally the calm surface of the sea is ruffled, now by the spike-like fin of a shark or the blow and rounded back of a gray whale; again by tortoise shining like great topazes set in opals or by silvery flying-fish skimming from wave to wave or schools of white-bellied mantas that frolic along by the steamer's side.

Three idle days pass by.

At dawn upon the fourth I distinctly heard a locomotive whistle and then the clear call of a bugle. Looking out of the state-room window I had my first glimpse of Peru. It was quite what I had been led to expect: a long bleak shore of sand, desolate, treeless, dry. We were anchored before Paita, but the port was still silent and the little town apparently asleep, except for an officer taking his morning ride along the beach. By the time I came on deck, a boat or two had put out from shore with the doctor and the company's agent. Finally the captain of the port arrived, resplendent in his gold-laced uniform as he sat in the stern-sheets of his smart *chaloupa* manned by four stalwart oarsmen in spotless white.

I lost all interest in him, however, as soon as I made out the queer rafts and boats that were now paddling out toward us. Here, come to life again, were the old wood-cuts in Oviedo's "Historia." In the first edition of this old book, now rare and costly, published in Seville only a few years after the Conquest, there are quaint pictures showing the manners and customs of the natives as the Spaniards first found them: their thatched huts; their cabins perched in the tree-tops; their strange animals and queer fish, and their various primitive boats. Here in this harbor of Paita, these self-same craft were coming out to meet us—dugouts filled with fruit and manned by single Indians, *balsas* of cabbagewood (a light timber common to Ecuador and Colombia) like those that brought the friendly caciques to greet Pizarro, and larger rafts rigged with square sails that ferried him and his little army, horses and all, from Puno to Tumbez, only a few miles distant in the Gulf of Guayaquil.

But now another flotilla approached us; this time row-boats of more modern type, painted like those of Naples, blue and green, with the *fleteros*, the sharks of the coast, who row you ashore for whatever they can make, but are no better and no worse than their prototypes in Mediterranean waters.

We landed, and upon the dock found Indian women in black *mantas* selling green paroquets and gaudy parrots and the strange tropical fruits with which we were soon to grow so familiar. We walked to the Plaza, set out with palms and dominated by the towers of its church, a queer Hispano-Moorish affair in which a black-robed congregation was listening to low mass.

We looked, too, into the Gran Hotel Pacifico, where, in its dining-room, we found quite the strangest ceiling decoration that we had ever seen. It was painted by some man of real ability, not at all the same person who had daubed the crude marines upon the walls, but a man who understood his art. Yet his subject was worthy of a neo-impressionist. In the corners parrots and gaudy butterflies disported themselves, while eggs and fruits lay about in salvers, but the dominant note, the *raison d'être*, of the ceiling was an enormous lobster, some fifteen feet across, that spread its vermilion claws and nippers in all directions, embracing parrots and fruits, eggs and salvers in its all-consuming clutches.

Paita is really a very old settlement, dating from colonial days. Yet a walk among its streets discloses only the most ephemeral constructions, flimsy beyond belief—houses built of dry bamboo thinly covered with plaster and mud, so thinly covered indeed that one can look through the cracks and chinks into the rooms



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Lima Cathedral from the Bodegones.



Native Boats, Paita.

The queer rafts and boats that were now paddling out toward us.—Page 422.

themselves. The whole fabric would crumble away in an instant at the first hint of rain. But rain comes to Paita, according to legend, only once in twenty years. Notwithstanding, Paita is the wettest place on the Peruvian coast. Thence southward for hundreds of miles to the distant coast of Chili, between the Andes and the sea, it never rains, though clouds sometimes form and at certain seasons a sort of heavy mist, the *camanchaca*, hangs over the land for weeks at a time.

We weighed anchor after luncheon and all afternoon skirted the sandy desert of Sechura, whose yellow dunes backed by lavender mountains terminate at times in rocky headlands shaped like ruined castles and spotted with guano.

We reached Eten early next morning. A more desolate spot could scarcely be imagined. Sky, sea, a long, sheer sandy bluff, an iron mole, and that was all. What town there is must lie behind the dunes.

From each of these coast ports, desolate as they may appear, railroads run inland, sometimes far, sometimes only for a short distance. From the looks of the coast one wonders where they run to, little suspecting, as we afterward found, the prolific valleys that open behind, teeming with vegetation wherever water can be found.

Harbors there are none from Guayaquil to Callao, the ships anchoring about a half mile off shore, a fact that in these peaceful waters entails neither the discomforts nor inconveniences that it does on other coasts. Here at Eten we hoisted our new passengers aboard in a sort of car like those used in roller-coasters, four people at a time. Freight is transferred in lighters which they call *lancias*. Even before we had been "received" by the captain of the port, several of these could be seen approaching us.

How can I describe them? They are about the size of a sea-going schooner. Five heavy beams laid across the bow form seats for ten men, whose brawny arms and well-developed deltoids and pectorals would do honor to trained athletes. Their type—the broad, flat face, the high cheekbone, the narrow eyes set atilt, and the drooping mustache—plainly shows their descent from the Chimus, that strange Chinese race whose civilization seems to have centred about Trujillo, somewhat farther down the coast. Clad only in jerseys and trousers; bareheaded or shaded by wide-rimmed straw hats, each lays hold of a gigantic sweep, five on a side. And how they row, wing and wing, throwing the whole weight of their mighty frames upon the oars, rising in their seats till

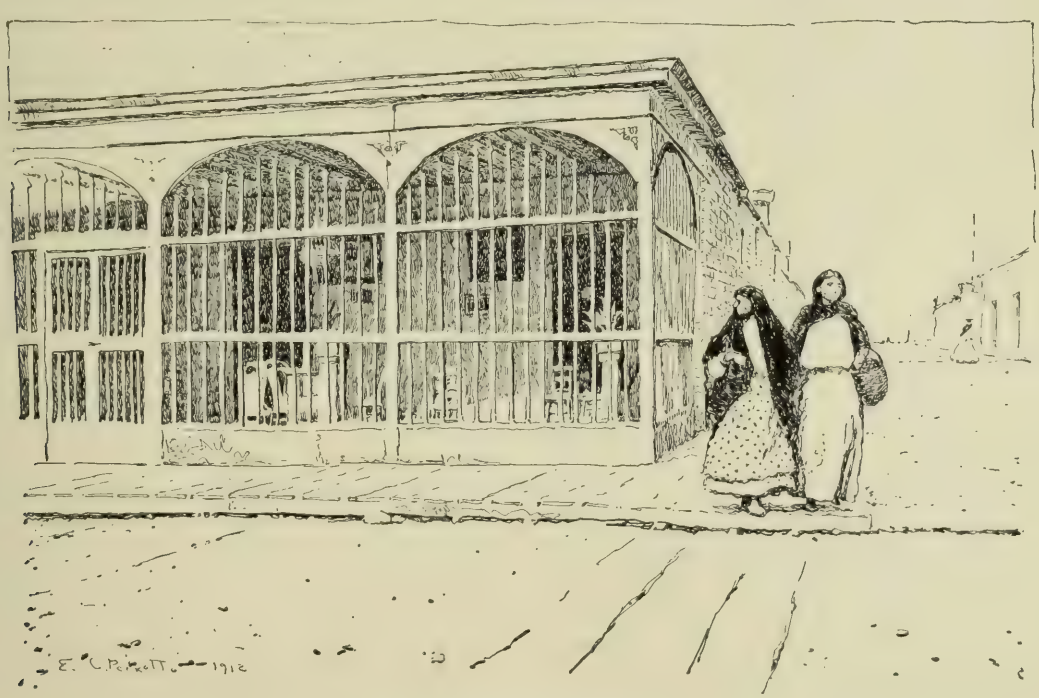
standing—the only boatmen I ever saw who suggested the galley-slaves of the Egyptians or the men who manned the Roman triremes!

It is only a three hours' run from Eten to Pacasmayo. On the way you catch glimpses of higher mountains, buttresses of the Coast Cordillera, and by the shore see little groups of fishing-huts clustered in the coves. We had thought the frail *balsas* of Paita the most daring of sea-going craft, but now we came upon others more daring still—the *caballitos* (little horses), tiny boats but six or eight feet long, that, at a distance, look like the forward end of a gondola. They are made of two cylinders of straw lashed together and diminishing toward the prow, where they tilt sharply upward. The lone fisherman sits astride of them, his feet dangling in the water at either side, and thus he puts to sea, a sort of Triton bestriding his sea-horse.

Pacasmayo lies in a wide, open roadstead enclosed by golden sand hills behind which rise chains of lofty mountains, a long wall of blue, deceptive, apparently peaceful and soft in the distance, but jagged and precipitous at closer quarters and traversed only by mule-paths. Yet should I like to have crossed them, for beyond their lofty summits, hidden in a lovely valley, lies Cajamarca, the "City of Atahualpa's Ransome," the Inca town that played so important a part in the story of the Conquest.

Another quiet night on shipboard sleeping with that dreamy contentedness that comes over one upon a calm sea, and at dawn the following morning we were anchored off Salaverry, the most picturesque of the ports we had yet seen. The sun was just rising in a film of clouds. Behind the dunes that clasped the bases of the mountains in a firm embrace rose the ranges of the Andes, fold upon fold, first the foot-hills, purple-clad, then the fainter Coast Cordillera, and finally, blue and distant, the Black Cordillera. But the Cordillera Real, the royal range of towering peaks, is not for the wayfarer by the coast. Once in a while on a clear, calm evening toward sunset, a gleaming snow-capped peak may be descried like a cloud in the sky, but otherwise these mountain giants jealously guard their summits for the pilgrims to their shrine. Soon we were to become such pilgrims and see for ourselves the glories of their mighty heights.

We landed at Salaverry and were delighted with the broad strand, worthy of an Ostend or a Brighton, that stretches in a wide curve off toward Trujillo, founded by Pizarro and named by him for his birthplace in Estremadura, whose white domes and towers lay some miles distant



A barred Veranda, Salaverry.

Broad verandas, barred with screens and used as out-door rooms.—Page 426.

like a mirage of the Orient among palms and verdant valleys.

Salaverry itself is a low, one-storied affair whose broad, straight sandy streets with their wooden houses are strongly reminiscent of some of our western frontier towns. Yet Spanish civilization has put a picturesque impress upon it—upon its windows with their iron *rejas*, upon its broad verandas, barred with screens and used as out-door rooms, and upon the life of its streets where women in black, half hidden in sombre door-ways, call to the *aguador*, as he peddles his donkey-load of water from door to door, and half-naked street urchins vend *chirimoyas* and alligator pears at the street corners.



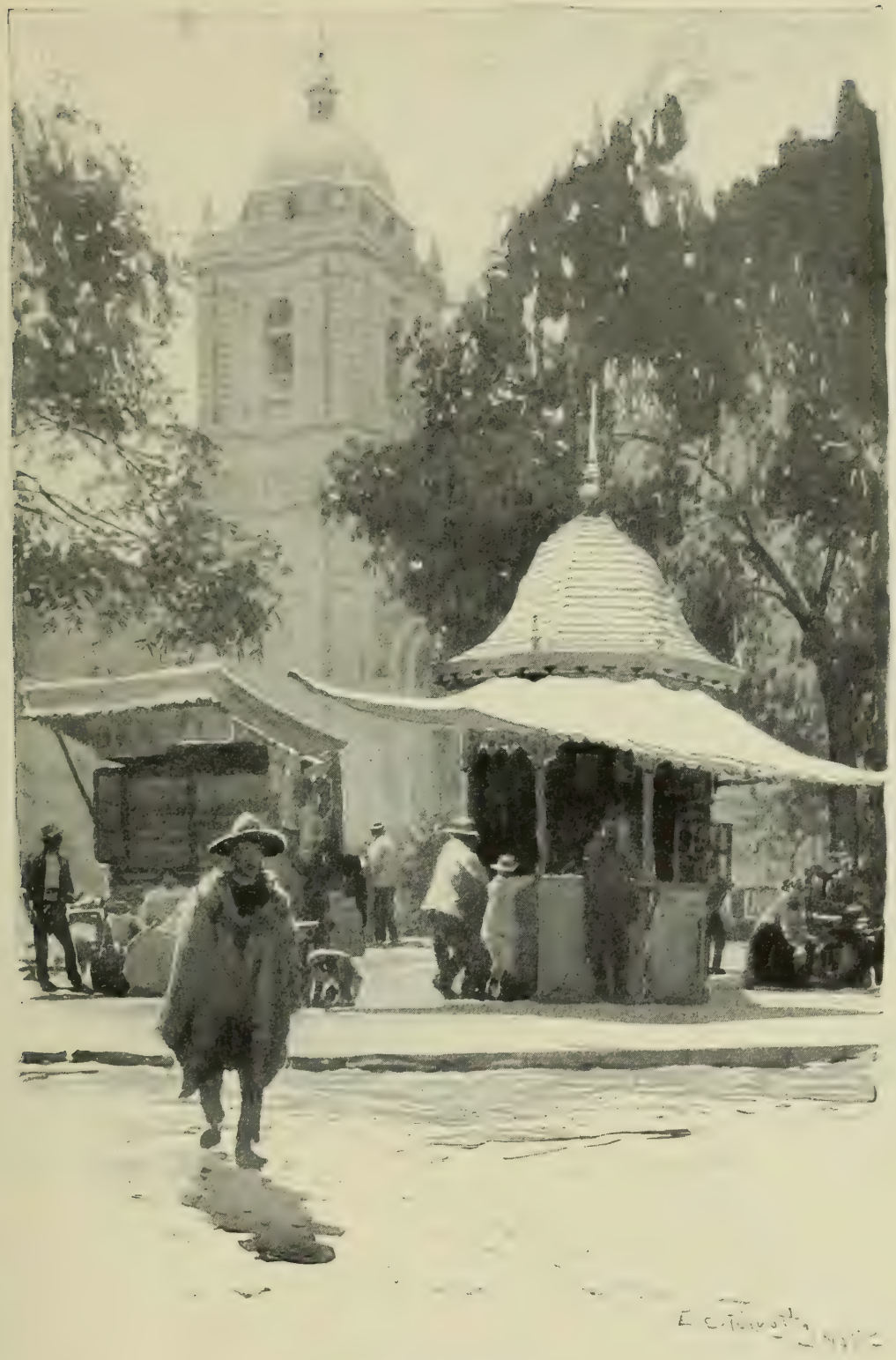
Balconies in a Lima street.

Often elaborately carved, that project from the upper story.—Page 428.

Upon the beach the fishermen mend their nets near the *caballitos* drying in the sun, that stand erect against gaily painted fishing-smacks. It was a Sunday morning, so the strand was dotted with bathers, diving in the surf or chasing each other in wild races across the hard-packed sand, among them the children of the British vice-consul, the only foreigners upon the scene.

Again we weighed anchor after lunch, and as we sailed southward the coast grew more and more majestic. Never a note of green, to be sure, but, by compensation, behind the fringe of golden sand that skirts the sapphire sea, range upon range of mountains, always varied, ever broken into a thousand cones and pinnacles and as changeable in hue as a chameleon, flecked by fleecy cloud shadows through the whole gamut of grays, lavenders, and purples. At times the dunes would break as at Chimbote and inland valleys open green as gardens. Toward evening the level sun-rays warm these ashen mountains, burnishing them like bronze, and their deep *quebradas* and rocky gorges by contrast are plunged into indigo shadows of a strength and intensity quite beyond belief.

Occasionally islands whitened with guano lie upon the sea, and upon them nest myriads of birds, and along the water's edge flocks of glistening sea-lions bark and snarl and wriggle and fight or disport themselves in the surf. Our captain took us quite close to one of these islets, so close indeed that with the naked eye we could plainly see the innumerable shags and murre that peopled its honey-combed pinnacles. Just as we passed, he blew two mighty blasts upon the siren and every seal threw itself headlong into the



Plaza of San Francisco.

One of the prettiest little squares of the city.—Page 431.

sea, while the birds in one enormous cloud that darkened the sun left their nests, flying far out to sea—a mist of golden dust rising from the island raised by the whir of their countless wings.

For the first time in several days, no land was in sight the following morning. But by ten o'clock the long tawny hills of San Lorenzo Island appeared above the horizon and we made Callao harbor within an hour. There lay a great variety of shipping, from the clean, white, English-built cruisers of the Peruvian navy and the smart "home-boats" of the Royal Mail to old hulks anchored to the northward, whose only passengers or crew were

the gulls and pelicans that settled in their rigging or perched along their decks.

Our steamer was immediately surrounded by a swarm of small boats, each manned by a shouting crowd of *fleteros*, that made a gay and brilliant scene, painted in the brightest colors and covered with awnings not unlike those used upon the Italian lakes.



In the President's garden.

We went ashore with friends in the company's motor-launch, got through the customs quickly, and soon were in the train bound for Lima, only eight miles distant.

I rubbed my eyes as we sped along. Was I in Peru in early March or in California in September? It was surely the end of summer, for here were fields of ripened corn, there venders of luscious grapes. The cattle grazing in the parched fields; the Rimac roaring over its stony bed; the tawny shores of San Lorenzo wreathed with fog like the Contra Costa hills; the files of eucalypti, even the whistle of the American-built locomotive and the clang of its bell, recalled, like magic, the country that surrounds the bay of San Francisco or hides within the depths of Sonoma Valley.

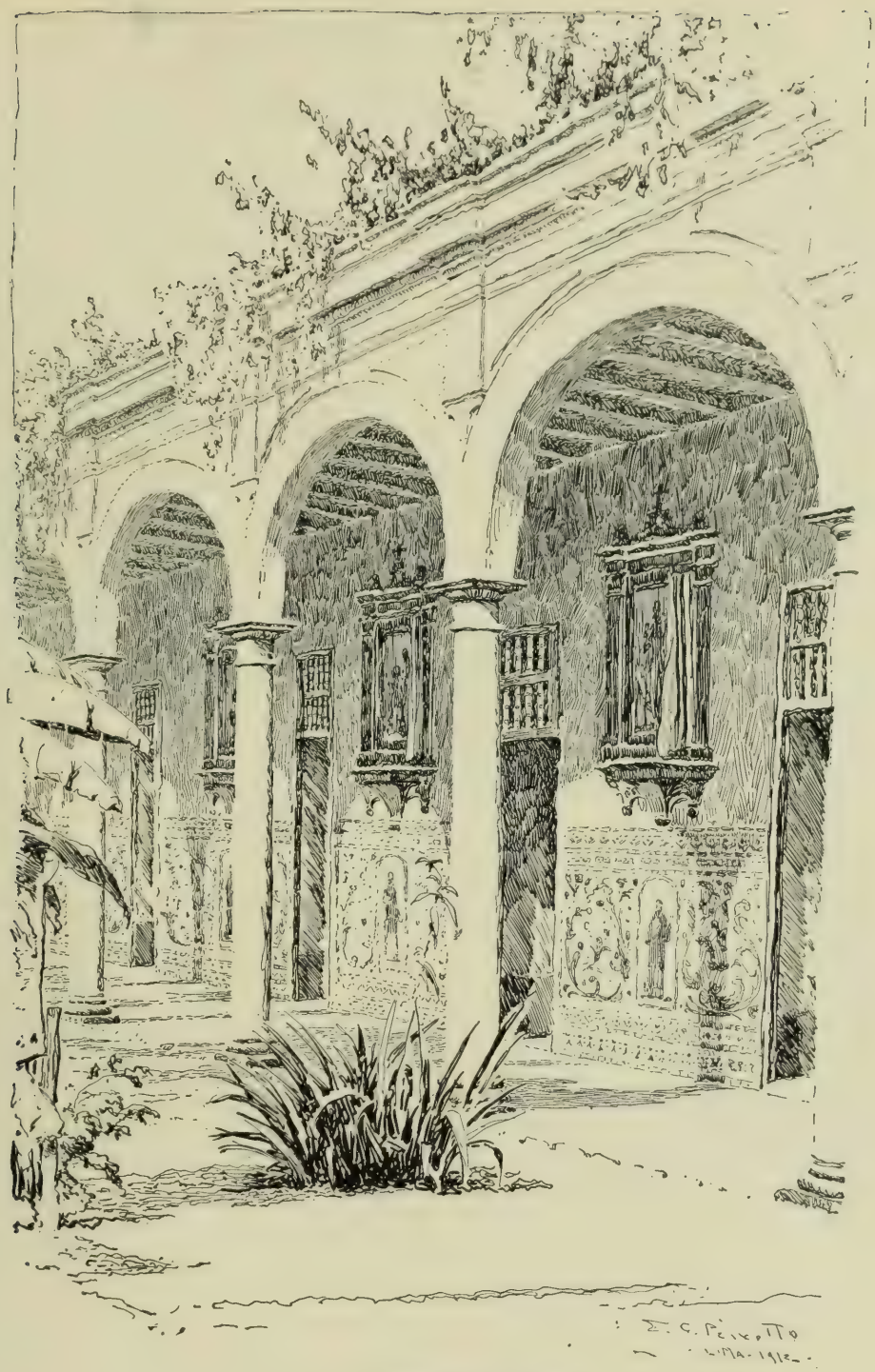
But there across the aisle sat a major in his Franco-Peruvian uniform, while in front of him a group of young subalterns in the same neat clothes conversed amiably to ladies in rather boisterous hats, and in the coach ahead, second-class, the *cholos* and other mixed races that we could see proved beyond a doubt that we were in Peru.

LIMA

Lima is a flat city whose straight, wide streets are as regular in plan as those of any metropolis of the New World. Pizarro is said to have laid it out, and if he did so, he used a T-square and no imagination, merely leaving one empty block in the centre for a Plaza de Armas. Like all cities built upon this checker-board system, it lacks both the picturesqueness and charm of the mediæval town, and the dignity and stateliness of the modern city whose converging streets meet to frame views of important monuments.

Despite this drawback, however, Lima has a physiognomy all its own. Throughout the colonial period it was the capital of the Spanish-American colonies, the residence of the viceroy and of the nobility. Hence it contains, more than any other South American city, notable examples of Hispanic architecture little suspected by the average tourist.

The streets, too, have distinct individuality, imparted to a great extent by the *balcones*, adaptations of the Oriental moucharaby, or mirador, often elaborately carved, that project from the upper story of almost every house, far out over the sidewalks, sometimes occurring uninter-



In the Cloister of San Francisco.

ruptedly for blocks at a time. They are most practical, allowing the air to pass freely to the rooms within, yet screening the house walls from the direct rays of the sun. The people, especially the women, live upon them, flitting behind their long rows of windows as they pass from room to room or leaning over the rail to watch the life in the streets below. The shops, too, are peculiar, being without fronts—wide open during the daytime and closed by long series of folding wooden doors at night.

Much interest is also imparted to these streets by the stately palaces, mostly dating from the viceregal period, that are encountered in all the principal thoroughfares. They present a rather forbidding aspect, with their great walls pierced only by a few barred windows and by their monumental *porte-cochères*. But look through one of these vast door-ways and all is gayety within. In an instant you are transported to Spain and the sunlit courts of Andalusia. Here the same patios,

washed with pale pastel-tones and paved with tiles or colored marbles, bask in the sunlight, decked with palms and oleanders screened behind iron grills of intricate and artistic workmanship. Through pavilions at the rear you catch glimpses of other gardens beyond. The whole scheme, cool, airy, framing the peep of blue sky overhead, seems singularly well adapted to this land of soft sunshine.

The Plaza is a handsome square—well paved, neatly kept, and adorned with beautiful tropical gardens set with flowers and stately palms, and ornate lamp-posts supporting arches of lights for festivals. It is surrounded on two sides by *portales*, or arcades, lined with shops. The third side is occupied by the palace and the fourth by the cathedral.

This last is not as interesting as some of the other great Peruvian churches. It was apparently made over in the last century, when a wave of classic revival swept away many of the picturesque plateresque constructions of the Latin-American churches and substituted cold Roman columns and arches for the elaborate pediments and richly carved surfaces of the Churrigueresque artists. So now the cathedral lacks much of that interest that one expects to find in a building of its age. The interior, too, suffers at first sight from the same cause, yet upon closer investigation the choir and chapels yield notable works of art. There are, for example, the massive silver high-altar and the rarely beautiful *sillería*, rows of richly carved stalls ornamented with good statues of saints and apostles enshrined in ornate canopies or framed in elaborate panelling—all done in cedar wood after the best Hispanic traditions. The chapel of the Purísima, too, is a fine piece of plateresque not yet debased by the baroque, and we discovered in the sacristy a delightful little Moorish fountain of alabaster, the glint of whose tiles in the penumbra and the splash of whose water in the silence recalled to us some inner court of the Alhambra.

In the Chapel of the Virgen dell' Antigua, under the benign eyes of a placid Virgin and Child sent over from Spain by Charles V, a modest white casket with open glass sides contains the remains of that wonderful ruffian, that intrepid conquistador, Francisco Pizarro. As I looked at his dried bones and mummified flesh exposed thus publicly to the gaze of the curious, lying upon, but in no way shrouded by, a bed of purple velvet, his entrails in a bottle at his feet, I wondered if it was with design that his remains are so displayed. Is it mere chance that this poor tomb is all that marks his final resting-place? Is it by mere neglect that no monument to him (at least to my knowledge) exists in all Peru?

During the last stormy days of his life, he occupied the palace that he built across the Plaza. This vast, rambling pile is worthy of a visit, not merely because it is the actual residence of the President, the White House of Peru, but because of its historic associations.

A big door-way, where a company of soldiers always mounts guard, admits to an outer court, vast in scale, across which you reach a stairway that leads to a broad upper corridor, severely chaste, white and fresh and open to the sky throughout its entire length. A series of apartments lead off on either hand, and sentinels challenge you at each door, for revolutions are frequent. But under the guidance of the President's chief aide-de-camp, a colonel of distinction and courtly manners, we visited in turn the various reception-rooms, with their ornately gilded furniture of the viceregal period, and saw the viceroy's throne that still, standing under its baldaquin but shorn of its imperial ornaments, does duty for the President. We admired, too, the proportions and acoustics of the long banquet hall—a bit shabby, perhaps, but hemmed in between two of the lovely tropical gardens that are incorporated within the palace walls, some of their ancient fig-trees, we were told, dating from the days of Pizarro.

The apartments that he occupied open upon an inner corridor, long and narrow, down which the old lion at bay fought Rada's men, single-handed, toward the street and safety. At the foot of its last step you are shown a small white stone that is said to mark the spot where he fell, wounded to the death, and where, dipping his finger in a pool of his own blood, he traced a cross upon the ground, expiring as he kissed it.

I had the rare good fortune while in



Patio of the Torre Tagli Palace.

Lima to procure as my cicerone a certain police commissioner (that is the best translation I can make of his title) who knew every corner of the capital and apparently every one in it. Whether in the halls of the President's palace or the grim corridors of the penitentiary or the dark aisles of the churches, he seemed equally at home, and every one treated him as a friend. His kindness was of great value to me, for, strange as it may seem, there exists no guide-book to Lima, and it is difficult to ferret out the points of interest.

With him I visited the monasteries, and was certainly surprised by what I found in them. Nothing that I had heard, nothing that I had read, had prepared me for what I saw, for they have been strangely neglected by travellers. Yet to my mind they are among the chief features of the city—of interest both because of their vast extent as well as for the numerous art treasures that they contain.

The finest belongs to the Franciscans and faces upon one of the prettiest little squares of the city, the Plaza of San Francisco. To visit it you enter a sort of vestibule whose lower walls are completely covered with beautiful Mudejar tiles in which little amorini alternate curi-

ously with grim death's-heads. Borders of deep lapis-blue frame the panels and completely surround the great door-way that occupies one end of the hall. In answer to a knock the little wicket opens, a few words are exchanged, the heavy door swings, a brown friar steps back to let you pass, and you enter another world—a world of seclusion and quiet, of cloister courts with monks moving silently about or digging in the flower-beds; of ancient pictures depicting the life of good Saint Francis looking down from their golden frames upon sunlit gardens filled with the bright bloom of the tropics.

It would be quite impossible to describe the labyrinths of this convent's courts, the varied features of its trinity of churches and its thirteen chapels with their carved *coros* and gilded altars. But its chief interest lies in the beautiful *azulejos* that completely cover the lower walls and pillars of its cloisters. These tiles date mostly from the early years of the seventeenth century and are of great variety. Some are patterned with the rich designs of the high Renaissance; others with figures of brown-cowled monks; others again with heraldic monsters or with those intricate arabesques that the Moors introduced into Spain. Moorish, too, is the beautiful flattened dome that covers the main stairway, a great half-orange of cedar wood, unfortunately now falling to decay but still retaining enough of its original inlay of ebony and bone to recall its pristine glory.

The Dominicans possess an equally beautiful monastery, though not so extensive a one. It is the oldest in Lima, and like San Francisco is richly adorned with tiles that date from the second decade of the seventeenth century, many of them evidently designed expressly for the convent, depicting scenes in the history of the Dominican order.

Through the upper loggia of one of the inner courts whose rose-colored walls act as a foil to a pale-green fountain in the centre, you reach the library, a quiet room divided by arches resting upon slender columns. On the morning of my visit a painter was graining the shafts of these columns to imitate marble. Several brothers in white stood watching him, their shaven heads and intellectual faces (for these Dominicans are of a studious stamp) making an attractive picture for some Vibert or Zamacois against the golden background of parchment-covered books lit by the sunlight that filtered through the leaded windows. There are other monasteries of lesser note, repetitions on a smaller scale of these great ones.

Of Lima's churches, San Pedro makes the richest effect. It is the fashionable church of the city, and its dark aisles with their deep-toned paintings set in elaborate gilded frames, their polychrome saints and martyrs looking out from niches charged with carvings that wake the shadows with the glow of their golden ornaments, their *retablos* toned with the smoke of incense and the dust of years, form a fine background indeed for the beautiful women that frequent it—women whose pallid faces gleam like ivory from beneath the lacy folds of the mantilla or the sombre pleats of the heavy manta.

The palace of the Torre Tagles without doubt takes precedence over all the secular buildings of the city.

Its superb *balcones*, the finest in the city, would alone arrest your attention, or its door-way, the best example of the Churrigueresque style that I saw in Peru. You may or you may not like this form of architecture, with its bizarre proportions, its broken pediments, its general lack of organism, but the mere bulk of this entrance, the grandeur of its scale and absence of finicky detail, will prepare you for the splendid court-yard within. This great patio is reached through a deep vestibule where, after the fashion of Spanish palaces, steps are arranged for mounting and dismounting from horses.

The court itself is shaded by a broad projecting balcony of cedar wood left without paint or varnish, its columns, arches, and balustrades richly carved, and its supporting corbels, elaborate and intricate in detail, ornamented with heads of animals and men that, though Hispanic in design, are evidently the handicraft of highly skilled Indian workmen.

A broad staircase, whose glazed tiles imitate a stair-rail upon the one hand while its mahogany stair-rail imitates these same tiles upon the other, leads to the upper balcony where the main apartments open. These are spacious and handsome

and still contain much of their antique furniture of the viceregal period, among other things two superb wardrobes, royal objects of massive design completely encrusted with mother-of-pearl, silver, and tortoise-shell, the viceroy of Mexico's wedding gift to an ancestor of the family. Handsome portraits of gentlemen in wigs and the elaborately embroidered coats and waistcoats of the eighteenth century, and of ladies in the voluminous skirts and powdered hair of the same period, complete a picture of aristocratic life under the Spanish régime.

The Torre Tagles, who counted among their members a viceroy and the first President of Peru, were a family of great importance, as many things about the palace testify. By royal grant, a pair of cannon, their noses planted in the ground at either side of the vestibule, gave right of asylum to any one who passed between them. In one corner of the patio a heraldic lion carved in wood supports a post from which hung the scales that weighed the gold and silver for the King's troops, the head of this family having been for centuries paymaster of the army and navy. The great collection of pictures that they owned, once the most notable in Peru, is now being dispersed, and their state-coach, a gilded calèche worthy of the royal stables of Madrid, has been bequeathed to the National Museum, where it now forms the central object in the colonial collection.

This National Museum, with the National Library, and San Marcos University founded in 1551, the oldest in the New World, form the three important institutions of learning in the capital.



The *aguador*, as he peddles his donkey-load of water from door to door.—Page 426.

The museum's well-ordered cases, arranged by an enthusiastic German archæologist, afford an excellent opportunity to study the civilization of the Incas, containing as they do rare picture cloths from Tiahuanaco, with their strange conventionalized figures of animals and men; quaintly fashioned *huacos* that, like the Greek and Etruscan vases, give us the best documents we have of the manners and customs of the times; and row upon row of those strange seated mummies, whose knees touch their chins and whose faces are covered with masks of gold, silver, or vicuña cloth, according to their social standing.

The National Library is again of importance. I say again, for during the Chilian invasion it was ruthlessly looted and its priceless treasures carried off by a pack of vandals. Now, however, through the

unremitting efforts of Don Riccardo Palma, one of the most brilliant literary lights of Latin America, whose "Recuerdos de Lima" forms the classic collection of the city's tales and legends, it has again attained to a certain degree of its former importance.

San Marcos University looks much as it did in colonial days, and its sunny cloisters with their white arcades still echo the footsteps and voices of students preparing for the liberal professions.

It is in one of the populous quarters of the city—one of the districts where you may still see some of the curious street types of Lima: the *aguador* vending his water or the *lechera* peddling her milk, mounted high upon her pillion, a Panama hat upon her head, her huge cans bound in calf-skin sacks dangling at either side of her ambling pony. Here, too, or over in the Malambra quarter, near where the favorite of the viceroy Amat dwelt in seclusion in the Casa Perricholi, you will find the *chicha* venders, women who smoke cigars and carry bamboo canes, and the *panaderos* who cover their bread-baskets with bright-red parasols. And at any time, in any street, you may meet the *capeador*, perhaps the most characteristic of all the Lima types, mounted upon his pacing pony of Arab stock, whose hair saddle-cloths, silver-mounted bridle, and housings over the tail will recall the trappings of the mediæval knights.

The business streets of the city are animated; the better shops full of attractive imported articles, especially wearing apparel, for the women are smart and well dressed, devoting much of their time and attention—too much, perhaps—to their clothes. If you want to see a group of them, go in the winter season to the racecourse, or in the bathing season, December to April, upon a Sunday morning, to La Punta, a little resort reached by trolley.

And if you want to see more of them and in more attractive surroundings, go some Sunday evening to Barranco, and especially to Chorrillos, where a broad promenade skirts the sea. The scene in many ways would remind you of some lesser resort on the Riviera—the broad terrace with its balustrades and seats, the music in the band-stand, the palm gardens, the villas new and bright overlooking the terrace and the sea, among whose lazy rollers far below lies the Yacht Club with its phantom boats.

With a bit of energy, with the impetus of a few enthusiastic citizens, Lima could be made most attractive as a winter resort. When the Canal is opened, I dare say it will become one, especially when some hotel not yet in existence, but soon to be, I hear, will have been constructed, set in wide gardens.

And then there is the Oroya Railway. What city in the world can boast such an attraction at its very doors? Where else can you, in the short space of a few hours, ascend from the coast, from palms and mango groves, bananas and tropical gardens, to the snow and ice of eternal winter, to heights above the utmost summit of Mont Blanc?

All this is possible through the pluck, ingenuity, and indomitable perseverance of a certain American promoter, a picturesque figure of the sixties, Henry Meiggs. He it was who conceived this gigantic scheme to scale the dizzy steeps of the Andes, and he it was who carried to execution this first railroad, and the only one that crosses these icy summits at such an elevation, to this day the "highest railway in the world." No matter what else you may see in this mundane sphere of ours, you will never forget the day you climbed the Oroya Railway.

We made the trip under exceptionally favorable auspices. A private car, most comfortable in all its appointments, was put at our disposal, and in it we lived, with two excellent servants to care for us.

Instead of leaving Lima by the early morning train, as is usually done, our car was attached to the afternoon passenger and left at Chosica for the night, a station about twenty-five miles distant and a little less than three thousand feet above the sea, used as a resort, a sort of *cure d'air*, by the Limanians. After dinner we walked about its streets, and, in the semi-darkness of the tropic night, enjoyed its villas set in palm gardens, their windows and doors wide open and the occupants sitting upon verandas or chatting in the brightly lighted drawing-rooms.

As I awoke in the early morning I could hear our engine breathlessly climbing



On the Oroya Railway.

No matter what else you may see in this mundane sphere of ours, you will never forget the day you climbed the Oroya Railway.—Page 434.

from height to height, puffing like a winded horse, and could see in the gray, dim dawn the long fingers of banana-trees swaying in the breeze and the clustered palms rustling their dry leaves. Dark-blue slaty hills shut us in, and at the bottom of the gorge the Rimac stormed along, a roaring torrent.

As it grew lighter we reached the first switchback, the only device used on this wonderful road, standard gauge, to overcome the difficulties of climbing the dizzy heights. Here, too, we came upon the first *andenes*, those Inca terraces still in use, irrigated with painstaking toil by canals that deflect the waters of the river along

the faces of the cliffs. Below us lay the narrow river valley divided, like a large green relief-map, into states and territories, by wriggly stone walls, and dotted here and there with cattle, impossibly small.

The vegetation was changing. Along the track grew strange cacti whose long green fingers stood erect and serried as organ pipes. Loquats and figs and masses of wild heliotrope were still to be seen, though we had passed the six-thousand-foot level.

We slowed down at Matucana while the engine took a drink, and we had a glimpse of its clean little hotel and gayly painted houses opposite the station. Two Franciscan friars and a group of *serranos* in *ponchos*, or bright skirts, disappeared within the little pink church for early mass. Early mass! And we had already climbed more than a mile in altitude that morning.

But we were only beginning our ascent. Our engine, having caught its breath and greased its joints, started again to puff and snort and haul us from switchback to switchback. In the next ten miles we attained the ten-thousand-foot level, and as I looked on the one hand at the dullish-purple cliffs with their varied stratifications and at the deep-red ones opposite, I thought of the Colorado Midlands, and of the splendors of Marshall Pass, and of the time, years ago, when the crossing of that divide, at the same altitude that we now were, constituted an accomplishment of considerable moment.

From our observation platform at the rear of the train we looked down into giddy abysses where the Rimac now raced in a succession of cascades, while above us towered great crags covered with tunas and cacti. Every now and then a snow peak would appear touching the heavens. The sun had burst forth, dispelling the morning vapors. We penetrated into a region of glistening granite and porphyry. The Rimac boiled through a chasm and disappeared into a cave. Between two tunnels we breathlessly crossed the Infiernillo Bridge—well named in this chaos of Hades.

The air became decidedly cooler, not to say cold, after the soft warmth of the coast, and the mountain people that we saw, wrapped in shawls and woollens, showed this change. At the next station we spied the first llamas, those strange Peruvian beasts of burden, with liquid, scornful eyes, and ears tipped with red worsteds, silently munching by the track. In an instant they were gone as we sped along upward. What walls to climb, what cliffs! Switchback and loop, tunnel and bridge, higher and ever higher we go! In the next two miles we climbed five hundred feet; after that three thousand more in but fifteen miles.

We had now ascended to a bleak and stony wilderness. The mighty Rimac had dwindled to a tiny stream, a thread of water but a few feet wide, boiling over the rocks. Vegetation there was none. Soft fleecy clouds gathered again about us, and here, nearly fourteen thousand feet above the sea, Pedro served us our lunch. It was no common experience, I assure you, to partake of so delicate a repast almost three miles above the sea: alligator pears at the beginning, fresh-picked that morning at Chosica, *chirimoyas* and wonderful Italia grapes from Ica at the end, and in between fresh green corn, though it was the month of March!

And what a panorama from the window before which the table was spread! Oh, the grandeur and the beauty of color of this high Cordillera; its dark grays spotted by golden greens; the gamuts of reds and ochres and chromes of the great coppery mountains that shut us in! The last two hundred feet of altitude was apparently the steepest grade, the greatest strain of all, for our engine snorted continuously and stopped to catch its breath and get up steam again to fight this extraordinary altitude. Again we looked into bottomless pits; again we passed through tunnel after tunnel and at last emerged upon the verge of Lake Ticlio—a pale-green mirror of murky water, barren as a landscape upon the moon. Beyond it rose bald snow peaks, gaunt and desolate. Breathless, we had reached the summit of the pass up above the clouds, again in the sunshine.

At Ticlio our car was detached and we were switched off on the Morococha Branch, to begin to climb once more. Not for long, however, only to Anticona, a desolate spot without a house in sight, but the highest point ever yet attained by



Below us lay the narrow river valley.—Page 436.

any railroad, fifteen thousand eight hundred and sixty-five feet above the sea level.

The frozen peaks of the Black Cordillera, seamed with greenish glaciers and deep crevasses, encompassed the lakes of Anticona, one green, one purple, below which other lakes in the clouds at times appeared, then hid again in flying vapors. We skirted each of these in turn, one after the other, and as we crossed the last of them upon a narrow causeway, beheld visions of others still lower, matchless in color, about which the ground was scratched and rasped by greedy human hands digging in the copper-mines of Morococha.

Morococha lies in a valley between the last two lakes, its yellow ochre houses scarcely visible, so well do they harmonize with their dark surroundings. We were welcomed at the station by two American engineers—strange to find at this extraordinary altitude. While we were talking to them a loud clap of thunder suddenly broke the stillness, the clouds

gathered thickly, and one of those swift Andean thunder-storms, so common at these heights, was unchained about us. What deluges; what a roaring of the elements! For our return journey to Ticlio a transformation had taken place. The snow was falling heavily; the green and purple lakes had now become leaden and angry-looking, and the peaks and their glaciers were enveloped alike in a thick white mantle, only a crag or two emerging here and there, like the black tippets upon an ermine cloak.

In the chaos of snorting engine and warring elements, we were attached at Ticlio to a lone locomotive and proceeded as a special through the long Galera tunnel that pierces an abutment of the Monte Meiggs (named for the builder of the road), the highest point on the main line. It was about four o'clock as we sped down the eastern slopes to the great central plateau of Peru, through a perfect avenue of giant mountains, the snow falling unceasingly until it changed to rain, and green valleys began to succeed the snowfields. At six o'clock we pulled into Oroya for the night.



Entrance to a corral, Oroya.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

BY EDITH WHARTON

XV

IN the Dagonet drawing-room the lamps had long been lit, and Mrs. Fairford, after a last impatient turn, had put aside the curtains of worn damask to strain her eyes once more into the darkening square. She came back to the hearth, where Charles Bowen, cigarette in hand, stood leaning between the prim caryatides of the white marble chimney-piece.

"No sign of her. She's simply forgotten."

Bowen looked at his watch, and then turned to compare it with the high-waisted Empire clock.

"Six o'clock. Why not telephone again? There must be some mistake. Perhaps she knew Ralph would be late."

Laura's laugh had a shade of irony. "I haven't noticed that she follows Ralph's movements so closely. When I telephoned just now the servant said she'd been out since two. The nurse waited till half-past four, not liking to come without orders; and now it's too late for Paul to go out."

She wandered away toward the farther end of the room, where, through half-open doors, a shining surface of mahogany reflected a flower-wreathed cake in which two candles dwindled.

"Put them out, please," she said to the servant in the background; then she shut the doors and turned back to Bowen.

"It's all so unlucky—my grandfather giving up his drive, and mother backing out of her hospital meeting, and having all the committee down on her. And Henley: I'd even coaxed Henley away from his bridge! He escaped again just before you came. Undine promised she'd have the boy here at four. It's not as if it had never happened before. She's always breaking her engagements."

Bowen smiled. "She has so many that it's inevitable some should get broken."

"Ah, if she'd only choose! Now that Ralph has had to go into business, and is kept in his office so late, it's sheer cruelty to drag him out every night. He told us the other day they hadn't dined at home for a month. Undine doesn't seem to notice how hard he works."

Bowen gazed meditatively at the crumbling fire. "No—why should she?" he said.

"Why *should* she? Really, Charles—!" Mrs. Fairford flashed out at him.

He took the flash without blinking. "Why should she, when she knows nothing about it?"

"She may know nothing about his business; but she must know it's her extravagance that's forced him into it." Mrs. Fairford looked at Bowen reproachfully. "You talk as if you were on her side!"

"Are there sides already? If so, I want to look down on them impartially from the heights of pure speculation. I want to get a general view of the whole problem of American marriages."

Mrs. Fairford dropped into her armchair with a sigh. "If that's what you want you must make haste! Most of them don't last long enough to be classified."

"I grant you it takes an active mind. But the weak point is so frequently the same that after a time one knows where to look for it."

"What do you call the weak point?"

Bowen paused. "The fact that the average American looks down on his wife."

Mrs. Fairford was up with a spring. "Really, Charles—if that's where paradox lands you!"

Bowen mildly stood his ground. "Well—doesn't he prove it? How much does he let her share in the real business of life? How much does he rely on her judgment and help in the conduct of serious affairs? Take Ralph, for instance—you say his wife's extravagance forces him to work too hard; but that's not what's wrong. It's normal for a man to work hard for a woman—what's abnormal is his not caring to tell her anything about it."

"To tell Undine? She'd be bored to death if he did!"

"Just so; she'd even feel aggrieved. But why? Because it's against the custom of the country. And whose fault is that? The man's, again—I don't mean Ralph, I mean the genus he belongs to: homo sapiens, Americanus. Why haven't we taught our women to take an interest in our work? Simply because we don't take enough interest in *them.*"

Mrs. Fairford, sinking back into her chair, sat gazing at the vertiginous depths above which his thought seemed to dangle her.

"*You* don't? I mean the American man doesn't—the most slaving, self-effacing, self-sacrificing——?"

"Yes; and the most indifferent: there's the point. The 'slaving's' no argument against the indifference. To slave for women is part of the old American tradition; lots of people give their lives for dogmas they've ceased to believe in. Then again, in this country the passion for making money has preceded the knowing how to spend it, and the American man lavishes his fortune on his wife because he doesn't know what else to do with it."

"Then you call it a mere want of imagination for a man to lavish his money on his wife?"

"Not necessarily—but it's a want of imagination to fancy it's all he owes her. Look about you and you'll see what I mean. Why does the European woman interest herself so much more in what the men are doing? Because she's so important to them that they make it worth her while! She's not a parenthesis, as she is here—they simply don't picture life without her. I'm not implying that Ralph isn't interested in his wife—he's a passionate, a pathetic exception. But even he has to conform to an environment where all the romantic values are reversed. Where does the real life of most American men lie? In some woman's drawing-room or in their offices? The answer's obvious, isn't it? The emotional centre of gravity's not the same in the two hemispheres. In the effete societies it's love, in our new one it's business. In America the real *crime passionnel* is a 'big steal'—there's more excitement in wrecking railways than homes."

Bowen paused to light another cigarette, and then took up his theme. "Isn't that the key to our easy divorces? If we cared for women in the old barbarous possessive instinctive way do you suppose we'd give them up as readily as we do? The real paradox is the fact that the men who make, materially, the biggest sacrifices for their women, should do least for them ideally and romantically. And what's the result—how do the women avenge themselves for counting so little? All my sympathy's with them, poor deluded dears, when I see their fallacious little attempts to trick out the leavings tossed them by the preoccupied male—the money and the motors and the clothes—and pretend to themselves and each other that that's what really constitutes life! Oh, I know what you're going to say—it's less and less of a pretense with them, I grant you; they're more and more succumbing to the force of the suggestion; but here and there I fancy there's one who still sees through the humbug, and knows that money and motors and clothes are simply the big bribe she's paid for keeping out of some man's way!"

Mrs. Fairford presented an amazed silence to the rush of this tirade; but when she rallied it was to avenge herself by the murmured query: "And is Undine one of the exceptions?"

Her companion took the shot with a smile. "No—she's a monstrously perfect result of the system: the completest proof of its triumph. It's Ralph who's the victim and the exception."

"Ah, poor Ralph!" Mrs. Fairford raised her head with a quick glance. "Here he is now! But I suppose," she added in an undertone, "we can't give him your explanation for his wife's having forgotten to come?"

Bowen echoed her sigh, and then seemed to toss it from him with his cigarette-end; but he stood in silence while the door opened and Ralph Marvell entered.

"Well, Laura! Hallo, Charles—have you been celebrating too?" Ralph turned to his sister. "I know—I know; it's inexcusable of me, and I daren't look my son in the face! But I stayed down town to make provision for his future birthdays." He returned Mrs. Fairford's kiss.

"Don't tell me the party's over, and the guest of honour gone home to bed?"

As he stood before them, laughing and a little flushed, with the strain of long fatigue sounding through his gaiety and looking out of his anxious eyes, Mrs. Fairford threw a rapid glance at Bowen and then turned away to ring the bell.

"Sit down, Ralph—you look tired. I'll give you some tea in a minute."

He dropped into an armchair. "I did have rather a rush to get here—but hadn't I better join the revellers? Where are they?"

He walked to the end of the room and threw open the dining-room doors. "Hallo—where have they all gone to? What a jolly cake!" He went up to it. "Why, it's never even been cut!"

Mrs. Fairford, after giving an order to the servant who had answered her ring, turned toward the dining-room door.

"Come and have your tea first, Ralph."

"No, no—tea afterward, thanks. Are they all upstairs with my grandfather? I must make my peace with Undine——"

His sister put her arm through his, and drew him back to the fire.

"Undine didn't come," she said.

"Didn't come?" He stared. "Who brought the boy, then?"

"He didn't come either. That's why the cake isn't cut."

Ralph still looked at her, frowning a little. "What's the mystery? Is he ill, or what's happened?"

"Nothing's happened—Paul's all right. Apparently Undine forgot. She never went home for him, and the nurse waited till it was too late to come."

The flush had faded from Ralph's face, and she saw his eyes darken; but after a moment he gave a slight laugh and drew out his cigarette case. "Poor little Paul—poor chap!" He moved toward the fire. "Yes, please—some tea."

He dropped back into his chair with a look of lassitude, as if some strong stimulant had suddenly ceased to take effect on him; but before the tea-table was brought he had glanced at his watch and was on his feet again.

"But this won't do. I must rush home and see the poor boy before dinner. And my mother—and my grandfather? I want to say a word to them first—I must make Paul's excuses!"

"Grandfather's taking his nap. And mother had to rush out for a postponed committee meeting—she left as soon as the nurse telephoned that little Paul wasn't coming."

"Ah, I see." He sat down again. "Yes, make the tea strong, please. I've had a beastly fagging sort of day."

He leaned back with half-closed eyes, holding his untouched cup in his hand. Bowen took leave, and Laura sat silent, watching Ralph between lowered lids while she feigned to be busy with the kettle. Ralph presently emptied his cup and put it aside; then, sinking back into his former attitude, he clasped his hands behind his head and stared apathetically into the fire. But suddenly he came to life and started up. A motor-horn sounded outside the square, and there was a noise of wheels at the door.

"There's Undine! I wonder what could have kept her." He jumped up and walked over to the door; but it was Clare Van Degen who came in.

At sight of him she gave a little murmur of pleasure. "What luck to find you! No, not luck—I came because I knew you'd be here. He never comes near me, Laura: I have to hunt him down like this to get a glimpse of him!"

She moved forward, slender and shadowy in her long furs, and after kissing Mrs. Fairford turned back with a smile to Ralph. "Yes, I knew I'd catch you here. I knew it was the boy's birthday, and I've brought him a present: a vulgar expensive Van Degen offering. I've not enough imagination left to find the right thing, the thing it takes feeling and not money to buy. When I get a present nowadays I never say to the shopman: 'I want this or that'—I simply say: 'Give me something that costs so much.'" She drew a parcel from her muff. "Where's the victim of my vulgarity? Let me crush him under the weight of my gold."

Mrs. Fairford sighed out "Clare—Clare!" and Ralph looked at his cousin with a smile.

"I'm sorry; but you'll have to depute me to present it. The birthday's over; you're too late."

"Too late?" She looked surprised. "Why, I've just left Mamie Driscoll, and she told me Undine was still at Popple's

studio a few minutes ago: Popple's giving a tea to show the picture."

"Popple's giving a tea?" Ralph had a gesture of mock consternation. "Ah, in that case! In Popple's society who wouldn't forget the flight of time?"

He had recovered his usual easy tone, and Laura saw that Mrs. Van Degen's statement had brought him distinct relief. He turned to his cousin. "Will you trust me with your present for the boy?"

Clare put the parcel in his hand. "I'm sorry not to give it to him myself. I said what I did because I knew it was what you and Laura were thinking—but it's really a battered old Dagonet bowl that came down to me from our revered great-grandmother."

"What—the heirloom you used to eat your porridge out of?" Ralph detained her hand to put a kiss on it. "That's dear of you, Clare!"

She threw him one of her strange glances. "Why not say: 'That's like you, Clare'? But you don't remember what I'm like." She turned away to glance at the clock. "It's late, and I must be off. I'm going to a big dinner-dance at the Chauncey Ellings'—but you must be going there too, Ralph? You'd better let me drive you home."

In the motor Ralph leaned back in silence, while the rug was drawn over their knees, and Clare nervously fingered the row of gold-topped objects in the morocco rack at her elbow. It was restful to be swept through the crowded streets in this smooth swift fashion, and Clare's presence at his side gave him a vague sense of ease.

For a long time now, feminine nearness had come to mean to him, not this relief from tension, but the ever-renewed dread of small daily deceptions, evasions, subterfuges. The change had come gradually, marked by one disillusionment after another; yet there had been one moment that formed for him the point beyond which there was no returning. It was the moment, a month or two before his boy's birth, when, glancing over a batch of belated Paris bills, he had come on one from the jeweller he had once found in private conference with Undine. The bill was not large, but two of its items stood out sharply. "Resetting pearl and diamond pendant. Resetting sapphire and diamond ring." The pearl and diamond pendant was his mother's wedding present; the ring was the one he had given Undine on their engagement. That they were both family relics, kept unchanged through several generations, scarcely mattered to him at the time: he felt only the stab of his wife's deception. She had assured him in Paris that she had not had her jewels re-set. He had noticed, soon after their return to New York, that she had left off her engagement-ring; but the others were soon discarded also, and in answer to his question she had told him that, in her ailing state, rings "worried" her. Now he saw she had deceived him, and, forgetting everything else, he went to her, bill in hand. Her tears and distress filled him with immediate contrition. Was this a time to torment her about trifles? His anger seemed to cause her actual physical fear, and at the sight he abased himself in entreaties for forgiveness. When the scene ended she had pardoned him, and the re-set ring was on her finger.

Soon afterward, the birth of the boy seemed to wipe out these humiliating memories; yet Marvell found in time that they were not effaced, but only momentarily crowded out of sight. In reality, the incident had a meaning out of proportion to its apparent seriousness: it put in his hand a clue to several sides of his wife's character. He no longer minded her having lied about the jeweller; what pained him was that she had been unconscious of the wound she inflicted in destroying the identity of the jewels. He saw that, even after their explanation, she still supposed he was angry only because she had deceived him; and the discovery that she could not project herself into states of feeling on which so much of his inner life depended marked a new stage in their relation.

He was not thinking of all this as he sat beside Clare Van Degen; but it was part of the chronic disquietude which made him more alive to his cousin's sympathy, her shy unspoken understanding. After all, he and she were of the same blood and had the same traditions. She was light, frivolous, without strength of will or

depth of purpose; but she had the frankness of her foibles, and she would never have lied to him, or traded on his tenderness.

Clare's agitation gradually subsided, and she lapsed into a low-voiced mood which seemed like an answer to his secret thoughts. But she did not again sound the personal note, and they chatted quietly of commonplace things: of the dinner-dance at which they were presently to meet, of the costume she had chosen for the Driscoll fancy-ball, the recurring rumours of old Driscoll's financial embarrassment, and the mysterious personality of Elmer Moffatt, on whose movements Wall Street was beginning to fix a fascinated eye. When Ralph, the year after his marriage, had renounced his profession to go into partnership with a firm of real-estate agents, he had come in contact for the first time with the drama of "business," and when he could turn his attention from his own tasks he found a certain interest in watching the fierce interplay of its forces. In the down-town world he had heard things of Moffatt that seemed to single him out from the common herd of money-makers: anecdotes of his coolness, his lazy good-temper, the humorous detachment he preserved in the heat of conflicting interests; and his figure was enlarged by the mystery that hung about it—the fact that no one seemed to know whence he came, or how he had acquired the information which, for the moment, was making him so formidable.

"I should like to see him," Ralph said; "he must be a good specimen of the one of the few picturesque types we've got."

"Yes—it might be amusing to fish him out; but the most picturesque in Wall Street are generally the tamest in a drawing-room." Clare hesitated. "But doesn't Undine know him? I seem to remember seeing them somewhere together."

"Undine and Moffatt? Then *you* know him—you've met him?"

"Not actually met him—but he's been pointed out to me. It must have been some years ago—before he was talked about. Yes—it was one night at the theatre, just after you announced your engagement." He fancied her voice trembled slightly, as though she thought he might notice her way of dating her memories. "You came into our box," she went on, "and I asked you the name of the red-faced man who was sitting next to Undine. You didn't know, but some one told us it was Moffatt."

Marvell was more struck by her tone than by what she was saying. "If Undine knows him it's odd she's never mentioned it," he answered indifferently.

The motor stopped at his door and Clare, as she held out her hand, turned a first full look on him.

"Why do you never come to see me? I miss you more than ever," she said, suddenly lowering her voice.

He pressed her hand without answering, but after the motor had rolled away he stood for a while on the pavement, looking after her.

When he entered the house he found the hall still dark and the small over-furnished drawing-room empty. The parlour-maid informed him that Mrs. Marvell had not yet come in, and he went upstairs to the nursery. But on the threshold the nurse met him with the whispered request not to make a noise, as it had been hard to quiet the boy after the afternoon's disappointment, and she had just succeeded in putting him to sleep.

Ralph stole down again to his own room and threw himself in the old college arm-chair in which, four years previously, he had sat the night out, dreaming of Undine. There was no room in the house for a study, and he had crowded into his narrow bed-room his prints and book-shelves, and the other relics of his early days. As he sat among them now the memory of that other night swept over him—the night when he had heard the "call"! Fool as he had been not to recognize its meaning then, he knew himself triply mocked in being, even now, at its mercy. It is the bitterest moment in the history of a sentimental relation when the empty cup still burns the lip that clings to it; and to that pass he had come. The flame of love that had played about his passion for his wife had died down to its embers; all the transfiguring hopes and illusions were gone, but they had left an unquenchable ache for her nearness, her smile, her touch. His life had come to be nothing but a long effort to win these

mercies by one concession after another: the sacrifice of his literary projects, the exchange of his profession for an uncongenial business, and the incessant struggle to earn the means to satisfy her increasing exactions. That was where the "call" had led him. . .

The clock struck eight, but it was useless to begin to dress till Undine came in, since her toilet always lasted more than an hour. He stretched himself out in his chair, reached for a pipe and took up the evening paper. His passing annoyance had died out; he was usually too tired after his day's work for such feelings to keep their edge long. But he was curious —disinterestedly curious—to know what explanation Undine would give him for being so late, and what excuse she would have invented for forgetting the little boy's birthday.

He read on till the clock struck half-past eight; then he stood up and sauntered to the window. The wide avenue below it was deserted; not a carriage or motor turned the corner around which he expected Undine to appear, and he looked idly in the opposite direction. There too the perspective was nearly empty, so empty that he singled out, a dozen blocks away, the blazing lamps of a large touring-car that was bearing furiously down the avenue from Morningside. As it drew nearer its speed gradually slackened, and he saw it hug the pavement and stop at his door. There was a lamp on the street corner, and by its light he recognized his wife as she sprang out of the car, and detected a familiar silhouette in her companion's fur-coated figure. The door-bell rang and the motor flew on while Undine ran up the steps.

Ralph went out on the landing. He saw her coming up softly and quickly, as if to reach her room unperceived; but when she caught sight of him she stopped, her head thrown back and the light in the staircase falling on her blown hair and glowing face.

As her cloak slipped back Ralph's first impression was that she was already dressed for the evening; then he remembered that she had been sitting for her portrait, and that the dress she wore was the one in which the artist was painting her.

"Well?" she said, smiling up at him.

"They waited for you all the afternoon in Washington Square—the boy never had his birthday," he answered.

Her colour deepened, but she instantly rejoined: "Why, what happened? Why didn't the nurse take him?"

"You said you were coming to fetch him, so she waited."

"But I telephoned——"

He said to himself: "Is *that* the lie?" and answered: "Where from?"

"Why, the studio, of course—" She flung her cloak open, as if to attest her veracity. "The sitting lasted longer than usual—there was something about the dress that he couldn't get right—and he begged me to stay——"

"But I thought he was giving a tea."

"A tea? He had tea afterward; he always does. And he asked some people in to see my portrait. That detained me too. I didn't know they were coming, and when they turned up I couldn't rush away at once. It would have looked as if I didn't like the picture." She paused and they gave each other a searching simultaneous glance. "Who told you it was a tea?" she asked.

"Clare Van Degen. I saw her at my mother's."

"So you weren't unconsoled after all ——!"

He frowned. "The nurse didn't get any message from you. My people were awfully disappointed; and the poor boy has cried his eyes out."

"Dear me! What a fuss! But, I couldn't tell, could I, that my message wouldn't be delivered? Everything always happens to put me in the wrong with your family."

With a little air of injured pride she started to go to her room; but he put out a hand to detain her.

"You've just come from the studio?"

"Yes. Is it very late? I must go and dress. We're dining with the Ellings, you know."

"Yes, I know. . . How did you come home? In a cab?" he continued, reddening.

She faced him limpidly. "No; I couldn't find one that would bring me —the usual story!—so Peter gave me a lift, like an angel. I'm blown to bits. He had his open car."

Her colour still burned high, and Ralph noticed that her lower lip twitched a little. He had led her to the point they had reached solely in order to be able to say: "If you're straight from the studio, how was it that I saw you coming down from Morningside?"

Unless he asked her that there would be no object in his cross-examination, and he would have sacrificed his pride without purpose. But suddenly he felt that he could not go on. As they stood there face to face, almost touching, she became something immeasurably alien and far off, and the question died on his lips.

"Well—is that all?" she asked, recovering her self-possession.

"Yes; you'd better go and dress," he answered, turning back to his room.

XVI

The turnings of life seldom show a sign-post; or rather, though the sign is always there, it is usually placed some distance back, like the notices that give warning of a bad hill or a level railway-crossing.

Ralph Marvell, pondering upon this, reflected that for him the sign had been set, more than three years earlier, in an Italian ilex-grove. That day his life had brimmed over—so he had put it at the time. He saw now that it had brimmed over indeed: brimmed to the extent of leaving the cup empty, or rather of uncovering the dregs beneath the nectar. Why it was he could not yet say; but he knew he should never hereafter look at his wife's hand without remembering something he had read in it that day. Its surface-language had been sweet enough, sweet to his heart as to his lips; but under the rosy lines he had seen the warning letters.

Since then he had been walking with a ghost: the miserable ghost of his illusion. Only he had somehow vivified, coloured, substantiated it, by the force of his own great need—as a man might breathe a semblance of life into a dear drowned body that he cannot give up for dead. All this came to him with aching distinctness the morning after his talk with his wife on the stairs. He had accused himself, in midnight retrospect, of having failed to press home his conclusion because he dared not face the truth. But he knew this was not the case. It was not the truth he feared, it was another lie. If he had foreseen a chance of her saying: "Yes, I was with Peter Van Degen, and for the reason you think," he would have put it to the touch, stood up to the blow like a man; but he knew she would never say that. She would go on eluding and doubling, watching him as he watched her; and at that game she was certain to beat him in the end.

Once, on their way home from the Elling dinner, this certainty had become so insufferable that it nearly escaped him in the cry: "You needn't watch me—I shall never watch you!" But he had held his peace, foreseeing that she would not understand. How little, indeed, she ever understood, had been made clear to him when, the same night on their return home, he had followed her upstairs through the sleeping house. She had gone on ahead of him while he stayed below to lock the door and put out the lights, and he had supposed her to be already in her room when he reached the upper landing; but she stood there waiting for him, in the precise spot where he had waited for her a few hours earlier. She had shone her vividest at dinner, with the revolving brilliancy that collective approval always struck from her; and the glow of it still hung on her as she stood there in the dimness, her shining cloak dropped from her white shoulders.

"Ralphie—" she began as he passed her, with a touch that fell softly on his arm.

He stopped, and she pulled him about so that their faces were close, and he saw her lips shaped for a kiss. Every curve of her face sought him, from the sweep of the narrowed eyelids to the dimpling lines that played away from her smile. His eye received the picture with precision; but for the first time it did not pass into his veins. He was not conscious of resentment or revolt, but only of a kind of blank absence of feeling. It was as if he had been struck with a subtle blindness that permitted images to give their colour values to the eye but communicated nothing to the mind.

"Good-night," he said, as he passed on to his room.

When a man felt—or ceased to feel—in that way about a woman, he was surely

in a position to deal with his case objectively. This came to Ralph as the joyless solace of the morning. At last the bandage was off and he should see clear. And what did he see? Only the uselessness of driving his wife to subterfuges which his own state of mind made no longer necessary. Was Van Degen her lover? Probably not—the suspicion died as it rose. She would not take more risks than she could help, and it was admiration, not passion, that she wanted. She wanted to enjoy herself, and her conception of enjoyment was publicity, promiscuity—the band, the banners, the crowd, the close contact of covetous impulses, and the sense of walking among them in cool security. Any personal entanglement might mean "bother," and bother was the thing she most abhorred. Probably, as the queer formula went, his "honour" was safe: he could count on the letter of her fidelity. At the moment the conviction meant no more to him than if he had been assured of the honesty of the first stranger he met in the street. A stranger—that was what she had always been to him. So malleable outwardly, she had remained insensible to the touch of the heart.

These thoughts accompanied Ralph on his way to his office the next morning. Then, at the first contact with the material routine of life, the feeling of strangeness lessened. He was back at his daily task—nothing tangible was altered. He was there for the same purpose as yesterday: to make money for his wife and child. The woman he had turned from on the stairs a few hours earlier was still his wife and the mother of little Paul Marvell. She was an inherent part of his life: the inner disruption had not resulted in any outward upheaval. And with the sense of inevitableness there came a sudden wave of pity. Poor Undine! She was what the gods had made her—a creature of skin-deep reactions, a mote in the beam of pleasure. He had no desire to "preach down" such heart as she had—he only felt a stronger wish to reach it, teach it, move it to something of the pity that filled his own. They were fellow-victims in the *noyade* of marriage, but if they ceased to struggle against each other perhaps the drowning would be easier for both. . . Meanwhile the first of the month was at hand, with its usual formidable batch of bills; and there was no time to think of any struggle less pressing than that connected with paying them. . .

Undine had been surprised, and a little disconcerted, at her husband's quiet acceptance of the birthday incident. Since the resetting of her bridal ornaments—the small precious Dagonet heirlooms—the relations between Washington Square and West End Avenue had been more and more strained; and the silent disapproval of the Marvell ladies was more irritating to her than open recrimination. Undine knew how keenly Ralph must feel her last slight to his family, and she had been frightened when she guessed that he had seen her returning with Van Degen. He must have been watching from the window, since, credulous as he always was, he evidently had a reason for not believing her when she told him she had come from the studio. There was therefore something both puzzling and ominous in his silence; and she made up her mind that it must be explained or else cajoled away.

These thoughts disturbed her on her way to the Elling dinner; but once there they fled like ghosts before light and laughter. She had never been more open to the suggestions of immediate enjoyment. At last she had reached the envied triumphant situation of the pretty woman with whom society must reckon, and if she had only had the means to live up to her position she would have been quite content with life, with herself and her husband. She still thought Ralph "sweet" when she was not bored by his good advice or exasperated by his inability to pay her bills. The question of money was what really stood between them; and now that this was momentarily disposed of by Van Degen's offer she looked at Ralph more kindly—she even felt a return of her first vague affection for him. Everybody could see that Clare Van Degen was "gone" on him, and Undine always liked to know that what belonged to her was coveted by others.

Her reassurance had been completed by the news she had heard at the Elling dinner—the published fact of Harmon B. Driscoll's unexpected victory. The Ararat investigation had been mysteriously

stopped—quashed, in the language of the law—and Elmer Moffatt was "turned down," as Van Degen (who sat next to her) expressed it.

"I don't believe we'll ever hear of that gentleman again," he said contemptuously; and their eyes crossed in a flash of intelligence as she exclaimed: "Then they'll give the fancy-ball after all?"

"I should have given you one anyhow —shouldn't you have liked that as well?"

"Oh, you can give me one too!" she returned with a laugh; and he bent closer to say: "By Jove, I will—and anything else you want."

But on the way home her fears revived. There was certainly something unnatural about Ralph's indifference. He had not returned to the subject of Paul's disappointment, had not even asked her to write a word of excuse to his mother. Van Degen's way of looking at her at dinner—he was incapable of fine gradations of glance—had made it plain that the favour she had accepted would in future involve her being more conspicuously in his company (though she was still resolved that it should be on just such terms as she chose); and it would be inconceivably awkward if, at this juncture, Ralph should suddenly turn suspicious and secretive.

Undine, hitherto, had found more benefits than drawbacks in her marriage; but now the tie began to gall. It was hard to be criticized for every grasp at opportunity by a man so avowedly unable to do the reaching for her! Ralph had gone into business in order to make more money; but it was clear that the "more" would never be much, and that it was not in him to achieve the quick rise to affluence which was man's natural tribute to woman's merits. Undine felt herself trapped, deceived; and it was intolerable that, at such a crisis, the agent of her disillusionment should constitute himself the critic of her conduct.

Her annoyance, however, died out with her apprehension. Ralph, the morning after the Elling dinner, went his way as usual, and after nerving herself for the explosion which did not come she set down his indifference to the dulling effect of "business." No wonder poor women whose husbands were always "downtown" had to look elsewhere for sympathy and distraction! Van Degen's cheque helped to calm her fears, and the weeks whirled on toward the Driscoll ball.

The ball was as brilliant as she had hoped, and her own part in it as thrilling as a page from one of the "society novels" with which she had been used to cheat the monotony of Apex days. She had little time for reading now: every hour was packed with what she would have called life, and the intensity of her sensations culminated on that triumphant evening. What could be more delightful than to feel that, while all the women envied her dress, the men did not so much as look at it? Their admiration was all for herself, and her beauty deepened under it as flowers take a warmer colour in the rays of sunset. Only Van Degen's glance weighed on her a little too heavily. Was it possible that he might become a "bother" less negligible than those he had relieved her of? Undine was not greatly alarmed—she still had full faith in her powers of self-defense; but she disliked to feel the least crease in the smooth surface of existence. She had always been what her parents described as "sensitive."

As the winter passed, material anxieties began once more to assail her. In the first thrill of liberation produced by Van Degen's gift she had been imprudent—had launched into fresh expenses. Not that she accused herself of extravagance: she had done nothing that was not really necessary. The drawing-room, for instance, cried out to be "done over," and Popple, who had a genius for decoration, had shown her, with a few strokes of his pencil, how easily it might be transformed into a French "period" room, all wavy lines and Cupids: just the setting for a pretty woman and his own portrait of her. But Undine, still hopeful of leaving West End Avenue, had heroically resisted the suggestion and contented herself with the renewal of the curtains and carpet, and the purchase of some fragile gilt chairs which, as she told Ralph, would be "so much to the good" when they moved—the explanation, as she made it, seemed an additional proof of her thrift and foresight.

Partly as a result of these exertions she had a "nervous breakdown" toward the

middle of the winter, and her physician having ordered massage and a daily drive, it became necessary to secure Mrs. Heeny's daily attendance and to engage a motor by the month. Other unforeseen expenses—the bills, that, at such crises, seem to "run up" without visible impulsion—were suddenly augmented by a severe illness of little Paul's: a long costly illness, with three nurses and frequent consultations. During these days Ralph's anguish drove him to what seemed to Undine foolish excesses of expenditure. When the boy began to get better, the doctors advised a few weeks of country air, and Ralph at once hired a small house at Tuxedo. Undine of course accompanied her son to the country; but she spent only the Sundays with him, running up to town during the week to be with poor Ralph, as she explained. This arrangement necessitated the keeping up of two households, and even for so short a time the strain on Ralph's purse was severe. So it came about that the bill for the fancy-dress was still unpaid, and Undine left to wonder distractedly where Van Degen's money had gone. That Van Degen seemed also to wonder was becoming unpleasantly apparent: as an investment his cheque had evidently not brought in the return he expected, and he put the fact to her rather roundly one day when he motored down to lunch at Tuxedo.

They were sitting, after luncheon, in the low-ceilinged cottage drawing-room to which Undine had adapted her usual background of cushions, bric-a-brac and hot-house flowers—since one must make one's setting "home-like," however little one's personal habits happened to correspond with that particular effect. Undine, conscious of the intimate charm of her *mise-en-scène*, and of the recovered freshness and bloom which put her in harmony with it, had never been more sure of her power to keep her friend in the desired state of adoring submission. But Peter, as he grew more adoring, became less submissive; and there came a moment when she needed all her wits to save the situation from disaster. It was easy enough to rebuff him, the easier as his physical proximity always roused in her a vague instinct of resistance; but it was hard so to temper the rebuff with promise that the game of suspense should still delude him. He put it to her at last, standing squarely before her, his batrachian sallowness unpleasantly flushed, and primitive man looking out of the eyes from which a frock-coated gentleman usually pined at her.

"Look here—the installment plan's all right; but ain't you a bit behind even on that?" (She had rather brusquely eluded a nearer approach.) "Anyhow, I think I'd rather let the interest accumulate for a while. This is good-bye till I get back from Europe."

The announcement took her by surprise. "Europe? Why, when are you sailing?"

"On the first of April: good day for a fool to acknowledge his folly. I'm beaten, and I'm running away."

She sat looking down, her hand absently occupied with the twist of pearls about her neck. She saw in a flash the peril of this abrupt departure. Once off on the *Sorceress*, Van Degen was lost to her—the power of old associations would prevail. Yet if she were as "nice" to him as he asked—"nice" enough to keep him at her side—the end might not be much more to her advantage. Hitherto she had let herself drift on the current of their adventure, but she now saw what port she had half-unconsciously been trying to make. If she had striven so hard to hold him, had "played" him with such patience and skill, it was for something more than her passing amusement and convenience: for a purpose the more tenaciously cherished that she had not yet dared name it to herself. In the light which this discovery threw along her path she instantly saw the need of feigning complete indifference.

"Ah, you happy man! It's good-bye indeed, then," she threw back at him, lifting a smile to his frown.

"Oh, you'll turn up in Paris later, I suppose—to get your things for Newport," he suggested.

"Paris? Newport? They're not on my map! When Ralph can get away we shall probably go to the Adirondacks for the boy. I hope I shan't need Paris clothes there? It doesn't matter, at any rate," she ended, laughing, "because nobody I care about will see me."

Van Degen echoed her laugh. "Oh, come—*tête à tête* with Ralph?"

She looked down with a slight increase of colour. "I oughtn't to have said that, ought I? But the fact is I'm unhappy—and a little hurt——"

"Unhappy? Hurt?" He was at her side again at once. "Tell me what's wrong," he entreated.

She lifted her eyes with a grave look. "I thought you'd be sorrier to leave me."

"Oh, it won't be for long—it needn't be, you know." He softened perceptibly as he gave back her gaze. "It's damnable, the way you're tied down, imprisoned. Fancy rotting all summer in the Adirondacks! Why should a woman like you stand it? You oughtn't to be bound for life by a girl's mistake."

She was looking down again, and the lashes trembled slightly on her cheek. "Aren't we all bound by our mistakes—we women? Don't let us talk of such things! Ralph would never let me go abroad without him." She paused, and then, with a quick upward sweep of her lids: "After all, it's better it should be good-bye—since I'm paying for another mistake in being so unhappy at your going."

"Another mistake? Why do you call it a mistake?"

"Because I've misunderstood you—or you me." She continued to smile at him a little wistfully. "And some things are best mended by a break."

He met her smile with a loud sigh—she could feel him in the meshes again. "*Is* it to be a break between us?"

"Haven't you just said so? Anyhow, it might as well be, since we shan't be in the same place again for months and months."

The frock-coated gentleman once more languished from his eyes: she thought she trembled on the edge of victory. "Hang it," he broke out, "you ought to have a change—you look awfully pulled down, you know. Can't you coax your mother to run over to Paris with you? Ralph couldn't be brute enough to object to that."

She shook her head doubtfully. "I don't believe she could afford it, even if I could persuade her to leave father. You know father hasn't done very well lately: I shouldn't like to ask him for the money."

"You're so confoundedly proud!" He was edging nearer. "It would all be so easy if you'd only be a little fond of me. . ."

She froze to her sofa-end at once. "We women can't repair our mistakes. Don't make me unhappier by reminding me of mine."

"Oh, nonsense! There's nothing cash won't do. Why won't you trust me to straighten things out for you?"

Her colour rose again, and she looked him quickly and consciously in the eye. It was time to play her last card. "You seem to forget that I am—married," she said.

Van Degen was silent—for a moment she thought he was swaying to her in the flush of surrender. But he remained doggedly seated, meeting her look with an odd clearing of his heated gaze, as if a shrewd business-man had suddenly replaced the pining gentleman at the window.

"Hang it—so am I!" he returned with a laugh; and Undine understood that in the last issue he was still the stronger of the two.

XVII

NOTHING was bitterer to her than to confess to herself the failure of her personal power; but her last talk with Van Degen had taught her a lesson almost worth the price of that abasement. She saw the mistake she had made in taking money from him, and understood that if she drifted into repeating the mistake her future would be irretrievably wrecked. What she wanted was not a hand-to-mouth existence of precarious intrigue, of nervous plotting and contriving: she told herself that to a woman with her gifts the privileges of life should come openly. Already in her short experience she had seen enough of the women who sacrifice future security for immediate gratification, and she meant to lay solid foundations before she began to build the light superstructure of enjoyment.

Nevertheless it was galling to see Van Degen leave, and to know that for the time he had broken away from her. On a

nature as insensible as his to the spells of memory, the visible and tangible would always be the influences to prevail. If she could have been with him again in Paris, where, in the shining spring days, every sight and sound ministered to such influences, she was sure she could have regained her hold. And the sense of frustration was intensified by the fact that every one she knew was to be there: her potential rivals were already crowding the east-bound steamers. New York was a desert, and Ralph's seeming unconsciousness of the fact increased her resentment. She had had but one chance at Europe since her marriage, and that had been wasted through her husband's unaccountable perversity. It was maddening to know in what packed hours of Paris and London they had paid for their empty weeks in Italy.

Meanwhile the months of the New York spring stretched out before her in all their social vacancy to the measureless blank of a summer in the Adirondacks. In her girlhood she had plumbed the dim depths of such summers; but then at least she had been sustained by the hope of bringing some capture to the surface. Now she knew better: there were no "finds" for her in that direction. The people she wanted would be at Newport or in Europe, and she was too resolutely bent on a definite object, too sternly animated by her father's business instinct, to turn aside in quest of casual distractions.

The chief difficulty in the way of her attaining any distant end had always been her reluctance to plod through the intervening stretches of dulness and privation. She had begun to see this, but she could not always master the weakness: never had she stood in greater need of Mrs. Heeny's "Go slow, Undine!" Her imagination was incapable of long flights. She could not cheat her impatience with the mirage of far-off satisfactions and for the moment present and future seemed equally void. But her desire to go to Europe and to rejoin the little New York world that was rapidly re-forming itself in London and Paris was fortified by reasons which seemed forcible enough to justify an appeal to her father.

She went to his office to plead her case, fearing Mrs. Spragg's intervention if she were present. Mr. Spragg had of late been overworked, and the strain was beginning to tell on his health. Undine knew he had never quite regained, in New York, the financial security of his Apex days. Since he had changed his base of operations his affairs had followed an uncertain course, and rumours had reached her that his breach with his old political ally, the Representative Rolliver who had seen him through the muddiest reaches of the Pure Water move, was not unconnected with his failure to get a solid footing in Wall Street. But all this was vague and unintelligible to her. Even had "business" been less of a mystery, she was too much absorbed in her own affairs to project herself into her father's case; and she thought she was sacrificing enough to delicacy of feeling in sparing him the "bother" of Mrs. Spragg's opposition.

He always listened to her with the same mild patience; but the long habit of "managing" him had made her, in his own language, "discount" this tolerance, and when she had ceased to speak her heart throbbed with suspense as he leaned back, twirling an invisible tooth-pick under his discoloured moustache. Presently he raised a hand to stroke the limp beard into which the moustache merged its sallow edges; then he absently groped for the Masonic emblem that had lost itself in one of the hollows of his depleted waistcoat.

He seemed to fish his answer from the same rusty depths, for as his fingers closed about the trinket he said: "Yes, the heated term *is* trying in New York. That's why the Fresh Air Fund pulled my last dollar out of me last week."

Undine stirred impatiently: there was nothing more irritating, in these encounters with her father, than his inveterate habit of opening the discussion with a joke.

"I wish you'd understand that I'm serious, father. I've never been strong since the baby was born, and I need a change. But it's not only that: there are other reasons—more important reasons—for my wanting to go."

He held to his mild tone of banter. "I never knew you short on reasons, Undie. Trouble is you don't always know other people's when you see 'em."

Undine's lips tightened. "I know your reasons when I see them, father: I've heard them often enough. The difference is that in this case you can't know mine because I haven't told you—not the real ones."

"Jehoshaphat! I thought they were all real as long as you had a use for them."

Experience had taught her that under such protracted trifling he usually concealed an exceptional vigour of resistance, and the suspicion urged her to strong measures.

"My reasons are all real enough," she said gravely; "but there's one more serious than the others."

Mr. Spragg's brows began to lower. "More bills?"

"No." She stretched out a gloved hand and began to finger the dusty objects on his desk. "I mean I'm unhappy at home."

"Unhappy—!" His quick movement overturned the gorged waste-paper basket and shot a shower of paper across the grimy rug to her feet. He stooped to restore the basket to its place; then he turned his slow fagged eyes on his daughter. "Why, he worships the ground you walk on, Undie."

She coloured a little. "That's not always a reason, for a woman—" It was the answer she would have given to Popple or Van Degen, but she understood in an instant the mistake of thinking it would make an impression on her father. In the atmosphere of sentimental casuistry to which she had become accustomed, she had forgotten that Mr. Spragg's private rule of conduct was as simple as his business morality was complicated.

He glared at her under thrust-out brows. "It isn't a reason, isn't it? I can seem to remember the time when you used to think it was a whole carload of whitewash."

Her blush turned to a bright red, and her own brows were levelled at his above her stormy steel-grey eyes. The sense of her blunder made her angrier with him, and more ruthless.

"I can't expect you to understand—you never *have*, you or mother, when it came to my feelings. I suppose some people are born sensitive—I can't imagine anybody'd *choose* to be so. Because I've been too proud to complain you've taken it for granted that I was perfectly happy. But my marriage was a mistake from the beginning; and Ralph feels just as I do about it. His people hate me, they've always hated me; and he always looks at everything as they do. They've never forgiven me for his having had to go into business—with their aristocratic ideas they look down on a man who works for his living as you do. Of course it's all right for *you* to do it, because you're not a Marvell or a Dagonet; but they think Ralph ought to just lie back and let you support the baby and me."

This time she had found the right note: she knew it by the tightening of her father's slack facial muscles and the sudden straightening of his back.

"By George, he pretty near does!" he exclaimed, bringing down his fist on the desk. "They haven't been taking it out of you about that, have they?"

"They don't fight fair enough to say so. They just egg him on to turn against me. They only consented to his marrying me because they thought you were so crazy about the match you'd give us everything, and he'd have nothing to do but sit at home and write books."

Mr. Spragg emitted a derisive groan. "From what I hear of the amount of business he's doing I guess he could keep the Poet's Corner going right along. I suppose the old man was right—he hasn't got it in him to make money."

"Of course not; he wasn't brought up to it, and in his heart of hearts he's ashamed of having to do it. He told me it was killing a little more of him every day."

Mr. Spragg groaned again. "Do they back him up in that kind of talk?"

"They back him up in everything. Their ideas are all different from ours. They look down on us—can't you see that? Can't you guess how they treat me from the way they've acted to you and mother?"

Her father met this last appeal with a puzzled stare. "The way they've acted to me and mother? Why, we never so much as set eyes on them."

"That's it, that's it," Undine insisted. "I don't believe they've even called on mother this year, have they? Last year

they just left their cards without asking. And why do you suppose they never invite you to dine? In their set lots of people older than you and mother dine out every night—society's full of them. They're ashamed to have you meet their friends: that's the reason. They're ashamed to have it known that Ralph married an Apex girl, and that you and mother haven't always had your own servants and carriages; and Ralph's ashamed of it too, now he's got over being crazy about me. If he was free I believe he'd turn round to-morrow and marry that Ray girl his mother's saving up for him."

Mr. Spragg listened with a heavy brow and pushed-out lip. His daughter's outburst seemed at last to have roused in him a momentary faint resentment. After she had ceased he remained silent, twisting an inky pen-handle between his fingers; then he said: "I guess mother and I can worry along without having Ralph's relatives drop in; but I'd like to make it clear to them that if you came from Apex your income came from there too. I presume they'd be sorry if Ralph was left to support you on *his*."

She brightened at the perception that she had scored in the first part of the argument, though every watchful nerve reminded her that the most difficult stage was still ahead.

"Oh, they're willing enough he should take your money—that's only natural, they think."

A chuckle sounded deep down under Mr. Spragg's loose collar. "There seems to be practical unanimity on that point," he observed. "But I don't see," he continued, jerking round his bushy brows on her, "how going to Europe is going to help you out of all this."

Undine leaned closer so that her lowered voice should reach him. "Can't you understand that, knowing how they all feel about me—and how Ralph feels—I'd give almost anything to get away?"

Her father looked at her compassionately. "I guess most of us feel that once in a way when we're young, Undine. Later on you'll see going away ain't much use when you've got to turn round and come back."

But she nodded at him with drawn-up mysterious lips, like a child in possession of some portentous secret.

"That's just it—that's the reason I'm so crazy to go; just because it *might* mean I wouldn't ever have to come back," she whispered, laying a persuasive caress on his hand.

He drew away with a jerk of amazement. "Not come back? What on earth are you talking about?"

"It might mean that I could get free—begin over again . . . have another chance."

He had pushed his seat back violently as she bent to him, and he interrupted her by striking his outspread palm on the arm of the chair.

"For the Lord's sake, Undine—do you know what you're saying?"

"Oh, yes, I know." She met his look with a confident smile. "If I can get away soon—go straight over to Paris . . . there's some one there who'd do anything . . . who *could* do anything . . . if I was free . . ."

Mr. Spragg's hands continued to grasp his chair-arms. "Good God, Undine Marvell—are you sitting there in your sane senses and talking to me of what you could do if you were *free?*"

Their glances met with a shock which held them fast in a minute of speechless communion. Undine did not shrink from her father's eyes and when she lowered hers it seemed to be only because there was nothing more left for them to say.

"I know just what I could do if I were free. I could marry the right man," she answered boldly.

He met her with a sound of helpless derision. "The right man? The right man? Haven't you had enough of trying for him yet?"

As he spoke the door-handle turned and he broke off abruptly.

The stenographer appeared on the threshold, and above her shoulder Undine perceived the ingratiating grin of Elmer Moffatt.

"'A little farther lend thy guiding hand'—but I guess I can go the rest of the way alone," he said, insinuating himself across the threshold with an airy gesture of dismissal; then he turned to Mr. Spragg and Undine.

"I agree entirely with Mrs. Marvell—and I'm happy to have the opportunity of

telling her so," he proclaimed, holding his hand out gallantly.

Undine rose with a laugh. "It sounded like old times, I suppose—you thought father and I were quarrelling? But we never quarrel any more: he always agrees with me." She smiled at Mr. Spragg, and then turned her shining eyes on Moffatt.

"I wish that treaty had been signed a few years sooner!" the latter rejoined with his air of jocose familiarity.

Undine had not met him since her marriage, and of late the adverse turn of his fortunes had carried him quite beyond her thoughts. But his actual presence was always vaguely stimulating, and even through her self-absorption she was struck by his air of almost defiant well-being. He did not look like a man who has been beaten; or rather he looked like a man who does not know when he is beaten; and his eye had the same gleam of mocking confidence that had carried him unabashed through his lowest hours at Apex.

"I presume you're here to see me on business?" Mr. Spragg enquired, rising from his chair with a glance that seemed to ask his daughter's silence.

"Why, yes, Senator," rejoined Moffatt, who was given, in jocular moments, to bestowing sounding titles on his interlocutors. "At least I'm here to ask you a little question that may lead to some business."

Mr. Spragg crossed the office and held open the door. "Step this way, please," he said, guiding Moffatt out before him, though the latter hung back to exclaim: "No family secrets, Mrs. Marvell—any one can turn the fierce white light on *me!*"

The closing of the door on the two men carried Undine back to her own preoccupations. It had not struck her as incongruous that Moffatt should have business relations with her father, and she was even a little surprised that the latter should still treat him with such coldness. But she had no time to give to such reflections. Her own situation was too throbbingly present to her. She moved restlessly about the office, listening to the rise and fall of the two voices on the other side of the partition without once wondering what they were discussing.

What should she say to her father when he came back—what argument was most likely to prevail with him? Was it possible that he really had no money to give her? If that were the case, she was imprisoned fast—Van Degen was lost to her, and the old life must go on interminably. . . In her nervous pacings she paused before the small blotched looking-glass that hung in a corner of the office, under a steel engraving of Daniel Webster. Even that defective surface could not disfigure her, and she drew fresh hope from the sight of her beauty. Her few weeks of ill-health had given her features subtler surfaces and a finer pencilling, and she was handsomer than before her marriage. No, Van Degen was not lost to her yet! From narrowed lids to parted lips her whole face was rippled over by a smile that was like refracted sunlight. He was not lost to her while she could smile like that! Besides, even if her father had no money, there were always mysterious ways of "raising" it—in the old Apex days he had often boasted of such feats. At the thought her face changed again. The lids widened trustfully over dancing eyes and this time the smile that flowed up to them was as crystalline as a child's. That was the way her father liked her to look at him. . .

The door opened, and she heard Mr. Spragg saying behind her: "No, sir, I won't—that's final."

He came forward with a brooding face and lowered himself heavily into his chair. It was plain that the talk between the two men had had an abrupt ending. Undine looked at her father and a vague flicker of curiosity woke in her. Certainly it was an odd coincidence that Moffatt should have called while she was there. . .

"What did he want, father?" she asked, dropping her voice, and glancing back toward the door.

Mr. Spragg mumbled his invisible toothpick. "Oh, just another of his wild-cat schemes—some real-estate deal he's in."

"Why did he come to *you* about it?"

He looked away from her, fumbling among the letters on the desk. "Guess he'd tried everybody else first. He'd go and ring the devil's front-door bell if he thought he could get anything out of him."

"I suppose he did himself a lot of harm by testifying in the Ararat investigation?"

"Yes, *sir*—he's down and out this time."

He uttered the words with a certain satisfaction. His daughter did not answer, and they sat silent, facing each other across the littered desk. Under their brief talk about Elmer Moffatt currents of rapid intelligence seemed to vibrate between them. Suddenly Undine leaned over the desk, her arms stretched out, her eyes widening trustfully, and the crystalline smile flowing up to them.

"Father," she broke out, "I did what you wanted that one time, anyhow—won't you listen to me and help me out now?"

(To be continued.)

"TO LIE IN THE LEW"

By Margaret Vandegrift

"To lie in the lew," that is, to leeward of a hedge, is the South Country ideal of peace, of lassitude; and a peculiar stillness inhabits in the lew, such as no other resting-place can give you. . . . The great winds fall back baffled from that concrete quietude; only the minute voices of bees and grasshoppers and field-mice are to hear, and the unruffled melody of birds.
—*From "The Hedge."*

Time was when I marched bravely on the dusty highway
With those who carried banners and had great things to do;
And time was I travelled steadily along the quiet by-way.
Now—I lie in the lew.

I fell out of line long before they took the city
To which we all were marching, for too well I knew
That the lame and the lazy evoke contempt, not pity—
But—to lie in the lew!

Not lame enough, good Lord, for that—I still can travel;
Let me find a quiet path that in time will lead me through;
Grass-path, or clay-path, or even path of gravel—
But—to lie in the lew!

So I found the quiet path, and, not wholly discontented,
I kept along in hope, for the end I thought I knew.
But who shall dare to think he his fate has circumvented?
It led to the lew!

Cool the grass, and soft, and the great hedge throws a shadow;
And the road is out of sight, almost out of hearing, too;
And the sounds are the voices of a peaceful summer meadow,
As I lie in the lew.

And should a thankful heart be singing lauds and praises
That the chance to fight is gone, that there's nothing left to do?
Tell me, oh million hearts that this dreadful life amazes,
With all its unfulfilments, its doubts and fears and crazes—
For my heart is very cold, and it is not singing praises
As I lie in the lew.



After long years of sobering realities, it has been slowly forced upon you that your work was not quite as good as Velasquez's.—Page 456.

CLARISSE'S

By Eliot Gregory

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

ONE often hears people saying how they would have chosen to pass their youth if a thoughtful Providence had consulted them before birth. Many good souls envy the boys born to English titles and estates, others tell you how they would have enjoyed a savage state. Mme. de Staël was fond of saying that to taste the quintessence of life one must be twenty, be in love, and be in Italy.

The largest number, I find, pick out the dullest of all destinies, and would fain have commenced life as the budding heir to American millions, not realizing, doubtless, how little of the picturesque or the unexpected youth holds for a fellow whose college and club are decided for him at his birth by too careful parents, as well as the year he shall enter Groton or St. Mark's. At eighteen, such gilded youth have met all the girls that it would be correct for them to marry, and unless after graduation they are lucky enough to develop a taste for polo or porcelains, a monoto-

nous future of accumulation lies before them as uneventful as the course of some Dutch river moving serenely toward the sea between protecting banks.

Benighted souls! They would all choose quite differently, I'm sure, had they known the joy of being a young art student in Paris, free from material cares as to bread and butter (jam somewhat problematical), believing in one's self and one's master, working at an adored profession, and troubled (as yet) by no doubts of coming fame and fortune.

To stand first in a *concours des places!* To see one's work hung for the first time on the line in the Salon! There may be moments as triumphant in other lives; perhaps Peary at the pole experienced sensations as exquisite, but insects inhabited his ointment—there were none in ours!

Even after long years of sobering realities, when it has been slowly forced upon you that your work was perhaps not quite as good as Velasquez's, the glamour of those hours persists. Middle-age and the humdrum afternoon cares of fifty cannot stale the flavor of that young wine!



Manet, the father of the impressionist school.

There are streets in Paris I cannot revisit, even now, without a tightening of the throat; certain casements the view of which quickens the pulse and makes the heart beat fast, in memory of the hot ecstasy of "those brave days when we were twenty-one" and all the world seemed young, too, and at our feet.

At the time of which I write there still existed on the left bank of the Seine many vestiges of the historic Latin Quarter. One might as well dig for the bones of a diplocymodon in the Luxembourg Gardens as look for any trace of it now. The cutting of the Boulevard St.-Germain and its hideous sister the Rue de Rennes, after the Franco-Prussian war, caused an upheaval on the *rive gauche* and a migration of the painters and poets across Paris to cheaper quarters on Montmartre that dealt its death-blow to tottering Bohemia.

Louis Napoleon, it is said, planned those big streets in revenge for slights put, by the old nobility, upon his parvenue court and "unborn" wife. This may or may not be true, but it is certain the new boulevards not only dug the heart out of the aristocratic Faubourg St.-Germain, but also evicted the impecunious throng of students and grisettes who had for centuries disported themselves in the shadow of the Sorbonne.

Smug apartment houses, joy of *ces sales bourgeois*, began to replace the commodious old "hôtels" whose vast attics and stone stairways had echoed to the laughter and tears of generations of Rudolphs and Mimis who in their brief day had made *Pied de nez* at the realities of life, while taking poems and pictures seriously, dancing the while with stomachs as empty as their purses. A gleam of this old life flickers up brightly in "Trilby," but it had died out before our day, for rents had risen with the improvements and brought consternation to the impecunious.

It was about this date that we Americans first began to study art in Paris. Twenty years before, if I am not mistaken, Healy was the only Yankee who regularly exhibited paintings in the Salon, the French public looking at his work with the indulgent curiosity it would



There are streets in Paris I cannot revisit, even now, without a tightening of the throat; certain casements the view of which quickens the pulse.—Page 456.

to-day accord to the efforts of a talented young Zulu.

Oddly enough, it is around a restaurant that many of my pleasantest memories of the *Quartier* are entwined. A group of boys, most of us working at Gérôme's or Cabanel's studios, at the Beaux-Arts, had chosen Clarisse's little chop-house, in the Rue Jacob, as our meeting-place for *déjeuner*. Here we always felt sure, on opening its door, which, like all the portals leading into Bohemia, was a modest one and sadly in need of a coat of paint, that a murmur of welcome would greet our arrival and a movement be made to find room at the crowded tables.

Long before we found our way there, the place had enjoyed an astonishing vogue among the painters, poets, and

sculptors of that day. It is in Got's interesting "Journal," recently published, that I ran across the first mention of it. "I've been lunching a great deal this winter," he writes, "with Henri Murger, de Champfleury, Courbet, and Wagner at a little one-eyed brasserie in the Rue Jacob, where one gets excellent Alsatian dishes. I have come to like the great composer in spite of his German pedantry!"

This modest estaminet occupied the ground-floor of a tall seventeenth-century building (itself a bit of the past amid the rising tide of new constructions). Five tables on each side, as you entered, and a glass partition across the back to veil the recess where the mysteries of the cuisine were performed, completed the meagre fittings of the place, but its panelled walls, browned by the smoke of generations of pipes, were hung thick, from a sanded floor to tall ceiling, with sketches and paintings bearing names that even then made the amateur's mouth water.

Clarisse, the elderly siren who presided within these walls, was a choleric lady of fifty who, scandal whispered, had in her blond youth been a favorite model, and even something more, to several great painters who, when middle-age dimmed her charms, had set her up in this business, and made her brasserie their meeting-place and club. The restaurant, the *bureau de tabac*, and the newspaper shop are the shrines their admirers provide for old flames in France. The food she gave us was of the plainest, but extraordinarily good; her menus varied but little; table-cloths there were none; the service was spasmodic or nil. Yet I doubt if there are any of our old crowd who may chance to read these lines but will recall the *Brasserie Alsacienne* with a sigh of regret for the hours passed in its smoky atmosphere.

Surely no cosier resort could be imagined in which to spend one's winter evenings between a pipe and a bock, listening to the best of art talk from men like Harpignies, Henner, and Feyen-Perrin, words aptly illustrated by their paintings on the walls above our heads.

It must not be forgotten that to the student in Paris his café and eating-place replace the college club and society rooms of the American boy at home. During many quiet evenings passed in her society I came to understand the devotion of Clarisse's old friends, for her interest was intelligent and unfailing, and her influence, still great, at head-quarters, was always at the service of even the youngest and poorest of her clients.

Sometimes late of an evening she would bring out her treasured portfolios, filled to bursting with the sketches, poems, caricatures, and skits of thirty years, and tell us anecdotes of their authors, as she had seen and known them, mixed quite naïvely with chapters of her own story as well. A very special compliment, one which marked a distinct step up on our trade, and was always greatly appreciated, was to be asked to contribute something to her collection.

What a throng of boyish memories rise out of the past as I think of the place, youthful hopes and ambitions long ago laid aside with a sigh! I realize now how much more of my art education is due to the atmosphere of that unpretending corner of Paris, and the men one met there, than to the studios and lecture-rooms of the "École."

There were days, however, when all was not well in the Rue Jacob. Clarisse's nerves were never long to be depended on. When certain dark mornings broke it was safer not to make too many observations as to the food.

Almost the first time I was taken there we found the air highly charged with electricity. The *patronne* was going about from table to table telling us that we were to "have eggs, éperlans, and chops with nouilles [the famous nouilles she alone could prepare], and that it was useless to ask for anything else, for we wouldn't get it!" That she "didn't know why she went on keeping a restaurant, as it cost her much more than she made!" Carolus-Duran had dropped in that morning, I remember, with Gounod, whose portrait he was painting (it now brightens the Luxembourg gallery), and Alphonse Daudet had brought his little boy to see the old lady.

Alas! The great author had doubtless forgotten the fragility of Clarisse's temper, for, as the fish made their appearance, we heard him call to her that his were burnt. We gasped for breath, knowing

that trouble was sure to come from such temerity. The storm was not long in breaking.

"Cinders, indeed! If people didn't like her food they had better go *en face* and not bother her." En face was a hated rival, whose existence she mostly ignored. Seizing the offending dish, she disappeared into the obscure realm behind the partition, from which there soon issued the sound of an Homeric dispute with the hidden genii of the place, which rapidly grew louder until it climaxed in a resounding smack like a pistol-shot, and Clarisse reeled out of the kitchen with her hand to her face. In her wake appeared an athletic young beauty, with blazing cheeks and eyes, who banged down a pan in which some frightened eggs were trying to get themselves poached, threw her apron on the floor, rolled down her sleeves, and, taking a hat and shawl from some hidden peg, departed, stopping at the door to shake her fist a last time at the weeping Clarisse.



An impecunious art student.

We cooked the rest of our lunch that day ourselves. I can see Daudet now, brushing his long hair from his face as he anxiously watches the cooking of the nouilles; and Gounod, a blue apron tied around his waist, bringing in some *crêpes*

—of his own composition, the *patronne* being far too overcome to do anything but whimper in her corner, drink numberless little glasses of kirschwasser, and tell the drama over again to each newcomer.

Another scene connected with this place is that of the evening when Sarah Bernhardt, then on the threshold of her career, came to dine with us *en garçon*. The slim figure of the tragedienne was encased in a close-fitting garb. Its tight sleeves came down to her painted finger-tips, and its collar rose to her ears. The tawny hair, barely visible from under a tight-fitting black velvet capote, was adorned just where a parting would have been if she had possessed such a thing, with a great diamond, given a few weeks before by Victor Hugo as a symbol of the tear he had shed on witnessing her Doña Sol, in the great reprise of "Hernani," at the Français.

After dinner we repaired for our coffee and liqueurs to Clairin's studio, to see the portrait he was painting of Sarah. The work having been praised and criticised, the rest of the evening was passed listening to the young actress, who held us all under the whip of her strange per-



I can see Gounod, a blue apron tied around his waist, bringing in some *crêpes* of his own composition.—Page 459.



At the request of one of our group, repeated the fable of the "Two Pigeons."

sonality. She danced, she did imitations of her rivals at the Français, she curdled our blood with the *Imprecations de Camille;* and, at the request of one of our group, repeated the fable of the "Two Pigeons," which had won her such success at the Conservatoire examinations. The voice of the actress, her impeccable diction, the curves of her figure as she slid from one pose to another, must remain fixed in the memory of those present that rainy evening in the Rue des Saints Pêres.

Good old "Holy Fathers!" one wonders if they had often been tempted by quite such a siren before.

The big event in a student's year is the annual banquet which the pupils of each studio give in honor of their master. The first winter I worked under Carolus-Duran, two of the older French *élèves* came to my rooms one afternoon and said that it was about the date for the *diner du patron*, and the fellows had all agreed that I was just the chap to arrange that kind of a smart affair, being a man of the world with more experience in entertaining than the rest of them. Adding many other flattering remarks about my judgment and taste, these youths very liberally gave me *carte blanche* for the whole affair and departed.

Being young and *bête*, I was greatly flattered at this compliment, and proceeded with infinite care and thought to order the best of dinners at Foyot's, whose restaurant at that time was the promised land toward which most of us looked with envy from neighboring creameries. The whole studio, some sixty fellows in all, readily agreed to come, and the dinner passed off gayly, with speeches, music, and singing.

My! how those fellows did eat, and how royally they ordered extra cigars and liqueurs! With what fervor we sang an ode to our master, composed for the occasion, comparing him to Titian and the Veronese, rather to the disparagement of the Italians.

At the end of the evening the bill was presented to me, which I unsuspectingly paid. During the following month, when attempting to collect their share of it from my colleagues, the reason why I had been chosen for so much honor dawned gradually upon me. Some of the boys were "out of funds for the moment," others had "not understood it was to be so expensive"; but the majority frankly laughed in my face. With the exception of the Americans and an odd Englishman or two, few of those men ever had the slightest intention of paying for their fun. The following year, being older and wiser, I sat by, an amused spectator, and saw the same little game being played on the youngest and most prosperous new pupil.

It was often my good fortune in those days to pass my afternoons wandering about forgotten corners of the "Quarter" in the company of Victorien Sardou, who knew his old Paris better, perhaps, than any man of that day, and possessed to a supreme degree the power of evoking the past of those quaint streets and squares —a gift that made him an incomparable companion.

One afternoon as we were walking through the time-stained Rue Visconti, the playwright, stopping in the middle of a sentence about Marion Delorme, Racine, and the odd sight that narrow thoroughfare must have presented when they lived there and the gilded *chaise-à-porteurs* of Louis XIV courtiers blocked its narrow roadway—and pointing up to a tiny sixth-floor window, remarked with rather a rueful smile, "It was up there in that room that I just missed becoming the greatest inventor of the century." In answer to my look of inquiry, he continued:



I had that day given Mimi a clock which struck the hour in rather a peculiar way, and I at once recognized it.

"I was twenty the winter I lived there, and pretty down on my luck. My first play, 'La Taverne des Etudiants,' had been a flat failure at the Odéon, and life looked black indeed to me and a certain little milliner's apprentice who shared my poverty. My Mimi Pinson perched in another attic quite down at the other end of this street. So to signal each other and avoid endless climbing of stairs, I had strung a copper wire across the intervening roofs and tied an ordinary dinner-bell to each end, one in her room and one in mine.

"My contrivance wasn't much of a success, however, so we soon gave up using it; but one night as I lay sleepless in bed, to my intense astonishment I heard a clock striking, apparently in the room. The sound seemed to come from the head of my bed, where the disused bell still dangled from its wire.

"I had that day given Mimi a clock which struck the hour in rather a peculiar way, and I at once recognized it. That a sound could travel such a distance through



It was often my good fortune to pass my afternoons wandering about forgotten corners in the company of Victorien Sardou, who possessed to a supreme degree the power of evoking the past.—Page 462.

an ordinary wire naturally amazed me. After a day or two of experiments, we discovered that we could even hear something of each other's voices, and we soon worked up a code of signals to be used as occasion required.

"In the spring, however, Mimi deserted me for a fascinating young barber, and, fortune beginning to smile, I moved into better rooms and forgot the whole matter, until some thirty years later, when I was shown a telephone and realized how, young idiot that I was, I had let one of the great inventions of the century slip through my stupid fingers, a current of electricity and a simple mouth-piece being all that Mr. Edison had added to my discovery."

Robert Browning, who was a frequent visitor to Paris, often joined us at *déjeuner* with his son, who was at that time modelling the statue of Salammbo and her serpent which later stood in the court of the young sculptor's palace in Venice.

When he had timid visitors, Browning *fils* was fond of lifting the "model" serpent from the cotton-lined basket in which it lived near the studio stove, and playing with it.

It happened one morning that a lady present expressed great loathing for snakes and wondered how any one could touch them.

Seeing his chance for a little mild posing (to which I had noticed he was not averse), the old poet took the serpent from his son and began giving us a lecture on the real beauty of everything in nature if we but knew how to look for it; that our dislike for reptiles was but bad education; that for his part he loved even the feel of one. Just as he had got this far in his sermon the beast, tempted doubtless by the warmth of the old gentleman's arm, darted up his sleeve between shirt and skin. The effect was instantaneous! Forgetting his words of a moment before, the great man danced about among the

statues, shaking his arm and imploring some one to "take it out!" which we soon did, but it took much longer to restore the aged poet to his equilibrium.

Another picture of those days is of the great court of the "École," packed with a shouting, impatient throng gathered to hear the results of the yearly *concours* for the Prix de Rome. For weeks we had discussed no other subject. All the younger men were violent partisans of Bastien-Lepage, who, we were convinced, had discovered a new formula in art; but Commerre was running him close for the prize. And such a prize! Four years at the Villa Medici at Rome as the guest of the nation—not to speak of the prestige that goes with that reward.



The great court of the "École," packed with a shouting, impatient throng gathered to hear the results of the yearly *concours*.

For a month the candidates chosen from a dozen different studios had been working at their pictures, hermetically shut up, *en loges*, in a wing of the Beaux-Arts building, allowed to communicate with no one, even their food being passed to them in sealed packages. For a week all Paris had been to see the results exhibited in the gallery of the Quai Malaquais, and every daily paper had printed articles on the subject. It is hard for any one who has not lived in Paris to realize the vivid interest such matters assume among the art-loving French.

This morning the judges have met and voted; in a moment more we are to know the result. Look! A group of men appear at a distant doorway and one of them reads something from a paper.

Then the hush that had fallen on the crowd is broken by some mild cheering and loud howls of disappointment and disgust.

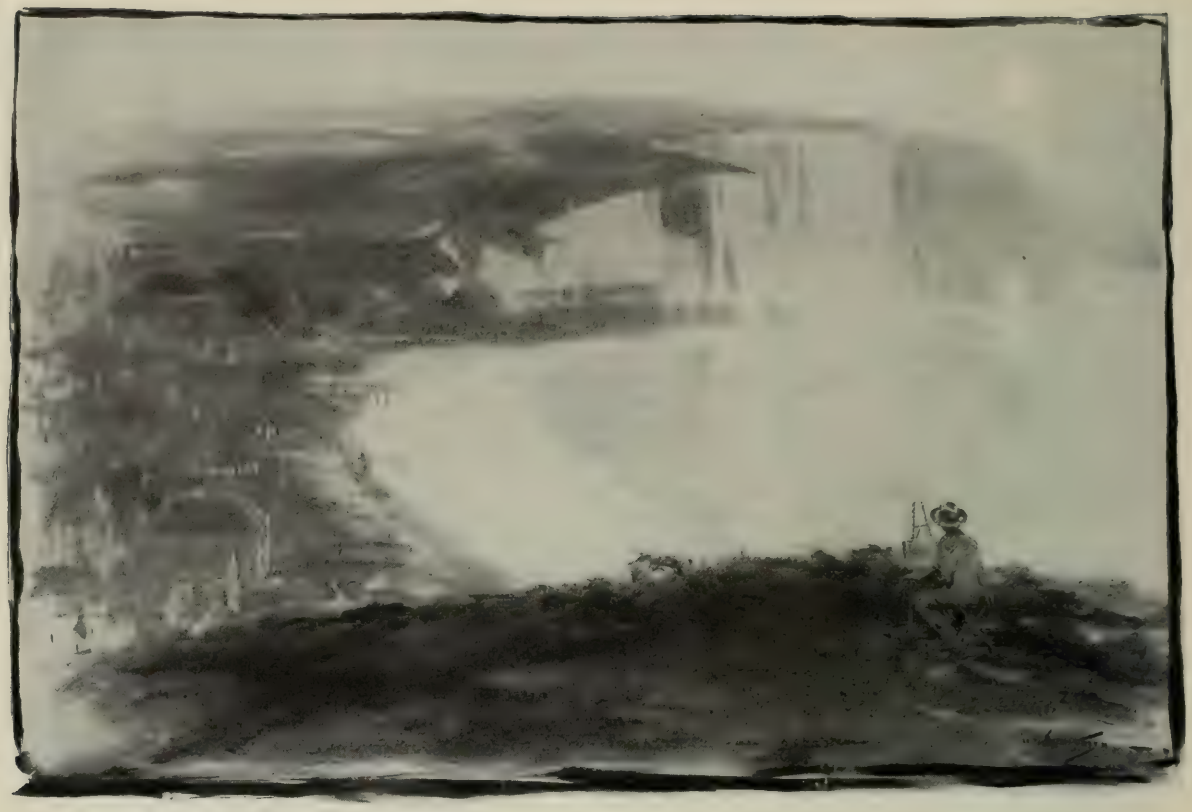
Our favorite has been ignored! Commerre, who in our eyes stands for all that is academic and reactionary, has carried the day. Down through our midst appears a procession, headed by the successful candidate carried in triumph on the shoulders of his friends. They are off for a tour of the "Quarter," to end at some café on the "Boul' Mich," where a *punch d'honneur* will be drunk to his success. As they pass, my attention is called by a sound at my side. Turning, I see Lepage break his umbrella across his knee and fling himself face down on the steps in the centre of the court, with all the petulant abandon of his Latin temperament, so remote from our own.



Robert Browning often joined us at *déjeuner* with his son, who was at that time modelling the statue of Salammbo and her serpent.—Page 463.

The slim little maid sitting by his side, trying so hard to console the disappointed youth, is (a neighbor tells me) a Russian pupil of Bastien's; the Mlle. Bashkirtseff in whose "Journal," published after her death, all the world is to read the story of their friendship and the long illness they passed through together, ending in their death, in 1884, almost at the same time—for Lepage never completely recovered from the disappointment of that hour, in spite of the brilliant year or two which followed before his end, full as they were of success.

The emotion of the morning having put all question of work out of our heads, we decide to stroll up to Sargent's studio, in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, and



Êtretat and a season of hard work among the Normandy cliffs and orchards.

see the copies of Velasquez he had just brought back from Madrid (which are to influence so profoundly his future work); from there we go on to Rodin's, who is at work on his "St. John," and then settle down for a serious discussion of our summer plans.

Six of our crowd have hired a canal-boat and had a canvas studio installed on its deck, with bunks and a kitchen arranged below. Their plan is to pass the summer on the Seine between Paris and Havre, anchoring at the points that tempt them most, then getting themselves towed farther on when they have tired of the place. They expect to live three months in this way, painting, bathing, loafing through the long warm days, relying for their food on the peasants along the river's banks, who, it is said, can be depended on for chickens, eggs, fruit, and fresh vegetables.

Another group of men are off to Venice, where Whistler is, we hear, making some wonderful etchings, and my own path leads to Étretat and a season of hard work among the Normandy cliffs and orchards.



THE SHADOWY CITY LOOMS

NEW YORK FROM THE NORTH RIVER

By Lloyd Mifflin

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY CHARLES HOFFBAUER

In deepening shades the haunting vision swims;
A denser grayness settles o'er the stream;
The domes are veiled; the wondrous City dims—
Dims as a dream:

The night transforms it to a palace vast
Lit with a thousand lamps from cryptic wires;
The vaporous walls are phantoms of the Past,
Strange with vague spires:

Huge, peopled monoliths that touch the skies,
Whose indeterminate bases baffle sight,
Each with its Argus, incandescent eyes
Pierces the night:

Undreamt-of heights of glimmering marble loom
Like some enchanted fabric wrought of air;
Gigantic shafts of insubstantial gloom
Lift, shadowy, there:

Could fabled Camelot of the poet's dream
Surpass these towers soaring from the mist?—
These steel-ribbed granite miracles that gleam
Dim amethyst? . . .

Slow on the tide, from murky coves remote,
The freighted barges move, laboriously,
While some palatial, golden-lighted boat
Steams for the sea:

Now that the moon is breaking through the cloud
The radiant halo o'er the City pales;
Shimmer the dusky wharves with mast and shroud
And furlèd sails:

Soft strains of music, hovering, drift away;
In cloudy turrets toll the spectral bells;
While the sea-voices, from the wastes of gray,
Send faint farewells:

The homing sloops are sheltered in the slip;
The silence deepens; and up-stream, afar,
A fading lantern on an anchored ship
Seems a lost star.

"OHNE ARMEE KEIN DEUTSCHLAND"

BY PRICE COLLIER

Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View," "The West in the East," etc.

OF every one hundred inhabitants of Germany, including men, women, and children, one is a soldier. There are roughly 65,000,000 inhabitants and 650,000 soldiers.

The American army is about equal in numbers to the corps of officers of Germany's army and navy. To the American, as to almost every other foreigner, the German army means only one thing: war. We all hear one thing:

> "And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
> Ancestral voices prophesying war."

I believe this is a half-truth, and dangerous accordingly. This army has been in existence for over forty years, and has done far more to keep the peace than any other one factor in Europe, except perhaps the British navy.

The German army protects the German people not only from external foes, but from internal diseases. It is the greatest school of hygiene in the world, on account of its sound teaching, the devotion, skill, and industry of its officers, the number of its pupils, and its widely distributed lessons and influence.

Culture taken by itself is livery business, and when combined with much beer and wine drinking, irregular eating and a disinclination for regular exercise, culture becomes a positive menace to health. Of this danger to the German, their own great man Bismarck spoke in the Abgeordnetenhaus in 1881:

"Bei uns Deutschen wird mit wenigem so viel Zeit totgeschlagen wie mit Bier-trinken. Wer beim Frühschoppen sitzt oder beim Abendschoppen und gar noch dazu raucht und Zeitungen liest, hält sich voll ausreichend beschäftigt und geht mit gutem Gewissen nach Haus in dem Bewusstsein, das Seinige geleistet zu haben."

("The Germans waste more time drinking beer than in any other way. The man who sits with his morning or his afternoon glass of beer beside him, and who, in addition, smokes and reads the newspapers, considers that he is much occupied, and goes home with a good conscience, feeling that he has fully done his duty.")

> "Jeden Feind besiegt der Deutscher
> Nur den Durst besiegt er nicht."

Which I permit myself to translate into these two lines:

> "The German conquers every foe,
> Except his thirst, that lays him low."

Even if the German army were not necessary as a policeman it could not be spared as a physician by the German people. It is to be forever kept in mind that the German is brought up on rules; the American and the Englishman on emergencies.

There are three classes of men who pick up the bill-of-fare of life and look it over. Civilization's paralyzed ones, with no appetite, who can choose what they will without regard to the prices; the cautious, those with appetite but who are hampered in their choice by the prices; the bold, those with appetite and audacity, who rely upon their courage to satisfy the

landlord. The Germans are only just beginning to look over the world's bill-of-fare in this last lordly fashion, to which some of us have long been accustomed. I see no reason why they should not do so, though I see clearly enough the suspicion and jealousy it creates.

They have been swathed in "Forbidden" so long that their taste for daring was late in coming. Our colonies, small wars, punitive expeditions, and control over neighboring territories are not planned for far ahead; but the exigencies of the situations are met by the remedies and solutions of men fitted by their training in school, in sport, in social and political life for just such work, and who are the more efficient the more they do of it.

The German goes more slowly, perhaps more successfully, in commercial and industrial undertakings, but always with a chart in front of him, a pair of spectacles on his nose, and with no desire to take chances.

In the rough-and-tumble world, the American and the Englishman went ahead the faster; in a more orderly world —and commerce, industry, and war are all far more scientific or orderly than of yore—the German has come into his own and goes ahead very fast. He has not made friends and supporters as have the other two: first, because he is a new-comer; and also, I believe, because human nature, even when it is not adventurous itself, loves adventure, and has a liking for the man who is a law unto himself. Indeed, the Germans themselves have a sneaking fondness for such a one.

"Experiment is not sufficient," writes Theophrastus von Hohenheim, called Paracelsus; "experience must verify what can be accepted or not accepted; knowledge is experience." For the moment, but it is probably not for long, we have the advantage in the knowledge bred of experience.

The German comes from the forest, loves the forest. "Kein Volk ist so innig mit seinem Wald bewachsen wie das Deutsche, keines liebt den Wald so sehr." ("No nation has grown up so at one with its forests as have the Germans; no other nation loves its forests as do they.") He walks, and meditates, and sings in the forest, and nowadays goes to the forest with his skis, his snow-shoes, and his sled. Our great games are, many of them, personal conflicts, and attended by some personal risk, and demanding both discipline in preparing for them and severe discipline in the playing. Our love of the aleatory, of betting our belongings, our powers, our persons even, against life, is not commonly alive in Germany. The Germans are only just emerging into safety and confidence in themselves, and beginning cautiously to agree with us that:

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> That dares not put it to the touch
> To gain or lose it all."

From these sombre forests came a race who still find it lonely to be alone, and they herd together still for safety as of old, and have no love of physical speculation. They are daring in thought and theory, but cautious in physical and personal matters. An office-stool followed by a pension contents all too many men here.

> "Reden, Handeln, Tun und Wandeln
> Zeigt der Menschen Wesen nicht.
> Was im Herzen sie im Stillen
> Fest verschliessen, stumm verhüllen,
> Ist ihr richtigs Angesicht."

An overwhelming majority of Germans believe that this is man's real portrait; an overwhelming majority of Americans would not even understand it.

The German army is the antidote to this lack of physical discipline, this lack of strenuous physical life. The army takes the place of our West, of our games, of our sports; just as it takes the place of England's colonies and public schools, and games and sports. When looked at in this way, when its double duty is recognized, the enormous cost of it is not so material. The expense of the German army is not greater than our armies, plus what we spend for games and sport and colonial adventure.

Germany has 4,570 miles of frontier to guard, to begin with, and her total area is 208,780 square miles, or an area one fourth less than that of our State of Texas, with a population per square mile of 310.4. Of this population 1,000,000, roughly, are subjects of foreign powers.

Five hundred thousand are from Austria-Hungary, 100,000 each from Finland and Russia, nearly 100,000 from Italy, some 17,000 Americans, and so on. In 1900 the population speaking German numbered 51,000,000.

This compact little country is the very heart of Europe, surrounded by Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and, across the North Sea, England. In the case of trouble in Europe, Germany is the centre. Nothing can happen that does not concern her, that must not indeed concern her vitally. She has fought at one time or another in the last hundred years with Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and England; or her soldiers have fought against their soldiers, whether or not the various countries named were geographically and politically then what they are now.

Russia's population in 1910 was 160,748,000, and including the Finnish provinces, 163,778,800. Since 1897 the population of Russia has increased at the annual rate of 2,732,000. The boundaries between Russia and Germany are mere sand dunes, and by rail the Russian outposts are only a few hours from Berlin. France is only across the Rhine, and it is no secret that some months ago Great Britain had worked out a plan by which she could put 150,000 troops on the frontiers of Germany, at the service of France, in thirteen days. Germany's ocean commerce must pass through the Straits of Dover, down the English Channel, within striking distance of Plymouth, Portsmouth, Dover, Brest, and Cherbourg. No wonder Germany looks upon her navy as something more than a luxury.

One may understand at once from this situation, and from her past history, that Germany has the sound good sense not to be influenced by the latest school of sentimentalists, who pretend to believe that the world is a polyglot Sunday-school, with converted millionaires as teachers therein; or, if not that, a counting-house, where all questions of honor, race, religion, love, pride, all the questions which bubble their answers in our blood, are to be settled by weighing their comparative cost in dollars.

Germany has been taught by bitter experiences, and harsh masters, that the ultimate power to command must rest with that authority which, if necessary, can compel people to obey. They recognize, too, the mawkish mental foolery of any plan of living together which ignores the part which physical force must necessarily play in any political or social life which is complete. They recognize, too, as does every intelligent man in Christendom, that the appeal to reason is far preferable to an appeal to war. But, pray, what is to be done where there is no reason to appeal to! Are reasonable men to strip themselves of all armor, and suffer unreason to prevail?

An army or a fleet is no more an incitement to war among reasonable men, than a policeman is an incentive to burglary or homicide. An army is not a contemptuous protest against Christianity; it is a sad commentary on Christianity's failure and inefficiency. An army and a fleet are merely a reasonable precaution which every nation must take, while awaiting the conversion of mankind from the predatory to the polite.

As yet the Germans have not been overtaken by the tepid wave of feminism, which for the moment is bathing the prosperity-softened culture of America and England. We are all apt enough to become womanish, agitated, or acidulous, according to age and condition, when we are reaping in security the fields cleared, enriched, and planted by a hardy ancestry of pioneers. There were no self-conscious peace-makers; no worshippers of those two epicene idols: a God too much man, and a man too much God; no devotees of third-sexism, in the days of Waterloo and Gettysburg, when we had men's tasks to occupy us.

We are playing with our dolls just now, driving our coaches over the roads, sailing our yachts in the waters, eating the fruits of the fields that have been won for us by the sweat and blood of those gone before. Germany has no leisure for that, no doll's house as yet to play in, and she is perhaps more fortunate than she knows.

One can understand too that Germany has little patience with the confused thinking which maintains that military training only makes soldiers and only incites to

martial ambitions; when, on the contrary, she sees every day that it makes youths better and stronger citizens, and produces that self-respect, self-control, and cosmopolitan sympathy which more than aught else lessen the chances of conflict. I can vouch for it that there are fewer personal jealousies, bickerings, quarrels in the mess-room or below decks of a war-ship, or in a soldiers' camp or barracks, than in many church and Sunday-school assemblies, in many club smoking-rooms, in many ladies' sewing or reading circles. Nothing does away more surely with quarrelsomeness than the training of men to get on together comfortably, each giving away a little in the narrow lanes of life, so that each may pass without moral shoving. There are no such successful schools for the teaching of this fundamental diplomacy as the sister services, the army and the navy.

My latest visit to Germany has converted me completely to the wisdom of compulsory service. Nor am I merely an academic disciple. I have had a course in it myself, and were it possible in America I should give any boy of mine the benefit of the same training. In Germany, at any rate, no student of the situation there would deny that, barring Bismarck, the army has done more for the nation than any other one factor that can be named. Soldiers and sailors train themselves, and train others, first of all to self-control, not to war. It is a pity that "compulsory service" has come to mean merely training to fight. In Germany, at any rate, it means far more than that. Two generations of Germans have been taught to take care of themselves physically without drawing a sword.

It is rather a puzzling commentary upon the growth of democracy, that in America and in England, where most has been conceded to the masses, there is least inclination on their part to accept the necessary personal burden of keeping themselves fit, not necessarily for war, but for peace, by accepting universal and compulsory training. The only fair law would be one demanding that no one should be admitted to look on at a game of cricket, foot-ball, or base-ball, who could not pass a mild examination in these games, or give proof of an equivalent training. That would be honorable democracy in the realm of sport.

There formerly existed in Bavaria a supplementary tax on estates left by persons who had not served in the active army. It was done away with at the formation of the empire. There is a proposal now to vote such an additional tax for all Germany, and a very fair tax it would be.

I am not discussing here the question of compulsory service in England. It is not difficult to see that part of England's army must of necessity be a professional army, which can be sent here and there and everywhere, and that conscription would not answer the purpose, for compulsory conscription could hardly demand of its recruits that they should serve in India, in Canada, or in Bermuda or Egypt, for the length of time necessary to make their service of value. Conscription, too, on a scale to make an army serviceable against the trained troops of the Continent is out of the question. Therefore, so far as compulsory service for military duty only is concerned, I see no hope for it in England. But in a land of free men such as is, or used to be, England, and in America, compulsory service ought to be undertaken with pride and with pleasure, as a moral, not as a military, duty for the salvation of the country from internal foes, and as a nucleus around which could rally the nation as a whole in case of attack from external foes. Patriotism among us has come to a pretty pass indeed when the nation is divided into two classes: those growling against the taxation of their surplus; and those with their tongues hanging out in anticipation of, and their hands clutching for, unearned doles. What if we all turned to and gave something without being forced to do so! Where would the "Yellow peril" and the "German menace" be then! We should have much less exciting and inciting talk and writing, if our nerves and digestions were in better order. Nothing calms the nerves, increases confidence, and lessens the chance of promiscuous quarrelling better than hard work.

Even if what the German army has accomplished along these lines were not true, there can be no freedom of political speculation or experiment, no time to make

mistakes and to retrieve the situation, when one is surrounded on all sides by overt or potential enemies. Germany must have a powerful army and fleet, must have a strong and autocratic government, or she is lost. "Ohne Armee kein Deutschland." She can permit no silly, no stupid, no excited majority to imperil her safety as a nation. If Germany were governed as is France, where they have had nine new governments since the beginning of the twentieth century, and forty-four since the republic replaced the empire forty-one years ago—not counting six dismissals of the cabinet when the prime minister remained—or fifty changes of government in less than that number of years, Germany would have lost her place on the map. France remains only because, so far as defence is concerned, France is France plus the British fleet.

Political geography is the sufficient reason for Germany's army and navy. Let us be fair in these judgments and admit at once that if Japan were where Mexico is, and Russia where Canada is, and Germany separated from us by a few hours' steaming, certain peace-mongers would have been hanged long ago, and our cooing doves of peace would have had molten tar mixed with their feathers. As an Italian proverb runs: "It is easy to scoff at a bull from a window," and we indulge in not a little of such babyish effrontery from our safe place in the world. Germany, on the other hand, looks out upon the world from no such safe window-seat; she is down in the ring, and must be prepared at all hazards to take care of herself. That is a reason, too, why Germany offers little resistance to the ruling of an autocratic militarism. The sailors and the stokers would rather obey captain and officers, however they may have been chosen for them, than to be sunk at sea; and nowadays Germany is ever on the high seas, battling hard to protect and to increase her commerce abroad, and her huge industrial population at home. Germany can take no chances for the moment, for only "Wer sich regiert, der ist mit Zufall fertig."

One wishes often that one's lips were not sealed, one's pen not stayed by the imperious demands of honor, to abstain from all mention of discoveries or conversations made under the roof of hospitality, for nothing could well be more enlightening than a description of a chat between the great war-lord of Germany and a leading pacifist. The one completely equipped with knowledge of the history, temper, and temperament of his people; the other obsessed by a fantastic exaggeration of the power and influence of money, even in the world of culture and international politics; and preaching his panacea in the land, of all others, where even now mere money has the least influence, all honor to that land!

Spinoza, the greatest of modern Jews, and the father of modern philosophy, writes: "It is not enough to point out what ought to be; we must also point out what can be, so that every one may receive his due without depriving others of what is due to them." And in another place: "Things should not be the subject of ridicule or complaint, but should be understood." Those who know little of the history of the development of Germany, and particularly of Prussia, cannot possibly understand another reason for the political apathy of the Germans and their pleased support of their army. It is this:

They have been trained in everything except self-government, in everything except politics. Perhaps their governors know them better than we do. Their progress has come from direction from above, not from assertion from below. The art or arts of self-government, throughout their development as a nation, have been forcibly omitted from their curriculum. Every step in our national progress, on the contrary, has been taken by the people, shoulder to shoulder, breaking their way up and out into light and freedom. There is little or no trace of any such movement of the people in Germany, and there is little taste for it, and no experience to make such effort successful. We, who have profited by the teaching of this political experience, do not realize in the least how handicapped are the people who have not had it.

One hundred years ago half the inhabitants of Prussia were practically in the toils of serfdom. It was only by an edict of 1807, to take effect in 1810, that personal serfdom with its consequences, especially the oppressive obligation of me-

nial service, was abolished in the Prussian monarchy. Caste extended actually to land. All land had a certain status, from which the owners and their retainers took their political position and rights. The edict of 1807 was in reality a land reform bill, and gave for the first time free trade in land in Prussia. It was vom Stein, a Bismarck born too soon, who induced Frederick William the Second, King of Prussia, and grandson of the Great Elector, to abolish serfdom, to open the civil service to all classes, and to concede certain municipal rights to the towns. But vom Stein was dismissed from the service of his weak-kneed sovereign on the ground that he was an enemy of France, and was obliged to take refuge in Russia. Like other martyrs, his efforts watered the political earth for a fruitful harvest.

It is well to know where we are in the world's culture and striving when we speak of other nations. What were we doing, what was the rest of the world doing, in those days when the Hanoverian peasant's son, Scharnhorst, and Clausewitz, were about to lay the foundations of this German army, now the most perfect machine of its kind in the world? These were the days prepared for by Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin, Voltaire, Rousseau; by Pitt and Louis XV, and George III; the days of near memories of Wolfe, Montcalm, and Clive; days when Hogarth was caricaturing London; days when the petticoats of the Pompadour swept both India and Canada into the possession of England. These names and the atmosphere they produce, show by comparison how rough a fellow was this Prussia of only a hundred years ago. He had not come into the circle of the polite or of the political world. He was tumbling about, unlicked, untaught, inexperienced, waiting for the greatest school-master of the century, Frederick the Great, to make a man of him.

We were already politicians to a man in those days, and the Englishman Pitt was map-maker, by special warrant, to all Europe.

When the Prussians were serfs politically, our House of Representatives, in 1796, debated whether to insert in their reply to the President's speech the remark that "this nation is the freest and most enlightened in the world." It is true that this was at the time when Europe was producing Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Kant, Hegel, Fichte, Mozart, Haydn, Herschel, and about ready to introduce Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Shelley, Heine, Balzac, Beethoven, and Cuvier; when Turner was painting, Watt building the steam-engine, Napoleon in command of the French armies and Nelson of the British fleet; but this bombastic babble of ours harmed nobody then, and only serves to show what a number of intellectual serfs must have been members of that particular House of Representatives.

We have not overcome this habit of slap-dash comparative criticism, for only the other day a distinguished American inventor left Berlin with these words as his final message: "We have nothing to learn from Germany." But in the nineteenth century, where does the American of sober intelligence, if Lincoln be omitted, find a match for Bismarck as a statesman, Heine as a wit and song-writer, Wagner, Brahms, and Beethoven as musicians, Goethe as a man of letters and poet, Lessing and Winckelmann as critics, Fichte as a scholarly patriot, Hegel and Kant as philosophers, von Humboldt, Liebig, Helmholtz, Bunsen, and Haeckel as scientists, Moltke and Roon as soldiers, Ranke and Mommsen as historians, Auerbach, Spielhagen, Sudermann, Freytag, "Fritz" Reuter, Hauptmann, as novelists and dramatists, Krupp and Borsig as manufacturers, and the Rothschilds as bankers? Lincoln, Lee, Sherman, Jackson, and Grant may equal these men in their own departments, but aside from them our only superiority lies in our trust - and - tariff - incubated millionaires. Let us try to see straight, if only that we may learn and profit by the superiority of others.

These explanations that I have given, historical, political, external and internal, offer reasons worth pondering both why we do not understand Germany's huge armament, and why Germany looks upon it as a necessity.

However much the expenditure on fleet and army may be disguised, the burden is colossal. In the year 1878 the net expenditure, ordinary and extraordinary, for purposes of defence, including army

and navy *and all other military purposes whatsoever including pensions*, amounted to 452,000,000 marks; in 1888, to 660,000,000 marks; in 1898, to 882,000,000 marks; and in 1908, to 1,481,000,000 marks.

The total expenses, net, of the empire in 1908 were 1,735,000,000 marks, showing that only 254,000,000 marks out of the grand total of 1,735,000,000 were spent for other than military purposes. As the army and navy now stand at a peace strength of some 700,000 men, and as these men are all in the prime of their working power, the loss in wages and in productive work may be put very conservatively at 600,000,000 marks, which brings the cost of the support of the military establishment of Germany up to 2,000,000,000 marks and more per annum, or $500,000,000.

Many Americans were dismayed when our total national expenditure reached the $1,000,000,000 point, and the Congress voting this expenditure was nicknamed the "Billion-dollar Congress." What would we say of an expenditure of half a billion dollars for defence alone! With what admiration, too, must we regard 65,000,000 people, living in an area one-quarter smaller than Texas, on a by-no-means rich or fertile soil, who can bear cheerfully the burden, each year, of half our total national expenditure, merely on the military and naval barricade which enables them to toil in peace and security.

Humanity has indeed made but a poor zigzag progress from the gorilla; Christianity, just now engaged in blessing the rival banners of warriors setting out for one another's throats, has failed ignominiously to bring the wolf in man to baptism, when the central state of Christian Europe must arm to the teeth one in every eighteen of her adult male inhabitants, and spend half a billion dollars a year, to protect herself from assault and plunder.

If the hairy, skin-clad cave-dwellers, or the man who left us the Neanderthal skull, could have a look at us now, here in Berlin, in many ways the centre of the most enlightened people in the world, they would undoubtedly go mad trying to understand what we mean by the word "progress." And yet we smile indulgently at the poor farmers in Afghanistan who till their fields with a rifle slung across their shoulders. What is Germany doing but that! And an enormously heavy rifle it is, costing just seven times as much as all other national expenditures together; in short, it costs seven marks of soldier to protect every one mark of plough. I admit frankly the horror and the absurdity of all this; but as an argument for disarmament, "it does not lie," as the lawyers phrase it. It is a criticism, and an unanswerable one, of our failure as human beings to enthrone reason and to tame our passions; but it is a veritable call to arms to protect ourselves, not a reason for not doing so.

At the moment of writing there are 1,000,000 men at each other's throats in the Balkans, there is a revolution in Mexico, and incipient anarchy in Central America; as an emollient to this, Great Britain is about to present a bust of the late King Edward to the Peace Palace at the Hague! I can imagine myself saying "Pretty pussy, nice pussy," to the wild-cats I have shot in Nebraska and Dakota, but I should not be here if I had; and however small my value to the world I live in, I estimate it as worth at least a ton of wild-cats.

I am bound, however, in fairness to call the attention of the unwary dabbler in statistics to a point of grave importance in dealing with German finances. The German Empire, so far as expenditure and income are concerned, is merely an office, a clearing-house so to speak, for the states which together make up the empire. The expenses of the empire, for example, in 1910 were $757,900,000 and of the army and navy, including extraordinary expenditures, $314,919,325; this does not include pensions, clerical expenses, interest, sinking fund, and loss of productive labor, as did the figures on a preceding page. To the ignorant or to the malicious, who quote these figures to bolster up a socialist or pacifist preachment, this looks as though Germany had spent one-half of her grand total on the army and navy. But this is quite wrong. In addition to the expenditures of this imperial clearing-house called the German Empire, there was spent by the states $1,467,325,000: the so-called clearing-house bearing the whole burden of expenses for army and navy, the separate states nothing except

the per capita tax, called the matriculation tax, of some 80 pfennigs. To make this matter still more clear, as it is a constant source of error not only to the foreigner but to the Germans themselves, the income of the empire for 1910 was $757,900,000, the income of all the states $1,463,150,000, or of the empire and the states combined $2,221,050,000. In the same way, the debt of the empire in 1910 stood at $1,224,150,000, and the debt of the states of the empire at $3,856,325,000, or a grand total outstanding indebtedness of all Germany of $5,080,475,000.

Of late years the imperial expenditure of Great Britain, for example, has amounted to some $935,000,000 a year; but various local bodies spend also some $900,000,000 a year. Some of this is cross spending, but the grand total amounts to some $1,500,000,000 a year.

Before writing or speaking of Germany it is well to know at least what Germany is. To pick up a hand-book and to quote therefrom the figures relating to the German Empire, as though these covered Germany, as is often done, is as accurate and helpful to the inquirer as though one should take the figures of the New York clearing-house as accurate descriptions of the total and detailed business of all the New York banks and trust companies. A clearing-house is merely a piece of machinery for the adjustment of differences between a host of debtors and creditors. The comparative cost of the German army and navy can only be figured properly against the income and expenditure of the total wealth of all Germany. And all Germany is something more than the German Empire, which in certain respects is only a book-keeper, an adjuster of differences.

"Was ist das Deutsche Vaterland?
Ist's Preussenland? Ist's Schwabenland?
Ist's wo am Rhein die Rebe blüht?
Ist's wo am Belt die Möve zieht?
O nein! O nein! O nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

"Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!
O Gott vom Himmel, sieh' darein,
Und gib uns rechten deutschen Muth;
Dass wir es lieben treu und gut!
Das soll es sein! das soll es sein!
Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!"

The official title of the sovereign is not Emperor of Germany, or Emperor of the Germans, but German Emperor. Thus the territorial rights of other heads of states are safeguarded. Even the popularity of the first Emperor, who wished to be named Emperor of Germany and who disputed with Bismarck for hours over the question, could not bring this about, and he was proclaimed at Versailles merely German Emperor.

However heavy the burden of armament may be, we must be careful to put such expenditure in its proper perspective, and in its proper relations, not only to the German Empire, which for official, clerical, and statistical matters is quite a different entity, but to "das ganze Deutschland." The German Empire is the clearing-house, the adjutant, the executive officer, the official clerk, the representative in many social, financial, military and diplomatic capacities of Germany; but it is not, and never for a moment should be confused with, what all Germans love, and what it has cost them blood and tears and great sacrifices to bring into the circle of the nations—the German Fatherland!

In 1910 the total funded debt of the empire amounted to 4,896,600,000 marks, and the debt in 1912 had risen to 5,396,887,801 marks. In the six years ending March, 1911, Germany's debt increased by $415,000,000.

In 1910 the *funded* debt of Germany (empire and states) was $4,896,600,000; of France $6,905,000,000; of England $3,894,500,000, and of Russia $4,880,750,000. It is a curious psychical and social phenomenon that, though we are as suspicious as criminals of one another's good faith in keeping the peace, we are veritable angels of innocence in trusting one another financially, for back of these huge debts we keep in ready money, that is, gold, to pay them: Germany at the present writing $275,000,000 in the Reichsbank; France $640,000,000 in the Bank of France; England a paltry $175,000,000 in the Bank of England; and Russia $625,000,000 in the Bank of Russia. We all live upon credit, an elastic moral tie which seems to be illimitably stretchable, and both a nation's and an individual's wealth is measured not by what he has, but by what he is, that is to say by his character or credit. It is startling

to find how we distrust one another along certain lines and how we trust one another along others. The total amount of gold in these four countries would just about pay the interest at four per cent for two years on their total indebtedness!

From what we have seen of the proportion of expenditure that goes to military purposes, it cannot be denied that Germany is increasing her liabilities at an extraordinary rate, and largely for purposes of protection. In the last two years the interest on her increased debt alone, at four per cent, amounts to $5,000,000; while the interest at four per cent upon military expenditures of all kinds amounts to the tidy sum of $20,000,000 per annum. The German, however, faces these facts and figures, not as a matter of choice, not as a matter of insurance wholly, but as a hard necessity. It is what the delayed conversion of the world is costing him, not to speak of what it costs the rest of us. He is surrounded by enemies; he is not by nature a fighting man; his whole industrial and commercial progress and his amassed wealth have come from training, training, training; and he sees no alternative, and I am bound to say that I see none either, but a nation trained also to defence, cost what it may.

The last German estimates (1912) balance with a revenue and expenditure of $671,222,605. The naval expenditure is put at $114,306,575; the army expenditure is put at $192,627,080. Both the army and navy are being largely increased. In the year 1916 the strength of the navy is expected to be about 79,000 men, and of the army and navy combined 767,000. In the last ten years two nations have almost doubled their naval personnel: Germany has increased hers from 31,157 to 60,805, and Austria-Hungary from 9,069 to 17,277. In Great Britain the increase has been about one-seventh, and this one-seventh is about equal to the present strength of Austria.

The gross naval expenditure, estimated, of the United States for 1912 amounts to $132,848,030, and the number of men 63,468. The gross naval expenditure of Great Britain, estimated, for the same year is put at $224,410,235 and the number of men 134,000. The gross naval expenditure of Germany is put at $114,306,575, which includes $489,235 for air-ships and experiments therewith, the number of men 66,783. France proposes to spend, plus an addition due to operations in Morocco, $90,000,000, number of men 58,404; and Japan $44,309,145, number of men 49,389. Two new corps have been voted for the German army, to be numbered 24 and 25; one is for the Russian frontier, with head-quarters at Allenstein, and the other for the French frontier, with head-quarters at Sarreburg or Mulhouse. A German army corps on a war footing comprises about 52,000 men, with 150 guns and 16,000 horses. The reader should notice, as a reminder of the still latent jealousies of the different states of the German Empire, that the three army corps raised in Bavaria are not numbered consecutively, twenty-one, twenty-two, and twenty-three, but one, two, and three!

To the American the pay of the German troops, officers and men, is ludicrously small. It is evident that men do not undertake to fit themselves to be officers, and to struggle through frequent and severe examinations to remain officers, for the pay they receive. A lieutenant receives for the first three years $300 a year, from the fourth to the sixth year $425, from the seventh to the ninth year $495, from the tenth to the twelfth year $550, and after the twelfth year $600 a year. A captain receives from the first to the fourth year $850, from the fifth to the eighth year $1,150, and the ninth year and after $1,275 a year. Of one hundred officers who join, only an average of eight ever attain to the command of a regiment. In Bavaria and Würtemberg, promotion is quicker by from one to three years than in Prussia. In Prussia promotion to Oberleutnant averages 10 years, to captain or Rittmeister 15 years, to major 25 years, to colonel 33 years, and to general 37 years. It would not be altogether inhuman if these gentlemen occasionally drank a toast to war and pestilence!

A commanding general, or general inspector of cavalry or field artillery, receives $3,495; a division commander, or inspector of cavalry, field and heavy artillery, $3,388; a brigade commander, $2,565; commander of a regiment, or officer of the general staff of the same rank, $2,193. There are various additions to these sums

for travelling, keep of horses, house-rent, and the like. All soldiers and officers travel at reduced rates on the railways, and are allowed a certain amount of luggage free. It is a commentary upon the three nations, that in Germany the soldier receives a reduced rate when travelling, in England the golfer pays a reduced rate, and in America, until lately, the politicians were given free passes. One could almost produce the three countries from that limited knowledge.

At the cadet school at Gross Lichterfelde there are a thousand pupils. They are taught riding, swimming, dancing, French, English, mathematics, and of course receive technical military instruction. The fee is $200, but for the sons of officers, and according to their means, the fees are reduced to $112, $75, and even as low as $22, and in some deserving cases no fee at all is charged.

There is no professional army in Germany, as in England and in America. Every German who is physically fit must serve practically from the age of seventeen to forty-five. Those in the infantry serve two years, those in the cavalry and horse artillery and mounted rifles, three years. About forty-eight per cent who are examined are rejected as unfit. These men receive forty pfennigs a day, twenty-seven pfennigs being deducted for their food.

There are some 40,000 men who join the army voluntarily for a term of two or three years and who re-enlist and become non-commissioned officers, and if they remain twelve years they are entitled to $200 on leaving the service, and head the lists of candidates for the railway, postal, police, street-cleaning, and other civil-services. Some 10,000 men who have passed a certain examination, serve only one year and are entitled to certain privileges.

Each man in the infantry serves 2 years in the active army, 5 years in the active reserve, 5 years in the first division of the Landwehr, 6 years in the second division of the Landwehr, and 6 years in the Landsturm. Colonel Gädke calculates that Germany has now under arms not less than 714,000 soldiers and sailors, and that 4,800,000 can be put into the field if wanted out of the 6,000,000 who have done service with the colors. Out of this enormous total, practically none, according to the last census, is illiterate. Our American census of 1910 gives the number of men of militia age in New England as 1,458,900, and in the whole country 20,473,684.

Promotion from the ranks, as we understand it, is practically unknown. The German officers pass through the ranks, it is true, as part of their education at the beginning of their military career, but those who do so, join in the beginning as candidates for commissions, and have been provisionally accepted by the commander and officers of the regiment they propose to join, as must every candidate for a commission in the German army. If the candidate is not wanted, it is hinted to him that this is the case, and he must go elsewhere, as this decision is final. Every German regiment's officers' mess is thus in some sort a club.

Officers are supplied from the cadet corps, and from those who join the ranks as candidates for commissions. All cadets must pass through a war-school before obtaining a commission. Of these there are 10 in Prussia, Würtemberg, and Saxony, and 1 at Munich in Bavaria. They there receive their commissions as second lieutenants. There are 9 Prussian schools, the Hauptkadettenanstalt at Gross Lichterfelde, and 8 Kadetten-Häuser; and 1 at Dresden and 1 at Munich. Some of these I have visited, and been made at home with the greatest courtesy and hospitality. These German cadet schools are to a great extent charitable institutions for the sons of officers and civilian officials. The charges range, as I have indicated above, from $200 a year to nothing at all.

There are in addition schools of musketry, a school for instruction in machine-gun practice, instruction in infantry battalion practice, a school of military gymnastics, of military equitation, officers' riding-schools, a military technical academy at Charlottenburg, where officers may study the technical engineering and communication services, an artillery and engineer school at Munich, a field-artillery school of gunnery, a foot-artillery school of gunnery, a cavalry telegraph school, and the staff colleges.

Of technical military matters I know

nothing. I have some experience in handling horses in harness and under saddle, and on subjects with which I am familiar I venture to pass judgments in the classroom. I have visited many of these classrooms, and listened to the teaching and lectures in French, English, strategy, and political geography, and kindred topics, and if the rest of the instruction is on a par with what I heard there is no criticism to be made. I may not say where, but one of the instructors in French was a real pleasure to listen to.

The courses and examinations which lead up, in the Kriegesakademie or staff college, to the grade of fitness for the general staff, or the technical division of the general staff, or administrative staff work, or employment as instructors, are of the very stiffest. An officer who succeeds in reaching such proficiency that he is sent up to the general staff, must be a very blue ribbon of a scholar in his own field.

The quarters, the food, the training, are Spartan indeed at the cadet schools, but how valuable that is, is shown in the faces, manners, physique, and general bearing of the picked youths one sees at the Kriegesakademie in Berlin. No one after seeing these fellows would deny for a moment the value of a sound, hard discipline. The same may be seen at our own West Point, where the transformation of many a country bumpkin into an officer and a gentleman in four years is almost unbelievable.

The truth is that most of us suffer from lack of discipline, and the intelligent men of every nation will one day insist that, if the state is to meddle in insurance and other matters, it must logically, and for its own salvation, demand compulsory service; not necessarily for war, but for social and economic peace within its own boundaries. It is a political absurdity that you may tax individuals to provide against accident and sickness to themselves, but that you may not tax individuals by compulsory service, to provide against accident and sickness to the state. There can be nothing but ultimate confusion where the state pays a man if he is ill, pays him if he is hurt, pays him when he is old, and yet does not force him to keep well and thus avoid accident and a pauper's old age by obliging him to submit to two or three years' sound physical training. Whether the training is done with a gun or without it matters little. Most men of our breed like to know how to kill things, so that a gun would probably be an inducement.

The more one knows of the severe demands upon the officers of the German army and of their small pay, the more one realizes that if they are not angels there must be some further explanation of their willingness to undertake the profession. First of all, the Emperor is a soldier and wears at all times the soldier's uniform. Further, he gives from his private purse a small allowance monthly to the poorer officers of the guard regiments. A German officer receives consideration on all sides, whether it be in a shop, a railway-carriage, a drawing-room, or at court.

To a certain extent his uniform is a dowry; he expects and often gets a good marriage portion in return for his shoulder-straps and brass buttons; and in every case it gives him a recognized social position, in a country where the social lines are drawn far more strictly than in any other country outside of Austria and India. This constant wearing of the sword is no new thing—Tacitus, who would have been an uncompromising advocate of compulsory service had he lived in our time, writes: "A German transacts no business, public or private, without being completely armed. The right of carrying arms is assumed by no person whatever till the state has declared him duly qualified." It is the recognized occupation of the nobility, and, in very many families, a tradition. In the army of Saxony, on January 1, 1911, out of every hundred officers of the war ministry, of the general commands, and of higher staff, 44.33 were noblemen; of the officers of the infantry, 26.19 were noblemen; of the cavalry, 60.92 were noblemen; and of the officers of the entire army, all arms, 24.98 were noblemen.

It is worth chronicling in this connection, for the benefit of those who wish a real insight into German social life, that few people discriminate between the old nobility—men who take their titles from the possession of land and their descendants—and the new and morbidly disliked nobility, who have bought or gained their

patents of nobility, as is done often enough in England, by profuse contributions to charity, or to semi-political and cultural undertakings favored by the court; or by direct contributions to party funds, by valuable services rendered, or by mere length of service. This new nobility, anxious about their status, satisfied to have arrived, jealous of rivals, are the dead weight which ties Germany fast to bureaucratic government and to a policy of no change. They represent, even in educated Germany, a complacent mediocrity; indignant at rebuke, indifferent to learning, heedless of experience, impatient of criticism, and jealous of superiority. Even Bismarck, the creator of this bureaucracy, lamented the insolence and bad manners of the state servants.

The essential and ever-present quality of the real aristocrat and of a real aristocracy is, of course, courage. It may dislike change, but it is not afraid of it. The real gentleman, of course, does not care whether he is a gentleman or not. The characteristic of an artificial, tailor-made aristocracy is timidity and a shrinking from change. This new nobility, created because it is carefully charitable, or serviceable, or long in office, is not only in possession of the civil-service, but occupies high posts in the army and navy. While not minimizing its value, it is everywhere maintained in Germany that it acts as a bulwark against progress. They are a nobility of office-holders, and they partake of the qualities and characteristics of the office-holder everywhere. They sometimes forget the country in the office; while the older nobility, which made Germany, despises the office except as an instrument or weapon to be used for the welfare of the country. The political pessimism in Germany to-day is caused by, and comes from, this army of the new nobility.

Americans and English both write of Germany, and speak of it, as being in the grip of a small group of aristocrats; not at all; it is in the shaky and self-conscious control of men whose patents of nobility were given them with their office—a titled bureaucracy, in short. Let us prove this statement by running through the list of the chief officers of the state. Of the officials of the German Empire: the chancellor's grandfather, Bethmann-Hollweg, was a professor, and afterward minister of education; the secretary of state's father was plain Herr Kiderlein-Wächter; the under-secretary of state is Herr Zimmermann; the secretary of the interior is Herr Delbrück; of finance, Herr Wermuth; of justice, Herr Lisco; of the navy, von Tirpitz, who was recently ennobled; the postmaster is Herr Kraetke. Not one of these officials of the empire is of the old nobility!

Of the 11 ministers of the kingdom of Prussia, the minister for agriculture, von Schorlemer; for war, von Heeringen; for education, von Trott zu Solz; and for the interior, von Dallwitz, are of the old nobility; but the other 7 ministers are not. Of the 12 Oberpräsident, men who rule the provinces, 6 are noblemen; of the 37 Regierungspräsident, 14 are of the nobility, 23 are not. This should dispose finally of the frequently heard assertion that Germany and Prussia are ruled by a small group of the landed nobility and that there is no way open to the talents. It is fair to say that a very small and intimate court group do have a certain influence in naming the candidates for these posts, but they are too wily to keep these positions for themselves.

I suppose we all like, in a childish way, to wear placards of our prowess in the form of orders and decorations, but the evening attire of this bureaucratic nobility often looks as though there had been a ceramic eruption, a sort of measles of decorations. Men's breasts are covered with medals, stars, porcelain plaques, and their necks are hung with ribbons with a dangling medallion, all distributed from the patriarchal imperial Christmas tree for every conceivable service from cleaning the streets to preaching properly on the imperial yacht. Men collect them as they would stamps or butterflies, and some of them must be very expert. During the year 1912 more than 7,000 orders were distributed, and of these some 1,500 were of the various classes of the Order of the Red Eagle.

The officers and the officials who are recognized as giving their services as a family tradition, as a patriotic service, or out of sheer love of the profession of arms, are rather liked than disliked, and give a

tone and set a standard for all the rest. Both these officers and their men are respected. Of no German soldier could it be written:

"I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls."

On the contrary, every effort is made to keep the army pleased with itself and proud of itself. The chancellor of the empire is always given military rank; officers are not allowed to marry unless they have, or acquire by marriage, a suitable income; the dignity of the officer is upheld and his pride catered to; officers are made to feel that they are the darlings of the fatherland by everybody from the Emperor down.

This artificial stimulant goes far to keep them contented, and the fact that the scale of comfortable living in Germany was twenty years ago far below, and is even now not equal to, that of the equivalent classes with us, makes the task easier. They have not been taught to want the things we want, and are still satisfied with less. And back of and behind it all, is the feeling among the leaders that the army furnishes no small amount of the patriotic cement necessary to hold Germany together. Ulysses lashed himself to the mast as he passed the sirens of luxury and leisure, and for the German Ulysses the army supplies the cords. It is not the foreign student of German life alone who notices that the Germans, even now, seem to be tribal rather than national. The best friends of Germany in Germany also recognize this weakness, comment upon it, and favor every possible expedient to overcome it.

I admit frankly my admiration for this Spartan three-quarters of a million of soldiers and sailors, and their officers. It offers a splendid example of patriotism, of disregard for the weakening comforts, luxuries, and fussy pleasures that absorb too much of our vitality; and of disdain for the material successes which in their selfish rivalry breed the very industrial distresses which are now our problems. At least here is a large professional body, whose aims, whose way of living, and whose earnings, prove that there can be a social hierarchy not dependent upon money. It is one of the finest lessons Germany has to teach, and long may she teach it.

That is distinctly the side of the army that I know and approve without reserve. Of its value as a fighting force, it would be ridiculous, in my case, to write. I have read and heard scores of criticisms and comments from many sources, and they range from those who claim that the German army is unbeatable, even if attacked from all sides, to those who maintain that it is already stale and mechanical.

The war of 1866, when Prussia represented Germany, lasted thirty-five days; the war against Denmark lasted six months and twelve days; the war against France lasted six months and nine days. Thirty-six German cavalry regiments did not lose a man during the whole campaign of 1870–71; and the Sixth Army Corps was hardly under fire. There has been no long, practical, and therefore decisive test of the army. Of the transport and commissary services during the French war, when Germany toward the end of it had 630,000 men in the field, certainly we, with the deplorable mismanagement and scandals of our Spanish war, and the British with the investigations after the Egyptian campaign, fresh in memory, have nothing to say, except that it was wholly admirable and beyond the breath of suspicion of greed, thievery, or political chicanery.

Officers, too, in the French war, were called upon to do their duty and to obey, and no individual brilliancy which interfered with the general plan was condoned or pardoned, no matter how highly placed the relatives or how influential the connections of the offender. A distinguished general, after a successful and heroic victory, who had been tempted into a bloody battle against orders, was called before his superiors, told that the first lesson the soldier had to learn was obedience, and sent home! A brother of the chief of staff went into the war a captain and came back a captain!

I am wondering what our underpaid, unnoticed regulars in the army and navy would have to say, were they free to speak, of the conduct of our last martial

escapade with Spain by our press and by our politicians. There would be no stories of the German kind, I am sure, and no single record of an influential civilian who did not get all the glory that he deserved. My impulsive countrymen are always manufacturing heroes and saviors, but fortunately the crosses upon which they crucify them are erected almost as fast as the crowns are nicely fitted and comfortable, so that there is little danger of permanent tyranny. What Richelieu said of the French applies to some extent to ourselves: "Le propre du caractère français c'est que ne se tenant pas fermement au bien, il ne s'attache non plus longtemps au mal."

There was no cheap heroism, no feminine excitability producing litters of heroes; no slobbering, osculatory advertising; no press undertaking the duties of a general staff, which in our Spanish war almost completely clouded the real heroism and patriotism that were in evidence. There were no newspaper-made heroes hastening back to exchange cheap military glory for votes and delicious notoriety. For all of which, gentlemen, let us thank God, and give praise where it is due.

The army, too, is an interesting commentary upon the changes that are so rapidly taking place in Germany, from an agricultural to a manufacturing nation. Of every 100 recruits that presented themselves there were passed as fit, in 1902, for the First Army Corps, of those from the country 72.76; of those from the towns 63.88; in 1910 these figures had fallen to 67.24 and 53.66. In the Second Army Corps the recruits passed as fit from the towns had fallen from 60.74 in 1902, to 50.42 in 1910. In the Fifth Army Corps, of recruits from the towns the percentage of those passed fell from 60.07 to 46.13. In the Sixth Army Corps, the percentage fell from 50.14 to 43.83. In the Sixteenth Army Corps from 67.50, to 58.80. In the Eighteenth Army Corps the recruits from the towns passed as fit had fallen from 60.46 in 1902, to 46.58 in 1910. The average for the whole empire, of those from the towns passed as fit, had fallen from 53.52 in 1902, to 47.87 in 1910. The First Army Corps has its head-quarters at Königsberg, and recruits from that neighborhood; the Second Army Corps has its head-quarters at Stettin, and recruits from Pomerania; the Fifth Army Corps has its head-quarters at Posen, and recruits from Posen and Lower Silesia; the Sixth Army Corps has its head-quarters at Breslau, and recruits from Silesia; the Sixteenth Army Corps has its head-quarters at Metz, and recruits from Lorraine; the Eighteenth Army Corps has its head-quarters at Frankfurt-am-Main, and recruits from that neighborhood. These figures are enough to make my point, without giving the statistics for all the twenty-three corps, which is that, in spite of the precautions taken, the German recruit, especially from the towns, in whatever part of the country, is losing vigor and stamina.

Even this hard-and-fast arrangement of a bureaucratic government with a military backbone does not solve all the problems. When one sees, however, the German school-boy, and the German recruit during the first weeks of his training, in the barracks and out—and I have watched thousands of them—and then looks over this same material after two or three years of training, it is hard to believe that they are the same; and that even these hard-working officers have been able to bring about such a change.

Of the charges of brutality and severity I only know what the statistics tell me, that in an army of over 600,000 men there were some 500 cases brought to the notice of the superior officers last year. Of the 32,711 common soldiers in the Saxon army in 1911, 30 committed suicide; in 1909, 29; in 1905, 24; in 1901, 36; that is to say roughly, one man per thousand. Of the why and wherefore I cannot say, but Saxony is a peculiarly overpopulated section of Germany, and the population is overdriven; and the German everywhere is a dreamy creature compared with us, of less toughness of fibre either morally or physically, and no doubt here and there, under-exercising and over-thinking make the world seem to be a mad place and impossible to live in. Indeed, it is no place to live in for the best of us, if we take it, or ourselves, too seriously. The German army is an educated army, as is no other army in the world, and there are the diseases peculiar to education to combat. A mediocre ability to think, and a limited intellectual experience, coupled with a

craving for miscellaneous reading, breed new microbes almost as fast as science discovers remedies for the old ones.

Bismarck's words, "Ohne Armee kein Deutschland," meant to him, and mean to-day, far more than that the army is necessary for defence. It is the best all-round democratic university in the world; it is a necessary antidote for the physical lethargy of the German race; it is essential to discipline; it is a cement for holding Germany together; it gives a much-worried and many-times-beaten people confidence; the poverty of the great bulk of its officers keeps the level of social expenditure on a sensible scale; it offers a brilliant example, in a material age, of men scorning ease for the service of their country; it keeps the peace in Europe; and until there is a second coming of a Christ of pity and patience and peace, it is as good a substitute for that far off-divine event as puzzled man has to offer.

It is silly and superficial to look upon the German army only as a menace, only as a cloud of provocations in glittering uniforms, only as a helmeted frown, with a turned-up mustache. It is not, and I make no such claim for it, an army or an officers' corps of Puritans or of self-sacrificing saints, but it does partake of the dreamy, idealistic German nature, as does every other institution in Germany. Though, as a whole, it is a fighting machine, the various parts of it are not imbued with that spirit alone. The uneasy pessimism of the dreamer, which distrusts the comfortable solutions of the business-like politicians and leaders in their own and in other countries, is as noticeable in the army, as in all other departments of German life.

> "And all through life I see a cross,
> Where sons of God yield up their breath;
> There is no gain except by loss,
> There is no life except by death,
> There is no vision but by faith;
> Nor glory but by bearing shame,
> Nor justice but by taking blame."

There have been many, and there are still, soldiers who hold that creed. There are not a few of them in Germany.

PETRONIUS ARBITER

By James B. Kenyon

PETRONIUS, how the years have sped!
  Gone are the laughing lips and eyes
Thou knew'st of yore, and round thy head
  Thickly the passing centuries
    Have wrapped the silence and the dust,
  Since thou didst snap life's brittle ties,
    Sated with weariness and disgust.

The world its hollow laughter keeps,
  Its bootless strife, its wintry pain,
Its sunless lairs where evil sleeps,
  Its clouded eyes that watch in vain;
    Yet somewhere there 's an infant's smile,
  A maid's soft "yes," a slave's rent chain,
    Proves life hath something still worth while.

THE FURNACE MAN

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

Illustrations by Lucius W. Hitchcock

WHEN it dawned upon me that the only reason we were able to get the great Damers house at a low rental was because Mrs. Damers wanted us there as caretakers—that they had even made John agree to keep their servants—I felt very cross. I had meant to get on with one maid and a nurse, but when I saw the rugs and the waxed floors I understood why people have men-servants for in-door work, and I capitulated, gave up the idea of having a nurse, and tried to do everything for Tommy myself.

Mrs. Damers had told me with a gush that Horrocks was a jewel. Something in her manner suggested that I wasn't used to the grandeur of a butler. Well, I wasn't, I suppose. Then she mentioned in that "by-the-by" manner that some people keep for items that are unpleasant and important: "By the by, we're leaving our plate and some things—mostly my old evening gowns, some of them with good lace, don't you know? that one doesn't care to give away—in that little room upstairs. We thought so long as you were to be here it would be unnecessary to send them to the safe deposit. . . . Oh, and we've stored a lot of things in the garage too," said she. "I understood you did not keep a car and so wouldn't need the space." She dimpled off sweetly and was honking away in her auto before I could get my breath. And that was the last I saw of her.

But about a week before Christmas a taxicab drove up and out came a stunning girl, carrying a suit-case, and Horrocks was announcing "Miss Damers."

"Are you really as good as Sally Rand wrote me you were?" she calmly inquired as she came in. "I meant to write you about it—but if you don't want me I can go back where I came from."

The Rands were our next-door neighbors—very pleasant people. When Mrs. Rand called, though their place was much finer than the Damers', there was never anything in *her* manner to suggest that she regarded me as a kind of superior servant. Mr. Rand I did not like so well at first. He looked as if he had the cocktail habit and was rather flabby. But it doesn't do to judge people off-hand. I've found that out.

Sophie Damers took off her hat; her lovely furs had fallen on the rug, and Horrocks was already taking her suit-case upstairs, so that when she asked if she might stay I hardly saw any choice left me. I tried to look hospitable without saying anything, but of course she could see my dismay.

She took a half-empty box of Huyler's out of her muff and tossed it to me. "Why, bless your heart," said she, "I'm going to share the expenses and help take care of the baby. I'm just back from studying art in Paris. This used to be my house. In fact, it is still, but I gave my brother a lease of it for a wedding present when he married. When I found that they were renting it—I wrote to Sally Rand, and she said you were a brick, so I came on. Is the baby asleep? I want to paint him, you know"—and she went up to her room.

"Well," I thought, "if she'll help pay these outrageous wages——"

That afternoon the first mysterious thing happened. There was a store-room in the cellar, and Sophie went down there on a hunt for tools to do some carpentering in her room. She came back without the tools and holding a great sheaf of papers in her hands.

"Do you draw?" she asked in an excited way. I answered, "Not a bit." She sat down on the window-seat and spread out the papers on the floor. They were charcoal drawings on wrapping-paper: branches of trees, stumps, one or two figures.

"No; that would take a man," she said. "I found them in the waste-basket. Aren't they glorious! German—must be," and she bent closer and pointed to something written in German script:

"Doch bedroht ihr mir Leben und Leib:
fasste er nicht
Eines Finger's Werth—"

"Hasn't any relation to the drawing! He must have been just thinking it and wrote it down, the way one does. . . . 'If nothing but life's in danger, I sha'n't lift a finger to save it,'" she paraphrased.

"I've got to find out about this." She rang for Horrocks.

"Work of yours?" she asked, pointing to the drawings. He looked as shocked as if she had accused him of stealing the silver.

"It must be Cellar Carl's," he said. "'E came since you went, Miss Sophie. 'E does all the cellars on the 'ill now. Something of an oddity, 'e is, 'm—always chalking up things like that. My missus 'as one 'e did of the cellar cat while 'e wos waitin' for the fire to come hup."

"Bring it, will you?" said she, never taking her eyes from the spread-out sketches on the floor. And while he was gone she kept humming:

"Siegfried—Siegfried—Siegfried
Schlimm wissen wir von dir—"

Horrocks came back with a life-size sketch of a glaring cat sitting on a beam, peering out; its black fur all mixed with the shadow, yet distinct—the sort of thing that makes you laugh just as you laugh at the cats themselves.

Sophie looked at it soberly for a long time, then merely said, "Thank you, Horrocks," and let him take it away. After a little she brought some fixative and blew it on all the sketches and laid them in a pile, and started to her room with them.

"If you happen to hear him shaking the furnace," she stopped to say to me over her shoulder, "let me know, will you?" And I promised, but he was always a stealthy and elusive sort of creature, and though the furnace was kept in order I didn't see him or hear him at work after that for days. Or, if I did hear the furnace being shaken, it was at times when Sophie was away. She finally said she should spend the day in the cellar if there were no other method, and went down every day to look for more drawings, but there weren't any. And so matters stood at Christmas.

From the room where I slept with the baby one looked down a hill over some woods, and beyond that was the sea, with the sunrise sailing in. Tommy, with his bottle in his mouth, used to watch as the sun showed like the red sail of a ship, hull down, and say something which his daddy claimed was "By gum!"

There was a big empty house just over the way, in the direction of the sunrise; twice as big as our big one; yellow and cornery. I said empty, but there was a lonesome caretaker about it somewhere. He kept a lame dog. And now and then he built tiny fires that wavered a feather of smoke above the kitchen chimney; just enough to show that the house was alive, hibernating like a bear, and would roar and shine and laugh and twinkle again when summer came.

On Christmas morning Tommy asked for his bottle at five o'clock, and while I hurried to obey I heard the old caretaker shooting—cats, I supposed. I looked over toward the house. Sure enough, he was up, for there was a glow of light in the dining-room window, and presently I made out very dimly some one coming out of the house, carrying something—a big log of wood, I thought. I had seen the old man carrying dead wood for fires before—wood that he gathered from vacant lots about—but never such a big log as that seemed to be. I wondered why he was taking it out instead of in. Perhaps he had found it too big for his fireplace and was taking it out to chop up. He rolled it into the ditch and pitched some brush on top of it. I saw him go back to the house and put out the light; then I couldn't watch any more because the bottle was ready, but while I was busy with Tommy I heard a dog howling, and as soon as I could I looked out again, and there was that miserable cur tearing at the brush heap.

Tommy was pretty good until seven o'clock. Then he began to fret so that John and I took him down to his first tree. Horrocks swept aside the curtains for us with a bow and a "Merry Christ-

mas, sir an' m'm," and he waited with us to see what Tommy would say to the tree. Tommy said, "By gum!" Then he pointed to the balls and invented another whole word for the occasion. "Gag-gy!" said he, and we all shouted, Horrocks with the rest, but he turned apologetic at once.

"I once 'ad one of my own, sir," he said, and there was a tremble in his voice. It must have been a real and lasting emotion, for as he poured out the coffee a few moments later his hand shook.

Sophie usually had breakfast in bed about nine or ten o'clock, but she had meant to be down to see Tommy with his tree. However, she had not yet appeared, so we put Tommy into his playing-pen beside the table and let him have the new rubber animals to chew.

While we were at breakfast the bell rang, and rang again before Horrocks could get to the door, but he finished pouring John's coffee with dignified deliberation before he went. He came back with his eyes spread wide and his mouth rounded to a perfect circle, and spoke hurriedly in John's ear. John rushed out, and I heard excited voices in the hall just as Sophie came in, looking sleepy and asking: "What on earth's the row? I think you were mean not to wake me in time for Tommy and his tree."

I held up my hand for her to listen. Horrocks had gone back to listen too. She set down her cup without tasting it, as somebody said, "Cellar Carl." But at the same instant I heard him at the furnace. He was late. I had been thinking that the fire was getting low, or else the weather was colder. Horrocks must have called attention to the noise, for I heard a man say, "Why, then *that* job's as good as done," and a policeman followed Horrocks through the hall.

The faint noise of the furnace kept on while they were going down the cellar stairs, then stopped suddenly, and I heard something fall, like a shovelful of coal. And almost at once they were coming up the stairs again, and the officer and Horrocks passed through the hall with Cellar Carl between them.

Sophie got up, very white. She was wearing a trailing gray negligée and her hair was fastened carelessly, she had been in such a hurry to see Tommy and his tree, but she always had an imposing and finished look whatever she wore.

"But," Carl was saying, "I do *nod* understand. I have done noddings. I did not desert——"

"Who's talkin' of deserting?" said the Irishman. "What's the Dutch for murder, hey? *That's* what you're wanted for. Now, come along quiet, and don't disturb the ladies. Ought a taken you out the other way, I suppose. . . . Terrible sorry, miss"—this to Sophie, who stood in their way, looking very grand and stern. And Carl—he stood there before her, looking squarely in her face, very grand and stern too. It was as if—how can I describe it?—each was accusing the other of something. And on her part there seemed to be an enormous surprise, and on his—defiance, perhaps—yet not entirely that.

"What does this mean?" said she at last. She spoke to Carl, but it was the policeman who answered.

"Well, lady, if you find an old caretaker dead in the ditch, and brush piled on him, and the snow looking like he was dragged there, you don't think he done it himself, do you? And you look at the tracks, and you look in the house—and you find a room that's being occupied, but not by the caretaker, and you find clothes there you happen to know are this here Cellar Carl's; and so you go down and you see tracks going from that house to this house, and feel curious to know what Cellar Carl knows about it. That's all, ma'am. He'll have a chance to explain, ma'am."

"You had your studio there, then?" she said to Carl.

"Oh, ma'am, there sure do be paintin's over there," said the policeman with a grin, "an' I'm thinkin' they'll maybe save him for Matteawan instead of the chair." He tapped his forehead and shook his head.

"Officer," said Sophie, "there is some mistake here. This gentleman and I have met before. He is quite incapable of the crime you accuse him of."

"Gnädiges Fräulein—there iss some mistake. I haf not efer before seen this lady." He spoke entreatingly.

She looked at him rather haughtily in spite of her defence of him, and spoke in German, too rapidly for me to follow. He answered something in a low voice, at

which her face grew hot and red, and she went away. He clicked his heels together and bowed profoundly to her back, and then marched out beside the policeman like a soldier.

It was the first good look I had had at him. He was not especially handsome, but the expression—a kind of clear-eyed honesty and youngness. I thought of Siegfried: "If it is only life you threaten—" The absurdity of his arrest showed in every line of his face, and in the swing of his shoulders as he marched away, yet—as John came back and told me about the clothes, the tracks leading to our cellar door, and a revolver they had found in the coal-bin—I hardly knew.

I wondered if he had been a poor student in Paris when Sophie was there—had been in love with her, and was following her about. Did that account for his lurking in the cellars near her house? But that would not do, for he had been doing the cellars for two months before she came.

She came downstairs while John and I were staring from the window at the empty house, her golf cape over her shoulders.

"I'm going over there," said she, and was out of the house before any one could speak. John and I looked at each other; then he ran after her. It was an hour before they came back. Through the glass of the door I saw that she was as white as death, and John helped her up the steps as carefully as if she were sick or old. When she saw me she knelt down and put her head in my lap and cried and cried. . . .

"She *would* look at—oh, you know," said John. "I begged her not to, but—she thought she would know something about him, and she did——"

"It was old Joe," said she. "Old Joe that I've painted from so often over at the Art League."

John finished the report in a quiet, business-like way, while Sophie sobbed and threw in a comment now and then.

"We saw the pictures. I don't wonder the cop thought they were queer. Most of them are patches of color meant to look at a block away. He rubbed his nose against them, I suppose. And some nightmares. . . . One side of the room has several sheets of paper pinned up, and he's made a great cartoon in colored chalk on it. Cheerful subject—'*Der Fluch*.' Got it printed up in German lettering at the top. Faces in it to make you dream nights." John shook his head thoughtfully and lit his cigar. "Well, I've got to get to the office, murder or no murder, even though it's Christmas Day—that Rushmore matter, you know—I'll be back as soon as I can." But he had gone only a few steps when he turned back. "I say, if that business does materialize to-day, I'll simply *have* to go to New Haven to-night. It's a question of several thousands, you know. You and Miss Sophie would feel that you had to sit up all night with revolvers, I suppose, since you don't seem to think they've locked up the right man. No more do I, for that matter."

"Nonsense," said I, though I felt my face get white. "There'll be Horrocks. Nobody would attack an occupied house."

"Well," he replied, "I hope I can be back," and then he ran for his train, which was already whistling at the next station.

Sophie brought out a lot of back files of old magazines and showed me illustrations with old Joe in them.

"He had the face of a Jefferson," said she. "In the rests he used to tell the quaintest stories. And he could pose his face in an expression that ordinarily would be as evanescent as a flash of light, and keep it so for an hour, and always get back to it."

She hid her face in her arms and shuddered, thinking, it was plain, of the last expression she had seen on that wonderful face. Pretty soon she went on: "You must see those drawings over there in the billiard-room. Oh, that cartoon! '*Der Fluch*.' He must have been going through hell when he did it. It's a lot of innocent, well-fed people dining—grossly, but daintily, too, you know—and what seems at first a tapestry behind them is really a lot of starving faces, gaping toward them and cursing——"

Horrocks came in with the letters.

"You're lucky, Horrocks," said she, "that *you* didn't happen to stand within Tim Murphy's reach when he found that body."

"Y—you were saying, miss?" His big, smiling pink face had gone pasty. She looked up abstractedly. "Saying—that

the police always take the person nearest them when anything happens?"

"You don't think, then, it was Cellar Carl?" he asked with evident surprise.

"More likely the cellar cat."

He stood for a moment staring at his tray, then shook his head, sighing. "Yes'm—no doubt you're right, m'm."

Her brilliant eyes followed him with odd concentration as the curtain swung to behind him. When we heard the soft thud of the butler's door, she breathed deeply and said: "My word! I wonder if he knows something about it! These people always have relations, you know. Why shouldn't he have a son or nephew in the burglar's trade? It's happened before.

"Why, think of it!" she went on with enthusiasm. "How simple that would make it all! Some young rascal blackmailing poor old respectable Horrocks—The pistol, you know—did you know they found it in our coal? It must have been thrown there early before Horrocks's relative could get away. Carl was late. You remember that? The pistol must have been there hours before he came in."

We heard the door of the butler's pantry swing open again and Horrocks's face, bland but pale and troubled, appeared between the dining-room curtains.

"Beg pardon, m'm, but could I 'ave the hevenin' hoff, m'm? A family matter 'as come hup." He sighed heavily.

"Have you trouble in which we could help you, Horrocks?" asked Sophie kindly.

He looked at her gratefully. "You're most kind, m'm; I'm afraid not, m'm. It's our son, m'm; and I've word he isn't well. 'E's to be took to 'orspital, in fact, m'm."

"Really! I'm terribly sorry. He can go, I suppose, can't he?" She turned to me.

"John isn't coming back, you know," I said anxiously. "I told him I shouldn't be afraid with Horrocks here."

"Can't you make the hospital arrangements to-day and be back to-night?" she asked him.

Horrocks looked thoughtful. "'E's to be moved this hevenin'," said he. "But I might arrange to come back by the night boat."

"That will do nicely," said Sophie. "But when did your message come, Horrocks? There's been no telephone——"

"My son's friend brought the news," he said simply. "Would you wish to see him, m'm?"

"Why—yes, please. I should."

He seemed a little puzzled at her desire, but returned briskly to the kitchen, coming back almost at once.

"Very sorry, m'm; 'e's just gone. I'm afraid he'll get the car before I can catch him. Shall I try?"

"No," said Sophie musingly. "No, thank you, Horrocks. Very sorry for your trouble."

But when he had withdrawn she sped to the window from which the car tracks were visible. I heard a car go by without stopping. She came back, nodding her head solemnly. "I *thought* that messenger sounded rather imaginary," said she.

"What? Wasn't there anybody?"

"Not unless he was made of air."

After luncheon there came on a fine, driving snow; very cold. When John telephoned that he must, after all, go to New Haven, the wire was so confused with the storm that if I had not known his voice and what he was probably trying to say I could have made nothing of it. Sophie came down in her wraps.

"I'm going to see Carl now," she said, avoiding my eye. I saw that she had been crying.

I did not see her again until dinner-time. She came down in a trailing shimmery black gown, with a chain of sapphires set in gun-metal, so that the blue of the stones shone directly out of the black ground of the dress without the glitter of gold to distract one from it.

"My dear," I said, "are things like that—wise—in this troubled neighborhood?"

"I hadn't thought," she answered. "I put them on to cheer me up. There's something about sapphires so—clean. D'you know what I mean? I suppose they really have as much guilt and blood upon them as other precious stones, but they don't seem to keep the stain. They take the taste out of hateful things—as incense keeps down the garlic in a church. But if they make you uneasy I'll have them sent to the safe deposit to-morrow. Would you rather that wretched plate should go too? I see no reason why you should be bur-

dened with it. It's a rather grand affair, but would be hardly worth while merely as material for the melting-pot."

"Oh," I said, "I do wish it weren't here, I admit."

"It goes to-morrow, then," said Sophie. "And these with it. I've quite a lot of other things up in my room, too, that I'll put in. One or two unset stones that I'd no business to buy at all—a jade bracelet I'll show you after dinner, though jade really ought to have daylight."

"You may go as soon as you bring the coffee, Horrocks. Or take it into the sitting-room and put it on the tabouret by the fire," she said.

I had been in the habit of taking my demi-tasse to my room and warming it when I warmed Tommy's bottle. Jane made it very well, and it was a godsend on those long winter mornings when Tommy's day began at four or five o'clock. I always went to bed early and never took coffee at dinner, for upon my early sleep depended my ability to take care of Tommy properly. To-night, however, I was in two minds, for I felt that I wanted to stay awake all night to be ready for burglars, as I knew I should if I took the coffee then. Sophie tasted hers with a grimace.

"Jane's falling off," she said, "or the grocer is. We must get some green and have it browned here. Well . . . I saw him."

It was the first time she had mentioned her afternoon visit to the jail. I had not liked to ask. She had made no further comment upon her amazing statement that she had known him abroad; I knew that there was strangeness—romance, if you like—in the air, and a melancholy for which that grim circumstance next door was not wholly responsible.

"We talked—art, mostly," she said, staring at the fire, "and of poor old Joe. Joe was German, too, he says, and had once wanted to be an artist himself; but he had a brute of a father, and so couldn't. . . . Carl has a brute of a father, too—the kind of man who understands no glory or honor outside the army. Oh—a great man, if you will—Carl adores him—as one does a mountain peak or a storm at sea. . . . But when it came to being a soldier—he decided that his life was his own after all and he wanted to use it himself. I—I didn't understand him, once. I believe I thought he was not—brave. Well, somehow he studied until he could do very well indeed. But of course his father would not help him.

"He saw some American magazines and knew how much better his work was than the rank and file here, and so came over—steerage. I believe he thought he would fill his pockets the first time he entered a publishing house. When old Joe found him, he had been spending a cold autumn night on a park bench with his portfolio beside him. Joe explained the state of the American art market to him, fed him, and took him home, and fixed up the billiard-room over there for a studio, got him this furnace work, and posed for him. Can you imagine how he feels about the murder? He—he cried. He's wild to get out—not for his own sake, but to find the man who killed old Joe. If he could find him, he'd try to kill him with his bare hands, I think. . . .

"But, imagine! He swears that he isn't sorry for all he has been through—the nights on the park bench, and all that. How else, he says, could he have understood the things that made him able to draw *'Der Fluch'?*" She shuddered, with a half glance behind her.

"'I am greedy of all life—all,' he said. 'I am glad that I have suffered as other men have suffered. If I must suffer, even to this end, I am not sorry!' he said. 'So long as there is injustice in the world, why should I be exempt from it?' I suppose he must be a little crazy to talk like that," said Sophie thoughtfully, "yet I seem to understand. . . . Shall I ever again sit at my ease, eat good things, and dressed"—she gestured downward at her perfect gown and looped the sapphires over the tip of her finger with distaste—"without feeling that the wall behind me is tapestried with cursing, starved faces?"

She drank her coffee hastily and leaned back in her chair, her face pale and mournful in the shadows.

"It's a difficult world," she said plaintively. "How can you justify yourself for bringing that innocent baby into it? Has any woman the right, knowing what evil there is—everywhere? . .

"But no. One fights and plays the game. It's life that matters, not the manner of one's death. Old Joe's life was fine. So is Carl's, and so Tommy's will be. . . .

"Jove! I'm sleepy after all." She stood up, yawning. "I got up so early to see Tommy's tree. I'll say good-night—but call me if you need anything," and she went upstairs. "Call me," she said, laughing sleepily over her shoulder, "if the burglars come."

I was dismayed at Sophie's defection. In her company I could have been brave enough, but I am not courageous by nature, and with Sophie asleep the house filled with sinister silences. I felt the weakness of the window-frames and locks as though it were a weakness in my own bones, and danger blew in through the key-holes like a fog. A shivering wakefulness seized me that needed no coffee, so I put my cup aside as usual for morning. I tried to read for a while. But my choice of a book was not happy, for I took down "Treasure Island," and you remember, of course, the pirates' attack upon the lonely house, and all the terror of that night. At once I felt Old Pew and Long John Silver prowling about in the storm, and Black Dog peeped in at the window. The only real sound anywhere was the sniff of the cook as she creaked up the back stairs to bed. She had a habit of sniffing as though she had been crying. She *did* cry a good deal, but she sniffed so much you never knew, and she was such a sour old thing!

The storm grew worse. The bay would be terrible. I doubted whether the boats would run at all, and if they didn't Horrocks wouldn't get back. Still, I thought, burglars don't like to be out in storms any better than other people—or, *do* they? I wished I knew.

I ended by working myself into such a pitch of terror that every creak and bang of a shutter became the arrival of a Thing to destroy us. I went all through the house, trying over the fastenings, but Horrocks had faithfully seen to them all. The thoughtful fellow had even nailed up a window where the fastening was broken. My heart warmed to him as I discovered this, and I told myself he would surely be as good as his word; that if a boat came he would come.

I took my coffee upstairs with me and firmly went to bed. It was only nine o'clock, yet the house felt like midnight. Tommy was restless. He kept biting his fingers with his poor little sore gums, and whimpering like a cold puppy, so I slept only in snatches. It must have been one o'clock when I finally took him into bed with me. Then, perhaps because cuddling him made me feel that I had the only thing of real value in a perfectly safe place, I went to sleep, and Tommy, with some idea that he had got to a place where his tooth couldn't bite him, went off soundly too.

I was awakened by a banging somewhere and sleepily went over all the shutters in imagination. They were very secure, I knew, but that gale could have unroofed a house. I decided that it would have to bang and blow off if it wanted to. I couldn't shut it against that wind, even if I found it, and I should wake Tommy if I stirred. It was up to Sophie, I decided, for of course one couldn't expect the cook to stir, even if she woke. They don't, you know. And I tried to sleep again, but the sound kept up, and I kept listening and growing wider awake.

For it didn't sound like a shutter. It was like—like a horse kicking in his stall—dull, you know, yet sharp. I crept out of bed so softly that Tommy didn't know it, and went to the window. It *was* a horse!

He was out by the garage, hitched to a truck, and he had stepped up on the wooden incline, as horses will step up on things when they're left alone, and was pounding his hoof on the wood. The garage door was open, and a light, low down as if from a lantern on the floor, made him a silhouette. But while I was still wondering what possible reason there could be for his being there, I heard footsteps in the room above me.

And that was the locked room where the Damers plate was! I didn't care very much about the plate, but I thought of Sophie and her sapphires. The rest would be nothing in comparison to them.

I must get to her room and warn her.

Sophie's door was open and the light was turned on full. She was lying on the bed dressed, just as she had been at dinner. Evidently she had been too sleepy to do more than throw herself on the bed.

No—*not* exactly as she had been at dinner—the lovely chain was gone! There were no rings on her fingers!

They were not on her dressing-table. For the moment unspeakable horrors went through my brain. I thought she was dead as she lay there—then I saw that she breathed, heavily, and her attitude was as graceful and relaxed as a child's, her face perfectly peaceful. I shook her, but she was limp and heavy. I wondered if she could be in the habit of taking some sort of sleeping-medicine. I had not known of it. But it did not seem natural sleep.

Before I could think further, Tommy gave a baby snarl. He was going to begin asking for his bottle, and he was going to keep on asking. I remembered that the lump of sugar was still in my coffee-saucer and fled back to our room and dumped him into his crib with the sugar, and he took it with a chuckle and set to work.

John had a revolver somewhere, but I couldn't stop to look for that. I took the big hat pin from my hat. Thank Heaven, a hat-pin in these days is as good as a dagger—or better.

Then I locked Tommy's door and took the key, and went down to the telephone. There was a chance, I hoped, that with the door shut and the noise of the storm the burglar would not hear the 'phone. They had the old-fashioned system; you had to ring up. So if he did hear it ring, how was he to be sure it was not from some other house along the party wire? I did not dare to turn on the light. It might have been seen by a confederate outside, so I groped for the receiver in the dark. Then I thought of ringing up Central by using all the different calls on our wire—there would be a chance at least of attracting the attention of some of the men in the cottages, and so I started in, but I thought I should never get an answer. Central is generally asleep at two o'clock in the morning. And, in fact, it wasn't Central that answered, but Mr. Rand. I knew by the voice—sharp and sleepy. But he woke up when I told him.

"Be there in five minutes!" said he when I had gasped out my story. Oh—what a glorious thing a man is! Even one you don't like, when burglars are around.

"You scuttle back to bed as fast as you can," he said. "Lock yourself in. Unlock the side door if you can safely—if not, don't worry. We'll get in. Don't worry."

As I went up the dark stairs I saw that the third floor hall was alight, and knew that the door of the little locked room was open. The noises had stopped. That frightened me. Was the burglar out of the room then, and moving around? Could he have gone back to Sophie's room for something he had overlooked when he took the sapphires? I stepped into the shadow of the big hall clock on the landing and held my breath.

I could see Tommy's door from where I stood. He would soon begin to cry for his bottle, for that lump of sugar could hardly last much longer. But it seemed to me I was in a pretty good position now. If the burglar started to open Tommy's door I could rush him from behind, and if I was attacked myself I was in a corner and had a weapon as good as a stiletto. I took it out of my gown and studied how to hold it in the most effective way. It was an expensive one, with a good sharp tip that I always had a guard over when I wore it.

Tommy was quiet so long that I began to worry. In another second I must have gone to him and risked being seen, if he had not given a good howl. Then I knew he was all right.

The side door opened very softly, but Tommy was howling so now that I hoped his noise would cover the noise of the door, and Mr. Rand came up. He jumped, when I spoke to him out of the shadow, and pointed his revolver at my head. I drew him back with me and we could both see, at the top of the stair-well, the head and shoulders of a man silhouetted against the light. He seemed to be looking down as if he heard something besides Tommy's howls. We couldn't see plainly. It was just the shadowy roundness of a human head. We kept very quiet for a time—and so did he—but both of us might have talked in natural voices and nobody been the wiser, while Tommy was expressing his mind.

At last he went back into the little room and the light went out of the hall, so we knew he had closed the door. Mr. Rand said: "Now you go back to the telephone and get police head-quarters. No—get Dr. Reinhardt first for Miss Sophie—



Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock.

"Do you draw?" she asked in an excited way.—Page 483.

then police. The number is three two party R for the doctor—and police is just 'the police station'—remember, now, and don't be afraid to make a noise. Tommy and the storm will protect us."

Then he went softly leaping up the stairs—three steps to each flight—and I could see under his overcoat that he had only pajamas and bedroom slippers. That was the way he had come rushing to our help through zero snow and wind! And I had been calling him too careful of his comfort; had pitied Sally Rand for being married to a pussy-by-the-fire!

Tommy howled all the time I was at the 'phone, screaming in that dreadful way that makes you wonder what convulsions are like; yet I had to sit quietly and try to make myself understood over a wire made almost useless by the storm. Their voices were the merest blur and they all kept saying, "I can't hear you—can't hear you." So I had to repeat and repeat. And just as the doctor was getting an idea of what was wrong and was fairly sizzling because he couldn't make out our address, came a volley of shots and two men rushed downstairs as if they were falling.

Two great blasts of cold air struck me as first one and then the other went out, the side door opening for the first man, crashing to in the face of the second, and then flung open again by him. I afterward found one of Mr. Rand's worsted slippers on the top floor and another caught in the side door. Pussy-by-the-fire was running barefoot through the zero storm.

I went to Tommy first. A baby can be so awful! But when at last he was tucked up with his warm bottle, as good as a purring kitten, I felt that the worst was over and I could think about Sophie, and about Mr. Rand barefoot in the storm.

Sophie lay exactly as I had seen her first; one lovely bare arm trailing to the floor. And the room was like ice. I covered her up, got a hot-water bottle, and loosened her dress, but I could not shift her or make her sit up. And I was sure that she must be drugged, though how it could have happened, unless she was in the habit of taking something herself—but I could not believe that!

She was one of those big, heavy women, so well built that they give an effect of slenderness, but she might have been cut out of solid marble when I tried to lift her shoulders on the pillow a bit. So I held salts to her nose and rubbed her arms. Then, remembering that coffee is given in cases of opium poisoning, I went down to the kitchen and made about two quarts, very strong. Remembering Mr. Rand's bare feet, I thought there would probably be a use for it before the night was over, whether the doctor wanted it for Sophie or not. While waiting I tried hard to give it to her myself, but I doubt if she swallowed any, and I was scolding away at her just as if she could hear, when the doctor spoke behind me and matters were taken out of my hands.

He was one of those quick young men just out of the hospital, looking about as old as a messenger-boy, but he gave orders and I obeyed him.

"I don't imagine it's serious. He wouldn't calmly kill a whole family, you know."

"Then, you think—but how could any one have given it to her?"

"Don't ask *me!*" he said. "That'll come later."

He was still working over Sophie when the police came rattling and banging in. Their noise woke Tommy, and he cried so I had to hold him in my arms while I answered their questions. Such silly questions! As near as I could make out they thought it must have been John returning in a state of intoxication, or else that I had been inventing the whole thing because I wanted the pleasure of seeing my name in the papers. I don't often get angry, but finally I said, trying to raise my voice above Tommy's:

"There is a wagon out there loaded with Mrs. Damers's things, and there are two perfectly good sets of tracks in the snow from that door to where the burglar is. One set is barefoot. The man that made them is Mr. William S. Rand, and if his manner when he left is any criterion of his character, *I* shouldn't want to be the one to keep him waiting in the snow after he's got his man."

Then I went into my room with Tommy and shut the door in their big, fat, red faces—and cried.

Tommy was just dropping off again, when back they all came like a circus pa-



Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock.

He stood there before her, looking squarely in her face.—Page 485.

rade, only this time Mr. Rand was with them, and a shivering, battered, handcuffed creature, with a bandage on its head.

I came out as quietly as I could, and warned them not to wake the baby again, for you can't put your mind on anything, even burglars, when a baby with a voice like Tommy's is expressing himself; and, as they had all heard him that night, they saw the point and talked in whispers.

Then the poor shivering thing looked up from under its bandage.

"Horrocks!" I said. "Why—it *can't* be——"

Mr. Rand gave him some of the coffee I had made. All the rest of them were drinking it too.

"Not *your* brew, my man," said Mr. Rand.

"Oh," said I, "Horrocks, did you drug the coffee? Oh—you might have killed her!" But I don't think he heard.



Tommy.

The bandage began to thaw where the blood had frozen, and a red stream trickled into his eyes. Mr. Rand wiped it away and got a kitchen towel to make him another bandage.

I noticed that Mr. Rand was wearing a very large pair of arctics, which he must have taken from one of the policemen. They drank all my coffee, but when they began on the sideboard, Horrocks looked up with something in his eye that in spite of his wretchedness was certainly the disapproval a high-class servant feels for people serving themselves. And then at last he spoke, in a hoarse, weak voice: "If you would like a little vermouth with your whiskey, sir, you will find the liqueurs in the left-hand compartment." And Mr. Rand, gravely opening it and taking forth the vermouth, mixed one for Horrocks.

"Isn't it bully?" said Mr. Rand, coming over to me, with his glass in his hand. "You know, I—well, I never did just this before. Really, you know, I didn't know I could."

The whiskey and vermouth were beginning to tell a little when Sally Rand came in. She was quite cross about my getting Mr. Rand out on such a night; said that pneumonia was as bad as burglars any day, saw that he had hot water in his whiskey, and then went up to help the doctor with Sophie.

Then they brought in the poor old cook, and she went on her knees to Horrocks, and cried and cried.

"It was only that we was so despret," said she, "at loosin' our little all that we'd laid by, and thought as how we was goin' to have a home to ourselves in our old age, and wait on ourselves instead of other people. And so we says—well, just take a bit here and there from them as 'll never miss it! And we thought old Joe was off in the city, for Christmas; we did indeed. Oh—he never meant to kill the old man," she cried, not knowing what she did, for not a word had been said as yet to connect him with the murder.

Poor soul! Something we said or did made her see all of a sudden that she had been putting the rope around Horrocks's neck, and then she went wild. On her knees to all of us, trying to take back what she had said, inventing wild, impossible lies, each one contradicting the other. Oh—it was like the screaming of a hen that knows it's going to be killed! Until at last Horrocks, looking at her sharply, gave that "tchk" that a head-waiter uses to attract a waiter's attention—it's a terribly masterful sound, if you've ever noticed—and she shut up as tight as a sausage, rose, and stood primly, saying nothing more but "Yes, sir," "No, sir," "I can't say, sir," until at last the patrol wagon took them away, pitifully limp and collapsed.

I suppose my tears should have gone to old Joe, but I think it was for the cook that I was crying so bitterly.

The Rands went then, Mrs. Rand cross, yet proud, I could see, in spite of the fact that Mr. Rand had taken more whiskey for



For the moment unspeakable horrors went through my brain.—Page 490.

his chill than was absolutely necessary. He turned an affectionate smile upon me from the door-way, and waved his hand rather limply.

"Now, 'f ever you have 'nother butler—'nother burglar—'nother buttleburgle—" he said, but Mrs. Rand propelled him out with a deftness that hinted at practice.

The young doctor came down looking tired, seemed disappointed to find the decanter empty, and gave me a few directions. She would be all right, he thought; would wake with a roaring headache, but no harm done. He would look in again in the morning.

"Here—you'd better take some bromide yourself," said he, stopping to put some tablets in a little collapsible box. But knowing Tommy's early hours, I shook my head sadly.

"Well, good-by," said he, yawning. "Such a delightful evening! Do you do

this sort of thing often here?" And then he took his impudence off.

I went up to Sophie then. She was breathing naturally enough. Tommy was safe in his crib, and good for a few hours anyway, after being awake so long, so I lay down beside Sophie, and the next thing I knew it was morning. There were no servants in the house—and the furnace fire was out!

I ran to make sure that Tommy hadn't kicked off the bed-clothes. Oh, I was so thankful to find him solidly asleep! And then I rushed down to the cellar, and I hadn't any time to shudder over possible burglars in dark corners. A fireless house in that weather and only I to take care of a sick girl and a little baby!

I never had built a furnace fire, and the thing had queer twists and crotchets that I didn't understand. It was an enormous beast too, and after I had the wood nicely burning and put on the coal—I don't know what ailed it, but it just snuffled out. I began to cry. I worked right ahead, of course, picking out all that coal, for it was stuck somehow so I couldn't dump it, and I started all over again, slopping tears on the wood.

After such a night to have to wrestle with this demon, while those two poor helpless things were freezing and starving two flights up—! Then I had the brilliant notion that at least we could move into the kitchen. I could build a range fire, anyhow. So I left the awful furnace, brute as it was, and ran up to the kitchen, cursing the wasted time and strength I had spent.

And I heard Tommy—oh, I heard him! —even while I was in the cellar! When I got upstairs there was Sophie with him, weak and staggering, with her hand to her head.

"Why is it so cold? Why is everything so queer? Didn't Horrocks get back?" she asked, sitting down on the edge of the bed. "I seem to be ill," she said in a puzzled way.

"Oh, Horrocks came back!" I said. "But he went away again, and Mrs. Horrocks with him. Now we'll go down to the kitchen until John comes home. Perhaps he knows how to run a furnace."

She had to lean on me going down, and I had Tommy on the other arm; but once there we were soon very cosey, and I made coffee and toast and eggs, and Tommy took his bottle in Sophie's lap. She brightened a little after sipping the coffee, and I told her everything.

"Drugged, was I? Well!" and she drank several cups of coffee.

And then we all jumped and turned white. For we heard some one at the furnace! I stole over to the cellar door and softly shot the bolt.

"Why did you do that?" said Sophie indignantly. "If it's Carl——"

"It's some merciful angel, I don't doubt," I said, "but if you'd been through what I have, you'd feel like locking doors, I guess."

"I hope I'd know enough to wash the black off my face," she sniffed, and, putting Tommy in my arms, she took some hair-pins out of my hair to put up her own, and calmly sailed down the cellar stairs, looking like a poster or mural decoration —for she still wore that trailing black gown, and over it had thrown a Japanese wistaria kimono of wadded silk. Remembering the coaly mess I had left down there, I shuddered.

The furnace sounds stopped suddenly and I heard their voices—a kind of crying and laughing. I went to the head of the stairs to call them to come up, but they did not hear me, and I went half-way down—and then sneaked softly back, for there, under the light of the cellar lamp, Sophie in her trailing silks was weeping her heart out in the arms of Cellar Carl. They were talking in German, but I knew what "Liebchen" meant—and other things sounded the same.

After a long time the furnace sounds began again, more violently than I had ever heard them before, but it was not until the heat had really begun to come crackling and sizzling and swishing all through the house that Sophie and Carl came up.

"Mary," said she, pretending that she didn't look as if she had been crying, "allow me to present Herr Carl Hermann Von Greisenstein, whom I knew well in Paris. We—we are to be married—soon. But for a slight misunderstanding we should have been married abroad."

Cellar Carl looked at her oddly.

"And yet, Gnädiges Fräulein," said he with more formality than their cellar

manners seemed to warrant, "I do not see how being in prison on a charge of murder, and failing lamentably as an artist in



We kept very quiet for a time.—Page 490.

America, in any way proves me not to be a—fortune-hunter, was the word?"

But at her pleading look and the tears that began to gather again, he stretched his arms wide with a big hearty German "Ach!"

Well, it was pleasant after the horrors of the past twenty-four hours to top off with a love scene. Sophie saw me yawn at last, and bundled me off to bed. I heard them laughing like children and Tommy crowing as I went to sleep.

I was terribly worn out, what with burglars and the baby, and I don't know what happened until I woke to see John standing like an exclamation point in the door-way, saying: "What in the name of——"

I said: "Oh, just burglars. Tommy's all right."

"Burglars? Shucks! I mean what's downstairs!" He beckoned me silently and I looked over the baluster.

Tommy was on the floor playing with some of the choicest of Mrs. Damers's hateful mantel bric-à-brac, and Sophie was in a chair and the furnace man kneeling at her feet, looking up in her face, with his arms around her waist.



Couched in the dense canebrake,
The tropic-hearted snake
Lies in a coil of inert fire.



IN THE HEART OF THE SWAMP

(NOON)

By William H. Hayne

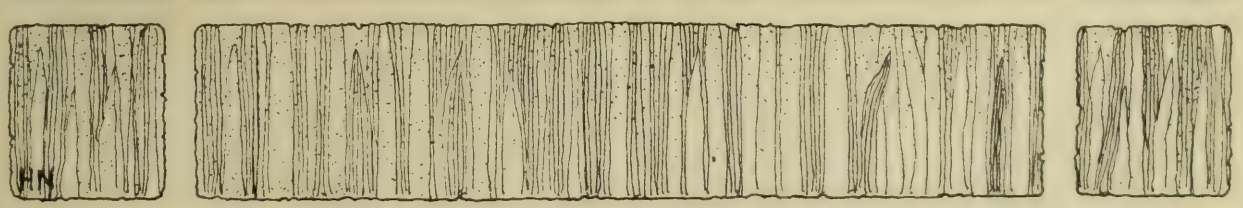
Illustrations by Hobart Nichols

Couched in the dense canebrake,
The tropic-hearted snake
Lies in a coil of inert fire,
Drowsed by the midday and the insect choir—
Yet draw not near, or you shall hear
The deadly twang
Of his awakened fang.

The striped lizard pauses in the shade
From tangled greenery made,
And cools himself within the damp decay
Of an old log whose wood-pulp drops away—
Yet soon he lifts his head and, like a thread
Quickly unwound,
Glides o'er the sodden ground.

The frog's gruff monotone
Beats with incessant drone,
Jarring the languor of the sultry noon,
Unwinnowed by a breeze's rhythmic boon.
O'er filmy pools, midges in schools
Circle and dart—
Then dance apart.

Thick blossoms of the bay
Shed through the stifled day
Their heavy odor on the dark morass,
And o'er the stunted wisps of water-grass—
And poisoned fumes from cypress glooms
Creep in a silent flood
To throttle brain and blood.



ENGLISH FRIENDS

FROM LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

Edited by Sara Norton and M. A. DeWolfe Howe

I

TO the present generation of Americans the name of Charles Eliot Norton suggests perhaps first of all a long association with Harvard College. Yet it was not till 1874, when he was forty-seven years old, that he began to instruct the youth of Harvard in the history of the fine arts and their relation to literature and to life. For this task he had a fortunate equipment. Except for a brief business career which took him in 1849 to India as supercargo of a merchantman, he had led the life, at home and abroad, of a student of books and of men. His friendships, always an important element in his life, had been rich and varied. During his first visit to Europe in 1850 and 1851—on his way home from India—one of his closest and longest friendships had its beginning when he met George William Curtis in Paris. At this time also he saw much of the Brownings in Florence, and in London first met Mrs. Gaskell and other English friends who entered vitally into his human relationships through the years that followed. On his return to America he published, anonymously, "Considerations on Some Recent Social Theories" (1853). His health, in the earlier period of manhood, was far from strong, and in 1855, with his mother and his two younger sisters, he returned to Europe for nearly two years, which bore immediate fruit in his volume, "Notes of Travel and Study in Italy" (1857). It was at this time that his intimacy with Ruskin began, and both in England and on the Continent his circle of congenial friendships was widely extended. From 1857 to 1868 he was again in America, engrossingly occupied with literary and patriotic labors, especially in connection with the *North American Review* and with the work of the "New England Loyal Publication Society," a powerful agency in circulating the best expressions of Northern sentiment. When he returned to Europe in 1868, accompanied not only by his mother and sisters, but by his wife and young children, it was as one who came back to familiar places and persons. This experience, in which were blended the happiness and—in his wife's death—the deepest sorrow of domestic life, lasted for five years. The earlier visits had opened the doors to many delightful associations. Friendships already begun, and destined to have their influence on character and career, were firmly cemented. The opportunities to make new acquaintances among the most interesting persons in England were limited only by strength and inclination. Fortunately, Mr. Norton was an abundant letter-writer, and during these earlier years kept a journal when he was in Europe. From these sources it is possible to indicate in a measure that which made England what it was to him, and is, in letters and art, to all students of the nineteenth century.

Sailing from Boston in July of 1868, Mr. and Mrs. Norton had been but a short time on English soil when they received an invitation to visit Dickens at Gad's Hill—"the identical spot," as Dickens wrote to Lady John Russell about his house, "where Falstaff ran away." It was soon after the second American journey of Dickens, whom Norton had met in Boston. The letter which he wrote to his mother from Dickens's country place was devoted largely to his own search for a house, not too far from London, suited to the uses of his family. But it contains

passages which have a more permanent interest.

[To Mrs. Andrews Norton.]

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Sunday, August 9, 1868.

MY DEAREST MOTHER:

I wish you were here with us, to share in the pleasures of our visit to this delightful home,—and I wish I had leisure to write to you at real length of my various interesting experiences during the days since I left you. . . .

I spent Thursday evening as I have told you with Ruskin, and came back on Friday evening to Denmark Hill* where I spent the night. I was delighted to find Ruskin looking well—*quite unchanged* since we saw him, except perhaps for some lines of age, and in a perfectly sane and sweet condition of mind. No expressions could have been more full of affection than those he lavished upon me, and I had really a very happy time with him. He says he is much better this summer than for a long time before—and he is cheerful and hard at work. The house is most wonderfully full of most wonderful and beautiful things. It is a treasure house of Turners. But all this must be left for talk when we meet.

After rather too fatiguing a morning in London, Sue and I met Dickens at the train at a little after two o'clock. He was most cordial and pleasant. We reached Gad's Hill about four and were received here by the family with delightful hospitality. The family now consists of Miss Dickens, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Collins and their two little children, (a girl a little older than Eliot, and a dear quaint little boy not quite so old as Sally), Dickens's two youngest boys, (one of whom is going to Cambridge two months hence, and the other is going to Australia next month to join an elder brother who has been there for three or four years), and Miss Hogarth, —this is the family, and staying here apparently on a very long visit is Mr. Henry Chorley. The whole family together and individually are peculiarly attractive and pleasant, and the life of the house seems to be entirely sweet and affectionate and simple. There is something very sad, indeed, in seeing poor Mr. Collins. He has been ill for a long time, and now seems to have but a few months to live. He is very gentle and patient and takes a pleasant part in all that goes on. Both Miss Dickens and Mrs. Collins are particularly refined and interesting women.

There was a dinner party in the evening,—made up of officers from the garrison at Chatham, and after the company had gone and the family had gone to bed Dickens and I had a long talk. This morning he proposed a walk, but I did not feel strong enough for it,—and you see how I have spent a good portion of the forenoon. Tomorrow we go—Dickens, Miss Dickens, Susan and I, to Canterbury,—so that Sue will not get back to you till Tuesday night. I wish I were to see you then; but I must keep away till I get a house. . . .

Later, in Italy, Mrs. Norton wrote a fuller account of this visit. Those of her pages which throw light upon the personality of Dickens lay claim to preservation with her husband's letter from Gad's Hill.

At the appointed time we were at the station (having come up from Oxford by the express train). At first no Mr. Dickens was in sight, but as we made our way through the crowd which thronged the middle platform, we saw him standing nearly at the extreme end (facing the great clock) looking fresh and brisk in a suit of grey linen and felt hat to match, a flower in his buttonhole, his hands on his hips, his eyes intently fixed upon the crowd. In a moment he saw us, and gave us a welcome to England and Gad's Hill as cordial as one could wish. He had as usual, when it was possible, a carriage to himself, and when we left the Station we three were alone. . . . I looked for the "tricks and the manners" of which I had so often heard, but my time was quite thrown away. As the train rushed on he talked with the greatest animation, described all the wonderful engineering of the roads on that side of London, people, especially the Leweses, whose genius and talents he fully appreciated, but whose "ugliness" seemed to amuse him. "They really are the ugliest couple in London." Then he

*Ruskin's house, in the outskirts of London, where he lived till March, 1872, three months after his mother's death.

spoke of his readings in England and America, of all the hospitality he had received there, of his great desire to go to Australia where he then had one son (now two); then the whistle blew and we got out at "Higham by Rochester, Kent."

A little carriage for four persons was at the Station, he jumped on to the box and we rattled off to Gad's Hill. The grounds about it are in no way particularly pretty for England. . . . On the other side of the road, opposite the house, he has a pretty bit of land and on it a Swiss Chalet, which Fechter* had sent him, which he used as a summer work-room, and in order to reach it without, as it were, leaving his own grounds, he had tunnelled the Rochester high road which divided his property in two. At the back of the house was a good-sized garden separated from a fine open field by a low English wall. The views from the ground floor of the house were pleasant, and upstairs on Mr. Dickens' side, they were quite lovely—of upland Kentish meadows, somewhat leafy, and Rochester with its Cathedral and ivy covered tower.

The house itself was not in any respect pretty, but it had very pleasant things about it, and had all over, inside and out, upstairs and down, the look of a home, and a fitting home for him. . . .

On the right hand side of the hall was a little library, the door of which was a sham book-case, with sham books for all of which he had painted humorous titles. On a table in the window lay the manuscript of *David Copperfield*, a perfect specimen of most careful work,—there seemed the half of another "David" in correction, but the hand never varied or became indistinct. The book shelves were full of novels, poetry, history, not suggesting a library but simply individual taste. Behind the little library was a "billiard room." Upstairs over the library was Mamie's† bedroom, pretty and French like herself; over the drawing room Georgina's,‡ and over the dining room Mr. Dickens's. The hall upstairs was full of engravings and books and pleasantly furnished. On a table stood a great china bowl of rose-leaves. Over the billiard room was the spare-chamber which we had, a spacious cheerful room, overlooking the garden at the back and the "home field."

Mamie and Georgina were in the drawing room to receive us when we arrived; the former cordial, sweet, lady-like and a little bit shy, the latter quiet, but most hospitable, and both making you like them at once. After Dickens had told them his news, and after we had had "afternoon tea" we all separated, but before this Mrs. Collins (his youngest daughter) had come in with her husband, and Chorley the old musical critic. Charles and Mr. Dickens went out into the "home field" to watch a game of cricket, and I went to my room, the perfection of comfort and exquisite freshness.

At seven o'clock we all reassembled, a large party, with other guests, among them officers from Chatham, one of them with his young wife, a stranger to everybody. Dickens, punctual to the minute, came in fresh, animated, alive to every one's interests, and in a moment had roused us completely—no one was to go to sleep there! The little lady from Chatham and I sat on either side of him at dinner—his vivacity never flagged, nor was it for one person alone. He appeared to hear what every one at the table said and turned from one end of it to the other with the utmost rapidity, told stories, talked, tête à tête, gave a toast, in short was the life of the dinner and without seeming to make any effort or ever talking in loud boisterous tones. Of course every one was likely to be silent when he talked, but then he never when liveliest was noisy.

After dinner the gentlemen soon came into the drawing room, and again Dickens seemed entirely given up to the interests of his guests, attentive to the officer's wife, (a dull little woman with a decoration of lockets which amused him) and indeed to every one, the stupidest not excepted.

We all stood for a time round the piano playing at words with letters. Very soon Dickens moved off to talk to the little lady who was too shy to play, but whom he evidently managed to set at her ease, and then seeing that my forces had given out he came and sat down by me taking Georgina's place and sending her off to his

* Fechter's appearance in "No Thoroughfare," by Dickens and Wilkie Collins, was in 1868.
† The eldest daughter of Dickens.
‡ Miss Hogarth, Dickens's sister-in-law.

first charge. He talked first of our war—Georgina had been showing me a volume of photographs of Sheridan's Campaign, which had been given to him in America; he carefully avoided expressing opinions which might jar upon mine, but when I spoke of the treatment of our prisoners by the South,* he expressed the utmost horror of its conduct and said that, had it not been for that, its position in spite of our success would now be very different. Then he told me much of Miss Coutts's † "refuge," or whatever it was called, for the unhappy prostitutes of London, of the Parish Refuges where by night they might expect a shelter, but which being small provided one might almost say for *none*. How he had often been of a winter's night to one or other of these wretched places, and had seen the crowds of these poor starving creatures so great that there was no possibility of sheltering them. Once he had found them in such numbers outside one of these places (it was of a winter's night, and in a driving storm,) that he had gone in, confronted the keeper and insisted upon being assured with his own eyes that his house was full—he would otherwise expose him the next morning. The poor man showed the quarters and only too easily proved that the fault could not be laid upon his shoulders. Dickens established the poor women for that night, but went home, he said, feeling that it was "hopeless." Most of the women came from the country, often were the hop-pickers, very young girls, who when the work of a short season was over were absolutely destitute. They came to London in other cases honestly desirous of procuring work, and after *starving*, according to their individual ability, they took the only means left them of getting a crust.

Then he told me of his visits to various prisons, and how on one occasion his power of judging of character by expression had been singularly tested, and utterly routed. He had gone to a great London jail, and, having seen innumerable wretched creatures, he was shown into a cell where sat motionless, with a baby in her arms, born in the prison, a very, very young woman, "a perfect Madonna." He looked at her for a long time before speaking, and the more he watched her the more he was convinced that she must be innocent. He knew no more than that she was charged with murder. He turned to the jailor after a time and said, "There's been a great mistake made here, depend upon it." The jailor, a good sort of man, said, "No, sir, you're only taken in like the rest by her pretty face," and then he told her story, how she had committed a double murder in the most cold-blooded manner. Dickens could not be convinced at the time, but came to the conclusion, after taking great pains to verify all the circumstances, that the jailor's story was correct. The details I cannot remember, but the incessantly varying expression of his face and his exquisite tenderness of manner and look I shall never forget.

At the hour when the carriages were announced one unhappy officer asked in vain for his. Dickens, plainly tired, but still bright and cordial as at first, made it all easy, and his lively jokes kept us all in the best humor till a late hour when the carriage came.

The next morning we were a little late for breakfast, and found him in the breakfast room when we came down. He was evidently anxious to get to his work, but he sat at table long enough to be pleasant to us. . . . Immediately after breakfast he went to his room, his guests to books or walks, and it was not until lunch time that we all met again. He was charming as ever, and afterwards I went for the first time into his bedroom which was also his study. The furniture was simple, the walls were covered with engravings, from Hogarth; his dressing-room, which was only partitioned from the room, he had covered on the inside with wood-cuts from Leech which he had pasted on himself. On his bed lay a brilliant bit of Oriental covering, part of an immense quantity which Fechter had sent with the Chalet. In the large window looking towards Rochester stood his perfectly simple unornamented leather covered writing table, on which, when he was not at work, there was never a scrap of paper to be seen; nothing but pens and ink. I went in many times and it was always the same. The neatness was perfect and his dressing room was that of a man whose personal habits were scrupulously nice without any touch of

* Mrs. Norton's brother, Mr. A. G. Sedgwick, had been a prisoner at Libby.

† Soon to be created Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

the "dandy" which he was sometimes called.

After lunch he and Georgina and Mamie took us to drive first to the Cathedral, and then to see some fine druidical stones which interested him very much. The "tramps," for we were on the Kent "high road," occupied his attention constantly, and he talked a great deal about them—how futile it was to expect them to *work*, how he had often tried to persuade them to it on his own place and never succeeded, and how one day he overheard one as he looked over the wall into the garden where Dickens was standing mutter between his teeth, "Ugly lazy devil, *he* never did a day's work in his life!"

At dinner he was as animated as the day before, and told me the story with minute details of the horrible accident on the South Eastern Railway from which he escaped in a most marvellous manner. In brief, it was this:—he had started from Calais early in the morning, reached Dover safely, and took the express train expecting to reach London but not Gad's Hill that night. In the same carriage with him was an oldish woman and a young woman about twenty. They were devoted to their parcels and Dickens had never noticed them, from the moment when they started, when the guard who knew him and his liking for a solitary carriage asked, the train being very crowded, if he might put them into his. The train rushed on at a tremendous speed, and he said he knew nothing until he felt a fearful shock and found himself and the two women in a heap struggling for they knew not what. He felt at once what had happened and succeeded at last in extricating himself and his two companions. The train had been thrown over a viaduct, and lay deep down below the track level. Having placed the two women in safety he searched for his bag, which contained *brandy* and Mr. and Mrs. Boffin.* The brandy had been given to him by a wine dealer, an old acquaintance, just as the boat left the Calais pier. The loss of life had been very great, and the dead and dying and wounded seemed at first in inextricable confusion. He was as usual sparing of self-reference, but it was plain that his presence of mind had been invaluable. He worked for hours and said that as usual timidity and selfishness were what struck you most, and the "men were by far the worst"; there were but two or three who did for any one but themselves. The two women of his carriage "were wholly engrossed by some missing bonnet boxes." At last early in the morning of the next day he reached London, "never slept better in his life," and reached Gad's Hill to find himself greatly to his surprise a "very *un*important personage." No morning paper had arrived, and his family knew nothing of the accident until he told them.

After dinner we had a great deal of lively talk and it was settled that we should all "post" to Canterbury the next day, and then we bade good night. His children's manners to him and his to them were very sweet—he always kissed his boys just as he did Mamie and Katie. . . . When he snubbed the boys it was with so much humour that they seemed to owe him no grudge, but no one of his family seemed to enjoy his *humour* as much as Katie, and in her quick perception of it she was more like him than the others. Mamie resembled him more in her sentiment and tenderness. . . . There were two dear little grandchildren in the house, the children of Charles Dickens, to whom Mamie was devoted. . . . Dickens had taught them to call him "Venerabas," and declared "they did not know they had a grandfather!" . . .

The house in which the Nortons established themselves soon after this visit to Gad's Hill was Keston Rectory, near Down in Surrey. Here and in London they remained until the following spring, when their continental life began. The winter in London was filled with experiences, reported to friends at home in letters written both before and after leaving England. In one of them a visit to George Eliot and her husband is described:

[To George William Curtis.]

London, *January* 29, 1869.

. . . The official and purely aristocratic and fashionable world is mainly out of London till parliament meets, about the middle of February, but the literary peo-

* Presumably a portion of "Our Mutual Friend."

ple are here, and we see in one way or another a good many of them.

I wish I knew whom you would like best to hear of. . . . I am divided between telling you of a most interesting visit at the Deanery of Westminster last week, when Dean Stanley took us through the Jerusalem Chamber and the other memorable parts of the building, and then showed us the interior of the Abbey by night, when the only light in it was the lamp held by an attendant, and the pale gleam of the gas lights outside shining through the painted windows;—between telling you of this in detail,—(but I have already told enough of it,) or of a lunch on Sunday at their house with George Eliot and George Lewes.

We met Lewes at Oxford last Summer, and as soon as we came to London he came to see us, and asked us to come and see his wife, saying that she never made calls herself, but was always at home on Sunday afternoons. She is an object of great interest and great curiosity to society here. She is not received in general society, and the women who visit her are either so emancipée as not to mind what the world says about them, or have no social position to maintain. Lewes dines out a good deal, and some of the men with whom he dines go without their wives to his house on Sundays. No one whom I have heard speak, speaks in other than terms of respect of Mrs. Lewes, but the common feeling is that it will not do for society to condone so flagrant a breach as hers of a convention and a sentiment (to use no stronger terms) on which morality greatly relies for support. I suspect society is right in this. . . .

After a while, as Susan did not call, an invitation came for her and me to lunch, and this we very readily accepted. The Leweses live in the St. John's Wood district, not far from Regent's Park. Their house called The Priory is a little, square, two story dwelling standing in a half garden, surrounded with one of those high brick walls of which one grows so impatient in England.

Lewes received us at the door with characteristic animation; he looks and moves like an old-fashioned French barber or dancing-master, very ugly, very vivacious, very entertaining. You expect to see him take up his fiddle and begin to play. His talk is much more French than English in its liveliness and in the grimace and gesture with which it is accompanied,—all the action of his mind is rapid, and it is so full that it seems to be running over. "Oh, if you like to hear stories," he said one day, "I can tell you stories for twelve hours on end." It is just the same if you like to hear science, or philosophy. His acquirements are very wide, wider, perhaps, than deep, but the men who know most on special subjects speak with respect of his attainments. I have heard both Darwin and Sir Charles Lyell speak very highly of the thoroughness of his knowledge in their departments. In fact his talents seem equal to anything. But he is not a man who wins more than a moderate liking from you. He has the vanity of a Frenchman; his moral perceptions are not acute and he consequently often fails in social tact and taste. He has what it is hard to call a vulgar air, but at least there is something in his air which reminds you of vulgarity. He took us into the pleasant cheerful drawing rooms which occupy one side of the house, where Mrs. Lewes received us very pleasantly,—and we soon had lunch, the only other person present being his eldest and married son. Lunch was set in the study, a cheerful room like the others, lined with well-filled bookshelves, save over the fireplace where hung a staring likeness and odious, vulgarizing portrait of Mrs. Lewes. Indeed all the works of art in the house bore witness to the want of delicate artistic feeling, or good culture on the part of the occupants, with the single exception, so far as I observed, of the common lithograph of Titian's Christ of the Tribute Money. The walls of the drawing room in which we sat after lunch were adorned with proof impressions (possibly the original drawings, I am not sure) of the illustrations to "Romola." The portrait of Mrs. Lewes reminded me, not by its own merit, of Couture's drawing of George Sand,—and there is a strong likeness to this drawing in her own face. The head and face are hardly as noble as George Sand's, but the lines are almost as strong and masculine; the cheeks are almost as heavy, and the hair is dressed in a similar style, but the eyes are not so deep, and

there is less suggestion of possible beauty and possible sensuality in the general contour and in the expression. Indeed one rarely sees a plainer woman; dull complexion, dull eye, heavy features. For the greater part of two or three hours she and I talked together with little intermission. Her talk was by no means brilliant. She said not one memorable thing, but it was the talk of a person of strong mind who had thought much and who felt deeply, and consequently it was more than commonly interesting. Her manner was too intense, she leans over to you till her face is close to yours, and speaks in very low and eager tones; nor is her manner perfectly simple. It is a little that, or it suggests that, of a woman who feels herself to be of mark and is accustomed, as she is, to the adoring flattery of a coterie of not undistinguished admirers. In the course of the afternoon three or four men came in,—the only one whom I knew was Professor Beasley. We came away just before sunset. . . . Everyone who knows Mrs. Lewes well seems attached to her, and those who know speak in the warmest terms of her relations to her husband and his family,—of her good sense and her goodness.

Harper's Weekly gives me, my dearest George, or rather its second and third pages, give me every week a great deal of satisfaction. Affairs at home seem to be going on quite as well, except in New York, as one could expect or even desire. Grant grows daily in my respect and confidence. It is a great blessing to have such a type as he affords of the military hero,—so simple, so sensible, so strong, and so magnanimous. Poor Reverdy * is muddling affairs and opinions over here to a shocking extent, and forces one to preach the true doctrine in opposition to his setting forth of the false. We are not much understood yet. Even the genuine liberals can not conceive of the virtue of our practical democracy. I often wish for you to help me in my talks with men who, I fear, conceive that I am something of an enthusiast, and who find it difficult to distinguish between the just confidence of an enlightened American in the principles of our system, and the boastfulness of the politicians and orators who have done so much to hurt the cause they were professing to maintain. . . .

We have had a long and delightful visit from Baron Mackay.* He is the most engaging of youths,—as sweet a fellow as lives. Goodnight. Here is the last photograph of old Rossini. . . .

God bless you and yours!

Ever your loving,

C. E. N.

During this winter in London Norton saw something of Carlyle, whom four years later he was to see often and familiarly. A letter from Switzerland soon after the move from London preserves many recollections of this early intercourse:

[To Miss E. C. Cleveland.]

LAUSANNE, *June 7th*, 1869.

. . . Carlyle is always entertaining and original to a degree of which no description, (not even the excellent one of Mr. Henry James,) can convey an adequate expression. His great quality is humour, and like other humourists, even in his most serious moods his mind retains a certain playfulness, which finds vent in grim jokes and extravagant exaggerations. He is rarely to be taken *au pied de la lettre*. In fact, just what a reader of his books would judge him to be, one finds him in actual presence, only "a little more so"; more vigorous in expression, more unrestrained by the ordinary conventions of language and manners; in fact a great "chartered libertine" who has won for himself permission to say what he likes and in his own way without let or hindrance, and with genius enough to secure an audience almost as obsequious as that which listened to Dr. Johnson. Carlyle is the Court-jester of the century; instead of talking to the King he prints his "After Niagara" † and his "smoky chimney" apologue.‡

To a stranger in no wise immediately responsible to the society in which he is living for a time, nothing can be more entertaining than to listen to Carlyle's free

* Reverdy Johnson, United States minister to Great Britain, 1868–9.

* Later to become Lord Reay, Governor of Bombay Presidency, president Royal Asiatic Society, etc., etc. In earlier years he had visited the Nortons at Shady Hill in Cambridge.

† Carlyle's essay, "Shooting Niagara: And After?" was first published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, August, 1867.

‡ His description of our Civil War as a "smoky chimney which had taken fire" was widely familiar at the time.

talk and often hard sayings about men and things. But to people who form part of the society, and who want to make the best of it, and to prevent ill-feeling, Carlyle often seems regardless of others to a degree positively immoral. Helps,* who is a very tender-hearted man, and who aims at making people pleased with themselves and each other, complains, though he is Carlyle's warm friend, of his hard and reckless speech. Mr. Twisleton † speaks with aversion of Carlyle's ill-manners and wanton neglect of the feeling of other people. Carlyle, himself, is in this respect so far innocent, I believe, that he often is quite unconscious of the force of his words, and is led away by his habit of humorous exaggeration. Like all great talkers he says much for immediate effect, and forgets it as soon as said. . . . Emerson and Ruskin are the only distinguished living men of whom Carlyle spoke,—in all the talk I ever had with him,—with entire freedom from sarcasm or depreciation, with something like real tenderness.

Carlyle lives as you know at Chelsea—at 5 Cheyne Row, . . . not far from the river, whose banks at this point are picturesque and pleasant enough. His house is small, and altogether without pretensions to style or elegance, but it is comfortable, and his large study which occupies the whole front of the second story, has a pleasant air and look. The wall on either side of the fireplace is occupied by the bookcases which hold his small library, and the other walls are hung with pictures and engravings, many of them relating to Cromwell and Frederick the Great, the chief among them being the picture of Frederick and his sister the Margravine, as children, which was engraved for one of the volumes of the Life of Friedrich.

Carlyle had asked me to come some afternoon, about three o'clock, to walk with him, and one day early in May I went at the appointed time. Very near his house I met young Mr. Cowper, (the brother of Lord Cowper,) a fellow of much more than ordinary capacity and sense, and very pleasant as a companion, and I proposed to him, knowing him to be a friend of Carlyle's, to go with me to see if the old man would like to walk with us. He agreed to do so, and we found Carlyle sitting in his study, in his dressing-gown, engaged on some work connected with the new edition of his Friedrich. He received us very cordially, and said he was all ready for his walk, if we would wait while he changed his dress. In a few minutes he appeared,—with the hat which is shown in one of the common photographs of him, and altogether presenting an appearance quite different from that of any other man in London. He was in excellent, cheerful humour, and soon turned on the full stream of his talk. I wish I could represent in written words the strong Scotch accent and peculiar intonation which add to the character of his speech. "Did ye ever happen to see," said he, "a warthy old book, called Collins's Peerage? I've been a somewhat deeligent stoodent o' that book meself, and yee'd find by looking at it that in arly times there was some meaning and vartue in the Eengleesh nobeelity. But things ha' gretly changed, and nowadays they talk about making a peer out of a Jew, with nothing to recommend him except his ill-gotten wealth. It's a sad fall. If things hadn't gone altogether to the bad with us, there'd be some hanging done, and Dizzy be one of the farst to suffer the penalty of his misdeeds. But the Jews have it all their own way, and Rothschild gets to be made a peer, when if there were any justice left in this poor distracted London, ye'd go to him and say, 'Give up your wealth which you made by grindin' the faces of the poor, and by cheatin' transactions in ole clothes,' and if he refused, ye'd just say, 'It's a mere matter o' dental precaution, ye can't have your wealth and your teeth too,' and then ye'd draw one o' his grinders, and repeat the process till he let ye have his money-bags. But Astræa has flown and bade good-bye to us, and the Jews are uppermost in the land. Why, not many years ago I went down to a house in the country where Cromwell once lived, and where they still keep some o' the books which he read, and one Sunday mornin', before breakfast, I went to the top of a beautiful hill, and looking abroad I beheld shinin' and glitterin' in the distance what seemed to be a sort o' glorious palace all roofed over with sunlight. It was in the days whan Pax-

* Arthur Helps, knighted a few years later.

† Hon. Edward T. B. Twisleton, whose wife was a niece of Norton's uncle, George Ticknor.

ton* had been buildin' his gret glass house, a kind o' Fools' Paradise, and mankind was singin' Hallelujah, and there was to be no more war, nor misery, nor poverty, and almost the reign o' Death was to come to an end, for men were to dwell like brethren in glass houses,—and when I asked at breakfast what gleaming mansion I had beheld from my hilltop, I was told it was the abode, not of any heavenly minded man, but of a Jew who had hired the great Paxton, to whom be praise! to erect a glass roof over his courtyard, for the wonder and admiration o' Jewish mankind. Whereupon I turned to the memory of Cromwell.

"I suppose there never was a man who had had so much to do with books as I have, who owned so few. I never have purchased a book which I could do without, or which I did not mean to read through. But in writing about Cromwell and Friedrich I have chanced to get together some things not wholly worthless nor yet easy to find, and I've thought I should like when I die to leave these books to some institution in New England, where they might be preserved, and where they would serve as a testimony of my appreciation o' the goodness o' your people toward me and o' the many acts o' kindness they have done me; and perhaps you can help me to have this rightly done."† I, of course, replied as I best could, and added, "This pleases me the more, because I fancied that you thought we were going in my country in such a direction, and at such a rate that we should soon have no institutions left." "Ah," said he, "ye've vary much meestaken me. I think ye're doin' the wark for which Providence designed ye, peoplin' a gret continent,—the finest part maybe o' the warld, —with a better race o' Englishmen, to be forever a mighty nation, tho' ye're far from walkin' in the paths o' parfect wisdom. And, in truth, I don't think ye'll get into relation with the stars till ye erect some kind o' Kingship over ye, nor till ye mak the vote o' Jesus Christ o' more weight and value than that o' Judas Escariot. And farthermore ye'll be obleeged to redooce yer nagurs back into slavery, or else to kill them off by massacre or starvation, for the lazy bein's won't work without a master, and yer people will soon get tired o' supportin' them. But, on the whole, spite o' all your wild freedom, and fourth o' July effervescences, I don't see but what your chance is as good as that o' any nation goin'. In fact ye seem to have got a kind o' king over ye now. Yer new President* has learned the vartue o' the silences,—which is a gret way toward power. For the men who could speak wisely have been rare in all time, and almost the last o' them was Cromwell, and I know not where you'd find eloquence to compare with his when the full flood is on, and he pours forth exhortation and prophecy as one not doubtful that he is anointed o' the Lord. But we've no right to look for a king in these days. It'll be long yet ere one comes.

"I don't suppose a man was ever more weary of a task than I was o' my Friedrich. It was a good ten years' work, and from the beginning it was vexation o' the spirit, and weariness o' the flesh. It was good hard droodgery,—siftin' mostly a monstrous accumulation o' lies,—and o' all the nations the Garman lies with most scrupulosity and detail,—and tryin' to make a consistent character of Friedrich out o' a confused mass o' endless conflictin' detail, and not a book among them all with an index. Piles on piles o' rubbish to be dug into, and dug through, dirtyin' yer hands with the dust o' worms, and never findin' any helpfulness or assistance in the wark which other men had done before ye. I sometimes thought I'd geeve it all up, but by dint o' regular work and exercise I at last got through with it. On careful calculation I found I had ridden not less than tharty thousan' miles during the campaigns o' Friedrich. I had a good horse, the most intelligent brute I ever knew, save a Scotch colly,—and I named him Fritz, and he and I learned to know every lane and by-road round London."— And then he went on to talk of his horses, of the dogs in his father's house, and to tell stories of them and other dogs, till our walk was ended. We had walked by Kensington Gardens, almost the whole way round Hyde Park.

What Carlyle said about America reminds me of the best saying of his which I

* Sir Joseph Paxton, designer of the Crystal Palace.

† The first step in the giving of these books of Carlyle's to the Harvard College Library.

* General Grant.

have heard. Lord Russell told it to me with a full sense of its humour, for he himself is something of a humourist, and very pleasant in talk. "Why," said Carlyle, "the difference between the North and the South in relation to the nagur is just this,—the South says to the nagur, 'God bless you! and be a slave,' and the North says, 'God damn you! and be free.'" . . .

After making allowance for the extravagance, the wilfulness, and the recklessness of Carlyle, there remains a vast balance of what is strong, masculine, and tender in his nature. If one saw much of him, and accepted him sympathetically for what he is, one could hardly fail to become strongly attached to him. At bottom he is more mild than grim; and his humour is closely allied with kindliness of heart and disposition. It has saved him from ruin by Calvinism and by flattery. His individuality is precious in these days of conformity and conventionalism, even in its excesses. I fancy he feels solitary, and among many admirers feels the lack of friends. But I have not seen him enough to speak confidently of him. . . .

Norton was soon writing again to Curtis concerning two friends, William Morris and Burne-Jones, for whose work he felt an immediate and enduring sympathy. The friendship formed with Burne-Jones at this time remained intimate so long as the painter lived.

[To George William Curtis.]

VEVEY, *June 20th*, 1869.

. . . Twelve years ago I met one evening at Browning's (it was just after my dear old friend Mr. Kenyon's * death, and the Brownings were living in his house, in London,) two young fellows lately from Oxford named Morris and Jones. Jones was very shy and quiet, and seemed half overpowered by the warmth of eulogy which Browning bestowed on a drawing that Jones had brought to show him,—a drawing in the extreme Pre-Raphaelite manner, exquisitely over-elaborated, a work of infinite detail, quaint, but full of real feeling and rare fancy.

Both Browning and his wife were very much struck with it, and I recall the effort Mrs. Browning made to set the young artist at his ease, and to express her pleasure in his work in such a way as to please him. From time to time since then I have heard from Ruskin of Burne-Jones, and knew that Ruskin thought very highly of his work. I knew too that he had been getting some repute with the public at large.

Last autumn, one Sunday when I was staying with Ruskin, he proposed that we should drive into town in the afternoon, and get "Ned," as he is familiarly called, and bring him back for dinner. We found him alone at home, and ready to accompany us back to Denmark Hill. It so chanced that he and I had a great deal of talk that afternoon and evening. We met not as strangers and we parted as old friends,—and I promised him that I would spend a day or two with him in the course of a few weeks. So not long after I went from Keston* one Sunday and reached his house early in the afternoon. He lives quite on the outskirts of London, in Fulham, in a pleasant house of the last century,† in which Richardson lived for many years, and which has not been materially changed since his time. It stands a little back from the street and has a large garden at its side and behind it of an old-fashioned sort and with some old trees standing in it. Within,—a pleasanter, simpler, sweeter home is not to be found in London, nor one which in its freedom from meaningless conventionality and in its entire naturalness is more in contrast to the prevailing style of London homes. The household consists of Jones and his wife and their two children, Phil,‡ a fine boy of seven, and Margaret, § a superb beauty of three. Ned Jones himself is a man who is striking at first glance from the openness and sincerity of his look and manner. He is about thirty five,—with a broad open face, with light hair, and a long, light, full, soft beard. There is something so gentle in his manner, so feminine in the sympathetic character of his expression that persons on first acquaintance are hardly likely to do justice to the real force of character which underlies his softer qualities. He has a nervous tempera-

* Mrs. Browning's cousin, John Kenyon, died in 1856.

* Where the Nortons were established in the Rectory.

† Sir Edward Burne-Jones occupied this house till his death in 1898.

‡ Sir Philip Burne-Jones.

§ Now Mrs. J. W. Mackail.

ment, and a vivid restless fancy—but these are combined with solid sense, and with a thoughtfulness and culture which one rarely expects to find in a modern artist. He is a strong, almost a bitter Republican; and the condition of society in England is to him a scandal and a reproach. He is a genuine democrat, of a democracy that will endure. His nature is truly a lovely one,—"sweetness and light" are the stuff of it, and his genius is of such an order that he is one of the most original and creative painters of our time, one of the very few who paint pictures of intrinsic worth, and of such a quality that posterity may perhaps care to look at them. His wife is, however, the best part of himself,—in her look a Stothard Grace strayed from the pages of Milton's Allegro, or Rogers' Italy into real life,—as slight and small a lady as Stothard ever drew, and yet with a latent depth and strength of character that would suffice to inspire one of Titian's women. There is always a quaint, pretty idyllic look about her as she enters the room, for her dress corresponds with her face and figure in its piquant and not extravagant originality. As you come to know her better and better, you find more and more that wins not only affection but respect. People who have done more for themselves than these two, in securing a due and desirable freedom of mind and soul, and in maintaining a genuine independence of life in the midst of the community which Mill complains of as that in which "social discipline has most succeeded not so much in conquering, as in suppressing, whatever is liable to conflict with it,"—I have never seen. They live much in a little circle of intimates of their own, and very little in any other. The inmost circle of all consists of Morris and his wife, Gabriel Rossetti, and a friend named Webb.* Once a week the Morrises dine with the Burne-Joneses, or vice versa, on Wednesdays, and they are with each other, though living four miles apart, at least two or three times in the intervening days. There is much that is similar in the geniuses of the two men,—and their constant, most affectionate and sympathetic relations inevitably make the influence of each strong over the other.

They have had a somewhat similar course of development,—at Oxford first together for two or three years, then taking up art together, both greatly affected by the theories and practice of Pre-Raphaelitism, both plunging into the hardest work and ultra mediævalism, both gradually working their way out from the morbidness, factitiousness and narrowness of the early period of the School, while retaining its serious purpose, strong feeling, and faith in Art as the minister and interpreter of nature. Morris's first volume of poetry is the extremest expression of Pre-Raphaelitism, in its most characteristic forms in literature, and Burne-Jones's early drawings and pictures correspond with the "Legend of Queen Guenevere"* in elaborate and quaint unreality, not less than in vigour of conception, and sincerity of its expression to the mood of the artist. The two men have gone together along the same paths and have grown nearer to each other all the time. With curiously differing temperaments they are curiously similar in certain spiritual and artistic gifts, and one is as a poet much what the other is as a painter. Not that I mean to represent Burne-Jones's genius as having as wide a scope, or as vigorous a power as Morris's, but within its range it corresponds with his to a remarkable degree, and Jones is such a painter as Morris might be were he not poet, and were his health delicate instead of robust. "The Earthly Paradise" is not more widely different from the Legend of Queen Guenevere than Burne-Jones's later pictures are from his earlier,—and yet in both instances the spiritual relationship is strong between the earlier and later work. One can trace the progress of the men from a narrow and exclusive field of art, into the broad ranges of its complete domain which embraces Gothic and Greek, mediæval and classic ideals, and excludes no source of beauty or delight.

Burne-Jones's studio is a large room on the garden side of the house. There is a pleasant look of work about it, and a general air of appropriate disorder. All round the wall, upon the floor, and on easels, lie and stand sketches or pictures in every stage of existence. Jones's lively imagination is continually designing more

* Philip Webb, architect, associated with the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co., art decorators.

* "The Defence of Guenevere," published in 1858.

than he can execute. His fancy creates a hundred pictures for one that his hand can paint. It keeps him awake night after night with its animated suggestions, and each morning he covers the canvas with the outline of a new picture, or draws an illustration in pencil for the Earthly Paradise.

There are literally hundreds of these and other such drawings, all full of exquisite feeling and grace, all picturesquely and poetically conceived.

There are three or four enormous volumes filled with studies of every sort,—many of them worthy to go with the famous studies of the great masters.

He exhibits but little publicly; there is nothing of his at the Royal Academy; but at the Exhibition of the Old Water Colour Society this spring, a picture of his has held the place of honour, and has attracted great attention from the public as well as the critics. Opinion has been very divided upon it. It is too original and poetic in conception and treatment to secure commonplace liking. It represents Circe, preparing for the arrival of the Argonauts. In the distance the sails of the fleet are seen stretching toward the enchanted island over a dull grey sea. The foreground is occupied by an open hall of Circe's palace rich with marble and gold, in which she stands, a fair but malign woman leaning forward pouring dark drops of poison into a jar of wine. At her feet crouch two glossy black panthers, the former victims of her arts. A sunflower blowing by the wall catches up and concentrates in its intense yellow and black the prevailing colours and tones of the scene. The colour is as completely a part of the conception as the rhythm of one of Shelley's poems. . . . A picture of another sort was on his easel when we left London,—in which Venus is seen standing with a band of beautiful maidens around her on the brink of a clear, still, blue mountain pool, in the midst of an exquisite landscape, teaching to them the charm of this primitive mirror. Morris ought to describe these pictures, not I,—and especially, The Fates and the Lovers, where the Fates sit in a solemn temple, by which two lovers are passing hand in hand, unconscious that it is the thread of their destiny that Clotho is at the moment spinning and Atropos about to sever. In imaginative fulness and suggestiveness of detail these pictures surpass all other modern work but Rossetti's,—yet the detail is never intrusive, but always subordinated to the general effect. . . .

There is more genius in these two men's work than in the whole 1200 pictures of the Royal Academy, and ten times 1200 more of the same sort. Indeed in contrast with the low prevailing standard of English art, its frivolous efforts, its devotion to secondary ends, its purely commercial spirit, and its entire want of noble purpose, motive and faith,—such work as these two men do seems to belong to another period, and is in truth executed by men of wholly different temper of mind and different principles of life from those of the mass of contemporary artists.

All winter we have seen much of the Burne-Joneses, and have all grown strongly attached to them. They and Morris (Mrs. Morris being generally too delicate to be of the party) have dined often with us, and we have dined with them, always in the most friendly and social way, almost as often. Mrs. Jones has a pleasant voice, pleasantly cultivated,—and her music is of a rare sort, and not of the modern but of the former better English school. She will sing for an hour delightfully from Haydn, from Cherubini, from Bach, or will turn from these composers to the lighter style of the old Shakespearian and Ben Jonson songs, or the still older English airs and French chansons. At the piano she sings as one of Stothard's beauties ought to. They are among the friends who have given its pleasantest character to our long stay in London, and from whom we are most sorry to part. . . .

THE WAY SHE TOOK IT

By L. Allen Harker

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

I

"DO you feel as if you had been married twenty-five years?" asked Miss Wade.

"Sometimes I feel as if I had been married all my life. You see, nothing much happened before, and I was married fairly young. All the interesting things have happened since."

There was a retrospective look in Mrs. Garden's very blue eyes, and she smiled as though she had a good many interesting things to remember.

"And you have never regretted it?" Miss Wade looked keenly at her friend as she asked the question.

"Certainly I have never regretted it."

"And yet," Miss Wade continued, "it seems to me you have had a good deal to bear."

"My dear Emily, every married woman has a good deal to bear, and every unmarried woman for the matter of that. The people who make a mess of their lives are generally the people who shirk because they expect life to be all smooth sailing."

"I shouldn't expect that," said Miss Wade; "but what I should expect, and what I should insist upon, is that I must come first with my husband. I could never tolerate—well—what you put up with."

Mrs. Garden laughed. "Oh, Emily, how often have I told you that Geoff's flirtations don't affect me in the least, because I happen to know, what you seem to doubt, that I do come first in all that matters. I—but I can't stop to argue now, I must fly into the town about those cakes and things for to-morrow. Really, a silver wedding seems far more of a business than the original one. You'd better go and rest, for you'll get none once I'm back again. There's a frightful lot to see to."

Mrs. Garden laid down her coffee-cup, stood up tall and portly, and tied a motor veil over her hat in front of an oval mirror; smiling the while at the pleasant face that looked back at her from the glass. A strong face, with regular, well-cut features; a face that looked fully the forty-six years she had lived. Her wavy hair was gray, her once bright coloring faded to a clear pallor, but her eyes, despite the deep, humorous lines at the corners, were young and bright. She flicked out the bows of soft chiffon under her chin and, turning to Miss Wade, said:

"There's the motor; mind you go and rest, Emily."

Emily Wade, slender and graceful, leant back in the deep, chintz-covered chair and rested her dark head against the cushions. Although she had been at school with her hostess and was a year older, she looked a good ten years younger than that cheerful woman. She was wont to reflect with considerable complacency that an unfortunate love affair in youth had really been less aging in her case than marriage in that of her friend. Miss Wade dressed well and picturesquely; a "beauty doctor" saw to it that the lines round her eyes were of the faintest. She knew that her appearance was distinguished and arresting, and she believed her own character to be singularly complex and individual. She was really fond of Louisa Garden, though there she certainly shared the feelings of the majority. But for Colonel Garden, Louisa's husband, who was almost equally popular, she had no liking whatever. He annoyed her.

His success as a soldier, his good looks ("he looks years younger than Louisa," she reflected angrily), his enjoyment of life, and, above all, his frank and open flirtation with any pretty woman who would flirt with him, rendered him supremely distasteful to Miss Wade.

She had expected so much from life and seemed to have got so little. For the

married state, as exemplified by most of her friends, she felt nothing but contempt. Why should one bear things all day long? What was the good of it? No; Miss Wade didn't believe in bearing things, and Louisa's patience with the colonel was little short of maddening. It is true that his conduct toward herself had always been beyond reproach; he was ever a courteous and considerate host, and Emily Wade was his wife's old friend; but notwithstanding his respectful attitude toward her, her presence was in no way a restraint, and during the last week she had watched with ever-growing horror his "disgraceful philandering," as she put it, with Dot Ollerton, a pretty girl staying in the house. Moreover, Miss Wade had just then another grudge against the colonel.

She had literary aspirations. For many years past she had bombarded the editors of various magazines with diverse essays and short stories, but so far none had shown sufficient "fineness" (Miss Wade's word) to appreciate her efforts. They were always returned, and as she sat, apparently dreaming, in Mrs. Garden's pretty drawing-room, her mind was really occupied with a mortifying incident of the day before. The letters were brought in during breakfast. Among hers was a large square envelope.

"Ah, Miss Wade," the colonel exclaimed. "You've been writing again! I know those typists' envelopes. Why don't you publish something, so that we could read it?"

"I don't write in order to be printed," Miss Wade replied loftily; "I write for the pleasure it gives me."

"But surely that's a bit selfish," the colonel persisted. "Why not share your gift with us instead of keeping it locked up like that? Why don't you publish a book now?"

"I don't for a moment imagine," she answered freezingly, "that my thoughts would appeal to the many."

"Still, there might be a chosen few," the irrepressible colonel suggested, and his eyes twinkled.

Miss Wade hated him. She believed he knew that editors returned her manuscripts.

As a matter of fact, he had never given the subject thought until that moment.

Breakfast over, she carried her letters to her room, and opened the large square envelope. The colonel was right. Sure enough there was a manuscript, but there was also an ordinary court-shaped envelope addressed to:

Miss Ollerton,
c/o Colonel Garden,
The Winstons,
Nr. Fletbury,
Wilts.

Among the typescript was one loose page on which were inscribed these ominous words:

"You are watched. Your conduct is causing a scandal. You had better leave before all is discovered, your host and yourself disgraced, and sorrow brought upon an innocent if foolishly trusting woman. You are playing with fire; take care that it does not consume you."

That afternoon Miss Wade went into Fletbury in the motor with Mrs. Garden. She bought stamps at the post-office and posted her letters herself.

She was thinking of this as she sat in the cool drawing-room at Winstons that afternoon.

Could the warning have miscarried? For so far nothing had happened. At breakfast Dot Ollerton had received a good many letters, but Miss Wade could not see whether the typewritten envelope was among them. Like Miss Wade, the day before, Dot Ollerton had waited till breakfast was over to read her letters.

Suddenly the drawing-room became unbearable. Miss Wade felt restless. She walked to the open French window and looked out. There was grateful shade under the big tulip-tree on the lawn, and two or three empty hammock-chairs. She went out through the window, crossed the lawn, and sat down. She did not read; she did not sleep.

She watched that side of the house.

II

Presently Dot Ollerton came hurriedly along the path, followed by Colonel Garden, and both went through the French window into the drawing-room. Dot was manifestly in trouble and restrained her tears with difficulty. It was a very still afternoon in late June. Any sound carried far and clearly.

"But what is it? What has upset you so? What are you looking so blue about?" the colonel demanded anxiously.

It was quite true, he did look younger than his wife, though he had passed fifty. He was tall and straight, with the soldier's springy walk.

"It's nothing, Colonel Garden, really. It doesn't matter. I've no business to worry any one, and I shouldn't have—only you came upon me so suddenly."

"But I can't bear to see you miserable—to-day of all days, when you've been working so hard to help us. We want every one to be happy at our silver wedding; you, most of all."

"I'll try and be all right to-morrow." Dot dabbed her eyes with an absurd small handkerchief. "Don't bother about me; you've plenty to think about without that."

"Look here, Dot, if you won't tell me, tell Louisa! Louisa will find a way out."

"No one can find a way out. Oh, Colonel Garden, I am so miserable. I've had a letter—" here she tried quite ineffectually to conceal her face in the inadequate handkerchief, and fairly sobbed.

"What letter? Who dares to make you cry by letter?"

"That's it; I don't know who wrote it; but it says such horrid things——"

"An anonymous letter! Pooh!" cried the colonel; "not worth the time you gave to read it. Throw it in the fire. Confound it! there isn't a fire. Give it to me. I'll make short work of it."

He held out his hand for the letter, but Dot backed away from him, exclaiming desperately:

"Oh, no, Colonel Garden, I couldn't give it to you. Why, it says—" again she sobbed. "Oh dear, I am so wretched."

"Here, I say"—the colonel sounded very uncomfortable and edged nearer to Dot—"if you won't show it to me, show it to Louisa."

"That would be worse; I simply couldn't."

"Oh, nonsense! Louisa's the very person to go to if you're in any mess. Why, I've proved it dozens of times. Where the devil *is* Louisa?"

"No, Colonel Garden, no, you mustn't say a word to her. Oh dear! oh dear! Was any one ever so unfortunate as me?"

Colonel Garden was much perturbed. Beauty in distress was enough to upset any man, above all such a very youthful beauty as Dot Ollerton, with her slim figure and her big brown eyes set in the mischievous bright face, at present all smudged and tearful. He put his arm round her waist.

"Miss Ollerton, Dot, for heaven's sake don't take it to heart so, whatever it is. Don't, I say—it's perfectly awful." Here the colonel fairly lost his head and kissed the weeping damsel. "There! There! Do cheer up!"

But Dot only sniffed dismally against his shoulder, exclaiming between the sniffs: "Oh dear, I am so wretched."

"And so you ought to be, you wicked, designing girl!" exclaimed the accusing voice of Emily Wade, who, unperceived, had hurried in from the hall, by a door which was concealed by a large Indian screen.

Dot and the colonel started guiltily apart and Miss Wade turned her attention to him:

"As for you, Colonel Garden, in your own house, on the very eve of your silver wedding, I have no words strong enough to express my contempt for you." And Miss Wade seated herself majestically on the Chesterfield facing them.

"My dear Miss Wade—" Colonel Garden began soothingly, only to be interrupted by an indignant: "Don't dare to call me your dear Miss Wade. I never was anything of the kind."

"You certainly never were," the colonel murmured.

"No, and I never shall be. I, at all events, through all the years, have always been faithful to Louisa. I love Louisa."

"And I suppose you mean to imply that I don't?" The colonel's voice was decidedly angry.

"So patent a fact needs no implication on my part. I have suspected this state of things ever since I came. For years I have watched your flirtations with disgust and Louisa's patience with amazement. Now *my* patience is at an end. I am sick of shams and hypocrisy; a mere girl like that, too! Small wonder that she weeps!"

Dot had ceased to weep. She came forward and stood in front of Miss Wade, flushed and eager. "You misunderstand, Miss Wade. I wasn't crying because of Colonel Garden."

"Shameless one! You only make matters worse."

"Oh, where *is* Louisa?" the colonel exclaimed, clutching his hair wildly.

"I wonder," Miss Wade indignantly continued, "that you can have the effrontery so much as to mention Louisa. Poor, dear, deluded, trustful thing. But it's time her eyes were opened."

"I rather think she'll open yours if you go to her with any cock-and-bull story you've concocted on the spur of the moment. If you will only listen——"

"Unfortunately there was no need to listen," Miss Wade said coldly; "I saw."

"You were misled by what you saw," the colonel said shortly.

"Misled!" Miss Wade repeated. "I suppose you will tell Louisa that your attitude toward Miss Ollerton was fatherly."

"I shall tell her nothing of the kind, but I don't feel called upon to explain my attitudes to you."

"Unfortunately the one in question explains itself."

"Dear Miss Wade," Dot said beseechingly, "do listen. You really are mistaken in what you think, and surely you would never go and worry poor dear Mrs. Garden to-day, when she's so busy, and all these people coming this evening, and such a lot to see to for to-morrow."

"What *is* to-morrow but a mockery," Miss Wade asked tragically, "so long as you remain under this roof?"

"Look here, Miss Wade," Colonel Garden interposed, "I can't have you taking that sort of tone with Miss Ollerton. It's going a bit too far."

"And how far have you gone?" she retorted. "I do believe I should despise you less if you went off with her and never saw Louisa again."

"Went off! Went off!" the colonel repeated incredulously. "Upon my soul, this is a bit too thick. Pretty fool I should look going off without Louisa!"

"I love Mrs. Garden too," Dot interposed plaintively.

"And flirt with her husband whenever her back is turned. Flirt, indeed! That is far too mild a word for what I saw. I leave you to your own reflections," and Miss Wade rose and crossed the room to the door, which the colonel politely opened for her and closed securely after her.

Dot sank down on the Chesterfield Miss Wade had just vacated and buried her face in the cushions. Colonel Garden came and



Colonel Garden was much perturbed. Beauty in distress was enough to upset any man.—Page 514.

sat on the other end of it and whistled tunelessly.

"If she goes to Louisa in that frame of mind," he remarked presently, "I'm afraid the woman'll worry her. Eh, what?"

Dot sat up very straight. "We must prevent that, and there's only one way. I'll leave the house at once as she suggested. I'll go and pack, and you can say I had a wire or something. *Some one* must be saying horrible things. Look at that letter!"

"Exactly, that's what I've got to do. Give it to me."

"I can't."

"You must, and I'll take it straight to Louisa."

"You don't understand; how can I explain? That letter accused me of the very thing that horrid Miss Wade thinks she has found out. It said—I flirted—with you."

"Give me the letter."

"Impossible."

"Don't be a fool; there's a good girl. The thing must be sifted."

"It can't be sifted," Dot sighed. "I was so frightened I went and burned it with a match behind the sweet-peas after lunch. It had the Fletbury postmark and was typewritten."

"Well, that settles it." Colonel Garden rushed to the fireplace and rang the bell furiously. "There's only one thing to be done—to find Louisa."

Brooks, the sedate man-servant, appeared instantly in answer to the noisy summons.

"Where is your mistress? Ask her to come to me at once."

"Mrs. Garden went out in the motor, sir, directly after luncheon."

"Went out? Where?"

"I think she went into Fletbury, sir, to see about cakes for the children's tea tomorrow. She thought she hadn't ordered quite enough."

"How long has she been gone?"

"About half an hour, sir."

"Did any one go with her?"

"No one went with her, sir. I think she remembered something suddenly and went off in a great hurry."

"All right, Brooks, that's all." Then, turning to Dot, the colonel said cheerfully: "She'll be on her way back by now. Let's go and meet her and stop the car; then we can tell Louisa all about your beastly letter and that fool of a woman before she does any more mischief. I can't stick those skinny women, all gush and elbows. Suppose any garbled version of this fairy tale got to your father's ears! Think of me! Think of Louisa! Louisa's the one to silence her. Go and get your hat; be slippy now, else we may miss her."

"But suppose Mrs. Garden—minds?" Dot faltered.

"She may be a bit stuffy with me; it won't be the first time, but she's the only person who can get us out of this mess and stop that death's-head chattering. She'll do it too. However bad a smash I've come, Louisa always picks up the pieces and puts me together again. She's no ordinary woman, I can tell you. You're a pretty girl, Dot, an uncommonly pretty girl—but you should have seen Louisa five-and-twenty years ago. Ah! There was a girl for you!"

"And while you're smiling and picturing how beautiful she was, that horrid woman may be making her miserable."

"You're right. We mustn't waste a minute. Confound it, here's Benham looking for me. You wait for me in the drive. I'll get rid of him."

A thin, clean-shaven man came in by the French window just as the colonel shut the door on Dot's retreating form, and Miss Wade instantly followed him.

"My dear Geoffrey," the new-comer exclaimed somewhat aggrievedly, "I've been looking for you everywhere. What about that round at golf?"

"I'm awfully sorry," fussed Colonel Garden, "but I've an appointment I must keep. I shan't be many minutes; then we'll go out and I'll show you the new course I've made. Have a cigar, whiskey and soda, daily papers—find 'em all in the gun-room. Don't stray away, mind," and the colonel dashed out of the room as though his life depended on the mythical appointment.

Benham Fane, long and lean and leisurely, sank into the nearest chair. "How hot Geoff makes me," he exclaimed wearily. "What energy! With the thermometer at eighty-three degrees in the shade. Do sit down, Miss Wade. You, at all events, look cool and restful."

Miss Wade was nothing loth; she liked Louisa's brother, the clever barrister, and

in view of her recent discovery society of some sort was almost a necessity.

"Was Colonel Garden *alone* in here when you came in?" she asked pointedly.

"Alone! Why, yes, I think so. Everybody seems to have disappeared since luncheon. Naturally, they are excessively busy arranging for to-morrow. I do hope this beautiful weather may hold."

"Suppose," Miss Wade continued rather breathlessly, "suppose you made a discovery that something you had long suspected *was* a fact—a discovery vitally affecting the happiness of one dear to you—would you not feel bound to disclose what you knew?"

"If," said Benham Fane, and he looked hard at Miss Wade as he spoke, "such information tended to *add* to my friend's happiness, it would, of course, be selfish to abstain from communicating it."



"And so you ought to be, you wicked, designing girl!"—Page 514.

"I hope it may," Miss Wade said with a deep sigh; "but to me it feels sultry, as though a storm were brewing."

"The glass is high, that's a comfort."

"Mr. Fane"—here Miss Wade leant forward in her chair and gazed earnestly at her companion—"are you susceptible to psychic influences?"

"Well, really—I have never considered the question."

"Have you ever experienced the curious tension in the mental atmosphere that precedes revelation?"

"As a lawyer," Benham Fane answered dryly, "I am more or less compelled to distrust mental atmosphere. It is apt to lead to revelations which do not tally with plain facts."

"Suppose you discovered that your friend was habitually deceived and imposed upon, that she—that he—lived in a fool's paradise—what then?"

"It is no light enterprise to destroy felicity," Benham Fane said decidedly, "even should such an elysium appear to us to be imaginary. You know the proverb, 'Fools rush in,' and that still more homely adage as to the advisability of letting well alone."

"But can real happiness be founded on anything but the truth?"

"The longer I live the more strongly is it borne in upon me that it is best to let

people be happy in their own way, and—to mind one's own business."

Miss Wade started up, exclaiming indignantly: "*Don't* quote any more of those selfish, narrow sayings. Are we only to consider what is expedient? Are we never to risk unpleasantness, misrepresentation, even friendship, in pursuit of the ideal, the truest loyalty?"

"Pray be calm, Miss Wade," Benham Fane pleaded; "it is much too hot to gesticulate. The problem is certainly interesting. I take it that you are possessed of knowledge concerning one of your friends who believes in some one whom you have discovered to be absolutely untrustworthy. You consider that it is your duty to unmask this wolf in sheep's clothing. It is painful to you. It will cause pain to your friend.—Do I state the case correctly?—The question is, are you obliged to follow this line of conduct? I am by no means sure that you are. Let us ask my sister; she is a very level-headed woman in many ways. Ah—here *is* Louisa!"

III

Slowly through the French window came Mrs. Garden, reading aloud from a pencil list as she came:

"Three hundred Chelsea buns—the sort that unwind, with coffee sugar on the top; five five-pound currant cakes, iced; one hundred sponge fingers for the babies; a hundred finger rolls, buttered and spread with anchovy, for the mothers—they like something tasty; twenty dozen— Oh dear, how tired I am!" and she sank down upon the nearest chair. "Where's Geoffrey?"

"Colonel Garden went out not long ago," Miss Wade replied.

"Out!" Mrs. Garden exclaimed; "and the men have just come to set up the marquee. Benham, do go and look after them. They'll do nothing but loll about and drink beer if some one isn't there. My brain is a conglomeration of sticky buns and biscuits, packets of sweets, and rounds of beef, puddings, and pies. And, Benham! see that they put the tent-pegs in firmly, and don't you let them have one drop of beer till the whole thing's up. I *must* sit still for a minute or two."

"You may rely on me, Louisa," Benham remarked reassuringly as he departed. "I'll see that that tent is pegged to resist a hurricane."

"You look very cool, Emily," Mrs. Garden said wearily as she untied her veil. "I wish I was. Ring the bell for tea like a good creature. It's much too early, but Brooks must indulge me for once. We'll have it again for the others by and by."

"Shall I take your hat upstairs for you, Louisa?"

"Oh, no, thanks; I'll have to go out again directly. Tea, Brooks, at once, please, and where is the colonel?"

"I saw the colonel go down the drive, ma'am, about a quarter of an hour ago. Miss Ollerton was with him, ma'am."

"How tiresome," Mrs. Garden exclaimed irritably; "and I wanted them both so badly. Dot promised to do up the bags of sweets whenever they came, and I've brought the lot with me. Well, directly they come in, tell them I want them. That's all, Brooks; please hurry up tea. You look very depressed, Emily; what's the matter?"

Miss Wade had indeed assumed a most lugubrious cast of countenance on Mrs. Garden's arrival, and now she shook her head, saying rather faintly: "I have had rather a shock, but we won't talk about it just now."

"But we will," Mrs. Garden announced briskly. "What frightened you?"

"Nothing *frightened* me; a foreboding was fulfilled; that was all."

"Now, Emily," Mrs. Garden remonstrated, "you are always meeting trouble half-way. If you've had bad news, just tell me, and we'll see if something can't be done."

"I've had no bad news," sighed Miss Wade, "though naturally the trouble of a friend is a sorrow of my own."

Mrs. Garden rose hurriedly from her chair and literally strode across to Miss Wade, catching her by the shoulder and shaking her vigorously.

"You're trying to break something to me," she cried, "and of all detestable things that's the worst. Quick, don't keep me in suspense; something has happened to one of the boys and you're afraid to tell me. Which of them can't come? Is it Rex? Has he been gated again?"

"No, no, Louisa; go and sit down."

"Then it's Bobbie," cried Mrs. Garden, giving Miss Wade another shake; "they've

stopped his leave or a gun has burst or something! For heaven's sake, tell me the worst at once."

"I assure you I know nothing about Bobbie—don't do that, Louisa—it hurts."

"Not Rex? not Bobbie? and you're sure there's nothing from Eton about the Kiddie?—has he got into trouble and they've stopped his exeat?"

weak and she is— Well, the less said about her the better. Get rid of her."

Mrs. Garden leaned back in her chair and asked wearily: "What on earth is the woman talking about? What girl?"

"Miss Ollerton."

"Dot!"

"Louisa," Miss Wade said earnestly, "I am jealous *for* you if you won't be jealous



Miss Wade knelt down dramatically beside Mrs. Garden's chair.

"I swear to you," Miss Wade exclaimed, rubbing her shoulder, "I know nothing about any of them that you don't know yourself."

Here Brooks appeared with tea and Mrs. Garden went back to her place.

"No telegrams, Brooks?" she asked suspiciously as he placed the table in front of her; "nothing since I went out?"

"Nothing whatever, ma'am, since the second post came in."

Brooks departed and Mrs. Garden turned angrily upon Miss Wade. "Emily, if you sit there any more looking like a skeleton at the feast, I shall scream. For goodness' sake, speak out."

Miss Wade rose, crossed the room, and knelt down dramatically beside Mrs. Garden's chair. "Louisa, I will, though it kills me to do it. Louisa, you must get that girl out of the house. Colonel Garden is

for yourself. She isn't a nice girl, Louisa. I have suspected her ever since I came, and in your interest I did something unworthy, but, instead of preventing, it seems to have precipitated matters."

"Emily, I think you must have got a sunstroke," Mrs. Garden said quietly. "I can't see what you're driving at. Go and sit down, and in the name of common sense try and come to the point."

Miss Wade arose from her knees and went back to her seat; she leant forward and shaded her eyes with her hand. "I don't know how to tell you. This afternoon in this very room I came upon them unexpectedly——"

"Came upon who?"

"Colonel Garden and Miss Ollerton—and she was in his arms and he was kissing her. There! you would have it."

The blood surged into Mrs. Garden's

face. "I simply don't believe it and, what's more, I will not allow you to slander my husband to me! How dare you?"

"I dare," Miss Wade said sadly, "because I feel you ought to know, that you may take action before it is too late."

"His old friend's daughter!" Mrs. Garden said, more to herself than to Miss Wade—she was pale enough now—"in his own house; Emily, it is unthinkable."

"I tell you I saw them, and I was so indignant that I told them what I thought of them. She was crying——"

"Crying!" Mrs. Garden echoed with a great sigh of relief. "Oh, *that* explains everything. Of course if she cried it would be all over with Geoff, and he would be bound to kiss her. It's his way. It's the only thing he can think of in those circumstances. My dear Emily, have you known Geoff all these years and never discovered that he can't *bear* to see a woman cry? Why, if *you* cried in front of him—just to make things less painful, he'd probably kiss you."

"Indeed he would do nothing of the kind," Miss Wade protested indignantly.

"Well, well," Mrs. Garden said thoughtfully, "perhaps not. But Dot Ollerton, pretty, pretty Dot. After all, it is only the very young who cry becomingly."

Miss Wade started to walk up and down the room restlessly. "I can't understand you, Louisa—how you can take it so calmly. To me a kiss is such a sacred thing."

"Some kisses are. But there are as many kinds of kisses as there are daisies in the grass. Do you mean to tell me that when you give a peck at my cheek as you pass to your place at breakfast that *that* is sacred?"

"But between a man and a woman," Miss Wade expostulated. "Suppose you went about kissing people—men, I mean."

Mrs. Garden laughed. "I'm not tempted that way, you see. Besides, I grew up years ago. A great many men never really grow up where we are concerned, and Geoff's one of them."

"I can't think how you take it as you do. I'd be all to a man or nothing."

"Sit down, Emily, and don't fidget, and I'll try and explain my point of view."

"It needs explanation; he's always *aux petits soins* with somebody."

"That's nothing; that's only his way. Listen now. Twenty-five years ago I thought it all out. We were very much in love, both of us, and I was very happy at the prospect of the morrow. But even then I had faced the fact that I was marrying one of the handsomest horse gunners in the regiment. I could not expect that no other women would find him agreeable too. And I made up my mind that I would really take Geoff 'for better for worse,' not only for the better. I knew he loved me, but I also knew that he was constitutionally susceptible and that all through life he would probably love every pretty face he came across in a different and lesser degree, but that it wouldn't in the least alter his real love for me, if I kept wholesome and sweet and sensible about it."

"If I couldn't be first," Miss Wade said decidedly, "I wouldn't be anything to a man."

"My dear, I came first with Geoff then, and I come first now, after twenty-five years, in all that matters. You see, I don't worry about Geoff's very transient admiration for this person and that, because he *needs* me. He needs me far too much to get on without me, and when your man needs you it isn't worth while worrying over trumpery little things. Why, my dear child, only once was Geoff really in a hole—and then it was a little fool of a captain's wife who insisted on coming to lunch with him while I was away, and he telegraphed to me to come home in time to be there. It was very inconvenient; I was shopping in London, but I rushed back, and you should have seen her face when I received her."

Mrs. Garden laughed delightedly at the recollection, but Miss Wade shook her head.

"It sounds plausible enough as you put it," she said, "but I maintain that a married man should not behave like a giddy bachelor and appear, *appear* I say, as though he were greatly smitten with every pretty woman he meets."

"You're right in theory, of course," Mrs. Garden said seriously; "perfectly right. But you must remember in married life there's always a something. No one is perfect. Suppose I'd married a man who always breathed loudly down his nose whenever he made a joke; or whose collar stud always showed above his tie; or who grumbled at the house books and the school fees. *There* would have been a constant source

of irritation, if you like. Of course," she added simply, "if I hadn't had the boys I might have minded more."

"I can't make a joke of it," sighed Miss Wade; "I can't understand how you can bear it."

"And do you suppose he has had nothing to bear from me all these years? I've got a hot temper and I'm a fusser. We've got three boys. All of them have been at preparatory and public school away from me; part of the time I was in India, and in every illness those boys had I've died a hundred deaths, and nearly been the death of Geoff as well."

"I can believe that," Miss Wade murmured, rubbing her shoulder.

"Very well, then; and he—who can ever tell how kind and comforting he has been, and how patient! Look how he has helped my people! And is all that to count for nothing?"

"That's all very well, but where is he, and with whom, at the present moment?" Miss Wade asked in Cassandra-like tones.

As if in answer to her question, the colonel's voice was heard outside shouting: "Louisa! Louisa! Where's Mrs. Garden? In the drawing-room? What the devil do you mean, Brooks, by sending me on a fool's errand in all this heat?"

"Quick, Emily," Mrs. Garden whispered, "do go. He wants to speak to me, I know, and I'll bet you a spade guinea to a brass farthing it's about this precious mare's nest you think you have discovered."



"My sentiments exactly," Benham Fane exclaimed delightedly.—Page 523.

Miss Wade made her exit quickly by the door behind the big screen and she left the door open. At the same moment Dot Ollerton and the colonel came in by the window, covered with dust, hot and dishevelled. Mrs. Garden, calmly drinking tea, surveyed them with astonishment.

"Thank God you're alone, Louisa!" the colonel ejaculated as he dropped heavily into a deep chair. "We've been scouring the country for you; Boy Scouts aren't in it with us. That idiot, Brooks, said you'd gone to Fletbury."

"And we thought we'd meet you on the way back," gasped Dot, fanning herself with a magazine.

"But what's the matter?" Mrs. Garden asked, her eyes twinkling in the midst of a face that expressed only mild surprise. "Why run about the roads on such a hot afternoon? You knew I'd be back directly. As it happens, I came by the home farm and not by the high road."

"Where's Miss Wade?" asked the colonel.

"In her room, I suppose, resting like a sensible person. Why? Do you want her?"

"Good Lord, no. I say, Louisa, a most unpleasant thing has happened. Miss Ollerton has had an anonymous letter."

"An anonymous letter?" Mrs. Garden repeated.

"A horrid letter," cried Dot; "it made me cry, dear Mrs. Garden, it was so cruel."

"But what about? Where is it? Show it to me."

"Just what I said," the colonel chimed in; "but the little—the silly girl has destroyed it, and then——"

"Well, 'and then,'" Mrs. Garden cried impatiently; "do get on."

"I say, Louisa, you won't be stuffy about it? Anyway, *she's* not to blame."

"Of course not, poor child, but why should anybody write her anonymous letters, and what did it say?"

"It wouldn't matter so much about the letter," the colonel began in judicial tones, as if he were making the situation singularly clear; "only—she cried, you know—and I tried to comfort her—and Miss Wade—I've always told you that woman is a cat. Louisa, you must get rid of her. She must go."

"But what had Emily to do with it? What if she did come in? Didn't you tell her?"

"She didn't give us a chance," said Dot ruefully; "she flew out at us and called us all sorts of awful names."

"But why?" asked Mrs. Garden, who was thoroughly enjoying herself. "Emily is the mildest person."

"Oh, is she?" the colonel demanded ironically. "You should have heard her this afternoon."

"She said horrible things," and Dot nodded her pretty head solemnly to emphasize their horror.

"You must explain," Mrs. Garden said firmly. "What you tell me is too absurd—that Emily came and abused you both just because Dot had a letter and was crying; it's too ridiculous."

Colonel Garden arose from his chair and walked over to the tea-table. He shot his cuffs and squared his shoulders. "I've never lied to you, Louisa, and I'm not going to begin now. I grant you that Miss Wade had some excuse at first—but she wouldn't listen——"

Mrs. Garden turned to Dot Ollerton.

"What *is* he talking about? Excuse for what?"

Dot ran across the room and knelt by Mrs. Garden's chair just where Miss Wade had knelt earlier in the afternoon. "It was my fault, Mrs. Garden; he's a great dear, you know, and I was so upset that somehow I didn't mind—if it had been anybody else I'd have been furiously angry——"

"It wasn't fatherly, Louisa," the colonel spoke with quite a George Washington air; "I'm not going to say it was, and she came in just at that moment and thought the very worst of us and this on the top of Dot's letter——"

"I suppose you were kissing her, Geoffrey?" Mrs. Garden said mournfully.

"I was."

"And Emily saw you?"

"She did, may the devil fly away with her."

"And you expect *me* to explain it to Emily?"

"Well, she wouldn't listen to us."

"But what sort of an explanation do you propose that I should give?"

"Come, now, Louisa, a clever woman like you——"

Dot lifted her flushed face from Mrs. Garden's knee where she had hidden it. "Couldn't you tell her you didn't mind—if you don't? It really isn't any business of hers."

"How do you know I don't mind, you young monkey? I confess I see excuses for Geoffrey."

"He said I'm not a patch on you."

"Oh, he did—did he?"

At that moment Miss Wade and Benham Fane came in from the hall and he was asking: "Did you propound the problem?"

Mrs. Garden sat very straight in her

chair and remarked: "Emily, I'll trouble you for that brass farthing."

Miss Wade ignored her hostess, but turned to Benham Fane. "I did not ask her, Mr. Fane, but I'll do so now. Louisa, if you honestly believed (no matter whether you were mistaken or not); if you honestly believed a friend's husband to be deceiving her, would you not consider it your duty to tell her of your suspicions?"

"No, Emily," said Mrs. Garden with great decision; "I should not consider it my duty to do anything of the kind. For, if my friend had been married for some time, I should be pretty sure that she probably knew more about her own husband than anybody else in the world. Always provided, mind you, that she was not a fool."

"My sentiments exactly," Benham Fane exclaimed delightedly. "I assure you, Miss Wade, that what you call 'revelation' is generally the precursor of an action for libel, and the damages nowadays——"

"There," the colonel ejaculated, drawing up a chair beside his wife, "didn't I tell you, Dot, that she is no ordinary woman? Didn't I say Louisa would know what to do?"

"Louisa has no intention of doing anything whatever, but you, Geoff, might ring the bell for more tea, and then go and get brushed, you poor, dear, silly, dusty man! Hark! isn't that the motor? Oh, Geoff, come quick and let us meet our boys together."

"I suppose now I shall take a back seat, eh, Louisa?" asked the colonel as they hurried across the hall.

She stopped short and smiled up at him, holding out her hand. "You dear old silly," was all she said. But the colonel seemed quite satisfied.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

A RECENT Superintendent of West Point expressed the amazement which he was as well entitled to feel as any graduate of that institution, that "the honor of an appointment as candidate for entrance to the Military Academy should go begging." What Grant and the school-boys of his generation coveted as an education which of itself assured success in life, as appears from a letter written by the general when he was a cadet, by no means so universally appeals, it seems, to the contemporaneous school-boy. There are other explanations, very possibly, than the discouraging one that the "nurse of arms" loses her occupation in a "sink of level avarice," though that explanation is the most obvious. And it is but fair to remember that in General Grant's school-days, every technically educated military man in the United States was either a West Pointer or a foreigner.

The Three R's

But it seems that the discouraging and portentous list of vacancies in the corps of cadets is by no means wholly attributable to the want of interest of American youth, but very largely to the presentation of unqualified candidates. As the superintendent also pointed out, the mental and physical requirements for admission are perfectly intelligible, perfectly simple, and the mental requirements perfectly elementary. It is known that they have been kept elementary from the beginning, in order to comply with the demand that the regions in which the available schooling was but elementary should have their fair chance with the regions in which it was further advanced. The boys of these more favored parts were handicapped in their progress by the exigencies of the boys of the less favored. The irreducible minimum of the three R's was and is alone imposed, for there has been little change for a hundred years in the entrance requirements. Only it was and is insisted that this irreducible minimum should be really known. And it now appears that a discouragingly large proportion of the boys who come to the Academy do not know that of which every American boy who had had access to the common schools of any part of the country was a century ago "charged with knowledge." And this not alone with the boys of the districts most educationally backward, but quite equally with

those of the districts which boast themselves to be in the foremost educational files of time. There was, and possibly still is, a time when West Point took in the graduates of certain selected high schools, as many colleges take them in, on certificates of their proficiency. But that method was found by the examiners at West Point a very inefficient substitute for their own investigations to ascertain whether a boy really knew the few and simple things he was supposed and certified to know. The late Colonel Larned, of the Academy, exposed in print some of the grievous results of this investigation. Many of the certificated pupils were in the position of that candidate for a schoolmastership of whom the examiner inquired of what country Vienna was the capital, and who was fain to answer: "Why, I know of what country Vienna is the capital as well as you do, but I haven't the flow of language to express it."

This indication that there is something decomposed in the state of our public education is unluckily but one of many. It is a question of objects and methods. It is conceivable that some of the prize boys of the "progressive" high schools who fell lamentably down in reading and writing and arithmetic and primary geography might have soared in ethical culture and some of the ologies, if they were neologies, and have been proficient enough in "nature-study" to know infallibly "how to tell the birds from the wild flowers." All that they lacked was the basis of anything that deserves, according to the consensus of mankind, to be called an education. Johnson, with his "massive sagacity," once exhorted Boswell not to "refine" in the education of his children. "You must do as other people do." One would like to have that sentence inscribed over the doors of some of the institutions which inculcate that, in matters of education, they must signalize themselves by doing as other people do not do. Those reactionaries who insist that, of whatever a boy may be ignorant, he must at least know how to spell and write and cipher, describe these innovators as "faddists." One of the innovators, waxing exceedingly bold, and taking the conservative bull by the indurated horns, has of late publicly proposed to turn the tables by the simple process of describing the old-fashioned elementary education as a "fad." It is at any rate clear that eternal vigilance is the price of preserving a general adherence to the rudiments, and of postponing the advent of a day when primary education shall be as R-less as the oysterless months.

The Changing City Type

NOTHING is more frequent, in the New York of to-day, than the search in some lower side street, not latterly visited, for some old address which proves to be non-existent. To one on such a quest there will come evidences of change, realization of profound transmutations which will never reach him in his daily passing to and fro along the main longitudinal thoroughfares of the city; which will quite escape him as he goes about his daily occupations and pleasures in the central portion of the streets, where he has "moved up," as everybody else "moved up," and where the full, thronged feeling of his habitual New York surrounds him like an iridescent cloud-bank. If one has known, and perhaps rather imaginatively felt the quality of, an older New York, to find oneself on one of the quieter lateral blocks, at some odd hour, is often to sense again, quite unexpectedly, impressions that one would have thought sunk beyond recovery in distant holes of consciousness. There were pictures of that older New York that memory always flashed back, at whatever distance one chanced to be, whenever remembrance of the city was evoked—and one of those pictures was sure to be that of a narrow side street, with rows of tight little red houses on either hand, and with the cold yellow of a winter sunset at the end of it. Perhaps you are one of those in whom that picture still brings up a troop of undefined suggestions, and, in the ensuing momentary vagueness that besets you, not finding the house of which you are in search, you appeal for information to a person standing in a door-way. His back is toward you, a familiar back, a youthful male back, which you recognize without giving it any attention as the usual male back, to be seen in every American city the land through. Then, as he turns to answer you—and to answer in the American voice, as familiar as his back—an extraordinary thing happens to you.

You find yourself looking into the face of the American who will perhaps be walking through these side streets of New York when you are not.

The foreign element in the population of New York is a matter of persistent, indeed compulsory, contemplation. But we have conceived of it, until now, as segregated. Literary Englishmen, and other persons with

a taste for picturesque cosmopolitanism, visit the foreign segregations; the native New Yorker feels them chiefly as rather interesting spots of color on the outskirts of his life. The last thing he thinks of is that an infiltration from the outer segregations is beginning. There is an alien integration. Here and there a face—like the face of the young man in the door-way—already tells the story. As yet these faces are few. But once have your eyes sharpened to see them, and you look for them and make queer discoveries.

I suppose it never occurred to any of us that the countenance of any American who might come after us could be radically different from our own. If imagination ever showed us those Americans of future generations, it probably showed them as not more unlike us than we are unlike our progenitors. These progenitors, whether they look out upon us from the frames of family portraits or from the little velvet-lined cases of old and humbler daguerreotypes, are, on the whole, singularly homogeneous of aspect. It is the kind of face that has always been seen hitherto wherever the English language was spoken. The assimilative force of American life has been counted on to perpetuate that kind of face indefinitely. And here, surprisingly, are signs that one can't probably count on any such thing. This integration of a different, over-seas, Southern-Easternly visage in the effect, the "style," of an American is a new thing, a startling thing —and startling, precisely, in the measure in which you grasp the fact that it is not an isolated instance, here and there, that you see, but rather an outward emergence of deep-lodged underground elements, in the Eastern cities of the Atlantic seaboard, that soon must push everywhere to the surface.

A New Urban Face

A STRIKE of youthful garment-workers is in progress, and in a street near Union Square many groups are assembled along the sidewalks. Young girls, almost all; some barely more than children; many with soft, round cheeks and the dewy eyes of young animals. They have long, warm coats and cheap hats that follow the fashions of the hour in terms of violence and distortion. In such outward semblance they are of America. But in their shapeless backs and their shuffling, out spread, spatulate feet they betray the exact number of years during which they have been of the workers of New York—and those years are few.

For the back and the feet, you presently observe, are the points at which the new influence first makes itself felt. Backs that had cringed and slouched, as if they had always carried burdens, or expected to, straighten up and grow taut and flat. And feet that had not known how to wear shoes and legs that had not seemed to have any circulation below the knee grow articulate, fine down at the ankle, and, in the second generation, step out with the crisp, light briskness of the American walk. With a little practice you may tell the Italian back, the Russian-Jewish back, the German-Jewish back, a block away. There is something in the step of a newly arrived Syrian by which you can recognize him afar. What more characteristic than the strange roll in the gait of the man who now passes you—also in the neighborhood of Union Square—and whose countenance of greenish-copper should properly be looking out—to be "in the picture"—from under a Turkish fez? But let American-made clothes and shoes do their work. Let the habit of conforming to a certain set type of dress (a habit of conformity stronger here than anywhere on earth) strike into the man with all its unconsidered but moulding pressure. Let the children who exhibit these uncouth feet and peasant backs pass through a few years of the American public school. Then fresh numbers are added to those crowds upon the New York streets whose extraordinary sameness in gesture, movement, outline, has struck attentive observers from all over the world.

But the levelling seems to stop at the face —more specifically at the upper part of the face. In the back part of a Fifth Avenue book-shop, to which you have been admitted in pursuit of a dusty tome, two men are working, side by side, at some repairing. The elder, who appears to be somewhat in command, has lightish hair, now fading into gray, and the wide-apart eyes of Celtic blue that keep, whatever the doings of the rest of the man, inveterately their air of innocent detachment. The younger is safely diagnosed as probably born in southeastern Europe, but indubitably acclimated to the streets of New York and the back rows of

New York's cheaper vaudeville theatres since early boyhood. The two treat each other with an equal, quizzical tolerance dashed with humor. But the black eye of the younger has the boring power of a steel drill. And that same black eye, now sullen, now warm, but always incisive, is not the least little bit like Uncle Sam's. But it multiplies, and it changes the panorama of the streets. Intent black eyes, set close together above the escarpment of a larger, more trenchant nose; more definiteness about the eyebrows; more modelling—or, at least, a different modelling—about the forehead—there you have the newer New York face; what we shall probably, a generation or two hence, and in the Eastern States, be calling the urban American face.

It never will be, we feel, the face of the American farms and villages. Take but a two hours' journey away from New York—on Long Island, up into the farming districts of New Jersey—and you plunge so deeply into the physiognomical characteristics of the older stock that you could swear that no other physiognomy ever could be. One may imagine the cleavage growing sharper, until the old-stock American face fills the countryside, while the foreign-American face rises up, like a slow, strong tide, from the mills, the factories, the freight and railroad yards, to the dominance of the great cities.

Dominant is the word for the type. These keen, semi-Oriental visages have an entire appearance of having arrived, of taking possession. It is the look of races in which long-suppressed will, energy, power, have at last been released in the upper air. They seem to indicate that they know precisely what they want, and what they want are perfectly tangible, concrete things. Beside them, people of the older, Celto-Teutonic stock look quite unworldly and visionary—so bland and open and casual are their countenances by comparison. And the things they do not often seem to know, by contrast! Hear the chatter of three middle-class, pretty, much-dressed, dark young girls, halted on the corner, about to-morrow's matinée at the opera, and Hempel and Bori! And how much less would three young girls in the same "walk of life" have known of such matters, of art and "metropolitan amusements," had they been of the older New York!

But then, again, the people that made the older New York, if dull and provincial in such affairs, were of the kind and stock that could manufacture the particular brand of free institutions under which all New Yorkers, old, new, or newest, now flourish together—a point, this, on which they can hardly be blamed if they shall come eventually to insist a little, since entering into a heritage of social conditions to one's liking, and painfully and practically thinking out and building up those conditions through centuries of effort, are by no means one and the same thing.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·



The gateway of the Princeton University Press.

UNIVERSITY STUDY OF ART IN AMERICA

DELIGHTFULLY housed and admirably equipped in a new building into which it moved about two years ago, the Princeton University Press has from the first done a useful work in publishing the routine printing of the university, besides student journals and occasional publications of the faculty. Now it undertakes a more ambitious and enduring enterprise in a series of "Princeton Monographs in Art and Archæology." Professor Marquand's "Della Robbias in America" has already appeared. The starting of this series and the particular character of this first monograph constitute an interesting landmark in the study of art in America. It is no novelty for Americans to make investigations in the history of art. I need hardly recall the researches of Charles Eliot Norton, Charles H. Moore, Professor William H. Goodyear, and Arthur Kingsley Porter in the field of architecture, of the late Ernest F. Fenollosa and Edward S. Morse in Far Eastern art, of Bernhard Berenson in the painting of Italy. The list must remain incomplete, but in a general way, not only in the frequented ways of European art, but also in the remote eras of Minoan and Mesopotamian art, in Egyptology, and in the obscure fields of Central and South American archæology, American scholarship has for years been playing a creditable part. And the American universities, too, have shown an occasional activity in publishing studies in the history of art. Harvard now and then includes in her excellent "Classical Studies" a paper on an archæological theme. The Chicago University Press has published a few monographs of merit in the art historical field. Such studies at times appear in the transactions of our other universities and learned societies. University publications of a more consecutive sort have been put forth by the University of Pennsylvania, comprising, besides studies in Chaldæan antiquity, the remarkable Nubian explorations of Mr. Randall MacIver. Princeton itself has won a similar prestige from Professor H. C. Butler's reports of his archæological pilgrimages in Syria, and doubtless he will publish in similar fashion the valuable discoveries he is now making at Sardes, in Asia Minor. As to art historical journals, the *American Journal of Archæology*, the official organ of the Archæological Institute, is in a vigorous seventeenth

year. It is devoted chiefly to the classical period. A promising new magazine, *Art in America*, has just appeared and is chiefly dedicated to research in the Mediæval and Renaissance field.

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In a private collection, New York.

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Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

THE SIGNAL-FIRE.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LIII MAY, 1913 NO. 5



A YANKEE PRIVATEER

By Sidney M. Chase

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

CAPTAIN AHAB sighed contentedly as he fumbled in his pocket for his pipe.

It had been a hard day's work, and now, as he settled his comfortable bulk deep in his comfortable, old-fashioned arm-chair and slowly ground up the black tobacco between his great palms, he prepared to enjoy the reward of a worthy labor well done.

On a clumsy, hacked carpenter's bench before him rose the graceful model of a brig, full-sparred, a delight to the eye. With her cobwebby masts and rigging, and her slender hull hewed out with careful jack-knife, she poised on the table, a delicate, fragile bit of beauty in quick contrast to the solid figure of the captain and the gloom and litter of the old wood-shed in which he sat.

The captain drew a sulphur match across his trousers leg and applied it carefully to his pipe. Then with quiet content his eyes followed the swirl of blue smoke toward the square, open door, and beyond, past his vegetable garden, across the green marshes to the sparkle of blue sea. He puffed steadily for a silent moment. Then his gaze came back to the wood-shed, littered with shavings, bits of twine, and fishing-gear, and rested with a mild triumph upon the ship before him. His eyes narrowed to critical slits as he gazed, professionally.

"Seems t' me thet main to'gallant yard 's a *mite* heavy," he rumbled, "'n' I'll hev

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t' sway th' topm'st for'ard a leetle—'n' mebbe tauten up them starb'd shrouds—" he added thoughtfully.

"It looks all right to me, Captain," I said.

"Wa'al, it's purty good—purty near right, I guess," he said doubtfully. "It's been kind o' pesterin' work—but I've enj'yed doin' of it—I've took a sight o' comfort makin' of her, 'n' thet's a fact. Jes' 's soon 's I kin bend on some sails, 'n' paint her up black with white ports an' green b'low her water-line——"

His gaze wandered absently toward the sweep of sky and sea. It had been raining, but the sun had come out warm and the smell of the fresh-washed earth was good. The captain wiped his face with an ample blue handkerchief.

"Come out hot," he observed. "'T 'll make th' grass grow good. Guess I won't do no more work to-day." He consulted his big silver watch. "Mos' quarter o' three, tew."

He puffed steadily at his pipe.

"Thet thar' brig," he pointed a broad thumb toward the model, "she see some lively doin's 'n her time!"

He took his pipe out of his mouth and turned to me.

"Didn't never tell ye 'bout her, did I?" he inquired.

I blew out a fragrant cloud of smoke. Haste would be ill-advised.

"No, Captain," I said, "you never did."

He meditated for a space.

"I dunno 's it's very much of a yarn," he began, "but it allers seemed consid'able int'restin' to me, bein' 's it happened 'n th' family, so. 'Twas my gran'mother's uncle's cousin—once removed," he corrected, carefully; "so, ye see, I got it purty straight.

"She was la'nched up th' river a piece, t' Amesb'ry Ferry—way back in eighteen hunderd 'n' twelve. I rec'lect well hearin' 'bout it—mos' 's good 's 'f I see it—how she looked, all flags flutterin' 'n' guns goin' off, when she slipped down th' ways. She was built for speed—*hed* t' be—privateer vessels hed t' be fast them days——"

He regarded me shrewdly.

"Plain lootin', I s'pose some might call it," he went on, "but them British-ers they used us pesky mean, stealin' our sailors, 'n' all. The *Decatur*—oh, didn't I tell ye her name?—she was owned t' Newb'ryport, whar' my mother's folks, th' Nicholses, all come from; an' Squire Ben Pierce 'n' my mother's uncle's cousin, Bill Nichols, thet was to command her, an' a lot more folks was thar' t' th' la'nchin'. An' I cal'late they was consid'able proud!"

Captain Ahab picked up a splinter of wood, squinted along it, and opening his huge jack-knife began unconsciously to fashion the hull of a boat. The resinous smell of pine whittlings grew about us.

"I mind Cap'n Bill Nichols tol'able well myself," he said suddenly. "When I was a young un, us boys ust t' think he was the devil, 'n' run whenever we see him comin'! I kin see him now, tall 'n' straight, with gray hair, stompin' along with his gold-headed cane, black eyes a-borin' through ye. 'Tain't no wonder 't fightin' the' was allers hell t' pay 'n' no pitch hot!"

"He saw fighting, then?"

"Fightin'? Cap'n Bill!"

The old man took his pipe out of his mouth for freedom of action, propped one carpet-slippered foot on a handy chair-seat, and cleared decks for action.

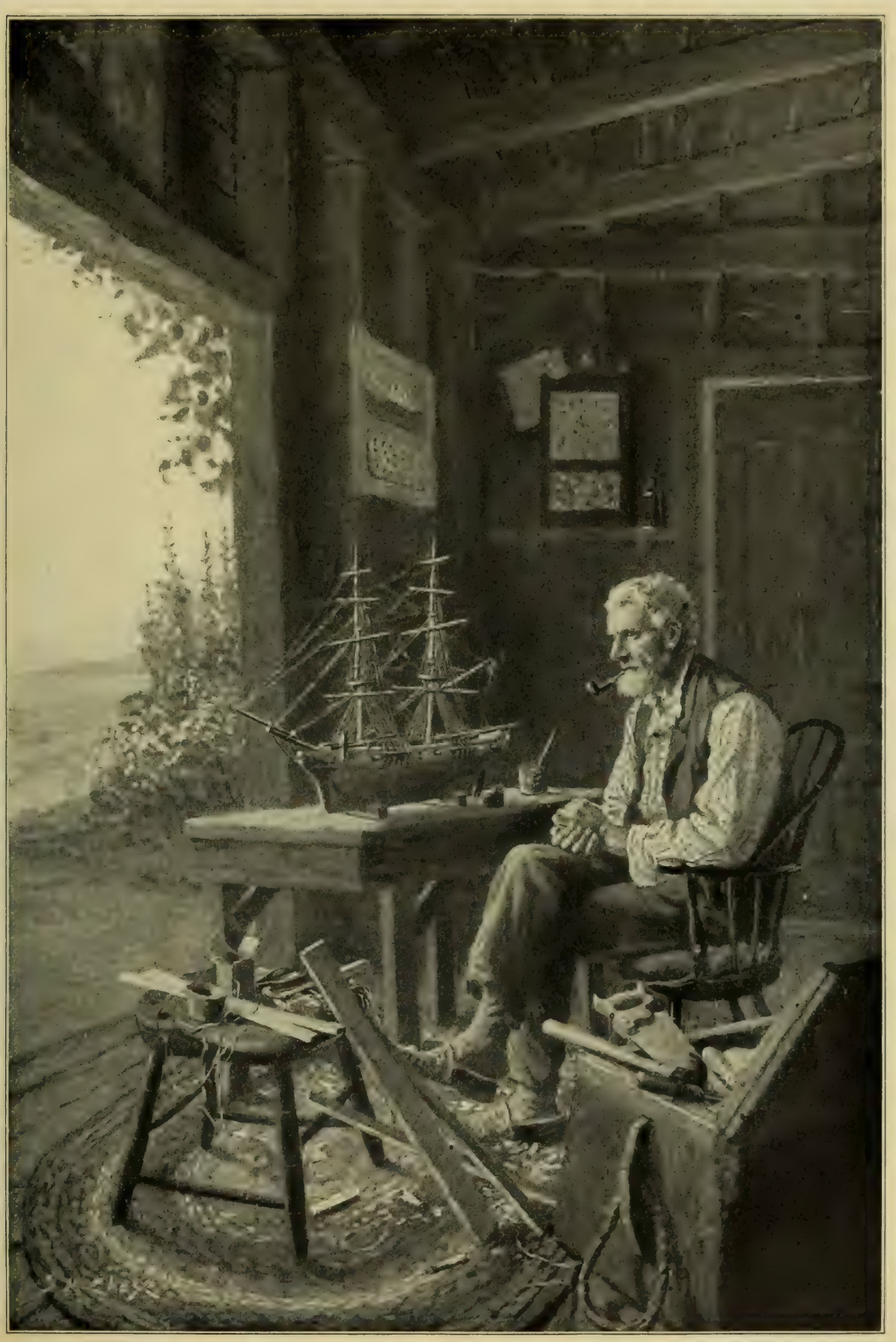
"Wa'al, sir, Cap'n Bill Nichols 'd ruther fight than eat! Fightin' come 's nat'ral to him 's groanin' to a good Methodist! When he was seventeen year old he fit a French privateer, 'n' was took; then he got away 'n' turned blockade runner, an' got ketched ag'in 'n' lost his vessel! He got 'nother ship, 'n', by Godfrey Di'monds, they nabbed him once more, an' *then* things begun t' happen!"

Captain Ahab chuckled to himself.

"They put a prize crew aboard him—seven men 'n all—but they lef' Cap'n Bill 'n' th' mate aboard tew! Thet wa'n't *reel* good jedgment. Bill 'n' th' mate, they'd hid some fire-arms, 'n' they riz 'n th' night 'n' s'prised th' watch 'n' captured th' hull crew!

"They'd 'a' got away tew, 'f 't hedn't been thet another frigate see him, 'n' s'picioned suthin' wrong 'n' ketched him all over ag'in. Dre'tful pity, now, wa'n't it?

"They fetched him t' London, 'n' Cap'n Bill see his chance, 'n' says t' th' sergeant, s's he:



Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

He prepared to enjoy the reward of a worthy labor well done.—Page 531.



"They'd hid some fire-arms, 'n' they riz 'n th' night 'n' s'prised th' watch 'n' captured th' hull crew!"—Page 532.

"'Sergeant, this here is tur'ble dry work!'

"'Dry ain't no name for it, Skipper,' s's he.

"'Don't ye know no place whar' we kin splice th' main-brace?' s's Cap'n Bill.

"Wa'al, 'n a minute, thar' they was to a tavern drinkin' rum punches, comf't-able 's you please! Bum-by th' sergeant he begins t' snore, 'n' Cap'n Bill slips out easy, leavin' th' other feller t' pay th' bill!"

"That was a clever get-away," I said.

"Wa'al," replied the captain, "he didn't —not yit. Soon 's he lit 'n London, he run plum' int' thet same sergeant! Cap'n Bill backed his tops'ls 'n' cleared for action. 'I've enj'yed your comp'ny immense,' s's he, heavin' him a gold piece, 'an' I'm willin' t' pay for thet rum, but by th' eternal! ye won't never take me alive!' An' he fills away for hum!"

Captain Ahab puffed in grim enjoyment for a moment.

"So ye see," he went on, presently, "Cap'n Bill didn't hev no cause t' love his enemies, 's th' Good Book says. He was b'ilin' mad, an' he'd lost a lot o' money, 'n'—he felt 'bout 's good 's ol' Nate Tarlton done when he got red o' th' gout, I guess. Nate enj'yed ill-health reg'lar, 'n' one day I says to him: 'How be ye now?' I says; 'n' Nate says, s's he: 'Purty

good, cap'n! Gout 's lef' me, an' I hain't got nothin' now but th' rheumatiz!'"

He wiped his perspiring forehead.

"Talkin' so much is thirsty work," he observed. "Mother! Ain't ye got a pitcher o' thet rossb'ry shrub some'ars 'bout?" he called into the kitchen.

His wife emerged presently, carrying a cool white pitcher and two glasses. A sharp-featured, kindly-eyed woman, she set them on the table, and stood a moment, hands on hips, regarding us amusedly.

"Thar' you be, Ahab," she said, "talkin' 'n' a-settin', 'n' things jes' sp'ilin' t' be done——"

"Wa'al, Mother," began the captain.

But the screen-door had slammed behind her.

The old man turned to me, beaming.

"Dre'tful active woman, Sairy is," he observed; "allers stirrin' so——"

He poured out two glasses full of ruby liquid, and drained his with one sweep of his elbow.

"M-m!" he sighed contentedly. "Now I'll tell ye how Cap'n Bill got even," he finished.

Captain Ahab accepted a cigar, and when it was well alight he continued his narrative.

"I rec'lect well 's can be hearin' my gran'mother tell—my mother's mother, thet is—how one July afternoon she heared a drum 'n' fife 'n' cheerin', an' she dropped her dish-cloth 'n' run t' th' door 'n time t' see th' sailors marchin' past. She follered along, 'n' when they got t' Squire Pierce's, him 'n' his wife come out, 'n' Mis' Pierce she tied a blue ribbon on ev'ry sailor's hat. They gin her three cheers, an' all on 'em marched t' th' wharves t' th' tune o' 'Yankee Doodle'—a hunderd 'n' fifty men, an' th' brig wa'n't bigger 'n a schooner these days!

"One on 'em come purty nigh gittin' left, tew—Anthony Knapp, his name was. He wa'n't but fourteen, an' his dad wouldn't let him go. Wa'al, sir, that boy, he clim' out a winder—he knowed th' brig would touch at Salem—an' hoofed it th' hull twenty-two miles—hed t' tramp all night t' git thar' 'n time! Thet's th' kind o' crew Cap'n Nichols hed!"

The old man got stiffly to his feet and made his way over to an old mahogany desk in a dim corner of the wood-shed. Reaching deep into a pigeon-hole, he produced a yellowed envelope, sealed originally with a wafer, from which he slowly extracted a time-aged letter. He scanned it through his great spectacles, and brought it across to me.

"Ol' Squire Pierce's sailin' orders to Cap'n Bill," he said.

It was written in a fine-pointed, aristocratic handwriting, in a flowing but accurate diction. One sentence in particular delighted me. I read it aloud to the captain:

"'As respects what Prizes you may take while on said Cruise; at the times and situations of captures you will endeavour to exercise your cool and deliberate reflections, and order them to such Foreign or Domestic ports, as such exercise may produce suggestions most appropriate on those anticipated occasions.'"

I laughed aloud.

The captain nodded his head interestedly.

"Cur'ous language, now, ain't it?" he remarked. "An' yit ye know complete jes' what course he was p'intin'. 'On a cruise' was what they allers called it—kind o' pleasant name for piratin'—must 'a' eased their minds a leetle mite, mebbe," he grinned.

"Did he get many prizes?" I asked.

"Didn't git ary thing for a fortni't," replied the captain, "an' then he come nigh t' losin' his own bacon. I guess I'll hev t' tell ye 'bout thet, complete.

"He was off Novy Scotia late one afternoon, 'n' a big British frigate sighted him. She laid him chase, 'n' bime-by Cap'n Bill made her out t' be th' *Guerriere*. Wa'al, he made all sail, 'n' come nightfall, wind died out 'n 'th' *Decatur* drawed away from her gradual.

"Wa'al, 'long 'bout eight bells—midnight, thet is—I've often heared gran'father tell it—the lookout he see a big ship loomin' close aboard! He sung out a warnin' an' Nichols sot all the sail he hed. Things looked consid'able desprit, 'n' Cap'n Bill he hed 'em heave all th' guns overside, so 's he could sail faster—all but two leetle brass cannon, thet is. At last he begun t' draw away, men on th' yards wettin' sails, when a squall



Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

"When they got t' Squire Pierce's, him 'n' his wife come out, 'n' Mis' Pierce she tied a blue ribbon on ev'ry sailor's hat."—Page 536.

struck, 'n' th' foretop-m'st 'n' to'gallant gear come crashin' down t' th' deck 'n' draggin' in th' water. Wa'al, thet settled it. Th' ship ranged up 'longside."

Captain Ahab leaned forward as he approached the climax of his story and made sweeping gestures with his cigar.

"Cap'n Bill see th' jig was up. An' then they hailed him:

"'Brig ahoy! What brig is that?'

"'United States brig *Decatur!*' sings out Nichols. 'What ship is that?'

"I cal'late ye could 'a' heared a pin drop! Ye see they figured th' *Guer-riere* hed ketched 'em 't last. An' then th' answerin' hail come back:

"'United States frigate *Constitution!*'

"Wa'al, sir, by Godfrey Di'monds, mebbe them privateers didn't let loose three cheers for 'Ol' Ironsides'! Hull sent a bo't 'n' Cap'n Bill he went aboard him.

"'Cap'n,' says Hull, 'ye hain't seen aught o' th' *Guer-riere*, hev ye?'

"'Wa'al, sir,' says Cap'n Bill, 'I cal'late I hev, seein' 's how she chased me last evenin' from sundown t' dark,' he says. 'Last I see of her,' he goes on, 'she was headin' t' th' s'uth'ard!'

"An' with thet Cap'n Hull thanked him kindly, an' put about t' foller th' *Guer-riere*, 'n' Nichols he trailed 'long tew, 'n' nex' day he heared heavy firin' t' th' s'uth'ard, 'n' thet was the battle. . . . An' so 'twas Cap'n Bill thet fetched th' hull thing 'bout!"

The captain paused and regarded me triumphantly.

"Is that possible!" I said.

"Fact," said the captain. "True 's gospel."

We smoked in silence for some moments.

"But what became of the *Decatur*," I asked, "without any cannon?"

"Thet didn't bother Cap'n Bill none," returned the old man. "He rigged up some logs p'intin' out th' ports t' look like guns, 'n' cal'lated t' go ahead 'n' capture prizes by *boardin'!* An' then—the crew mutinized!"

"Anything else?" I asked.

"No, the' wa'n't nothin' else. Cap'n Bill dropped through th' main hatch with a belayin' pin—an' th' crew come 'round!

"An' then his luck turned. Thet same day he sighted a bark 'n' chased her, 'n' when he ranged 'longside, log cannon bristlin' 'n' crew t' th' rail, she hauled down her colors prompt! She didn't hev no cargo nor nothin' else but four ol' cannon, but them was better 'n logs!"

Captain Ahab rose and made another journey to his desk, producing, after a prolonged and dusty search, a yellowed newspaper, from which, once re-settled in his chair, he proceeded to refresh his memory.

"'Newb'ryport, Mass., September 25, 1812'—h'm—'Marine News'—Le's see!—Ah, here 't is!—'Entered—Brig *Decatur*, Nichols, from a very successful cruise, having captured'—h'm—'*Pomona*, brig *Elizabeth*—she hed salt 'n' coal'—h'm, then three in one day—' 'n' then the *William and Charlotte*—she had five hunderd tons o' Canady lumber for England'—but thet's nothin'—whar' *is* thet?—I'm skippin' a lot on 'em—here 't is—' the *Commerce*.' *Thet* was a real fight!"

The captain beamed at me over his spectacles.

"Tell me about it," I said.

"Wa'al," he began, "he'd took nine prizes 'n' sent 'em int' port or scuttled 'em, 'n' was joggin' 'long for hum, thick o' fog, an' all of a suddint he run right onto a big ship close aboard. She h'isted British colors, but when Cap'n Bill hove a shot at her, she come to an' hauled down her flag. He sent a lieutenant an' a prize crew aboard, 'n' when they went overside, by Godfrey Mack'rel, the British grabbed 'em 'n' clapped 'em b'low hatches 'n' made sail ag'in!"

"They didn't get away!" I exclaimed.

"'Twouldn't 'a' been so bad only th' *Decatur* was tur'ble short-handed. Her crew was mos'ly on prizes, 'n' the' wa'n't hardly enough t' work ship, say nothin' o' fightin'. Cap'n Bill was roarin' mad, 'n' Mose Knight, second mate he was, he throwed his cap ont' th' deck 'n' swore he wouldn't eat bread nor drink water till he got them men aboard ag'in! P'raps" —the old man interpolated—"he might 'a' got along a day or tew on good, ol' Medford rum!

"Wa'al, sir, you, they got all sail sot, 'n' then th' few men the' was left hauled a 'long-tom' for'ard an' crammed her up t' th' muzzle with bolts 'n' scrap iron. When the brig drawed up, Mose Knight, he sighted her careful at th' ship 'n'——"

"Ahab!" called 'Sairy's' voice from



"'Brig ahoy! What brig is that?'"—Page 538.

the kitchen, "'f you don't go 'n' pull me a mess o' lettuce, them boarders won't hev no lobster salad for supper!"

The captain knocked the ashes out of his pipe disgustedly.

"Ef thet ain't jest like a woman!" he snorted. "Can't let anybody set an' talk a minute or tew, comf'table, but what suthin' 's got t' be— I'm a-goin', Sairy, I'm a-goin', jest a minute—now, whar' be I—wa'al——

"When thet gun went off an' th' smoke blowed away, Nichols see the ship's mizzen-m'st draggin' 'longside a wrack. An' then they hed it, hammer 'n' tongs—Cap'n Bill hed a cute idee—'Keep their wheel clear!' he hollered, an' fast 's they could grab th' wheel the Yankees would pick 'em off. Bime-by they lost control of her, 'n' Nichols raked her fore 'n' aft till her skipper fell, an' then she gin up!"

The captain paused, an anxious eye upon the kitchen door.

"An' she was wuth while fightin' for, tew," he finished. "She was lo'ded deep with rum, sugar, cotton, 'n' coffee, an' Lord knows what—a hunderd hogsheads o' rum—" The captain moistened his lips.

"I'm a-goin' this minute, Sairy!" He started hastily to his feet as he heard a door slam in the shed. "Now, don't you go—not jest yet," he told me; "'twon't

take long, an' the's some more things—you set right thar' an' I'll be back——"

Captain Ahab had disappeared around the corner of the barn.

The sun was well up the next morning, but the old wood-shed had an abandoned look. The model of the brig had been placed carefully against the wall, and the deep, cushioned arm-chair was empty. The chips and litter of the day before were gone, and altogether the place looked uncomfortably trim.

Presently the captain puffed around the corner of the house, his red face shining with perspiration, carrying a large basket of fresh green peas from his garden.

"Good *mornin'!*" he said, genially, as he set the basket down and straightened his bent back slowly. "Them's 'Queen o' New England' peas, an' they dew eat good! Mother!" he called. "Here's suthin' green for dinner!"

He sank comfortably back into his waiting arm-chair and mopped his face.

"I ain't so spry 's I ust t' be," he remarked, "an' talkin' 's gittin' t' be a sight easier 'n gardenin'."

He reached for the inevitable pipe.

"No, thankee," he replied to my offer of a cigar. "Them's *real* good see-gars, but I'm kind o' ust to a pipe——"

He smoked placidly.

From the kitchen door emerged 'Sairy' with a large tin pan, and seated herself briskly in a small, rush-bottomed rocker beside the basket of peas.

The old man regarded her labor with pleased anticipation.

"I'm kind o' crippled up," he said—"some like th' old hoss Cy Warner traded for. 'Cal'late she'll live thru th' day?' says Cy. 'Wa'al,' says th' other feller, 'I wouldn't want t' *guarantee* nothin' 'bout her but her appetite!'"

The peas rattled a cheerful accompaniment into the tin pan.

"Whar'bouts was it we lef' Cap'n Bill?" resumed my old friend. "Kind o' beatin' off 'n' on, wa'n't he," he grinned, "when Sairy sent me out for thet mess o' green stuff? Now, you jes' set a minute whilst I git my idees in order——

"Wa'al, Cap'n Bill, he hedn't been 'n port long—did I tell ye he come in flyin' th' British flag union down?—British distress signal, ye know—he was allers a marster hand for a joke!—afore he got oneasy 'n' put t' sea ag'in.

"He didn't take no prizes for a month—nothin' wuth anything, thet is, only two-three fishermen—'n' then he run afoul o' th' *Neptune*, with a fine cargo o' brandy 'n' wine 'n'——"

"Jewelry 'n' dry goods!" put in his wife.

"—wuth purty nigh half a million dollars!" finished the captain, triumphantly.

"That was making money!" I said.

"Wa'al, thet was th' end on 't. Cap'n Bill got his come-uppance. He was off Cape Verde lookin' for more plunder, 'n' a British thirty-eight-gun ship ketched him. He see 't he'd bit off more'n he could chaw, but he couldn't git away. So he stud to it all he knowed, but th' little *Decatur* didn't hev no show"—he glanced fondly at the model—"ag'in' a big man-o'-war. 'Twas turrible fierce while it lasted—broadsides 't pistol-range 'n' decks runnin' blood——

"When Cap'n Bill s'rendered an' went aboard th' frigate, the British orficer says:

"'I'll take your sword, sir!' says he, like thet.

"'Not by a dum sight!' says Cap'n Bill—'unless you take it thru your body!' says he, an' he drawed his sword an' throwed it int' th' ocean."

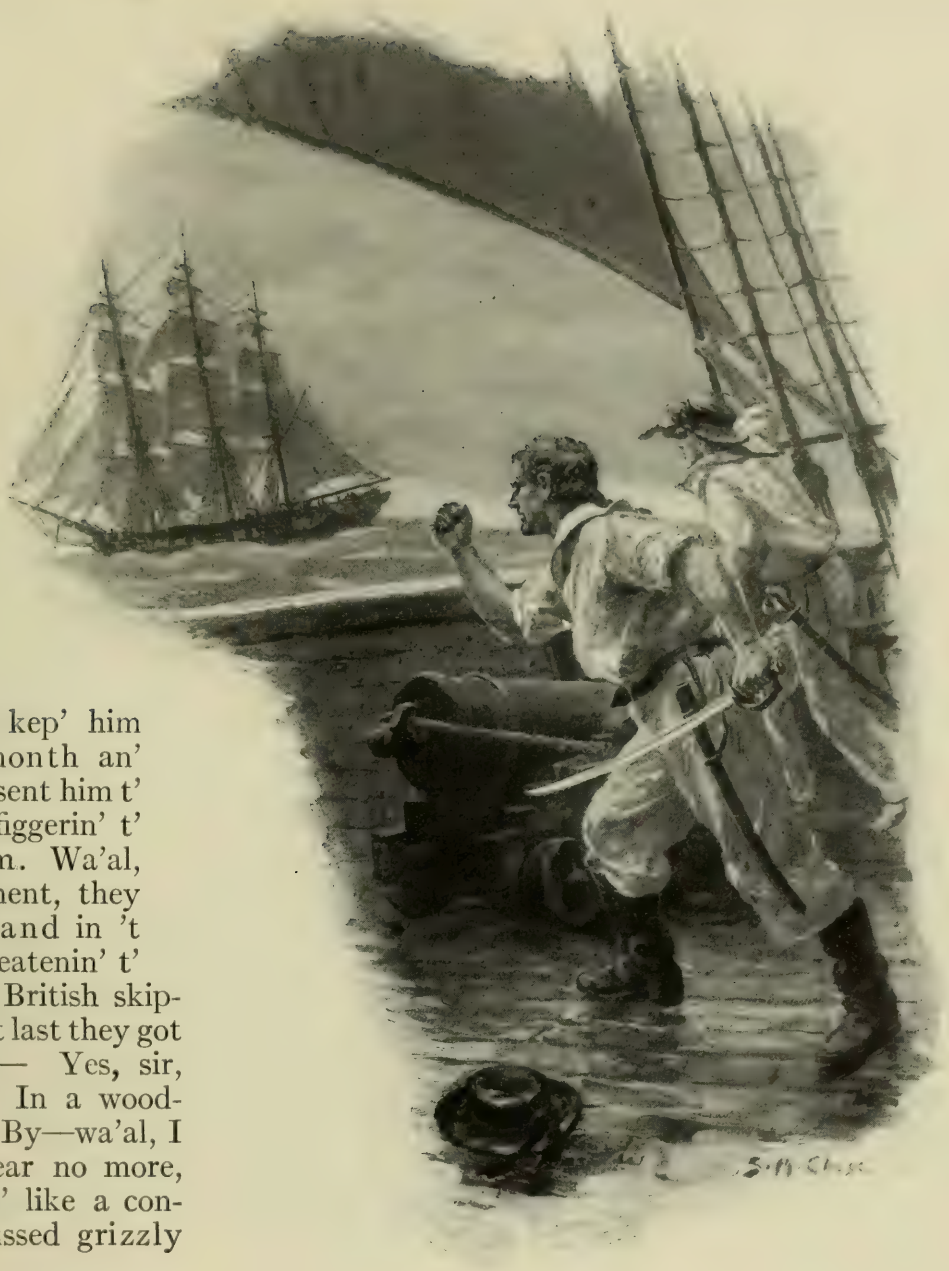
"Father," interrupted his wife, "seems to me you hadn't ought t' swear so! An' you a perfessin'——"

"Wa'al, Mother," replied the captain, "I hate tew"—he winked solemnly at me—"but 'f it's th' truth, I cal'late I'd ought t' tell it jest as 't is!"

"What did they do to him?" I inquired.

"Fetched him t' Bar*ba*does 'n' p'roled him. Ye see, he was purty famous by thet time, an' boys ust t' p'int him out on the street. 'N' one day 'long come th' British skipper 't Cap'n Bill hed fooled 'n th' *Alert* afore the war—you rec'lect?"—he turned to me—"an' he'd never forgive Bill for 't. So what dew they dew"—Captain Ahab's eyes blazed—"but clap Cap'n Bill intew a cage—yes, sir! By Crimus, right intew a wooden *cage*, five foot by seven, like a wild animile!"

The captain smoked furiously for some moments.



"Mose Knight throwed his cap ont' th' deck 'n' swore he wouldn't eat bread nor drink water till he got them men aboard."—Page 538.

"They kep' him thar' a month an' then they sent him t' England, figgerin' t' hang him. Wa'al, our guv'ment, they took a hand in 't lively, threatenin' t' hang tew British skippers, an' 't last they got him clear— Yes, sir, by heck! In a wooden cage! By—wa'al, I won't swear no more, Sairy—jes' like a consarned, cussed grizzly b'ar!"

Captain Ahab heaved himself up out of his arm-chair and headed for the desk where he kept his treasures. A long, fruitless search followed, interspersed with mumblings and self-communings gradually increasing in volume.

"Whar' in blazes—'twas here yest'day, right here—can't never find nothin' after—" The shuffle of papers and creak of opened desk drawers followed.

"Sairy, you been a-fixin' up this desk?" inquired her husband finally, a deceptive mildness in his voice.

His wife calmly set her pan of shelled peas upon a chair.

"Why, no, nothin' much, Father," she answered. "Suthin' you can't find? I do' know but I *did* red up a leetle mite yest'day, now you speak on 't—'twas sech an awful clutter—but I didn't change nothin'——"

She went over to the desk.

"Wa'al, I had two-three papers——"

"Them old newspapers? I must a' throwed 'em——"

The captain faced her, outraged determination in his eye.

"No, I guess I didn't after all. Whar' was 't you put 'em?"

"Right in this drawer—" The captain pottered about.

"You git away— Men can't never find nothin'," she added, scornfully.

"Here they be!" she said, after a moment's search. She lifted the pan of peas and disappeared into the kitchen, whence came the savory odors of dinner cooking.

The captain stared, dazed, at the papers. Then he tugged at his gray beard.

"I snum," he said. "I looked thet drawer over four-five times complete——"

A twinkle came into his eye. He nodded proudly toward the kitchen.

"Dre'tful capable woman," he remarked; "but don't never dew t' let on, when you're married to 'em——"

The captain settled into his chair and groped for the broken thread of his story.

"Whar' be I?—Oh, yes—Cap'n Bill hedn't no more 'n got hum than he was lookin' for a ship. He was consid'able het up, livin' 'n a cage, so," he grinned, "an' he found a vessel right t' Porchmouth, a brig suthin' like this un"—he indicated the model—"the *Harpy*—cur'ous name"—he looked at me helplessly—"I do' know *what* it means!

"He put t' sea immediate, 'n' fust thing he run into a fleet o' British transports with grub for th' army in Canady. He grabbed two-three on 'em——"

He opened the old newspaper and peered at it through his spectacles, following the faded print with a big forefinger.

"'—Th' *Amazon* 'n' th' *Bridget*, with a cargo o' beef, pork, flour, 'n' bread—the' was rum 'n' brandy, tew——'

"Some o' them red-coats must 'a' went hungry 'n' thirsty," he commented.

"'—An' burnt th' *Britannia*, 'n ballast——'

"Must 'a' been on account of her *name!*" he chuckled.

"The's another v'y'ge, tew," he said. "You read it. My old eyes ain't so good 's they ust t' be."

The paper was the *Essex Gazette* of February 8, 1815. I glanced through the long list of prizes and whistled.

They ran like this:

"'Ship *Garland*, with W. I. rum, sugar, and molasses; ships *Jane* and *William Neilson*, with lumber——'"

"He was off th' English coast then," put in my audience; "figgered he'd git nearer t' th' base o' supplies!"

—"'Schooner *Nine Sisters*, with oranges (burnt); brig *Louisa*, wine, raisins, and figs; *William and Alfred*, with plantation stores for the West Indies——'"

"Cap'n Bill fooled 'em good thet time," interrupted the old man; "while he was takin' off th' cargo, he see three sail t' wind'ard stannin' for him; he starts th' prize for hum, 'n' bears away for 'em—a man-o'-war 'n' two merchantmen. What does he dew but clear for action 'n' give th' frigate a gun—'n' his brig no bigger 'n a hornet! Whilst they was a-manouverin' 'round, th' prize got away safe, 'n' th' British never *see* her 't all!"

We both laughed.

"The British was scourin' th' sea for him by thet time," pursued Captain Ahab, "but he gin 'em th' slip, 'n'——"

"Listen to this!" I broke in. "Here's what the *Harpy* brought into Salem! It sounds like pirate treasure.

"'—A thousand bales and boxes: British manufactured goods, ladies' rich dresses, broadcloths, cut glass, jewelry, plate, 300 boxes Malaga raisins, 65 frails Turkey figs, 10 pipes Sherry wine, and British treasury notes to the value of half a million dollars!'"

Captain Ahab moistened his lips.

"Pity we don't hev no more wars, nowadays," he said regretfully.

"Too bad to loot private property, though," I said.

"Wa'al, I do' know 'bout thet. I rec'lect thirty thousand Britishers—manufacturers 'n' sich—p'titioned Parliament for peace. An' they got it tew. Ye see, when a war hits ye hard 'n th' wallet, it makes fightin' look almighty foolish an' onreasonable!"

It was nearly noon. From the kitchen came more and more appealing odors of dinner. Captain Ahab sniffed them appreciatively.

"Captain," I said, after a moment, "what sort of a man was Nichols, really?"

The old man had been studying the model attentively. Now he turned his weatherbeaten face toward me and smiled slowly.

"Wa'al, now, I'm glad you arst me



"'Not by a dum sight!' says Cap'n Bill . . . an' he drawed his sword an' throwed it int' th' ocean."—Page 540.

thet," he answered. "I s'pose you're a-cal'latin' 't he was a kind o' ragin' he-devil, now, ain't ye?" he questioned.

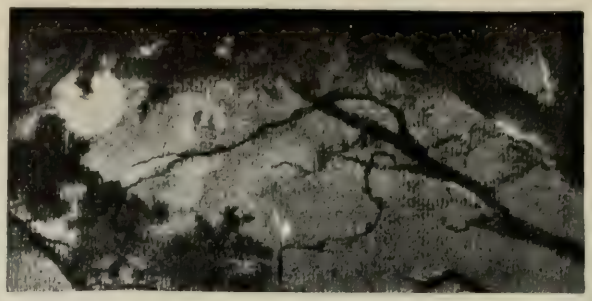
"Now don't you go 'n' b'lieve nothin' *like* thet. He wa'n't.

"Ye might guess them British skippers he captured would 'a' hated him like pizen—wa'al, they sent him a letter with some high-falutin' language in't 't I've forgot, but th' upshot on't was thet they'd hed a almighty good time, 'n' wanted t' come ag'in! 'N' one on 'em writ thet 'f ever Cap'n Bill come t' London, 't wouldn't nothin' dew but he must come 'n' lodge with him! Must 'a' been a tol'able good entertainer, Cap'n Bill," he finished thoughtfully.

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and rose briskly to his feet.

"Dinner smells dre'tful good," he said. "I declar' I'm holler 's a drum, inside! Le's you an' me go in an' git suthin' to eat!"





SONG

By Julia C. R. Dorr

Decoration by Z. De L. Steele

Your loves have been many,
Mine but one;
You see each star in heaven,
I, the Sun.

You have gathered roses
In each glade;
I from my lone bower
Ne'er have strayed.

So—farewell, Belovèd!
We must take
Each our separate pathway—
For Love's sake.

Yet—in some far country
It may be,
You will love me only—
As I thee!

September, 1912.



GERMANY AND THE GERMANS
FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

"FROM ENVY, HATRED, AND MALICE"

BY PRICE COLLIER
Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View," "The West in the East," etc.

IT has always been considered sound doctrine among Christians that they should love one another. Vigorous exponents of the doctrine, however, have ever been few in numbers. As the world gets more crowded, and we find it more and more difficult to make room for ourselves, and to get a living, we find antagonisms and defensive tactics occupying so much of our time and energy that loving one another is almost lost sight of. It has been found necessary even among those of the same nation to legislate for love. We call such laws, with dull contempt for irony, social legislation. In Germany, and now in England, the modern sacrament of loving one another consists in licking stamps; these stamps are then stuck on cards, which bind the brethren together in mutual and adhesive helpfulness.

With nations the problem is not so easily and superficially solved; because no one body of legislators and police has jurisdiction over all the parties concerned. As a result of this just now in Europe, wisdom is not the arbiter; on the contrary, prejudices, passions, indiscretions, and follies on the part of all the antagonists preserve a certain dangerous equipoise.

After you have seen something and heard a great deal of these antagonisms between nations; read their newspapers; talked with the protagonists and with their rulers, and with the responsible servants of the State; discussed with professors and legislators these questions; and listened to the warriors on both sides, you are somewhat bewildered. There are so many reasons why this one should distrust that one, so many rather unnatural alliances for protection against one another, so much friendship of the sort expressed by the phrase, "on aime toujours quelqu'un contre quelqu'un," so much suspicious watching the movements of one another, that one is reminded of the jingle of one's youth:

"There's a cat in the garden laying for a rat,
There's a boy with a catapult a-laying for the cat,
The cat's name is Susan, the boy's name is Jim,
And his father round the corner is a-laying for him."

Even to the youngest of us, and to the most inexperienced, this betokens a strained situation. The first and most natural result is that each nation's "watchmen who sit above in an high tower," whether they be the professionals selected by the people or merely amateur patriots, are for ever crying out for greater armaments.

At the time of the Boxer troubles in China, when Germany sent some ships to demand reparation for the murder of her ambassador in Peking, she had only two ships left at home to guard her own shores. When all England was exasperated by the Boer telegram sent by the Kaiser, or, if the truth is to be told, by his advisers, the late Baron Marshal von Bieberstein and Prince Hohenlohe, to President Kruger, official Germany lamented publicly that she lacked a powerful navy. Only a week after the Boers declared war the Kaiser is reported to have said: "Bitter is our need of a strong navy." Germany has noticed, too, not without suspicion, that:

In 1904 England had 202,000 tons of war-ships in the Mediterranean and none in the North Sea.

In 1907 England had 135,000 tons of war-ships in the Mediterranean and 166,000 tons in the North Sea.

In 1909 England had 123,000 tons of war-ships in the Mediterranean and 427,000 tons in the North Sea.

In 1912 England had 126,000 tons of war-ships in the Mediterranean and 481,000 tons in the North Sea.

At last accounts England had 50,000 tons of war-ships in the Mediterranean and 500,000 tons in the North Sea.

There has been a steady increase of the navy in Germany. In 1900 the tonnage of war-ships and large cruisers over 5,000 tons was 152,000; in 1911 it was 823,000. The number of heavy guns in 1900 was 52; in 1911 it was 330. The horse-power of engines in 1900 was 160,000; in 1911 it was 1,051,000. The naval crews in 1900 numbered 28,326; in 1911, 57,353; and in 1913 the German naval personnel will consist of 3,394 officers and 69,495 men. Between 1900 and 1911 the tonnage of the British fleet increased from 215,000 to 1,716,000; of the German fleet from 152,000 to 829,000.

In ten years British naval expenditure has increased from $172,500,000 to $222,500,000; in Germany the expenditure has jumped from $47,500,000 to $110,000,000; in America the increase is from $80,000,000 to $132,500,000. Out of these total sums Great Britain spends one-third, America one-fifth, and Germany one-half on new construction.

Germany has a navy league numbering over one million active and honorary members; a periodical, *Die Flotte*, published by the league with a circulation of over 400,000. This league not only educates but excites the whole nation, by a vigorous campaign which never ceases. It takes its members on excursions to seaports to see the ships; it holds exhibitions throughout the country with pictures and lecturers; it supports seamen's homes, and helps to equip boys wishing to enter the navy; it lends its encouragement to the two school-ships which are partly supported from public funds; it sees to it that war-ships are named after provinces and cities, creating a friendly rivalry among them; and lately, out of its surplus funds, it has presented a gun-boat to the nation.

The leading spirit of this organization is Admiral von Tirpitz, at present the German secretary of the navy. In addition to this work a campaign is waged in the press for the increase of the navy, in which a number of experts are engaged. I have been told by Germans who ought to know, but who deprecate this exciting campaigning, that the press is so largely influenced by Admiral von Tirpitz and his corps of press-agents and writers, that it is even difficult to procure the publication of a protest or a reply. Indeed, were it my habit to go into personal matters, I could offer ample proof of this contention that the opponents of naval expansion are cleverly shut out of the press altogether.

Wilhelmshafen, the naval station on the North Sea, has been fortified till it is said to be impregnable; the same has been done for Heligoland, and the mouth of the Elbe and the Weser have also been strongly fortified. At Kiel are the naval technical school, an arsenal, and dry and floating docks, and the canal itself is being widened and deepened to meet the needs of the largest ships of war.

When it is remembered that the beginnings of all this date back only to 1898, when the first navy bill was passed through the Reichstag with much difficulty, and only after the Emperor and his ministers had brought every influence to bear upon the members, Germany is certainly to be congratulated upon her success. Nor is she to be blamed for remembering and regretting that the two most important harbors used by her trade are Antwerp and Rotterdam, the one in Belgium, the other in Holland.

The *Kielerwoche*, or Kiel Regatta, has grown from the sailing-matches of a few small yachts into one of the best-managed, most picturesque, and gayest yachting weeks in the world. Indeed, from the stand-point of hospitality, orderliness, imposing array of shipping, and good racing and friendliness to the stranger, I am not sure that it is equalled at either Newport or Cowes. Were I writing merely from my personal experience, I should declare unhesitatingly that it is the most splendid and best-managed picnic on the water that one can attend, and lovers of yachts and yachting should not fail to see it. This *Kielerwoche*, too, has, and is intended to

have, an influence in teaching the Germans to aid and abet their Emperor and his ministers in making Germany a great sea power.

When a nation for more than a hundred years has been quite comfortably safe from any fear of attack because she has been easily first in commerce, wealth, industry, and in sea power, it comes as a shock, even to a phlegmatic people, to learn that they are being rapidly overhauled commercially, financially, industrially, and as a fighting force on the sea; and all this within a few years.

England with her money subsidies, with her troops, and with her navy has heretofore provided against Continental aggression, by the diplomatic philosophy of a balance of power. She has arranged her alliances with Continental powers so that no one of them could become a menace to herself. She did so against the Spain of Charles V, the France of Louis XIV, the France of Napoleon, the Russia of the late Czar, and now against the Germany of William II. The France of the great Napoleon, in attempting to complete the commercial isolation of England by compelling Russia to close her ports to her, buried herself in snow and ice on the way back from Moscow, and delivered herself up completely a little later at Waterloo. That was the nearest to success of any attempt to break through the doctrine of the balance of power.

In the year 800 A. D. the Catholic church, which took over the Roman supremacy to translate it into a spiritual empire, accepted a German Emperor, Charlemagne, as her man-at-arms. One hundred and fifty years later she accepted still another, Otto I. This partnership was called the Holy Roman Empire. It has been noted, but is still misunderstood, that the difference between the Catholic church before and after the Reformation was very marked. The Catholic church claimed to be not only a system of belief but a system of government. Infallibility was to include secular as well as religious matters, and the church strove to rule as a secular emperor and as a spiritual tyrant. To-day Roman Catholicism is a sect, one among many; Roman Catholics themselves would be the last to consent to any temporal universal power.

The Protestants, too, were at first inclined to the methods of Rome. Luther teaches intolerance, and Calvin burns a heretic and writes in favor of the doctrine: *Jure gladii coercendos esse hereticos.* The real reformation only came when we had reformed the reformers, but it was that spiritual and political legacy from Rome that the Teuton world, including ourselves, fought to nullify.

There was no successful revolt against this curious spiritual Cæsarism until the son of a Saxon miner named Luther, married out of monkdom, burnt the Pope's commands on a bonfire and plunged all Europe first into a peasants' war, followed by a dividing of Europe between a Protestant union and a Catholic league, and then a thirty years' war, which destroyed two-thirds of the population of what is now Germany. After three hundred years of disunion and hatreds Prussia united their country by a cement of blood and iron, and in the last forty years has made out of her the most powerful nation in Europe.

It is only very lately that any of us have realized what has happened. So little attention has been paid to the matter that there is no sufficient and worthy history of Germany in English. More than we realize, Germany is a new factor in politics, a new rival in commerce, a new knight in the tournament lists. This accounts, in no small degree, for the uneasiness Germany causes in the world.

Forty years ago Germany was known to a few students as having supplied us with music, mythology, and a certain amount of enchanting literature; scholarship along certain lines; and work in philosophy that a few in America and in England were studying. As a knight in shining armor, demanding a place at the council-board of nations, and ready to resent any passing over of her claims to recognition in the discussion and settlement of international politics, she is a new-comer.

One of the chief causes for the restlessness, particularly in England, the heart of the greatest empire in the world, is that this new-comer must be made room for at the table, received with courtesy, and consulted. Another individual has married into the family, and must gradually find her place there. Of all nations in the

world England is the slowest to make new friends and acquaintances, and easily the most awkward in doing so. She is a good friend when you know her, but with the most abominable manners to strangers.

The Englishman, for example, pops into his club to escape the world, not to seek it there. The English club and the English home are primarily for seclusion, not for companionship, and this characteristic alone is wofully hard for the stranger to understand. To the gregarious German, priding himself upon *Gemüthlichkeit*, loving reunions, restaurants, his *Stammtisch*, formal and punctilious in his politeness, unused to the ways of the world, but yet convinced that he is now a great man politically and commercially, the Englishman is not only an enigma but an insult. I am criticising neither. I have received unbounded hospitality and friendliness from both. I have ridden, fought, drunk, travelled, and lived with both, but for that very reason I understand how horribly and continually they rub one another the wrong way.

In the fundamental matter of morals the German looks upon the Englishman as a hypocrite, and the Englishman looks upon the German as rather unpolished and undignified. Berlin is open all night, London closes at half-past twelve. The British Sunday is a gloomy suppression of vitality, touched up here and there with preaching and hymn-singing, and fringed with surreptitious golf; the German Sunday is a national fair, with a blossoming of all kinds of amusements, deluged with beer, and attended by whole families as their only relaxation during the week.

The German licenses vice, lotteries, and gambling; the Englishman refuses to recognize the existence of any of the three. The German does not understand the Englishman's point of view in these matters, which is that, though he knows these things to exist, and that he is no better in actual practice than other men, he refuses to accept these as his ideal. He denounces and passes judgment upon and punishes men and women who go too far in their appreciation and practice of apolausticism as a philosophy of life. He might have run away from danger himself, but he none the less scorns the man who did so. The shipwreck, the fire, the test of moral courage and endurance, may have found him a coward, or weak, or a deserter, but he holds that he must none the less measure the coward, the weakling, and the deserter, not by his own possible weakness if put to the same tests, but by his ideal of a courageous and straightforward Englishman. I agree with him wholly and heartily. If our sympathy is to go out on every occasion to the man who failed to come up to the mark of noble manhood just because we feel that we might under like circumstances have failed too, then we give up the code of honor altogether, and our ideals droop to the level from which we fight and pray to be preserved.

I pass judgment upon the coward, upon the failure, upon the man who has not mastered his life and life itself, unhesitatingly. It is hard to do, it looks as though one were without pity and without sympathy. Not so; it is because I have great sympathy, and I hope unending pity, and a growing charity, and constant willingness to lend a hand; but to condone failure is to commit the selfish and unpardonable cowardice of not judging another that you may not be forced to judge yourself too harshly. That is far from being hypocrisy. Indeed, in these days it is one of the hardest things to do, so fast are we levelling down socially and politically and even morally. It looks like an assumption of superiority when, God knows, it is only a timorous attempt on our part not to lose our grip on the ideals that help to keep us out of the dust and the mud. But he who lets others off lightly in order that he may not be thought to have too high a standard himself, or because he fears that he may one day fail himself, such a one is the coward of cowards, the candidate for the lowest place in hell; and well he deserves it, for he helps to lower the standard of manhood, and he tarnishes the shield of honor of the whole race. Let them call us hypocrites till they strangle doing so, for when we lower our standards because we fear that we cannot live up to them ourselves, all will be lost. To be mild with other men because we distrust ourselves is a poisonous sympathy that rots away the life of him who receives it and of him who gives it, and ends in a slobbering charity which must finally protect itself by tyranny and cruelty. Not

infrequently in dealing with individuals and with subject nations it is senseless cruelty to be overkind.

This sneer of Saxon hypocrisy, of "perfide Albion," is seldom explained to other people by men of our race, and we Americans and Englishmen have taken little pains to make it clear. We should not be surprised therefore if we are misunderstood. We have been easily first so long that we have neglected the explanation of ourselves to others.

The Germans too have something of the same indifference. A most sympathetic observer of German manners and customs and a man for whose honesty and gentleness I have the highest esteem, Père Didon, remarked of the Germans: "J'ai essayé maintes fois de découvrir chez l'Allemand une sympathie quelconque pour d'autres nations; je n'y ai pas réussi."

I call attention again to the important point, that it has been difficult to manufacture an all-round German patriotism. As a consequence patriotism in Germany is more than a sentiment, it is a theory, a doctrine, a theme to which statesmen, philosophers and poets, and rulers devote their energies. The German looks upon his nation not only as a people, but as a race, almost as a formal religion, hence perhaps his hatred of the Jew and the Slav, and his difficulties with all foreign peoples within his borders. In order to build up his patriotism the German has been taught systematically to dislike first the Austrians, then the French, now the English; and let not the American suppose that he likes him any better, for he does not. This patriotism, once developed, was drawn on for funds for an army, then for a navy. At the present time there must be some explanation offered, and the explanation is fear of England, dislike of British arrogance. In one of his latest speeches the Kaiser said: "We need this fleet to protect ourselves from arrogance"; that of course means, always means, British arrogance.

From the moment a child goes to school, by pictures on the walls, by an indirect teaching of history and geography, he is led on discreetly to find England in Germany's way. At the present writing German school-children, and German students, and German recruits are imbued with the idea that Germany's relations with England are in some sort an armistice. This poisonous teaching of patriotism has produced wide-spread enmity of feeling among the innocent, but this enmity has built the navy. And now that in certain quarters it is found desirable to soothe and calm this feeling, it proves to be more difficult to subdue than it was to arouse. The monster that Frankenstein called up devours its own creator.

Germany has not neglected England, but of late she has paid her the wrong kind of attention. Erasmus, the scholar-rapier, as Luther was the hammer, of the Reformation, visits England and writes: "Above all, speak no evil of England to them. They are proud of their country above all nations in the world, as they have good reason to be."

Kant, the German philosopher, on his clock-like rounds in Königsberg, knew something of England and writes of her: "Die englische Nation, als Volk betrachtet, ist das schätzbarste Ganze von Menschen im Verhältnis untereinander; aber als Staat gegen fremde Staaten der verderblichste, gewaltsamste, herrschsüchtigste und Kriegerregendste von allen."

("The English, as a people, in their relations to one another are a most estimable body of men, but as a nation in their relations with other nations they are of all people the most pernicious, the most violent, the most domineering, and the most strife-provoking.")

Another German, something of a scholar, something of a philosopher, but a wit and a singer, Heine, visited England, and, as he handed a fee to the verger who had shown him around Westminster Abbey, said: "I would willingly give you twice as much if the collection were complete!" To him Napoleon defeated was a greater man than the "starched, stiff" Wellington; and the "potatoes boiled in water and put on the table as God made them," and the "country with three hundred religions and only one sauce," were a constant source of amused annoyance. The German professors and students who, in the early part of the nineteenth century, lauded English constitutional liberty to the skies, and made a god of Burke, have soured toward England since.

"What does Germany want?" asked

Thiers of the German historian Ranke. "To destroy the work of Louis XIV," was the reply. Professor Treitschke, and his successor in the chair of history at Berlin, Professor Delbrück, are outspoken in their denunciation of England. Mommsen, Schmoller, Schiemann, Zorn of Bonn, and his colleague there, von Dirksen; Professor Dietrich Schaefer, Professor Adolph Wagner, and many other scholars, have been and are politicians in Germany, and none of them friendly to England, to France, or to America. Bismarck himself remarked of these gentlemen: "Die Politik ist keine Wissenschaft, wie viele der Herren Professoren sich einbilden, sie ist eben eine Kunst" ("Politics is not a science as many professorial gentlemen fancy; it is an art"); and again: "Die Arbeit des Diplomaten, seine Aufgabe, besteht in dem praktischen Verkehr mit Menschen, in der richtigen Beurtheilung von dem, was andere Leute unter gewissen Umständen wahrscheinlich thun werden, in der richtigen Erkennung der Absichten anderer; in der richtigen Darstellung der seinigen." ("The work of the diplomats, their chief task, indeed, consists in the practical dealing with men, in their sound judgment of what other people would probably do under certain circumstances, in their correct interpretation of the intentions and purposes of other people, and in the accurate presentation of their own.")

He began his political life in 1862 with the phrase: "Die grossen Fragen können durch Reden und Majoritätsbeschlüsse nicht entschieden werden, sondern durch Eisen und Blut." ("The great questions cannot be decided by speeches and the decisions of majorities, but by iron and blood.")

It is a well-known professor who writes: "Denn die einzige Gefahr, die den Frieden in Europa und damit dem Weltfrieden droht, liegt in den krankhaften Übertreibungen des englischen Imperialismus." ("The only danger to the peace of Europe, and that includes the peace of the world, lies in the morbid excesses of British imperialism.") Another quotation from the same pen reads: "So far as other perils to the British Empire are concerned, they are of much the same character, but the empire suffers too from the selfish policy of English business, which, in order to create big business, does not hesitate to interfere with the declared policy of the state." Then follows the statement that English traders have smuggled guns to the Persian Gulf.

"Ohne zu übertreiben kann man sagen dass heute nur der allerkleinste Teil der deutschen Presse geneigt ist, den Engländern Gerechtigkeit widerfahren zu lassen, bei Behandlung allgemeiner Fragen sich auch einmal auf den englischen Standpunkt der Betrachtung wenigstens zeitweise zu versetzen. England ist für viele 'der' Feind an sich, und ein Feind dem man keine Rücksichten schuldet."

("It is no exaggeration to say that nowadays only the tiniest minority of the German press is inclined to do justice to the English by at least occasionally looking at questions from the British point of view. England is for many the enemy of enemies and an enemy to whom no consideration is due.") Thus writes one of the cooler heads in the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

Doctor Herbert von Dirksen, of Bonn, writing of the Monroe Doctrine, says: "By what right does America attempt to check the strongest expansion policy of all other nations of the earth?" During the Boer war Germany was showered with post-cards and caricatures of the English. British soldiers with donkey heads marched past Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales; the venerable Queen Victoria is pictured plucking the tail feathers from an ostrich which she holds across her knees; the three generals, Methuen, Buller, and Gatacre, take off their faces to discover the heads of an ass, a sheep, and a cow; Chamberlain is depicted as the instigator of the war, with his pockets and hands full of African shares; a parade of the stock-exchange volunteers depicts them as all Jews, with the Prince of Wales as a Jew reviewing them; the Prince of Wales is pictured surrounded by vulgar women, who ask, "Say, Fatty, you are not going to South Africa?" to which the Prince replies, "No, I must stay here to take care of the widows and orphans!" English soldiers are depicted in the act of hitting and kicking women and children.

It would be merely a question of how much time one cares to devote to scissors

and paste, to multiply these examples of Germany's journalistic and professorial state of mind. It is unfortunate that some of this writing in the press is done by those who are often in consultation with the Emperor, and on some political subjects his advisers. I have suggested in another chapter that Germany suffers far more from the theoretical and book-learned gentlemen who surround the Emperor than from his indiscretions. In more than one instance his indiscretions were due to their blundering. Their knowledge of books far surpasses their knowledge of men, and nothing can be more dangerous to any nation than to be counselled and guided by pedants rather than by men of the world. This projecting a world from the gaseous elements of one's own cranium and dealing with that world, instead of the world that exists, is a danger to everybody concerned.

"Bedauernswert sei es allerdings, dass wir in unserem politischen Leben nicht mit gentlemen zu thun haben, dies sei aber ein Begriff der uns überhaupt abgehe," writes Prince Hohenlohe in his memoirs. ("It is of all things most to be regretted that in our political life we do not have gentlemen to deal with, but this is a conception of which we are totally deficient.")

A daring colonial secretary, speaking in the Reichstag of certain scandals in the German colonies, said bluntly: "A reprehensible caste feeling has grown up in our colonies; the conception of a gentleman being in England different from that in Germany."

When Lord Haldane came to Berlin, on his mission to discover if possible a working basis for more friendly relations between the two countries, his eyes were greeted in the windows of every book-shop with books and pamphlets with such titles as: "Krieg oder Frieden mit England," "Das Perfide Albion," "Deutschland und der Islam," "Ist England kriegslustig," "Deutschland sei Wach," "England's Weltherrschaft und die deutsche Luxusflotte," "John Bull und wir," and a long list of others, all written and advertised to keep alive in the German people a sense of their natural antagonism to England.

During the last year the "Letters of Bergmann" brought up again the controversy that should have been left to die, over the treatment of the Emperor Friedrich by an English surgeon.

In discussing Senator Lodge's resolution before the United States Senate, on the Monroe doctrine, the German press spoke of us as "hirnverbrante Yankees," "bornierte Yankeegehirne" ("crazy Yankees," "provincial Yankee intellects"); and the words "Dollarika," "Dollarei," and "Dollarman" are further malicious expressions of their envy, frequently used.

I am always very glad, when I happen to be in Europe, that I belong to a nation that can afford to take these flings with the greatest good-humor. As the burly soldier replied when questioned in court as to why he allowed his small wife to beat him: "It pleases her and it don't hurt I."

This struggle for recognition as a great nation, to be received on equal terms by the rest of us, has upset the nerves of certain classes in Germany, and among them the untravelled and small-town-dwelling professor.

I am a craftsman in letters myself, in a small way, but I am no believer that books are the only key to life, or the only way to find a solution for its riddles and problems. Life is language, and books only the dictionaries; men are the text, books only the commentaries. Books are only good as a filter for actual experiences. A man must have a rich and varied experience of men and women before he can use books to advantage. Life is varied, men and women many, while the individual life is short; wise men read books therefore to enrich their experience, not merely as the pedant does, to garner facts. "J'étudie les livres en attendant que j'étudie les hommes," writes Voltaire.

Montgolfier sees a woman's skirt drying and notices that the hot air fills it and lifts it, and this gives him the idea for a balloon.

Denis Papin sees the cover lifted from a pot by the steam, and there follow the myriad inventions in which steam is the driving power.

Newton, dozing under an apple-tree, is hit on the head by a falling apple, and there follows the law of gravitation.

Franklin flies a kite, and a shock of electricity starts him upon the road to his discoveries.

Archimedes in his bath notices that his body seems to grow lighter, and there

follows the great law which bears his name.

These are the foundation-stones upon which the whole house of science is built, and no one of them was dug out of a book. Charlemagne could not read, and Napoleon, when he left school for Paris, carried the recommendation from his master that he might possibly become a fair officer of marines, but nothing more! A capital example of the ability of the man of books to measure the abilities of the man of the world.

Reading and writing are modern accomplishments, and we grossly exaggerate their importance as man-makers. That, it has always been my contention, is the fatal fallacy of modern education, and you may see it carried to its extreme in Germany, for men who have not lived broadly are merely hampered by books. It is as though one studied a primer with an etymological dictionary at his side. Germans are renowned writers of commentaries, but you cannot deal with men and with life by the aid of commentaries. Exegesis solves no international quarrels, and the mastery of men is not gained with dictionaries and grammars.

We are all prone to forget the end in the means, for the end is far away and the means right under our noses. We all recognize, when we are pulled up short and made to think, that, after all, the arts and letters, religion and philosophy and statecraft, are for one ultimate purpose, which is to develop the complete man. Everything must be measured by its man-making power. Ideas that do not grow men are sterile seed. Men who do not move other men to action and to growth, are not to be excused because they stir men to the merely pleasant tickling of thinking lazily and feeling softly. Thus Lincoln was a greater man than Emerson; Bismarck a greater than Lessing; Cromwell a greater than Bunyan; Napoleon a greater than all the stuff of French literature packed into one man; and Pericles greater than Plato; and Cæsar greater than Virgil.

The man who only makes maps for the mind is only half a man, until his thinking, his influence, his dreams and enthusiasms take on the potency of a man and come into action. Even if men of action do evil, as some of those I mention have done, they have translated theories into palpable things that permit men to judge whether they be good or bad; and the really great artists, thinkers, and saints are as fertile as though they were female, and give birth to living things. Their thinking is really a form of action. The real test of successful organization is the thoroughness of the thinking behind it; on the other hand, the only test of thinking is the success of the thought in actual execution, and the Germans often take this too much for granted. We really know and hold as an inalienable intellectual possession only what we have gained by our own effort, and with a certain degree of actual exertion. People who have never worked out their own salvation always join, at last, that large class in the body-politic who don't know what they want, and who will never be happy till they get it.

When it comes to dealing with inanimate things, books of rules are invaluable. Hence, in chemistry, physics, archæology, philology, exegesis, the Germans have forged ahead; but the ship of state needs not only men to take observations and to read charts but men to trim the sails to the fitful breezes, the blustering winds, the tempests, and changing currents of life. They must know, too, the methods, the manners, the habits of other men who sail the seas of life. It is just here that the German fails; he lacks the confidence of experience, and bursts into bluster and bravado. He is a believer in vicarious experience, and is as little likely to be saved by it, in this world at least, as he is by vicarious sacrifice.

His imagination does not make allowances for either England or America. He does not see, for example, that the Monroe Doctrine is not open for discussion for the simple reason that America has announced it as American policy; just as Prussia took part three times in the dismemberment of Poland; just as Prussia pounced upon Silesia; just as Germany took Alsace-Lorraine, and held the ring while Austria-Hungary bagged Bosnia and Herzegovina. We have decided that we will have no European sovereignty in South America, and this side war, that is the end of the matter, call it the Monroe Doctrine or what you will. It only makes for uneasiness and bad temper to discuss

it. It is the national American policy. It may be right or wrong theoretically, but international law has nothing to do with it. The German professors who discuss it from that stand-point, are beating the air and raising a dust in the world's international drawing-room.

This German mania for translating facts back into philosophy and then dancing through a discussion of theories is not understood, much less appreciated, by the rest of the world. We can never get on if we are to introduce the discussion of the lines of every new battle-ship by arguments as to the sea-worthiness of the ark. Those of us who control a quarter of the habitable globe, and the inhabitants thereof, are much too busy to discuss the legal aspects of the land-grabbing of the Pharaohs. Geography is not metaphysics but it is wofully hard for the professorial mind to grasp this.

> "Given a mouse's tail, and he will guess
> With metaphysic quickness at the mouse."

In much the same way German statesmen and the German press do not understand, or do not care to understand, that British statesmen when they speak in the House of Commons, or when they go to the country, asking increased appropriations for the navy, must give some reason for their request. There is only one reason, and that is that there is a growing navy across the North Sea, which whether now it is or is not a menace, may be a menace to their ship-fed island, and they must have ships and men and guns enough to guard the sea-lanes which their food-laden ships must sail through.

They may be awkward sometimes in their expression of this self-evident fact, they may call their own fleet a necessity and the other fleet a luxury, but that is a negligible question of verbal manners; the fact remains that their fleet is—and all the world knows it is, and it is laughable to discuss it—the prime necessity of their existence.

As long as we Christians have given up any shred of belief in Christian ethics as applicable to international disputes, we must live by the law of the strongest. We do not bless the poor in spirit, but the self-confident; we do not bless the meek, but the proud; we do not bless the peace-makers, but those who urge us to prepare for war; we do not bless the reviled and the persecuted and the slandered, but those who revolt against injustice and tyranny; we do not approve the cutting off of the right hand, but admire the mailed fist; and it is only adding to the confusion to raise millions for war ourselves, and then to present a handsomely bound copy of the Beatitudes to our rivals.

I shall be wantonly misunderstood if these reflections be taken as a criticism of Germany. This situation involves Germany in censure no more than other nations. It is only that Germany shows herself to be somewhat childish and peevishly provincial in girding at an unchangeable situation, either in South America or in the North Sea.

This is not altogether Germany's fault. She is suffering from growing-pains, and from grave internal unrest. She is only just of age as a nation, and her constitution is so inflexible that it is a constant source of irritation. She is governed by an autocracy, and the two strongest parties numerically in her Reichstag are the party of the Catholics and the party of the Socialists. She has built up a tremendous trade on borrowed capital, and every gust of wind in the money market makes her fidgety. Her population increases at the rate of some 800,000 a year, but her educational system produces such a surplus of laborers who wish to work in uniforms, or in black coats and stiff collars, that there is a dearth of agricultural laborers, and she imports 750,000 Hungarians, Poles, Slavs, and Italians every year to harvest her crops.

This same system of education has taught youths to think for themselves before either the mental or moral muscles are tough enough, with the result that she is the agnostic and materialistic nation of Europe, and her capital the most licentious and immoral in Europe.

This is the result of secular education everywhere. Freedom of thought, yes but not freedom of thought any more than freedom of morals, or freedom of manners, or political freedom, in extreme youth; that only makes for anarchy political, mental, and moral.

There is much undigested, not to say indigestible, republicanism about just now in China and in Portugal, for example; just as there are materialism and agnos-

ticism in Germany and in France, not due to super-intellectualism but to juvenile thinking. The Chinese are just as fit for a republic—an actual republic is still a long way off—as are callow German youths, and notoriety-loving French students, for freedom to disbelieve and to destroy. No country can long survive women teachers in the public schools and no Bible and no religious teaching there. I have no prejudices favoring orthodoxy, but I have a fairly wide experience which has given me one article of a creed that I would go to the stake for, and that is that it is of all crimes the worst to give freedom political, moral, or religious to those who are unprepared for it.

Germany's taste in literature, once so natural and healthy, has became morbid, and Sudermann and Gorki and Oscar Wilde and the rest of the unhealthy crew who swarm about the morgues, the dissecting-rooms, and the houses of assignation of life, the *internuntiata libidinum*, the leering *conciliatrices* of the dark streets, are her favorites now. There is no surer sign of mental ill-health than a taste for lowering literature, an appetite for this self-dissecting, this complacent, self-contemplating form of intellectual exercise.

This is no heated assault on German culture. It is a natural phase of development. Youthful candidates for worldliness all go through this pornocratic stage. "The impudence of the bawd is modesty, compared with that of the convert," writes the Marquis of Halifax. The German professor and the German bourgeois in their Rake's Progress are only a little more awkward, a little more heavy-handed, a little coarser in speech, than others, that is all. The period of twenty-five years during which I have known Germany has developed before my eyes the concomitants of vast industrial and commercial progress, and they are: a love of luxury, a great increase in gambling, a materialistic tone of mind, a wide-spread increase of immorality, and a tendency to send culture to the mint and to the market-place to be stamped so that it may be readily exchanged for the means of soft living. These internal changes account to some extent for her restless external policy. A man's digestion has a good deal to do with the color of the world when he looks at it. There is more yellow in life from biliousness than from the state of the atmosphere.

Aside from these internal reasons there is no reason why Germany should take a sentimental or pious view of these questions of international amity. Her own history is development by war. "Any war is a good war when it is undertaken to increase the power of the state," said Frederick the Great. "Nur das Volk wird eine gesicherte Stellung in der Welt haben, das von kriegerischen Geiste erfüllt ist" ("Only that nation will hold a safe place in the world which is imbued with a warlike spirit"), writes Germany's great military philosopher Clausewitz.

We took Cuba and the Philippines; England took India, Hong Kong, and Egypt; Japan took Corea and southern Manchuria; Italy took Tripoli; France took Fez; Russia took Finland and northern Manchuria; Austria-Hungary took Bosnia and Herzegovina; and Prussia and Germany have a long list, including Silesia, Poland, Hanover, and Alsace-Lorraine. Austria-Hungary tears up the Berlin treaty; France, Germany, and Spain tear up the Algeciras treaty; Italy tears up the treaty of Paris; and it is part of the game that we should all hold up our hands, avert our faces, and thank God that we are not as other men are, when these things are done. The justifications of these actions are all of the most pious and penitent description. We were forced to do so, we say, in order to hasten the bringing in of our own specially patented and exclusive style of the kingdom of heaven. Germany, for example, had nine per cent of Moroccan trade, the total of Moroccan trade with all countries only amounted to $27,500,000 a year, and she was compelled to interfere for the protection of her traders, forsooth! The outcome of the business, after an exciting situation lasting for months, was that Germany got a slice of territory from France, mostly swamps, which reaches from the Congo to the Atlantic Ocean, and reported to be, by her own engineers, uninhabitable.

It is the pleasant formula of polite statesmen and politicians to say, that it is a pity that Germany came into the world competition a hundred years too late, when the best colonies had been par-

celled out among the other powers. This is a superficial view of the case, and misses the real point of the present envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness.

Germany came into the modern world as a dreamer, as a maker of melodies, as a singer of songs, as a sort of post-graduate student in philosophy and in theoretical, and later applied science. She introduced us to classical philology, to modern methods of historical research, to the comparative study of ethnic religions, to daring and scholarly exegesis, to the study of the science of language. She discovered Shakespeare to the English; Eduard Mätzner and Eduard Müller, and German scholars in the study of phonetics, have written our English grammars and etymological dictionaries for us, and helped to lay the foundations for knowledge of our own language. Spinoza, Kant, Hegel, one need not mention more, attempted to pass beyond the bounds of human experience and to formulate laws for the process; Schleiermacher, maintaining that Christian faith is a condition of devout feeling, a fact of inward experience, an object which may be observed and described, had an unbounded influence in America, and many are the ethical discourses I have listened to, which owed more to Schleiermacher than to their authors. Humboldt, Liebig, Bunsen, Helmholtz, Johannes Müller, von Baer, Virchow, Koch, even the British and American man in the street, with little interest in such matters, knows some of these names; while Schopenhauer and Nietzsche are symbols of revolt, whose names are flung into an argument by many who only know their names, but who fondly suppose that the one stands for despair and suicide, and the other for the joy and unbridled license of the strong man.

Reckoning by epochs, it was only yesterday that Germany said to the world: "No more of this!"

"Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more!"

Of a sudden our scholar threw off his gown and cap, and said: "I propose to play cricket and foot-ball with you, I propose to have a hand in the material spoils of life, I propose to have a seat at the banquet and to propose toasts and to be toasted!" Faust of a sudden left his gloomy, cobwebby laboratory, flung a fine cloak over his shoulders, stuck a dandy feather in his cap, buckled on a rapier, and began roystering with the best of us. We sneered and smiled at first, let us be frank and admit it. We did not think much of this new buck. We had little fear that the professor, even if he took off his spectacles and slippers and dressing-gown, and exchanged his pipe for a cigarette, would cut much of a figure as a lover. He was new to the game, we were old hands at it, but the first thing we knew he had given the world's mistress, France, a scolding, and flung her into a corner, a cowering heap of outraged finery; and she has only been safe ever since in the rôle of a sort of mistress of England on board-wages.

A new cock in the barn-yard is never received with great cordiality. He must win his place and his power with his beak and his spurs. We all of us had enough to do before this fellow came along. We are a little jealous of him, we are all uneasier because he is about, and he has done so well at our games, now that he has indeed hung up philosophy, that we are not even sure that it is safe to take him in on a serious match. We have endeavored therefore to keep him occupied with his own neighbors, to whom we have extended our best wishes and our moral backing, which is known as keeping the balance of power in Europe.

But a new Germany has come into the world. Germany nowadays has a large class, as have the rest of us, who belong to that increasing number of extraordinary people who want money without even knowing how to get on without it. I have always maintained that the only satisfactory test of the right to wealth is the ability to get on without it. One of modern civilization's most dangerous pitfalls is the subversive doctrine that all men should have wealth, even before they have proved their ability to do without it. Germany is gradually arriving at this puny stage of culture, whose beginnings may be said to date from that ominous year for culture, 1492, when Lorenzo de Medici died, and Columbus discovered America!

During all this time statesmen have insisted that there is no good reason why Germany and England should not be on good terms; gentlemen of various trades and professions from both countries, speaking halting English or embarrassed German, as the case may be, cross each other's boundaries, comment upon the beauties of the respective countries, and overeat themselves in ponderous endeavors to appear cordial and appreciative. Mayors and aldermen swap stories and compliments over turtle and sherry, or over sauerkraut and Johannisberger; bands of students visit Oxford or Heidelberg, and there is a chorus of praise of Goethe from one side, of Shakespeare from the other; and all the while there is an unceasing antiphonal of grimaces and abuse in the press. Not even when Germany exports her latest stage novelties to London, and pantomimic platitudes are dandled under colored lights, does the turmoil of martial talk cease. Not even Teutonic lechery, in the guise of Reinhartian art, dressed in nothing but silence, and making faces at the British censor on the boards of the music halls, avails anything.

Of course all this is nuts to the irresponsible journalist, to the manufacturers of powder, guns, and ships, and to politicians and diplomats out of employment; but it is hard on the tax-payer, who has no dividends from manufacturers of lethal weapons and ships, nor from newspapers, and no notoriety from the self-imposed jobs of the unofficial diplomats.

Perhaps of all these factors the press in its wild gamble to make money out of sensationalism, is most to blame. The press, for the sake of gain, has soiled and soured the milk of human kindness by exposing it, carelessly and unceasingly, to the pathogenic dangers of the dust of the street and the gutter.

Germany is autocratic, philosophical, and continental; England is democratic, political, and insular. It is hopeless to suppose that the great mass of the people of one country will understand the other, and, for this is the important point, it is wholly unnecessary.

We get on best and with least friction with people whom we do not understand in the least. A man may have known and liked people with whose aims, opinions, employment, creeds he has the smallest sympathy. One may mention such diverse personalities as John L. Sullivan the prize-fighter, Cardinal Rampolla, Mr. Roosevelt, Doctor Jameson, the Kaiser, President Diaz of Mexico, numerous Jew financiers, Lord Haldane the scholar-statesman, and a long list of professors, pious priests, sportsmen, and idlers, not to speak of Hindus and Mohammedans, Japanese and Chinese, and half a dozen Sioux chiefs. With these gentlemen, a few of many with whom one may have been upon such pleasant terms that they have even confided in him and trusted him with their secrets, one may have passed many pleasant hours. It probably never entered such a man's head to wonder whether they liked him, and he never discussed with them the question of his liking for them. We get on by keeping our own personalities, prejudices, and creeds intact. There is no other way.

Other men will give even a more diverse list of friends and acquaintances, and never for a moment dream that there is any mystery in being friends with all. Nothing is ever gained by flattery. To the serious man flattery in the form of sincere praise makes him more responsible and only sadder because he knows how much he falls below what is expected of him, and what he expects of himself. Lip-flattery makes a real man feel as though his sex had been mistaken, he feels as though he had been given curling-tongs instead of a razor for his morning toilet. These pompous flatteries that pass between Germany and England to-day, make both sides self-conscious and a little ashamed to write and to speak them, and to hear and applaud them.

America and England are shortly to celebrate the signing of the treaty of Ghent, which marks a hundred years of peace between the two nations. We have not been without opportunities to quarrel. We have whole classes of people in America who detest England, and in England there are not a few who do not conceal successfully their contempt for America, but we have had peace, and since England, at the time of our war with Spain, said "Hands off!" to the powers that wished to interfere, there has been a great increase of friendly feeling. But

there has been little or no flattery passing back and forth. We have sent ambassador after ambassador to England who were almost more American than the Americans. Phelps and Lowell and Hay and Choate and Reid were all American in name, in tradition, in their successes, and in their way of looking at life. By their learning, their wit, and their criticisms; by their writing and speaking, by their presentation of the claims to greatness of our great men, by their unhesitating avowal in public and in private of their allegiance to the ideals of the republic they served, they have made clear the American point of view. Above all they have shown their pride in their own country by acknowledging and praising the great qualities of England and the English. There has been no fulsome flattery, no bowing the knee to foreign idols, and what has been the result? The American ambassador for years has been the most popular diplomatic figure in Great Britain. An increasing number of Englishmen, even, nowadays know who Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln were, and our understanding of one another has grown rapidly out of this frank and manly attitude. We were jealous and suspicious a hundred years ago, as are England and Germany to-day, but we have changed all that by our attitude of good-humored independence, and by eliminating altogether from our intercourse the tainted delicacy of compliment, and the canting endearments of the diplomatic cocotte. We have emphasized our differences to the great benefit of the fine qualities that we have and cherish in common.

The individual Protestant does not dislike the individual Papist half so much as he dislikes his neighbor in the next pew who refuses Sunday after Sunday to repeat the service and the creed at the same pace as the others, and hence to "descend into Hell" with the rest of the congregation. The Sioux chief was far more annoyed by his neighbor of the same tribe in the next-door reservation than he was by me. The pugilist scorned "Tug" Wilson, a brother fisticuffs sovereign, but had no feeling against his parish priest. Theological protagonists are notoriously bitter against one another, but we have all found many of them amiable companions ourselves. It is the fellow next door, who wears purple socks, or who parts his hair in the middle, or who wears his coat-sleeves longer than our tailor cuts ours, or who eats his soup with a noise, or who has damp hands, or talks through his nose, who irritates us and makes us wish occasionally for the unlimited club-using freedom of the stone age. It is your first cousin, with incurable catarrh and a slender income, who is too much with you, and who spoils your temper, not the anarchist orator who threatens your property and almost your life.

"What do these Germans want?" asked a distinguished cabinet minister of me. "They want consideration," I replied, "which is the most difficult thing in the world for the Englishman to offer anybody." "But, you don't mean to say," he continued, "that they really want to cut our throats on account of our bad manners!" I cannot phrase it better, nor can I give a more illuminating illustration of the misunderstanding. That is exactly the reason, and the paramount reason, why nations and why individuals attempt to cut one another's throats. Whatever the fundamental differences may have been that have led to war between nations, the tiny spark that started the explosion has always been some phase of rudeness or bad manners.

Counting my school-days, I can remember about a dozen personal conflicts in which I have engaged with pardonable pleasure. Not one of them was a question of territory, or religious difference, or of racial hatred; indeed, the last one was due to being shouldered in the street when my equanimity was already disturbed by a lingering recovery from a feverish cold.

It is, after all, the little differences that count. If politically and socially Germany were a little more sure of herself, if she were not ever *omnia tuta timens Dido,* and if England were not as ever quite so sure of herself, I believe intercourse between them would be less strained.

"The little gnat-like buzzings shrill,
The hurdy-gurdies of the street,
The common curses of the will—
These wrap the cerements round our feet."

The smothered voice, the tepid manner, the affected under-statement of a certain

middlish class of English men and women, and, alas, their American imitators, who are striving toward their comical interpretation of the Vere de Vere manner, are the promoters of guffaws in private, and uneasiness in public, between nations, to a far greater extent than the bold individualist, whose voice and manners, good or bad, are all his own. It is these small attritions that wear us down and produce a sub-acid dislike. It is these that prepare the ground for a fine crop of misunderstandings.

But are we not to know our neighbors the English, the Germans, the French? I for one consider that not to know German and Germany, for example, is nowadays not to be fully educated. Most of us, however, have had our nerves unstrung by the speeding-up process that has gone on all over the world of late. We have lost somewhat the power to know people and to let them alone at the same time. Goethe, one of the coolest and wisest of men, maintains: "Certain defects are necessary for the existence of individuality. One would not be pleased if old friends were to lay aside certain peculiarities."

We should at least give every man as good a chance to receive our good opinion as we give a picture. We should put him in a good light before we criticise him. We should take time enough to do that to other nations, as well as to individuals. I have always had much sympathy for a certain Roman general. He was blind, and a painter who painted him with two large eyes, he rebuked; another painter, who painted him in profile, he rewarded.

It is, after all, something of an art to know people, so that the knowledge is serviceable, so that you can depict them to yourself and to others, not as they are as opposed to you, but as they are as a complement and help to you.

"No human quality is so well wove
In warp and woof, but there's some flaw in it;
I've known a brave man fly a shepherd's cur,
A wise man so demean himself, drivelling idiocy
Had wellnigh been ashamed on't. For your crafty,
Your worldly-wise man, he, above the rest,
Weaves his own snares so fine, he's often caught in them."

He who does not make allowances for weakness in his study of human affairs is still in the infant class, and it is a grave danger to every state that critics—smart or shallow, with their *tu quoque* weapons, their silly ridicule, their emphasis upon differences as though they were disasters, their constant failure to recognize the value of certain weaknesses, their stupidity in not painting great men who happen to be blind, in profile, and their harping upon the flaws, and their neglect of the fine texture of human qualities that are strange to them—that these critics are not muzzled, or, if that is impossible, disregarded.

They make it appear that amicable relations between nations are next to impossible. If you escape one danger of offending, you are sure to give offence in some other way, they seem to say. They are hysterical in their self-consciousness, "as if a man did flee from a lion and a bear met him, or went in the house and leaned his hand on the wall and a serpent bit him."

The trouble lies in our undertaking the impossible, to the neglect of the obvious and the possible. The basic fact of nationality is a preference for our own ways, customs, and habits over those of other people. If the Chinese and Japanese, the Servians and Albanians, the English and the Germans, liked one another as well as they like their own, there would be no nationalism to protect or to preserve. Such racial and traditional liking of nation for nation is impossible of achievement. No journeyings, speechifyings, banquets, or compliments will bring it about. On the contrary, I am not sure that it is not these very differences which cheer us and give us a new flavor in our pleasure in living, when we cross the Atlantic, the Channel, or the Rhine. What we should strive for is not social and racial absorption, but social and racial difference and distinction, with that pride in our own which makes for patience in the understanding of others.

It is the petty, self-conscious American

who hates the English, the provincial Englishman who hates the German, the socially insecure German who hates the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the American. Those of us who are poised, secure, satisfied, and at bottom proud of our race, our breeding, and our country are neither irritable nor irritant in the matter of international relations. We have enough to do, and let others alone. Let us dine one another, criticise one another in the effort to improve ourselves; praise one another, where the praise serves to establish our own ideals; but let us give up this forced and awkward courting by banquets, deputations, and conferences. Let us study the great art of leaving one another alone. This is a time-hallowed doctrine. The greatest satirist and critic of manners knew this secret of successful intercourse with one another. One of the characters in the "Frogs" of Aristophanes is made to say: "Don't come trespassing upon my mind; you have a house of your own." Propinquity does not necessarily entail intimacy. As the world grows smaller, more and more people think so, perhaps often enough only to escape from themselves, a favorite form of elopement these days. Some men are fed by solitude and starved by too much companionship, and the same is true of nations. You cannot control others till you have learned to control yourself, or save another till you yourself are saved, and most of us had better be about that business.

"'Ride, boldly ride,'
The shade replied—
'If you seek for Eldorado!'"

It is England's business to know just now, and to some extent ours, how many ships Germany is building and how many men she has in training to man them; but it is not in the least anybody's business to question her motives, or to attempt to dictate her policy. It is our business to shut up, and to build ships and to train men according to our notions of what is necessary for safety in case of an explosion. We should be about our father's business, not about our brother's business.

It is shallow thinking and lack of knowledge of the men and women of stranger countries, and above all that terrible itching to be doing something, which lead to these futile excursions and this silly talk.

Can anything be more maudlin than to suppose that international sensitiveness, that commercial rivalries, that tariff discriminations, that territorial misunderstandings are to be soothed and smoothed away by dissertations upon how much we owe to one another in matters of culture? Think what we owe to Goethe and Lessing, to Spinoza and Kant, to Heine and Mozart and Wagner and Beethoven, reiterates the Englishman; think what we owe to Shakespeare and Milton, to Byron and Shelley and Scott, to Lister and Newton, answers the German! Who can go to war with the countrymen of Racine and Molière and Pascal and Montesquieu and Descartes? repeats the friend of France; and by others are trumpeted the fraternal relations that we ought to cultivate with the countrymen of Dante, or of Euripides, Æschylus, and Sophocles. This is phantom friendship, and we all know in our heart of hearts that we would fight any or all of them at the drop of a handkerchief if they hurt our feelings, ruffled our national pride, or maltreated in a foreign land the meanest of our racial brothers. Straining after such artificial bonds of union is as irritating as it is unreal.

Germany has few heartier admirers of Bismarck than am I; England has few franker friends of her great gentlemen in peace and war than am I; I have read and profited by French literature far more than from anything America has produced; if I can write so that here and there a brother has profited therefrom, I owe it to the Frenchmen I have studied; but these are all nothing as compared with my heart's real allegiances. There is a gulp in my throat when I dream of that weary, misunderstood, but patient and humble peace-maker who held the scales between the millions of my own countrymen shooting and stabbing one another to death fifty years ago. No other man can be quite like him to me; he remains my master of men, as is Lee my ideal of the Happy Warrior. I understand the grim humor in his sad eyes, I love that lined face, cut from the granite of self-control, that tamed volcano face, seamed and scarred by the lava of his trials and his

tears; I can see how the illuminating and conciliatory anecdotes were his relief from the pain of an aching heart; my muscles harden and my nerves tingle, as I recall the puppet politicians and fancy self-advertising warriors who crucified him slowly. The country and the people that Lincoln believed in I must believe in and fight for too. Washington was an Englishman and baptized us, but Lincoln was an American who anointed us priests and kings of liberty. I ask no Englishman, no German, no Frenchman to agree with me, but I ask them to leave me alone with my dead, and to leave me in peace with my living problems.

Has the Englishman, has the German, no sanctuaries to be left undisturbed; no heart-strings that are not to be fumbled at by busy fingers; no personal dignities to be shrouded from investigations; no sweet silences of sorrow that are barred to foreign mourners? If he have not, then all this clamor at the doors of national privacy is well enough; but let them remember that when nations lose their dignity and their racial pride, there is sure to follow the squabbling and the jealousy, the rough speech and vulgar manners, of the domestic circle, in the same plight of spiritual shamelessness. The best that any of us learn, is to be a little more patient, a little more charitable, a little more careful of the dignity of others in our own homes, or abroad, and then the light goes out!

OLE MISTIS

By Barry Benefield

Illustrations by Herbert Bohnert

THAT year I was clerk, bookkeeper, and assistant postmaster in Arkadelphia, which is Simon Stettler's general store, on the white sandy road, fifteen miles from Minden, in the cotton country of east Texas. It was a boll-weevil year, and by Christmas a constable was going about foreclosing the mortgages held by Mr. Stettler on land and live-stock, belonging chiefly to negroes, who in the South are often as much the slaves of impersonal legal documents and ruthless legal machinery as ever they were of white masters.

One day in January I heard the constable reporting to Mr. Stettler that he had been to Jeff Morrow's place to get his gray mare. The old negro had said she was out in the field, and promised to ride her over to the store for surrender the next day. "We'll see," said the merchant, turning to other business.

After dark the next day the aged little albino slipped through the door, as if he hoped he would not be seen. Mr. Stettler having gone away to Minden to attend court, I was alone in the management of the store; and as there were several people showing an active disposition to buy, I paid no direct attention to the new-comer except to speak.

He walked to the lower end of the counter and stood leaning against it, alternately crushing and smoothing out his dingy brown felt hat, his pinky-white eyes watching me fearfully. Once or twice it happened that he was in my way; when he discovered it he leaped scufflingly aside, with an exclamation of piteous apology. After a while the lamp-lit store was clear of all but myself and the little negro, in whom freakish nature had wrought the curious variations from type characteristic of the albino. His wrinkled, milky-white cheeks were ghastly where the points peeped through his frizzly, pale-gold beard.

"Well, Jeff, what can I do for you?" I asked, having forgotten for the moment about his mortgage. Out of the frame made by his conjoined beard and hair his eyes were straining vainly to read some hope into my face.

He moved down the counter until he was opposite me. Leaning over it, and trying desperately to accomplish the negro's customary smile of placating amiability, he whispered, "I brung Ole Mistis oveh"; and then I remembered. I turned quickly to look at a row of tomato cans on the shelf behind me. He went on in his habitual hoarse half-whisper:

"Yassuh, I told de constable I would. You know, I mortgaged her, de Lawd he'p me, an' you knows whut de boll-weevil done to we all in de summer jes' gone by. Season befo' dat I mortgaged my ten acres to Mister Jamison, in Minden, an' now I ain' nuffin but a renter on my own lan'. Dis pas' season I stakes Ole Mistis, 'cause she wuz de onliest thing 'at would stan' even a little bittie mortgage—well, suh, ne'min' all dat; Mister Stettler 'vanced me sixty dollars in supplies, bad luck come, Ole Mistis tied outside to a pos'. She ain' mine now, is she?"

To evade his question, which I hadn't



I often watched him rubbing her nose through the fence and talking to her.—Page 562.

the heart to answer, I faced around and asked him one.

"Why did you give her that name?"

At this, through the bramble of pale-gold beard, the small face shone with swift radiance. "'Cause she bosses me so, an' meckin' no noise at all about hit. Jes' a word er a look f'om her, an', suh, I cain' no mo' he'p doin' whut she wants, no more 'n I could fer ole Mistis Marlowe afore she died. An' so I named her when she wuz a colt."

"How many in your family?"

"On'y me an'—on'y me now. My ole 'oman, she dead an' buried long time ago; de chillern, all boys, done gone away de Lawd on'y knows whar; an' I spec he lose track on 'em now an' den. Yassuh, I'm de onliest one—now. I ain' never counted my coon houn' an' de chickens an' de hawgs in de fambly. But Ole Mistis, she wuz in it; lately she wuz mos' of it."

The light had died out of his face, and he was again crushing and straightening out his felt hat. I wanted to say something, to do something; there was nothing to say, nothing to do.

"Well, suh, I reckon I better be ramblin' on back home. Hit's a mile oveh in de piney woods. I'll be tellin' you good-evenin' now. Hit's right smart col' dis winter, ain't it? Good-evenin' to you, suh."

"Evening, Jeff."

Smiling in valiant amiability, he opened the door, slipped through, closed it behind him softly. I heard his steps leave the porch and sound gratingly once or twice on the gravelly ground in front of it. I worked on in the store an hour longer, posting the books and tying up some mail for the next day's rider; and when I had closed up, locking the rear door last, I walked around the long frame building to lead the old gray mare back to the stable. As I turned the corner I saw a figure separate itself from the horse and stumble off into the darkness. Ole Mistis whinnied in soft appeal.

Upon his return from Minden, after several days, I told Mr. Stettler in some detail how the gray mare had been surrendered.

"Yes," he answered. "We'll feed her up this month and next; somebody will be wanting to buy her when planting-time comes. She's eight years old now, but there's five or six years of good work in her yet. Old Jeff always treated her well."

It was easy for me to understand the merchant's hardness. Fifteen years before, I knew by report, he had come walking through the country with a small stock of dry-goods in an oil-skin pack on his back, which still showed in its stoop the trade-mark of his early days. Then he had been treated with scant respect by even the negroes. If this had affected him, I was sure he had not revealed it; and after five years, having built the store and started in business on a larger scale, he had transacted his affairs with the same imperturbable, fateful calmness as in the days of the oil-skin pack. The machinery of business had pulled Ole Mistis away from her aged master and servitor; in the beginning Simon Stettler had let nothing interfere with that machinery, nor did it seem likely that he would now.

Once or twice a week after that, Jeff came to the store to buy a nickel's worth of sugar or a dime's worth of coffee. It was his custom to come early in the afternoon, and having made his purchase to slip around to the ample stable yard, where the gray mare with other mortgage prisoners strolled at their ease. I often watched him rubbing her nose through the fence and talking to her. I grew to be very much interested in this captive, whose coat was uniformly flecked with little black spots—dingy ermine robe of a fallen queen.

Before the end of February the sap was rising in the ground, and the peach-trees were in pale-pink blossom. The farmers were making leisurely preparations for another season's crops. Fences were being repaired, gardens planted, mortgages signed.

About this time Jeff told me in the store one day that Mr. Jamison, who now owned his ten acres of thin, gravelly land, had refused to let him have it another year unless he could get a horse from somebody else. The Minden merchant, he went on, was trying to rent the farm.

"An' I may be movin' in a week or so," he stated.

"Where to?" I asked.

"Maybe somebody 'll hieh me to meck a crap on dee fahm," he said hopefully,



He moved his hound and his chickens, his cooking utensils, and his planting tools to a ruined cabin.

and started slowly out. I looked after the bent, fragile figure; it was not pleasant to think of his hopes.

Mr. Stettler did not think it was good business to let Jeff have a horse and supplies for another season. Then I heard that he had been dispossessed to make room for a tenant family that had rented his old farm and another adjoining it. He moved his hound and his chickens, his cooking utensils, and his planting tools to a ruined cabin in an unfenced fallow

field, thickly dotted with stunted second-growth pine saplings, the property of an estate tied up in a court fight.

Now things were beginning to advance rapidly in the country. The atmosphere of ease and leisure was changing to one of energy, even of excitement. Corn was in the ground. Everybody was asking everybody else how many acres they were holding for cotton, how many for the smaller diversified crops, what they proposed to do about the boll-weevil, whether this or that new kind of cotton-seed had proved successful, and whether there were any readable and reliable signs in moon and stars and almanacs indicating a good-crop season. Often, in the store, I saw the homeless, despairing little negro, standing humbly at the outermost edge of a group of eager, thrilling crop gamblers, listening, listening, listening, saying nothing.

On a day in April—I think it was April, for I remember the atmosphere in the country was at its tensest with large, new hopes—Mr. Stettler asked me not to make any dates for that night.

One half of the second floor of the store he had fitted up as his home, to which a negro woman came three times a day to cook his meals and in which I lived with him. The gigantic dining-room was in the rear, its two windows looking out on a short stretch of open ground shaded with oak-trees, beyond which was the big stable-yard, with the barn in the middle of it. Several times as we ate supper I noticed Mr. Stettler turning his eyes to the windows; through them nothing was to be seen in the softly dark, vaporous spring night outside, so that I knew his eyes were unwittingly pointing the direction of his thoughts.

After supper he lit his pipe and sat down in a deep chair by one of the rear windows, but he did not put on his carpet slippers, so that I knew we were going out. When the cook had washed the dishes and gone away, he said, still staring out of the window and scratching thoughtfully at the patches of red-gray beard on his thin cheeks:

"Well, somebody is trying to steal our horses."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"I noticed this morning that the padlock on the stable door was all scarred up. Somebody had been trying to break the lock or to pull out the staple that holds it. He must have been interfered with; for if he had tried long enough he could have got in; I know I could. When I saw the lock this morning I remembered that I had heard the dog barking in the middle of the night. But he stopped all at once, as if he had recognized somebody; you know how a dog's fierceness collapses when an unfearing, familiar hand pats him on the head. And then I guess whoever it was decided to come again and silence the dog first."

"What are you going to do about it? That's why you wanted me to stay in to-night?"

"Yes," he said, standing up. "I have pulled the staple almost out of the door-post; it will be no trouble to get at the horses to-night. And I have tied up the dog. I judged, from the tracks in the dew-crusted sand around the door this morning, that there was but one man in the business. Whoever it is, if he comes, I want him to get into the stable and start out; then we'll grab him. You understand: I want to get this fellow *after* he has taken a horse out of the stable. That will finish him, and end the worry of suspense."

He walked into his bedroom and came back in a few minutes dressed to go out and carrying a lantern and two Winchesters from the stock downstairs. "They are oiled and loaded," he said, handing me one of the guns. "Let's go. Get your overcoat; we may have to wait long; it may be chilly."

Going from the store to the stable-yard, he spoke back at me: "I haven't told our noble constable nor any of the negroes on the place; they all talk too much."

He stopped at the barn door to make sure that the staple was loose enough for easy access. I looked around. The warm vapor in the air, hinting at rain, hid the stars. Already the trees were leafing out, and the four or five oaks in the yard were blurred shadows, blacker than the night.

On an outside ladder we climbed to the feed-loft door, let ourselves in, and descended through an opening to the stalls below. These were all in a row, twelve in number, separated by cross-planks a few inches apart. Six of the stalls were empty,

some of the winter's accumulation of stock having been sold in the past month. Mr. Stettler indicated two empty places opposite the door, between which was a stall occupied by a dimly seen feeding animal.

"I'll take the one on the right, you the one on the left," he said. "If we kept close together we might talk at the wrong time. There is nothing to do now except to wait; if anybody comes, let him get just through the door with a horse, then run out. I'll be there."

Going with him into the stall he had chosen for himself, I saw him climb up into the corn-box and sit down. I walked around to mine, got into the shallow box, and sat leaning back into the corner made by the partition and the rear wall, finding the position unexpectedly comfortable.

By this time my eyes had grown so used to the darkness that I could discern the outline and bulk of the horse between Mr. Stettler and myself. All along the line the animals were still standing up, fussing noisily with their lips over the bare corncobs that no longer held any grain, crunching the shucks and sheaf oats as second choice. Now and then a horse lifted his head over a partition to tease a fellow-feeder, there were angry squeals and little thumpings of tentative kicks, to show what the defending animal would have done if he were only out in the open where he could use his heels freely. The brown, mellow odors of corn and hay and oats, the pungent ammoniac manure smell of the stalls, were pleasant in my nostrils. A spear of ice plunged through my backbone as a rat, on his way down the line of feed-boxes, ran across my legs; and I could not help exclaiming: "Damn!" I listened to hear if the rat would shock one emotional, even if profane, word from the impassive trader; he said nothing.

After a while the squealing and kicking and rattling at the troughs grew less, and here and there a long, luxurious sigh told that a horse had lain down for the night. I heard the fresh straw crackle as the animal between us crushed down on it with a deep grunt of satisfaction. Everything was now so quiet that I ran my hand over and over the projecting parts of the Winchester on my lap, telling myself what they were for, that I might keep awake.

It was in the neighborhood of midnight—for the roosters all about over the country were crowing, and they are approximately correct—when there was a slight screaking noise at the door. Then it opened, slowly, wide. A figure stepped inside, stopped, seemed to be listening. Closing the door almost to, he flitted to the far end of the stable, and started back down the black passage behind the stalls, hoarsely whispering a tense call that sounded like: "C'up, c'up, meh lady."

Before he had reached me the horse in the next place was whinnying eagerly, joyously. I saw the almost imperceptible figure slide by my hiding-place; and looking through the partition, I could make him out, sitting on the straw, and I think his arms were around the horse's neck. He was crooning ecstatic gibberish, like a mother over her child; the horse was answering with tiny, soft, nuzzling whinnies from deep down in the throat. After a pause I heard words that I could understand.

"Ole Mistis, we is gwine away f'om heah. Ain' nuffin heah fer you an' me now, an' dee wants to keep us apaht. Out yander in de woods, 'cross de road, I got ole Julius tied a-waitin' fer us. I reckon you ain' forgot dat triflin' ole yaller houn' yit, is you? He been mighty pore comp'ny since you lef' us, Ole Mistis; but den I spec I been mighty pore comp'ny fer him—since you been gone away. Yassum, an' I got fifty year o' cawn in a sack fer you, an' a snack er two fer me an' Jule."

He was stroking her neck. Then his hands must have gone feeling along her ribs.

"Ole Mistis, you sho' is gittin' fat. I been seein' you git so roun' an' slick an' fine. I reckon you ain't wantin' to run away wif ole Jeff. I guess Mr. Stettler is good to he animals, anyhow. An' de Lawd on'y knows whut kind o' luck we gwine to strak, an' it may be, meh lady, you ain' brash to 'lope to Louisiany wif ole Jule an' me.

"An' yit, Ole Mistis, I been prayin' fer good luck fer us. In de dead o' night, free times, I went to Mount Calvary Chapel, I crawled th'oo de winder, an' I prayed fer luck fer you an' me. I kinder feel, meh lady, 'at luck have changed fer ole Jeff at las'.

"By mawnin' we gwine to be acrost de Louisiany line, an' I spec in less 'n a week you an' me is gwine to be settled on some o' dat black swampy lan', richer 'n gol' fer cotton an' cane. Somebody gwine to rent me lan' over dar ef I got you, Ole Mistis; an' we gwine to be so deep sunk in de piney woods 'at nobody f'om heah evah will fin' us. Yassum, we gwine to have a cotton crap in de groun' dis yeah yit, we sho' is. We gwine to see our own cotton a-comin' up green outen de groun'.

"Now git up, Ole Mistis, we mus' be a-movin' on. Git up, meh lady."

The mare got to her feet, and I could see, dimly, a rope hanging from her neck. She backed out of the stall. The stooping, stealthy little figure with her pushed open the door, looked out, and, coming back slowly, laid his head against her neck.

"An', Ole Mistis, even ef we do strak bad luck in Louisiany, we gwine to be togedder. Ain' dat a whole lot? Wellum, hit is fer me. Now we is gwine away f'om heah; an' thank Mister Stettler kin'ly fer his cawn an' oats. He good to he animals, anyhow. Lawdy, Lawdy, I bet ole Jule gwine to teck on scan'lous when he see you, meh lady. Now come on, Ole Mistis."

He stepped out through the door cautiously. It closed to behind him, but, the fastening pulling loose, it swung open again. I heard the soft fall of the horse's feet in the white sand of the hoof-dug yard. I listened to catch the sound of Mr. Stettler stirring. He was not stirring. I heard the great oak latch of the stable-yard gate lift and presently fall into place again.

"Mr. Stettler?" I called.

"Yes."

"Did you hear?"

"Yes."

Down the line of stalls a horse sighed gratefully. In a corner a cricket was chirping. Outside, the wind moving through the little green leaves was as the faint hubbub of a multitudinous gathering of tiny voices far away. Out beyond the store, across the road, in the clump of woods, I listened to hear a hound bellowing. I found my fingers feeling over and over the projecting points of the Winchester on my lap, not to keep awake now. After a while I noticed that they were rubbing back and forth along the gun-barrel where it was wet.

I don't know how many minutes passed. I heard the oak latch lift again, the soft fall of feet on the hoof-dug ground, a low whinnying coming nearer. A figure stepped hurriedly through the door and into the stall between Mr. Stettler and me.

"Ole Mistis, I cain' do it. Ef I hadn't 'a' named you dat name I could 'a' done it."

Then the figure ran out through the door. After a while I slipped down from the feed-box, went to my room, and crawled into bed. A considerable time after that I heard Mr. Stettler come in and get into his bed.

The next day Jeff and his belongings were moved to one of Mr. Stettler's small farms. Ole Mistis was with him. I left that part of the country the next year, but Mr. Stettler occasionally writes to me now. He always says Jeff and his Ole Mistis are doing very well. I never have any fears about them. Having had supper one evening, several weeks after the night in the stable, Mr. Stettler, turning his back and walking to a rear window, said rather fiercely: "They are to be together until the end."

ENGLISH FRIENDS

FROM LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

Edited by Sara Norton and M. A. DeWolfe Howe

II

"THE meeting at St. Martin's with Norton and his family was a very happy one." Lovers and readers of Ruskin will remember the chapter of "Præterita" beginning with this sentence and proceeding with an account of the walk taken by Ruskin and Norton at five in the morning, "as the roselight flushed the highest snow, up the winding path among the mountain meadows of Sallenches."

Many phases of the friendship that followed this meeting in Switzerland, in the summer of 1856, are recorded in the "Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton," which Norton published in 1904. His own letters to Ruskin he is believed to have destroyed when in 1900 he went to England on business connected with the literary executorship to which Ruskin appointed him. These letters, however, could not have yielded so clear an impression of Ruskin's personality as that which is conveyed by the following letter to the friend in America on whose sympathy and understanding Norton could most confidently count about the English friend who contributed so largely to the fulness of his experiences in Europe between 1868 and 1873. Ruskin had called Norton his "first real tutor"; but Norton had found in his early reading of "Modern Painters" the clew and key to much of the æsthetic enjoyment and interest so vitally important in the shaping of his subsequent life.

The Nortons, established in a pleasant villa, had been a year absent from home when this letter about Ruskin was written.

[To George William Curtis.]

VEVEY, *July* 22, 1869.

MY DEAREST GEORGE:

Your letter of the 4th to Jane* came this morning, and was heartily welcome. It seemed as if you had come in to join us at an Ashfield breakfast on the morning after your arrival from New York, but had had only ten minutes to stay. I want very much to hear more about the editorship of the *Times*. With all my heart I wish that the matter may be so arranged that you will take the place. You and I, no doubt, feel alike as to the importance of the position, and agree that its importance makes it imperative on you to accept it, if certain indispensable conditions are fulfilled. It would not be worth while for you to take the place unless in some way absolute editorial independence is secured to you;—that you should have entire editorial control of the paper, free from any interference or supervision whatever, is essential. Then (but this I cannot help regarding, as I believe you also would regard it, as of minor importance) you ought to have secured to you such a share in the property of the paper as should give you a fair proportion of the profits arising from your management of it. With these two conditions fulfilled I think there is no post in the public service which I would rather see you in, and none in which you would be able to exert a more direct and widespread influence. It was but last week that in a letter to John Morley something led me to speak of the editorship of a leading journal as one of the very few places which a man of great powers, and high, self-sacrificing aims might desire to occupy. In our country, in New York, at this time, the good that a man of your principles, character, talents and taste might effect as editor of the *Times* is so great that it will always remain to me a serious disappointment and regret for the country's sake if the offer of the place should not ultimately take such shape that you can accept it. I trust you will soon find time to write me a satisfactory long letter about this and other personal and public matters. To

*Norton's sister, Miss Jane Norton.

be sure I get a good deal of you every week in *Harper*,*—but not that part of you which is your special reserve for me. . . .

The aspect of public affairs as seen from here is not altogether pleasing. Grant's surrender, partial though it may be, to the politicians was an unexpected disappointment, but a very instructive one. His other mistakes were what might have been expected,—what indeed we ought to have been prepared for. But some of his appointments are disgraceful,—personally discreditable to him. The *Nation* of the 8th (which also came this morning) has a vigorous Godkinian article on Sickles† which rejoices my spirit. As Hosea Biglow says of old Buckinum,—"by Time, ses he, I *du* like a feller that ain't a Feared." The question seems to be now whether the politicians,—"the men inside politics,"—will ruin the country, or the country take summary vengeance, by means of Jenckes's bill,‡ upon them.

But I will leave America to you, and go back once more to England, though I am beginning to feel that it is time to put an end to these long letters. If I had not written so much at length during the winter about the most interesting persons whom I saw that it does not seem worth while to write more about them even to you, I should be more sure of entertaining you. To describe the characters of my London winter with Carlyle, Mill, and more than all, Ruskin, left out, is like looking at the stars with the Great Bear, the North Star, and Sirius omitted. Ruskin, indeed, made our life both at Keston and in London very different from what it would have been without his constant kindness. His pleasure in pleasing others by lavish liberality of all sorts is one of the sweet feminine traits of his nature. When we were first at Keston he sent us a quantity of beautiful water-colours—William Hunt's, his own, and Turner's work—to hang on our walls, and as long as we stayed in England he supplied us with all the drawings of this sort we desired. His own work is—as the illustrations to "Modern Painters" partially show,—in some artistic qualities quite unequalled by that of any living English draughtsman. His genius is quite as plainly shown in his drawing as in his writing,—and the extravagances of his temper and temperament are less obvious in it. Indeed hard work at drawing is the most soothing and steadying occupation for his restless and disturbed spirit. His delicacy of hand, his exquisite refinement and penetration of sight and of touch, his sensitiveness to colour and form, his poetic feeling, are all indicated, if not fully expressed, in his drawing, and so far expressed whether he is drawing the rosy convolutions of a shell, or the grey buttresses of an old church, or the purple depths of the morning glory, or the gold clouds of the sunrise, or the distant white summits of the Alps, or is copying Luini's Sta. Barbara, or one of the Venetian ladies of Paul Veronese,—his gifts and genius are, I say, so far expressed as to give to it quite a special and peculiar value and charm, and to make a collection of them a most striking exhibition of the breadth and variety as well as the exquisiteness of his powers.

His pleasant house at Denmark Hill,—one of those large, comfortable, retired suburban houses characteristic of the neighborhood of London,—is a perfect treasury of art. Besides the Turners and the Tintorets, and the Sir Joshua, and the magnificent Titian (superb head in his best style of the Doge Andrea Gritti) which hang on the walls of drawing-room, and parlour, and dining-room,—his upstairs study contains several of the finest of Turner's drawings on the walls, and multitudes of his and of Ruskin's own drawings are arranged in cupboards and drawers of writing table and bookcases, and others still simply in piles because there is no room for any other arrangement of them. Up stairs still again, in the upper story of the house, is another little work-room,—but this is not for art, but for the minerals which Ruskin delights himself with studying. Over the collection, to be sure, his taste presides with supreme absolutism. It is a collection of jewels and precious stones rather than of common every-day cabinet specimens. His agates which have lately been his special study are beautiful and perfect as

* Curtis's long-continued editorship of *Harper's Weekly* had begun in 1863.

† Gen. D. E. Sickles was appointed in 1869 United States minister to Spain.

‡ The bill introduced by Thomas A. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, but not adopted, which would have established civil service reform earlier than it came.

agates can be. His crystals of all sorts are each of their kind as good as the agates, —and are arranged, as their beauty deserves, in velvet-lined cases, each drawer in the cases being lined with a different coloured velvet to suit the various colours of the brilliant transparent stones. Here are the "Ethics of the Dust."

Everything in and about the house indicates large expense, and a double control of it. For old Mrs. Ruskin still controls the household, and though confined to her bedroom and almost bedridden, directs with somewhat despotic sway the order of the house. A Scotch cousin, a pretty, lively sweet-tempered girl of twenty-four or five, Joan Agnew, is the vizier or prime minister and the housekeeping is such as the excellence of old-fashioned English servants allows. It is one of Ruskin's firmest principles that we ought to make our dependents happy, and a more contented and attached set of servants could hardly be found than his. The work of the house is done, contrary to the usual English fashion, by maids; there is no butler, no footman,—and the maids are ideally tidy, well mannered and pretty. There is one old woman who has lived with the family ever since Ruskin was born,—she too is an ideal old nurse, and there is a pattern middle-aged housekeeper. The furnishing of the house has undergone little change in forty years or so,—and is of the solid-mahogany English style. The guest chamber has its great four-poster with yellow silk curtains, and its great wardrobe, and in this chamber you feel yourself in the characteristic English room,—or would feel so if of late years Ruskin had not invaded it, hung beautiful drawings by Burne Jones and Rossetti on its walls, and taken possession of half of the wardrobe for portfolios of drawings and for piles of drawings mounted and framed. Immediately before the front door stands an old cedar of Lebanon, a tree which Ruskin will not hear praised, owing to its not being a fine specimen for its years. Behind the house is a half lawn half meadow, (with flower beds close under the windows,) across which you look out over a wide stretch of country, only encroached upon here and there in the distance by the outposts of the advancing city. At one side is the garden, the greenhouse, the grapery, the fruit walls and all the pleasant appurtenances of such a home.

Suppose you and I were to go out there some pleasant morning together. We should walk slowly up the shady Denmark Hill, and coming along by a high black fence on the left, should ring the bell at the avenue gate, which would be opened for us by David the coachman, or his wife, or one of their numerous children, who would greet us cordially, and from whom we should learn that Ruskin was at home. Going up the avenue we should hear a bell rung to announce our approach, and before we reached the front door it would be opened to us, and we should hear that Mr. Ruskin was very busy, and desired not to be disturbed unless we came, which I had told him we might very likely do on one of these days. We go through the hall, through a little room or passage at the right filled with flowers in beautiful bloom, and should stop to look at the touching portrait by Turner of himself as a youth, through which in his old age he had thrust a knife,—and we should then pass into the middle parlour hung round with ten or twelve of Turner's finest drawings, and with two or three of William Hunt's over the fireplace. A long window at the southern end of the room looks out over the flower beds and the lawn. We should hardly have time to get even a general view of all this, before we should hear Ruskin's quick light step through the hall, and he would come in with the most warmly welcoming smile, both hands outstretched, and most cordial words of pleasure at our coming.

You would be struck at once with the sweetness and refinement of his look, with a certain touch of quaintness in his dress and manner which gives a pleasant flavor to his originality, with the peculiar and sorrowful tenderness of expression in his eyes, with the mobility of his mouth, and with the fine, nervous, overstrung organization betrayed alike in gait, in carriage, in manner, in expression, in shape, and in words. At first, for five minutes perhaps, he would show in your presence as a stranger, a little shyness and constraint, apparent in a want of entire simplicity of manner. But this would wear off quickly and in a quarter of an hour you and he

would be on easy terms, and talking as if you had known each other for years. He would want you to see this and that other drawing, would be pleased that you liked his favorite the best, would point out the merits of each as he alone can do it, would tell you why he did not like this one, would bring out the drawings which he bought this spring at Mr. Dillon's sale,—one for which he gave £1200,—another, a most exquisite drawing of the Bay of Naples which cost him 800 guineas,—and which Turner originally got 30 for,—and so on till lunch time, when he would insist on your staying, and we should go into the dining-room to find there Miss Agnew, and some one of the pretty bevy of young girls who come one after another to stay at the house, and perhaps the quiet Mr. Burgess* who is doing some woodcutting under Ruskin's direction. With the two lively young ladies we should have a merry lunch, and Ruskin would be as good a listener to your stories and as good a laugher as any of them. But before lunch was done that expression of fatigue would come into his eye which one observes in the most delicately organized persons, showing that his nervous strength was giving out,—and though he would beg us to stay, we should come away.

You would see him again some other time, and have a long, serious talk with him, and then you would tell me you had never seen so sad a man, never one whose nature seemed to have been so sensitized to pain by the experience of life. It is only a few weeks since that he wrote me from Verona, where he has been for the last two months, drawing the monuments of the Scaligeri,—"You must remember it is impossible for you at all to conceive the state of mind of a person who has undergone as much pain as I have." And the source of this pain, like that of all deepest human suffering, is so complex, and some of its elements lie so deep among the roots of character, that to analyse it would be not only to tell the story of his life but to describe his whole individuality of nature. In the result of his life, in the actual John Ruskin of today, it is hard to tell whether nature or circumstance has worked well or happily for him from his birth; even what seemed like happiness has often been only the covering of evil for him. Born with a nature of peculiar sweetness, of feminine sweetness, tenderness, impressibility, and generosity, and with genius that showed itself in his childish years,—an only child of a domineering woman to whose strong nature Scotch Calvinism was well suited, tenderly loved by her, and petted, ruled, disciplined and spoiled by her, and loved and petted as well by his father, never well understood by either,—with his moral sense early and morbidly over-developed, his poetic sensibility turned into a false direction by false religious notions,—his self will, and his vanity encouraged as he grew up by the devotion and flattery of father and mother and friends,—with no experience of the world,—he began his independent life as little prepared for its various trials and discipline as a man could well be. "Never," said he once to me, "did fond and good parents meaning to do right do worse by a child than mine did by me."* For years after most men are forced to match themselves with the real world, he was living in a world of his own,—and losing the chance of gaining that acquaintance with practical life, that self-control, and that development of reason which he more than most men required. So fancy and wilfulness, controlled by his genius, and by his religious creed, and by the loveliness of his disposition, and by the love of beauty, guided him from vagary to vagary,—each in turn ending in pain. One can read much of his moral history in his books. It is best written there, the special events need not be written down, and I trust never will be. But later circumstance,—fate shall I call it? or result of character?—has been against him as much as earlier. Nothing has turned out for him as he most desired,—everything has tended to make him more and more sensitive and self-willed and passionate and unreasonable, and self-confident,—and the result is that he hurts himself against life and the world, and is at the same time the most tender, humble, kind, generous and loving soul that this

* Arthur Burgess, a pupil whose untimely death Ruskin lamented in a memoir, 1887.

* It should be remembered in reading this passage that Ruskin's own words about his early training and the influence of his parents bear out what the friends who knew him intimately could not but recognize. See, *e. g.*, his letter to Mrs. John Simon, in E. T. Cook's "Life of John Ruskin," II, 168.

earth holds. You see what a mass of unhappy contradictions he is,—Don Quixotte in his wildest moods was not so wild or so chivalric as he; he compared himself one day to Rousseau, and said that great parts of "Les Confessions" were so true to himself that he felt as if Rousseau must have transmigrated into his body;—but Don Quixotte in his noblest aspect is the comparison that pleases me best, and poor Ruskin is often morally as ill-treated by the world, and made at heart as black and blue as the brave, irrational, generous, lofty-hearted old knight was in body by his ungenerous opponents. He wrote me the other day, "If I were to die now, the life would have been such a wreck that you couldn't even make anything of the drift wood."

I had a note from Longfellow yesterday in which he tells me of meeting Ruskin in Verona, (last autumn when I was with Ruskin in Paris we had a delightful little *partie carrée*,—he and Longfellow and Tom Appleton and I,—they had never met before). Ruskin had written me two or three weeks ago of their meeting at Verona. Longfellow's few words express with exquisite felicity the impression that Ruskin would make on one of keen and delicately sympathetic insight, and express at the same time the prevailing temper of his mind. "At Verona," he says, "we passed a delightful day with Ruskin. I shall never forget a glimpse I had of him mounted on a ladder, copying some details of the tomb of Can Grande. He was very pleasant in every way, but, I thought, very sad; suffering too keenly from what is inevitable and beyond remedy, and making to himself

> "'A second nature, to exist in pain
> As in his own allotted element.'"

"Everything," wrote Ruskin in one of his letters from Verona just before this meeting, "is a dreadful problem to me now,—of living things, from the lizards and everything less and worse than they, (including those Americans I met the other day), up to Can Grande;—and of dead, *everything* that *is* dead irrecoverably;—how much!"

. . . In England he has not one intimate friend,—and there are only one or two persons who love him simply and naturally. London is not a city in which friendship flourishes. Friendships are rarely made there. Two or three of the best men whom I knew, who had lived for years in London, told me that they had, no matter how many pleasant acquaintances, but not one friend. The externality of all social relations is surprising,—and the critical tone men adopt in speaking of those they call their friends shows how little sympathy they have one with another. Of course Ruskin's unreasonableness and moodiness make friendships with him difficult, but his tenderness, his generosity, his kindness, his genuine humility make it, one would believe, easy for any man with a little sympathy and considerateness to be his friend. He suffers from his solitariness; and in thinking of him I am often reminded of the pages in the last volume of "Modern Painters" in which he speaks of the treatment Turner received from the public, of his loneliness, and of its evil effect upon his work and character. It may well have been that this passage was written out of the depths of his own experience. The breaking off of his friendly relations with Carlyle was a great sorrow to him. You remember the circumstances. He indiscreetly repeated in a published letter some extravagances of Carlyle about the treatment he was apt to meet with from the street boys. Carlyle was vexed, and published in the *Times* a very brief and hard denial of having made the statement that Ruskin had imputed to him. It was a direct issue, and there is not the least question that Carlyle was wrong. He *did* say, so I heard from a person who was present when he said it, what Ruskin reported; but he said it in one of his wild moods of half-cynical, half-humourous exaggeration, very likely forgot his words as soon as uttered, and at least had no intention that they should be taken *au pied de la lettre*, or that he should be held responsible for them. Although the breaking of their intimacy is a great loss in some respects to Ruskin, it is not wholly to be regretted, for his unreasonableness and extravagance were cherished and confirmed by the still more unreasonable and extravagant Carlyle;—Carlyle embittered him, kept up a raw on his nerves, and poor Ruskin had not the safeguard against him that Carlyle possesses

against his own *ill humours* in his healthy and exuberant humour. Not that he had not a pleasant and lively humour, but not one of force to be a strong element of vitality and sanity.

I wish you could see Ruskin as I see him in a memory that comes back to me at this minute,—in his pleasant, cheerful drawing-room, one winter evening, with a bright fire in the grate,—he kneeling by a chair on which and by which are a number of framed drawings that he has brought downstairs to show Susan and Grace and Sara,* some pieces of Turner's work which were specially characteristic and on which he set great value, full of eagerness and animation, with a candle in one hand, with the other pointing to the drawing, talking with perfect freshness, and simplicity and natural eloquence, while his three listeners joined by two other pretty young auditors stood around him in a lively picturesque group. Nobody could be more delightful than he, at such a time, as host in his own house. Or I wish you could see him as he sat one evening in our drawing-room talking very quietly with my Mother, while Miss Agnew and little Connie Hilliard† were singing at the piano at the other end of the room, and not suiting him in the rendering of a lively Negro melody he corrected them, when suddenly Miss Joan ran across the room, seized him by both hands, dragged him after her and compelled him to join them, which he did with excellent grace, in singing the vivacious melody of "Ten little Niggers going out to dine,"—one of the most popular London songs this last winter. . . .

In thinking over what I have written, I doubt if I have given an adequate impression of the extreme susceptibility and impressibleness of his nature, and of his engrossment with the object before him. You see these qualities in his every-day life and feelings, as you see them in his books. They are parts of his genius. I one day said to him, "If you see a sunset you forget that you saw a sunrise this morning, and indeed rather disbelieve in the existence of sunrises altogether. But tomorrow morning if the sunrise is beautiful you will think nothing of the sunset." He good-naturedly assented, and went on to speak of the effect of this disposition of his on his writings.

And now after all I have written I feel how much more I ought to write would I give you a true picture of a character so complex, and a life so full of traits of strong individuality. But is a character ever justly and adequately described? Happily your sympathetic imagination can fill up what is needed, and better in Ruskin's case even than in most others,—for what in his case is chiefly required is sympathy and imagination.—Moreover, I am tired of writing, tonight, as you see by the looks of this page. With love always to Anna and the children,

Ever your loving

C. E. N.

From Switzerland, where this long letter was written, the Nortons proceeded to Italy in the autumn of 1869. In Florence and Siena, establishing themselves in villas which they took for some months at a time, and later in Venice and Rome, they passed nearly two delightful years. The letters of this period do not lend themselves especially to the present purpose, but from two of them, written in Rome during the Vatican Council which adopted the dogma of papal infallibility, the following passages may well be taken:

[To Mrs. Andrews Norton.]

Rome, *April* 18 (*Monday*), 1870.

My Dearest Mother:

. . . . . .

Did I tell you in my note of yesterday that we are to dine with the Actons* tomorrow? He occupies a very important and very interesting position here,—the lay head of the opposition to the Ultra-Clerical party. I had a long and truly interesting talk with him concerning the Council and the Church two or three days ago. He is a real personage at present, and if the interior history of the Council is ever written he will have a large part in it.

De Vere† is sweet, refined and lovable as ever, and far more in his native element in

* Mrs. C. E. Norton, Miss Grace Norton, and Mrs. Norton's sister, Miss Sara Sedgwick, afterward Mrs. W. E. Darwin.

† Miss Constance Hilliard (Mrs. W. H. Churchill), a niece of Ruskin's friend, Lady Trevelyan.

* Lord Acton was at this time closely identified with Döllinger in opposing the new dogma.

† The friendship with Aubrey De Vere had begun many years before.

Rome than in England. He came to see us yesterday, bringing with him Father Hecker* who is a man of some consequence in Rome, and seems to have been talking a good deal of Americanism to the Jesuits. He is a good specimen of the Romanized American, or vice versa. . . .

[To Mrs. Andrews Norton.]

Wednesday Evening, April 20, 1870, Rome.

My Dearest Mother:

Day before yesterday in the evening we had the fireworks, and tonight we have an illumination. It is very pretty; the obelisk is ablaze from its base to its summit, lines of lights mark the terraces of the Pincio, the little spire of Sta. Maria del Popolo is lighted up,—down the Via del Babuino, the Corso, and the Ripetta there is what a reporter would call a blaze of light; and all through the city are special centres of brightness of lamps and of fireworks, while every street is lighted up with little paper lanterns at windows and doors according to the devotion or the gratitude or the timidity or the lavishness of the dwellers in its houses. All this show is in honor of the Pope. It is his anniversary day, and his commemoration day in remembrance of the miraculous escape at Sta. Agnese. Every show in Rome of this sort is a little more brilliant than usual out of regard to the Council. The 600 Bishops are to see Rome at its best, and they themselves are a good part of the show. The Council makes Rome more ecclesiastical by far than ever,—for the bishops not only bring with them but attract also a host of clerical dignitaries and simple priests, so that the outward aspect of the city is affected by their numbers, while the talk and the thoughts of all people capable of thought (who are, alas! a very small minority of the natives or visitors) are occupied greatly with the proceedings of the Council, and with speculations as to its course. And quite justly so,—for the Council is a great historic event, and whatever its direct issue its indirect results will have a large place in the history of the next generation. The Council of Rome may be quite as important, and will certainly be as famous as the Council of Trent. Of the separate members of the Council one may see many and much,—but of the Council as a body the outside world gets few glimpses. The first public session is to be held next Sunday, and I am tempted to stay to witness it;—but as no one is to be admitted to the hall of meeting, and the only publicity is that of having the door thrown open and part of the partition taken down between the transept, in which the council is held, and the nave of St. Peter's, there is little chance for more than a distant view of bishops and Pope. Tomorrow we shall decide whether we start for home [Siena] on Saturday or Monday.

We had a truly pleasant dinner at the Actons' last night. Lady Acton is a very refined and sweet person, but not in good health, and last night so unwell that she did not add much to the animation of the party. Lord Acton's grandmother is a fine, sprightly old lady, at least eight or ten years older than you, and with a character and vivacity of mind that would attract you at once. Mr. Childers,* the first Lord of the Admiralty, dined with us, and was quite charming,—one of the solid, strong, well-mannered, quiet, genial Englishmen. . . . Just as we came away the famous Mrs. Craven† entered. . . . Sue had as pleasant a time as I, having found the ladies charming from their good manners, their ease, and their amiability. Acton was to have dined with us to-day, but just before dinner we received a note from him to say that his wife had a feverish attack so severe as to require the doctor, and to make him solicitous, and that consequently he could not come to us. . . .

I went with de Vere yesterday afternoon to see Archbishop Manning. He is wonderfully little changed in twelve years,—but he is a more conspicuous man now, and as archbishop is compelled to a somewhat different manner from that which he used to cultivate. He has no pretension of dignity, but a little less marked air of humility. I was struck as of old with the subtlety of his mental processes, a subtlety by which reasoning is often substituted for reason, and a clever

* Israel Thomas Hecker, founder of the Paulist order.

* Hugh C. E. Childers, subsequently chancellor of exchequer, etc., etc.

† Mrs. Augustus Craven, author of "Récit d'une Sœur," etc.

distinction made to play the part of an independent truth. He was a little acrid and bitter in speaking of the opposition in the Council,—he, as you know, being one of the most prominent advocates for the definition of the dogma of infallibility. "There are not ten men in the Council," he said, "who would deny the truth of the doctrine. The whole opposition to it is based on what is called 'opportunity.' And now, as the Civiltà Cattolica well said the other day, the word opportunity is found but three times in the Gospel, and the passages are parallel, namely 'And Judas sought an *opportunity* to betray Him.' That's it; opportunity means personal interest of one sort or another."—And so he went on. This citation with approval of the silly reference to the Civiltà surprised me. It was bad taste at least. . . .

It was in the summer of 1871 that Norton and his family turned their faces northward. In July they came to Innsbruck; in the autumn they were established in Dresden for the winter. Here, in February, Mrs. Norton died. Mother and sisters and affectionate friends were at hand to do whatever could be done to make the loss more endurable; and the necessity of standing as both father and mother to a family of young children brought its constant stimulus to exertion. But it was inevitably a time for all the inward courage and philosophy that one could draw upon. "It is the next best thing to being happy to have been happy," wrote Norton to Curtis after six weeks of attempted readjustment. The lease of the house at Shady Hill in Cambridge had still more than a year to run, and the stay abroad must needs continue as best it could. The early summer of 1872 was spent in Paris. In the autumn the family returned to London, where many friends were waiting to make the winter pass with as little sadness as such a winter might. Through this winter Norton recorded some of his experiences more fully than usual in a journal. There is nothing of self-pity in its pages, though the shadow in which he was walking is sometimes seen upon them: there are frequent evidences of the loving thought with which he entered into the interests of his children. More than all else, there are glimpses of the friends he was seeing from day to day.

Chief among these friends was Carlyle, who wrote in his note-book on March 1, 1873: "An amiable, very friendly, sincere and cultivated Charles Norton, from Boston, is here all winter and much a favourite with me." In a letter to Curtis, December 27, 1872, Norton wrote: "I think the chief pleasure of my stay in London this year has been the frequent walks and talks I have had with Carlyle. I see him often enough to have grown familiar in some sort with him, and sincerely attached to him. He is, though 77 years old, in excellent health, and vigorous for his years. Age has tempered whatever once may have been hard in him, and yet has taken from him nothing of keenness of intelligence or richness of humour and imagination. His old face is full of sweetness, and his expression indicates the quickness of his sensibilities. He is often humourously extravagant to a degree that would, if his words were repeated without his look and voice and laugh, lead to a complete misunderstanding. He is the most striking figure in London,—and when he dies there will be a bigger gap than the death of any other man could make."

Naturally the London journal is full of the "walks and talks" with Carlyle which Norton enjoyed so much. When, in July of 1886, he published in the *New Princeton Review* his "Recollections of Carlyle," he drew upon this journal for some excellent passages. But he left many others, of equal excellence, quite untouched. To Carlyle, then, and to a wide circle of other friends, the following pages will introduce the reader.

Oxford, *Saturday, November* 10, 1872.

Ruskin was never in a sweeter, less irrational mood than during these days. His reliance on me, his affection for me touch me deeply. Spent the morning again among his collections,—getting many suggestions for work in this field at home. After lunch with him went to his lecture, a much more instructive and interesting one than the last. It was on the characteristics of the great Italian schools of art, as preparatory to the study of Engraving. . . .

At four I left Oxford, Ruskin with me till the last moment, and most devoted. "I wonder," he said, "why I always feel as if you were so much older than I, and so much wiser." "Good-bye, *papa*," were his last words, "be sure to take care of yourself. . . ." *

LONDON, *November* 11, 1872.

After a morning, occupied with Sally's and Lily's lessons, and letter-writing, went to lunch with the Burne Joneses. He is recovering from illness. They were sweet and cordial as ever. His pictures never seemed to me more beautiful or interesting.

Then went to see Emerson. He has grown but little older in these four years, and seemed fresh and vigorous, quite recovered from the shock of the burning of his house. His face was full of tender and mild expression. He and his daughter would come to dine with us this evening. I drove to Carlyle's to ask him to come also, but he was out.

In the evening Emerson talked admirably, with great discrimination, of Carlyle. I read him something of Omar Khayyam,† of whom previously he had known nothing. He objected to his want of affirmation,—the sign of a truly healthy and vigorous soul; but was impressed by his incisive skepticism.

LONDON, *Sunday, November* 17, 1872.

In the afternoon a walk with Carlyle and Fitzjames Stephen.‡ Allingham joined us for a time. . . . Since I last saw Stephen he has had his two or three successful years in India, where, by all accounts, he has done excellent work as Maine's successor. The experience has been of service in giving him breadth. He is an excellent specimen of the men to whom England chiefly owes her greatness,—men of solid, sincere intelligence, of vast capacity for work, of large frame and brain, eminently healthy, four-square, and even with the world.

I expressed my wish that we could burn, instead of burying our dead; a wish in which both Carlyle and Stephen agreed,—but regarded the difficulties of introducing the change as at present insurmountable. Carlyle was very earnest in his declamation against our funeral as well as our burial customs. "It is soom satisfaction to learn that now and then a clergyman goes mad from having to repeat over and over again the funeral service. . . ."

Thursday, November 21, 1872.

Went to Oxford to be with Ruskin, His lecture today on Wood engraving and Bewick,—very good. I use whatever power I have with him to keep him strictly and busily at his work. In the field of Art he has the genius which makes him a master; in all other fields he has need of putting himself to school. He is surely the least consistent and most irrational of sane men; but he has the tenderest heart and the most generous sympathies. He spoke the secret of the ruin of his life today, when he said to me, "I can't remember that I ever did anything in my life except from the moment's impulse."

I took a walk by myself in the afternoon, but the weather was raw and damp, and my heart chilly and autumnal.

In the evening we looked at some magnificent drawings by Turner (Lake of Constance, Vesuvius, &c.), at some Holbein cuts, and at a lovely sketch of a girl by Gainsborough, perfectly cheerful, sunny, sweet, and English, which Burgess bought the other day for three pounds, and for which Ruskin has given him three hundred.

Friday, November 22, 1872, OXFORD.

Spent the morning at the Bodleian, looking up some mss. of the Vita Nuova and other works of Dante, for old Witte,* from whom I received yesterday, a very kind and pleasant letter.

Lunched with Ruskin, and in the afternoon returned to town, in order to be at home to receive a visit from Morley on the next morning. Found all well, and the children very happy. . . .

* It may be noted that in "Præterita" (III, 80) Ruskin wrote: "Norton . . . from the first, took serenely, and as it seemed of necessity, a kind of paternal authority over me, and a right of guidance."

† Norton first made the acquaintance of Fitzgerald's "Omar" through Mrs. Burne Jones, in 1868 or 1869, at about the time when the translation, after nearly ten years of neglect, was becoming known to discriminating readers. Besides introducing the poem to both Emerson and Carlyle, he called it, still earlier, to the attention of the American public in a long article in the *North American Review*, October, 1869.

‡ Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, older brother of Sir Leslie Stephen. From 1869 to 1872 he served as legal member of council in India.

* Karl Witte, German Dante scholar, 1800–1883.

Finished the second volume of the Life of Dickens which Forster sent me a week ago. It must be read with sympathy; on the whole Forster has done his hard task well. But there is too much about Dickens,—about him and about, and too little *of* him. The character is lost in the detail. This was true, in a sort, of Dickens himself, whose restless vitality and easily moved sympathies made each minute so important and so interesting, or at least entertaining, that his life was a discontinuous series of emotions and effects, much less than a consistent foreseen and foreseeing evolution of character.—Forster's plan in writing the book, and the prominence into which it forces himself may be criticized and condemned; but the sincerity with which he has written, and the truth and loyalty of his devotion to Dickens are beyond praise. Dickens would, I think, have approved the book.

London, *Saturday, November* 23, 1872.

A long and interesting visit from Morley* occupied the morning. Much talk on the deepest matters of concern. In belief and opinion I agree with him more nearly than with most men. He is eminently sincere, and clear-minded, and has nothing of the narrow hard-and-fastness of the professed Comtists. He is altogether a worthy disciple of Mill.

Religion, Utilitarianism, the modern view of Morals, political opinion in England, and the United States, were some of the subjects on which we talked. To record such talk is difficult, perhaps not worth while, but it is not without effect in carrying forward and defining one's own thought.

Sunday, December 1, 1872.

Spent the morning with the children, and in letter-writing.

In the afternoon went to see Frederic Harrison, from whom I missed a visit the other day. He was most happily married not long after we left London in 1869. His wife is a pleasing and intelligent woman. He is the most vigorous and able of the Comtist radicals, and if he lives can hardly fail to make a deep mark on modes of thought, if not of action, in England, in regard to social and political questions. There is a rare combination in him of strong feeling with strong sense. He speaks of the marked progress of liberal sentiments in England both in matters of religion and in politics, within late years; confirming my own observations. . . .

* John Morley was then editing the *Fortnightly Review*.

Wednesday, December 4, 1872.

Went with Leslie Stephen, taking Eliot with us, to the Zoological Gardens, where the Sea Lion with her old French keeper, and a wonderfully human Chimpanzee interested me much.

Struck as usual with Stephen's intellectual sincerity, and liberality, and with that temper of indifference to one's own influence, a certain inertness, which, I fancy, is common to men of delicate and fastidious sensibilities and of philosophic disposition, who find themselves in creed and in motive out of harmony with their generation. The strongest immediate incitement to effort at expression is taken from them.

Thursday, December 5, 1872.

Went with Burne Jones to Oxford. Much and interesting talk with him on the way, of himself, of Rossetti, of Ruskin, of Morris. . . . Rossetti is better, at Kelmscott, but his life is very much of a wreck.

Ruskin was pleased to see Ned, and we had a good hour's talk, and then went to the lecture, the best I have heard, mainly on Holbein and Botticelli, and the difference in the characteristics of the Northern and the Italian genius.

Ned, to my regret, had to return the same night to town. I stayed, and we spent the evening in looking over the Turner drawings. It is pleasant to admire them more and more, and I find them more wonderful and more unparalleled than ever.

The next morning and the next I spent in the Bodleian, whose alcoves are among the pleasantest places for study in the world. I was busy over some old Venetian manuscripts, legends of Venetian Saints; and in trying to find out about the form and maker of Dante's font in mio bel San Giovanni.

I spent an hour or two also in the Gallery, studying the Turners there, and finding pleasure in Sir Joshua's fine por-

trait of James Paine and his Son, which is not, like many of Sir Joshua's in their actual state, almost as good in the engraving as in the original,—and in the vigorous and elaborate sketch (or reduced copy?) of Paolo's Christ in the House of Levi.—The rest of the days I was with Ruskin, and we had much talk over his work and plans. He needs a helpful and sympathetic friend. He is too much alone. On Friday we dined in Hall with a pleasant set of Fellows of Corpus, so young that they made me feel very old. After dinner a lively discussion on University Reform.

After hearing Ruskin's lecture on Saturday, the closing one for this term, I came back to London,—and found the children all well.

Monday, December 9, 1872.

After a morning of Sally's lessons, and of writing, went to see Carlyle. He was alone in his study, he took his long pipe, drew his chair up to the fire and began to talk in his pleasantest vein, going on from one reminiscence to another of his childhood; of life in Dumfriesshire in his early years; of his father and grandfather; how the latter saw the Young Pretender's army in '45, and of his adventures with it. "There were few books among the farmers in those days, but somehow when my grandfather was well on in years a stray copy of Anson's Voyages drifted into his hands, and a friend of his would come over in the evenin' and the two auld men wad read the book aloud to each other. And after that there came the Arabian Nights (which has given me more pleasure in my lifetime than any other), and night after night the old men sat readin' it, and one night my father who had listened to some o' their readin' felt called upon to utter his protest, and he said, 'It made him wonder to see two auld men who had a grat respect for truth amusin' themselves with what was a mere collection o' improbabilities an' falsehoods; he had listened for several nights without hearing a single word of fact, that it was all a confusion of every sort o' nonsense and untruth.' And so he lifted up his voice against it, not at all out of any want o' respect, for he was a varra pious and dutiful son, but simply because he could not conceive o' anythin' but harm comin' from such plain disregard of actual realities,—but ye may believe he was never again permitted to take part in those delightful readings.

"Na, my father was not what ye call a cheerful man, but he was far from morose; he was very serious, not smilin' much, and as for his laugh, perhaps ye might hear it as often as once in three or four years, but then it was a laugh that filled the long silence. A solitary life he had, of much mute contemplation, and I never knew a greater natural faculty."

As the early twilight came on Carlyle proposed a walk, and we went as usual through Brompton to the Park. After sunset the moon came out bright from behind the low bank of London cloud.

The talk naturally ran along in the same channels of reminiscence, with occasional diversions to more recent interests. Among the latter, Carlyle told me that he had known Edward Fitzgerald well, though he had not heard of his translation of Omar Khayyam till I mentioned it to him. "A modest, shy, studious man, of much character, much loved by Thackeray and others. I used to see him often, but he never said to me anything of this book of his that you think so well of. The Battle o' Naseby was fought on ground that belongs to his father, and a famous monument was erected with a very abundant inscription to point out the site of it; but years ago Dr. Arnold* and I went down to study the locality, but we could make nothin' of it with all the help we could get from plans and narratives. And then Edward Fitzgerald took to investigatin' the matter, and at length, some mile or two away from the monument he found a ridge that he opened, and there lay the bones of the dead, just as they'd been buried near the field where they fell,—not 200, I think, in all, killed in that battle that decided the fate of King and England, and broke Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers. And then having found so much, he was able to make out the exact field o' battle, and he and I have been arrangin' to put a stone there, o' the Cyclopean sort, a mere block of hewn granite, with as little writin' as possible on it, to mark the spot,—

* A letter of Carlyle's about his visit to Naseby with Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby is found in Froude's "Carlyle," I. 254.

memorable to all England even to this day."

We parted at the corner of Piccadilly; Carlyle to take an omnibus to Chelsea, I a walk home by bright moonlight across the Park.—Among other things he had given me an account of "poor little Allingham's" life and struggles.

London, *Wednesday, December* 11, 1872.

Went with my old college friend Henry Chauncey* to see Cesnola's collection of antiquities from Cyprus, which has been bought for the New York Museum of Fine Arts, and is soon to be sent to America. A great part of it is indeed already packed. It is an extraordinary and interesting collection, of great value in the illustration it affords of both ancient history and art, and as supplying the link that has been wanting between the art of Egypt and Asia Minor and that of Greece. It comes mainly from the temple at Golgos, a famous shrine, according to Herodotus, in the days of the Trojan War.

General Cesnola was superintending the packing, a good specimen of the Italian Americanized; a man with a real preference of reputation to money, of great energy, and of a cheerful disposition. Dr. Birch† and Mr. Newton‡ of the British Museum are tearing their hair, at having allowed the collection to slip through their fingers. They had no idea of American competition. And Mr. Gladstone sheds tears that such precious illustrations of Homer should leave English shores. And it is, indeed, almost a pity that it should go to America, where it can not, for a long time, be of as much service as it would be here. It is an admirable foundation, however, for a great collection of works of ancient art; and if the Communists again get the upper hand in Paris and hold it, we may be able to buy out the Louvre!

Friday, December 13, 1872.

Ruskin and Carlyle came to lunch with us,—both in their sweetest and best moods. Their talk was extremely characteristic, and full of interest. I am struck more and more with the depth of Carlyle's sympathies, and the delicacy and keenness of his sensibility. The essential quality of his talk and Ruskin's alike is not so much in the words of it as in the manner and expression. If repeated, —if even reported word for word,—it is likely to produce a different effect from that which it made when first spoken, owing to the loss of the incommunicable look, the evanescent air, the qualifying and inimitable tone. Each was delightful with the other, and each so perfectly at ease, so entirely free from self-consciousness of any disagreeable sort, so devoid of arrogance or disposition to produce false effect, each also was so full of humour and of thought, that the talk was of the best ever heard. It ran on Frederick Barbarossa, Walt Whitman, the penalties of life in London, shopping and its horrors, Rousseau, old wives in Scotland, magazines, Pedro Garcia, Don Quixote ("a book," said Carlyle, "I hold among the very best ever written, the one book that Spain has produced." "Yes," said Ruskin, "as you think of but one author in Spain, so for me there is but one painter").

After lunch we had a Punch and Judy show before my study windows. I had engaged it for Ruskin's sake, for he is fond of it and of seeing the children's amusement at the performance. Carlyle smoked a pipe by the fireside,—and after Punch went off, we had more talk, and at sunset Ruskin took Carlyle home in his carriage.

Carlyle brought me a copy of *Sartor Resartus*.

Writing a few days later about this lunch party, with its Punch and Judy finale for the benefit of Ruskin, Norton said of Carlyle:

Nothing could have been sweeter than his ways with the children,—it was the sweetness of a real sympathy for them. S— was standing by the door as he went away, looking very bright and pretty, and he said, "Tell me your name, little dear, once more," and then he kissed her, and said in the tenderest way, "Poor little woman! dear little woman. May all good be yours." I don't think she will forget him. . . .

Carlyle and Ruskin were with us for more than two hours, and the talk was characteristic and interesting. . . . It

* Graduated at Harvard, 1844, two years before Norton.

† Samuel Birch, keeper of Oriental antiquities at the British Museum.

‡ (Sir) Charles Thomas Newton, keeper of Greek and Roman antiquities at the British Museum.

would be rare to find two such masters in expression so entirely simple, unpretending, undemanding, and so completely at ease, brightening the most serious topics with the liveliest humour, and taking the most genial pleasure in each other's company.

Friday, December 20, 1872.

Had some talk at the Athenæum with Shaw-Lefevre, and Mat Arnold.—Poor fellow, he has suffered much, of late, from the loss of children, and looks troubled and worn. His wife is broken by calamity, and they propose to spend this winter (he having got a long vacation) in Italy. I afterwards went to the Deanery at Westminster, and saw the Dean and Lady Augusta. The Dean was very pleasant as usual, and in excellent spirits regarding the commotion about him at Oxford last week. No trouble of the sort, he said, could have brought him less annoyance and more satisfaction. The hearty support of the old men, of such men as Dr. Lushington and Dr. Hawtrey (Provost of Oriel), was even more touching and gratifying than that of the young men.*—From the Deanery I went into the Abbey where there was a service on behalf of the Missions of the Church of England,—one of numerous services of the same sort held throughout the country. A service in the Abbey is always striking, —especially when the church is lighted by candles and gas, as it was this afternoon. The architecture and the associations of the building combine to render the service impressive. There was a large and most attentive congregation. The forms and the words of the service seemed to me more than ever irrational and superstitious. There was an incongruity that amounted almost to unspoken wit, and was certainly humourous, between the intent of the assemblage of the people, who were gathered to worship there, and to intercede for the conversion of the Heathen, and the words of their prayers,—and the thought of an enlightened Heathen, a Marcus Aurelius or a Confucius.—The Dean's sermon was liberal, and, considering his position, bold. At every sentence one could feel the clank of the chain of the church,—which the Dean was not unconscious of. As a literary performance the sermon was very good, and as a moral performance excellent, but there was running through it a vein of sentimentalism which is one of the sources of the Dean's popularity as a preacher, and there was a certain shallowness in it which fitted it to the comprehension of a common audience. It was not a cry *de profundis*.

And the Heathenism of London was surging and beating at the doors of the great Abbey;—and the black tide of the Thames running by;—and London Christianity like that of Rome and Paris seems as outworn a creed as any other.

Tuesday, December 24, 1872.

Lunched with the Burne Joneses. Morris also there. He is just moving into his new house at Hammersmith. Ned has finished his picture of "Love in the Ruins." It is full of beauty and feeling. The fertility and tenderness of his fancy, and the exquisiteness of his conception and execution strike me more and more. He is more completely inspired with the Spirit of painting than any man I have known. His studio is much like what Botticelli's or Signorelli's workshop must have been.

Morris and he walked towards home with me talking of Norse stories.

Grace and I dined with Frederic Harrison and his wife,—a pleasant *partie carrée*, —for he is a man of uncommon energy and independence of thought. A Comtist, but not yet to the point of completely accepting the Religion of Humanity. I found myself much in agreement with him. Speaking of the Arabian Nights he said he had never read them, only of late years had looked at them to find out what they were. I asked him if he ever dreamed, he said No, that he could not recollect ever having a dream. Then I told him of Coleridge's saying to the man who announced that he had never read the Arabian Nights; and of the confirmation that Agassiz gave to it.

He, like most of the English Comtists, is a warm supporter of France. He asked me if I despaired of her future. By no means, I replied, but I can form no definite conjecture concerning it. Her troubles are not her own alone; they are but

* In December of 1872 there was an effort to remove Dean Stanley's name from the list of university preachers at Oxford. Dr. Lushington, dean of arches, ninety-one years old, travelled from London to Oxford to cast his vote for Stanley's retention.

symptomatic of the evils that exist everywhere in modern society. In some respects she has the advantage of other nations, at least in having to meet earlier than they, and attempt to solve, the difficult problems of social justice. Her experience is full of instruction for them.

. . . On Sunday General di Cesnola breakfasted with us. He was very lively and entertaining; a sweet-natured Italian gentleman, not of the finest clay, a little too much Americanized. He has the charm that is delightful in good Italians of social sympathy, a natural sense of the feelings of others, a recognition of the *equality of inferiors*. This was illustrated in the story of his diggings at Cyprus, the marvellous success has been due not so much to any archæological skill in him, as to his instinct and tact in dealing with the Cypriote peasantry.

Saturday, December 28, 1872.

A long visit in the morning from Mr. J. Cotter Morison,* who is now living for the most part in Paris, engaged on a biography of Comte. He is a man of more intellectual independence than originality, and of enough character to be worth knowing. He does not adopt Comte's later opinions, and seems to be fair enough in his judgment of him. We talked of religion, education, the condition of England, Positivism and Littré.

In the afternoon went to see Carlyle. Miss Bromley Davenport (whose ancestor received Rousseau and gave him a house* to live in Derbyshire) was sitting with him. Carlyle was most pleasant. He told us how he remembered seeing Scott one summer's evening, driving into Edinburgh in an old fashioned coach, in which were several young girls, he an elderly looking man,—"the picture of a quiet, composed, prosperous and victorious life, —and not three months afterwards came his failure; a very tragical memory."

Morris dined with us, even more than commonly pleasant and excellent in talk. He stayed as usual very late. Stillman† was also at dinner with us, and talked well. He left us early.

* English Positivist, author of "Gibbon" and "Macaulay," in "English Men of Letters" series.

* Wootton, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. Rousseau described the place in a letter to Mme. de Luze, May 10, 1766.

† W. J. Stillman, for many years a close friend of Norton's, had married the beautiful Miss Marie Spartali in the preceding year, and was then engaged in journalistic work in London. See his "Autobiography of a Journalist" for a full account of his relations with Norton, of whom he wrote "no kinder or wiser friend have I ever had."

THE BACH DOUBLE CONCERTO IN D MINOR

By Beatrice Harraden

ILLUSTRATION BY A. I. KELLER

THE last sounds of the violin died away. For a moment there was silence in the Queen's Hall, followed by that deafening applause to which the famous artist had been accustomed for many years. He bowed repeatedly to the audience, shook hands with the conductor, and greeted the orchestra. But as he greeted it, his quick eye noticed that his old friend, Fritz Grünfeld, one of the second fiddles, was not clapping him. He stood arrested by this astounding fact. He nearly called out: "*Fritz—what are you thinking of? You surely know that I cannot get along without your approval, old fellow. The shouts of the audience cannot make up for the silence of Fritz.*" Suddenly he recollected what he had to do, and once more acknowledging the enthusiastic appreciation of his thousands of admirers, Rudolph Riemer went off the platform. Five times he was recalled. Five times he glanced toward the second fiddles and saw that Fritz leaned back, indifferent and sullen.

What could it mean? Riemer knew that he had not disgraced himself. He knew well that he had handled the cadenza in masterly fashion, carrying out faithfully

some of the very effects over which Fritz and he had conferred and agreed in their earlier years of comradeship and friendship. What could be wrong, then? He was puzzled and troubled. He felt as if he had been unexpectedly deserted by some one on whose faithfulness he had placed absolute reliance. It is not too much to say that he sulked in the artists' room; and the conductor, who came out during the interval and did not succeed in extracting a single genial word from him, thought:

"Riemer is in one of his black moods. Yet surely he ought to have been contented with his wonderful reception. These people are never satisfied. They always want something more."

The conductor was right in idea, though wrong in interpretation. Riemer wanted that hitherto unfailing sign of fellowship, that treasured link with the old student days, that message from distant time, when Fritz and he stood side by side on equal terms with each other in honorable and happy emulation. Fate had willed it that the laurels should come to Riemer, and Fritz had accepted this decree with a generous-hearted finality which betrayed no faintest feeling of rebellious envy.

"*Riemer has the secret something,*" he had always said. "*There is no appeal against that living truth.*"

Riemer, therefore, had never realized the cost of bitter suffering with which failure pays its tribute to success. He was to realize it at last to-night.

He left the Queen's Hall before the concert was over, and made his way, as usual, to Fritz's home in the Borough, for it was a time-honored custom that after a London Symphony concert, he should take his supper in homely German fashion with the little family which he had ever dearly loved. Sometimes he brought with him a bit of leberwurst, cooked afresh, as Mrs. Fritz always laughingly said, in the oven of his great-coat; and he always was able to produce from his fiddle-case a carnation or two for Mrs. Fritz, a fine cigar for young Friedrich, and marzipan for Trüdchen. He was armed with these bounties now, but there was no gladness in his heart as he mounted the stairs leading up to the Grünfelds' flat, none of the customary buoyancy of joyful anticipation always associated with his visits to the Borough. Something struck chill at his soul. What was it? What had gone wrong with Fritz? Was there trouble in the home—illness—added money anxiety—disappointment, perhaps, about the careers of the two children? Well, well, he would soon know. One more flight, a pressing of the bell, a stepping over the dear threshold, and then he would learn and understand all.

Trüdchen opened the door to him.

"Why, it's Onkel Rudolph!" she said joyously. "How perfectly jolly that you've come early! You can make the coffee instead of me, can't you? No one makes it better. And where's the leberwurst? Ah, here, Mütterli, quick—quick! Here's the leberwurst twice cooked as usual. And Onkel Rudolph in time to make the coffee. I'll take the Strad. But why are you looking so serious? Wasn't the concert a good one? Didn't the horrid audience pet you enough? Never mind. I'll pet and spoil you. We all will. Come along now, and get things ready for father. You'll be able to cheer him up. He has been rather down in the dumps lately."

"Yes, dear Onkel Rudolph," Mrs. Fritz said earnestly. "We've been longing for you to come to cheer him. No one else in the world can do it."

"He did not seem quite himself at the concert to-night," Riemer said. "Do you know, Mrs. Fritz, he—didn't—well, he didn't—clap me."

It was obvious that Riemer could scarcely get the words out.

"Didn't clap you?" Fritz's wife and daughter cried together. "Impossible."

Riemer shook his head and turned aside for a moment.

"Did you play badly, Onkel Rudolph?" Trüdchen asked fearlessly.

"No, Trüdchen," the great man answered with the simplicity of a child. "I played my best."

"Well, never mind now," the girl said, putting her arm through his. "You'll soon be able to find out what is the matter with him. We don't know, do we, mother?"

"No," Mrs. Fritz said sadly. "If he has any trouble, he is keeping it secret from us. It will be an unspeakable relief to me if he can open his heart to you to-night, Rudolph. Do try and get him to

talk to you. We will leave you alone after a time. Promise me you'll try."

"Of course I will," Riemer said, taking her hand and raising it gently to his lips. "And now for the coffee."

Then off he went to the kitchen with Trüdchen, but Mrs. Fritz stood for a moment lost in thought.

"*Didn't clap him,*" she said aloud. She repeated the words: "*Didn't clap him.*"

She was searching her memory for a remark which Fritz had made only a few days ago about the ridiculous homage paid to mere virtuosity. Ah yes, she had found it. "I'm sick and tired of the solo instrumentalists," he had said. "Sick and tired of the whole tribe with their airs and graces. I would not raise my little finger to applaud any one of them."

"Except Riemer, of course," she had put in.

She remembered now that Fritz had not answered. Other things too came to her mind as she sat down and took out her work. She recalled that her husband had expressed no pleasure at the prospect of Riemer's visit to England.

"Riemer will be here next week," she had said.

"I believe so," he had replied. But in the old days he would have said: "Hurrah for Onkel Rudolph and all of us. And blessings on his bow!"

She knew only too well that her husband's life as an artist had been full of grievous disappointments and real chagrins, but he had borne them bravely and pressed on his way uncomplainingly with a true courage which had something noble in it. The years had come and gone and brought him no honors: nothing, in fact, except a bare recognition of dependable usefulness: no thrill of the artist's career: no realization of young and buoyant ambition.

Very often she had marvelled at him. Constantly she had wondered whether his weakness or his sweetness of character had protected his heart from envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. She had never dared to probe those secret recesses. But to make up to him for the unattained joy of fulfilment, she wrapped her weakling round with a mantle of sheltering love through which she hoped the blasts of frustrated expression could never penetrate. She had given to him a home atmosphere which many envied and deemed to be a rich fortune falling to the share of only the few. Did not Onkel Rudolph always say that she allowed him to come there "to gather crumbs from the rich man's table"? This tender tribute of Onkel Rudolph's had always been her secret consolation and encouragement through many years of struggle and difficulty. She would hear the words to-night. She heard them now ringing in her ears: "Well, good-by, good-by, all of you. And I thank you, Mrs. Fritz, for allowing me to come and gather crumbs from the rich man's table."

She was still held by these thoughts when Fritz came into the living-room.

"Well, dear," she said, "and did the music go all right?"

"Yes," he answered, putting down his fiddle.

"Riemer came early," she said. "He is making the coffee with Trüdchen."

"Oh, is he?" Fritz said in a vague way, as though the matter did not concern him.

It was on her lips to ask him whether Riemer had played well, but a true instinct restrained her. She sat silent while Fritz took his fiddle out of its case, according to his wont, and warmed it a little before the fire.

"A damp night for the Bergonzi," he said. "I don't know why I took it."

"Why, you always use it when Riemer plays, don't you?" she said unthinkingly. "His own dear gift to you."

"Well, you need not remind me of that," Fritz returned roughly.

"Fritz," his wife said, putting her hands on his shoulders as he knelt before the fire, "what has happened to you? What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, nothing," he said more gently. "I'm tired—that's all."

At that moment there was a sound of merry laughter, and in came Trüdchen, beating time with the leberwurst and followed by Riemer carrying the coffee.

"You observe I'm conducting the great and famous violinist," she cried dramatically. "Be careful, Onkel. You'll spill the coffee. *Non troppo agitato. Lento*—in fact, *lentissimo.*"

"Ah, Riemer," Fritz said with the ghost of a smile on his face, "and so there you are."

"Yes, here I am once more," Riemer said genially. "Frightfully glad to escape from the concert to my palace of delight."

"Not much palace of delight here," Fritz remarked gruffly, but not unkindly.

"I beg your very much pardon, father," Trüdchen said, with a mock injuredness which was truly funny. "There never has been such a palace of delight as ours—not even in 'The Arabian Nights.'"

And, still grasping the sausage, she danced a saraband round the table and finally sat down near her father amid laughter and applause.

But the mirth did not last. There was an impending trouble in the air which weighed heavily on the little company, and soon Mrs. Fritz went out of the room, and Trüdchen followed her.

The two men were left alone. They smoked their long German pipes in a tense silence which was at length broken by Riemer.

"Fritz," Riemer said without any preliminaries. "All is not well with you. Tell me your troubles that I may help you."

"Help, always help," Fritz said with sudden fierceness. "I hate the very sound of the word. I'm sick of being helped."

Riemer glanced at his old comrade in astonishment. He could scarcely believe that he had heard rightly. But he made no comment; and his mind wandered back to his old and merry student days when he and Fritz used to fall out, arrange for an immediate duel, and then settle down to the Bach Double Concerto in D Minor from which there was no disturbing them. So vivid was one of the scenes which rose before him that he could not restrain himself from speaking of it.

"Fritz," he said, "do you remember that wonderful occasion when we ended by attacking our seconds who had come to fetch us to our own duel? We were playing the Bach in D Minor, weren't we? And very well it was going when those confounded fellows interrupted us."

No answer came from Fritz. The rigid expression on his face underwent no relaxment.

There was a long pause, and at last Riemer spoke again:

"Fritz," he said, "did I play badly tonight—did you think I bungled over the cadenza?"

"No," Fritz answered slowly. "You played—splendidly."

"But you didn't clap me," Riemer said reproachfully.

"No," Fritz said in a low voice. "Why should I?"

"*Why should you?*" Riemer repeated. "But you have always done so."

"Yes, precisely," Fritz replied. "And more fool I. I've spent all my life clapping other people for what I could have done just as well myself if I'd had the chance, and now I've finished with it."

"Good God!" Riemer said almost in a whisper. "Is this how you have been feeling? And I've never thought of it."

"No, of course you haven't," Fritz said bitterly. "You people who go about with halos round your heads, what do you know or care about the disappointments and sufferings of the failures of the world? It may not strike you, but you can take it from me, that we have some feelings left. Some faint spark survives out of the ashes of our old ambitions."

The flood-gates were open now, and he went on with increasing excitement:

"Yes—to be helped—that's what falls to our lot. And we have to pretend to be grateful, while all the time we're hating those who are giving us loose odds and ends of money, influence, sympathy, and pity. Yes, hate is the word. And pray, what would all you laurel-crowned successes do for us derelicts if we interfered with your regal state or trespassed on your private territory of fame? Why, it's only because you know yourselves to be safe that you risk holding out the hand of help. Do you suppose there is any reason why we should be grateful for that? No, I say—a hundred times, no. There's not one of you that would stoop down and haul us up into our proper positions, side by side with the very best of you aristocrats of the platform. That alone could and should call forth real gratitude. Everything else is a sham, a pose of kindness to flatter and satisfy yourselves, a base attempt at propitiation which deceives no one—let me tell you."

He paused a moment in the midst of his scorn and bitterness. Riemer made no sign. He was stunned almost to the point of unconsciousness, but he was beginning vaguely to understand.

"Recognition—that's what we want," Fritz cried, dashing up from his chair. "No more of this eternal playing second fiddles to some one else's lead. No more pretence that we like it and are content. Content, indeed. No, furious, impatient, outraged, hostile—and honest about it at last. The years passing and nothing happening to us. The thrill of life for others and never for us. Spectators always of others' triumphs, and no faintest signs of any feeblest triumph for us. Nothing for us except the dull, deadening routine of usefulness. Clap any one of you again? Never. I'd rather that my hands withered away. And now you've heard the truth, Riemer. Do you like it?"

He threw himself back in the arm-chair, exhausted by the force of his emotions. Riemer still gave no outer sign of being either interested or impressed, but his brain had become almost painfully active, and he was seeing with his mind's eye things hidden to him before, reviewing life from Fritz's point of view for the first time, trying to imagine to himself how he himself would have felt, if no laurels had fallen to his share and if he had been in Fritz's position and Fritz in his place of honor and consideration. Would the years have brought to him also this terrible accumulation of anger and bitterness of spirit? Would he also have only been able to give hatred and suspicion in exchange for help and kindness? Would he also have believed that a hand was only held out to him because there was no risk involved in the act? Was there perhaps not some truth in the scathing assertion that the derelicts of fame and fortune might only dare to claim concessions and not rights from the favored ones who reigned supreme? Who could say for certain? He could not say for certain that he had not been influenced by this feeling of safety.

And the more he thought, the more he realized that if Fritz's circumstances had been his, he might not have come through the ordeal any better than his old comrade. He might have grown to hate rather than continued to love his old friend of former days. It flashed through his mind for the first time that he had for years claimed too much from Fritz: that he had in very truth taken his friendship, his homage, his loyalty as a matter of course, and had never recognized the greatness of spirit in Fritz which had made their relations with each other possible and joyful. It was nothing to the point that the greatness had suffered a human collapse. If he himself had known it from the beginning and paid his spiritual tribute to it, it might not have perished.

But it had perished, and Riemer, with a curious cold chill at his heart, was face to face with the desolate fact that he had lost forever his palace of delight, lost his friend whom he had never really possessed. Death itself could not have cut him off more completely from his ownership. He was a lonely man, left lonely by tragedies and disasters in family life. The thought of Fritz's home had always been a consolation to him. And now? Well, in a few minutes, when he had gathered himself together, he would pick up his fiddle, pass over the threshold into the darkness of the night, and never return. But before he went, he must let Fritz know that he saw with clear vision Fritz's picture of life.

He bent forward a little and stared into the fire. He did not take his eyes off the fire.

"Fritz," he said gently, "I understand. I wish for both our sakes I could have understood years ago."

Fritz made no answer, and Riemer, with painful effort, was on the point of rising from his chair, when the tension in the room was broken by a racketing noise outside in the hall, the door was thrown open with boisterous violence, and in dashed Friedrich, followed by three young fellows all in good humor and evidently in lively form.

"Ah, Onkel Rudolph, there you are!" cried Friedrich. "I told these fellows that you'd be here after the concert. We had a wager on it. And I've won, hurrah! And there is another wager. I told them, if I asked you, that you and father would play us the Bach Double Concerto in D Minor. They said 'Go on, you're gassing!' 'Gassing!' I said with scorn. 'Why, father and Riemer are life-long friends. We don't think of Riemer as a platform person.' Of course you'll play it, Onkel Rudolph and father, won't you, and make these chaps sit up, to say nothing of the second wager won? It's quite



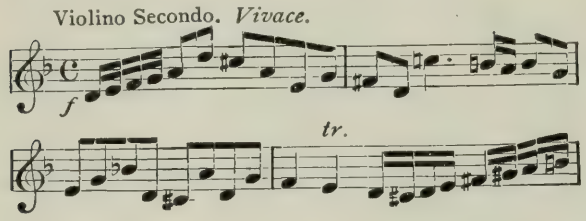
Drawn by A. I. Keller.

Was it because of this that they played as they had never played before?—Page 586.

early still. Only half past twelve. You will—won't you?"

There was a moment's pause. Then the two men stirred with almost imperceptible movement. Then Fritz, with no expression on his face, glanced at Riemer. Riemer, as though in a dream seeing some far-off phantom, glanced at Fritz. They nodded a silent assent. They took their fiddles out of their cases: Fritz his Bergonzi, Riemer his Strad. They screwed up their bows and resined them. They bent toward each other and tuned their instruments. Their little, eager, excited audience had been increased by Mrs. Fritz and Trüdchen, who shared the secret belief that all would be well with father if he and Onkel Rudolph were going to play together.

Then Fritz raised his bow arm, tapped his left foot once, and led off gallantly with the opening theme of the concerto.



Those who know the famous concerto will recall that it is written for two violins on absolutely equal terms with each other, and that the instruments follow, answer, supplement each other, sometimes joining forces in direct unison, sometimes making independent excursions, but always renewing eventually the bond of good-fellowship. Even thus, in the spirited Vivace, in the beautiful and tender Largo full of lingering sadness and regret, and in the finale with its headlong dash and reckless abandonment.

Did Riemer and Fritz believe that this was their last song together, the dying swan song of their friendship? Was it because of this that they played as they had never played before, and made the voices of their fiddles throb with radiant joyousness, deep feeling, acute emotion?

The end came. The audience clapped and shouted and cried "Bravo—hurrah—hurrah!" But the two friends stood still and silent as statues, with no trace of a smile on their faces. Their passiveness struck sudden awe into the atmosphere. No one spoke. No one moved. It was Riemer himself who first found words.

"So you've won your second wager, Friedrich, my boy," he said, "and made these fellows sit up, haven't you?"

He glanced round the room with a curiously wistful expression on his countenance. He was taking in all the familiar details in one swift, last comprehensive survey.

"Well, now, I'll go home," he said. "It's late, and I have to start off for Edinburgh early in the morning. Good-night, Fritz—good-night, all of you. And Mrs. Fritz, thank you, as ever, for letting me come to gather crumbs from the rich man's table. That's right, Trüdchen, better turn the key in the fiddle-case. You were always rather sensible, weren't you? No, young Friedrich, don't go and put on your coat for me. I'll go home alone to-night, I think."

"No, you won't," Fritz said suddenly and almost fiercely. "I shall go with you."

"You?" Riemer said, and as he spoke a faint light came into his eyes.

"Yes," Fritz answered, half defiantly, half appealingly. "And why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" Riemer answered. "Come then, Fritz."

They passed out together.



Landing at Cerro Azul.

TO SOUTH PERU AND AREQUIPA

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE *Limari* of the Chilian Line took us in a night from Callao harbor to the anchorage off Cerro Azul. Before us lay a typical Peruvian port, barren and dry, whose bleak sand-hills made us exclaim: "Why have we accepted this kind invitation to spend a week in this desolate spot!"

The doctor's boat came alongside, and presently the *chaloupa* of the port captain and with it a large *lancia*. This latter intrigued me, for, though manned by four stalwart oarsmen, it contained no cargo of any description. Its bottom was covered with a great tarpaulin on which stood two empty chairs, its sole passenger being a man in white whose bronzed face was shaded by a cork helmet. I was wondering how we would get ashore, when this man in white stepped up and, introducing himself, asked if we were not the expected guests of Señor H——.

He proved to be the port agent, British as could be, of the great sugar estate for which we were bound, and soon, with our luggage, we were comfortably installed in the two chairs upon the tarpaulin and were making for the shore, riding the surf until we beached some fifty feet or so beyond the dry sand. Several men waded out for the luggage; my wife was put into a chair carried by three men, while I was told to bestride a big fellow's shoulders as he waded ashore with me. A queer procession we must have made!

Our host was down at the port to meet us, and presently, after a comforting cup of tea in the agent's house (it was yet very early in the morning), we were put into a *carrito*, or little car running on narrow-gauge tracks and drawn by a fat, white mule. A Jap lashed up the animal, constantly shouting "Mula, mula," as we sped around the promontory that gives the port its name—the Blue Hill.

In an instant the whole aspect of the country changed as if by magic—a change so startling that it fairly staggered us, the

coast desert transformed in a moment from sandy wastes to broad cotton-fields and acres upon acres of sugar-cane. A tall factory chimney loomed up in the distance; then a Japanese village with its temple set among the banana-trees came into view; then a larger native village; and finally the low, rambling hacienda, an extensive group of buildings painted Venetian red and enclosing two patios, one set out with date-palms and a fountain, the other planted with flowers and entwined with honeysuckle. We were taken to large and airy rooms that faced the garden and tennis-court, with, beyond, a fine prospect of the sea, calm, placid, and blue beyond belief.

It was now only nine in the morning (for we had made a very early start) and I spent the remaining hours until luncheon in walking through the sugar-mill with my host. Santa Barbara is a very big plant, one of the largest on the West Coast, and thirty-five miles of railroad track feed its capacious maw. Train-load after train-load of cane, the "honey of reeds," draws up to the factory each day to spill its contents upon the endless chains that dump it onto the crushing-mills. Like all perfected machinery of this day, no human hand touches the product until the finished sugar, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds a day, is sewn into sacks and put on flat-cars for shipment at the port.

After luncheon we started, four of us, in the *carrito* for Casa Blanca, a large ranch some miles distant, the head-quarters of the cultivation department. Here we found horses ready saddled and soon were riding off toward an isolated hill, the Cerro d'Oro, a barren peak bearing Inca ruins plainly visible upon its summit. As we climbed its sandy heights, beautiful views of the valley began to unfold themselves.

To the westward the sea glittered like silver in the afternoon light; to the north, parched and baked and blistered by eternal sunshine, the arid foot-hills lay seamed like wrinkled old mummies; but to the east, in violent contrast to this desolation, the broad Cañete valley, under the fecundating touch of its river and countless irrigating ditches, bloomed into verdant fields of cane, vivid, velvety, stretching like a vast green carpet to the far foothills that rose, pale, ashen, and sandy, to buttress the grand Cordillera towering high into the heavens.

Upon attaining the summit of the hill there lay about us the ruins of a dead civilization: house walls of sun-baked adobe brick, with doorways still intact; fragments of a well-planned fortress; and lower down a cemetery wall, beyond which we could see innumerable human bones and row upon row of skulls glistening in the sunshine amid strips of mummy wrappings of vicuña cloth, exhumed by the shifting sand.



An old bull-ring quite unique in its way, Cañete Valley.



The beautiful hacienda of Unánue, Cañete Valley.

We rode down the other side to San Luis, and in the *carrito* again drove for miles through the cane-fields of the vast estate to the Nuevo Mundo. Here we found other horses and, in the now westering light, rode through hills scratched with *andenes*, or Inca terraces, dating from the days when that patient people, by means of aqueduct and tunnel, deflected whole rivers to fertilize their crops. These irrigating ditches are still in use, serving as models to the Spaniards.

Each hill hereabout is topped with its Inca ruins. Like the mediæval builders, these Peruvian Indians of the coast region chose the hill-tops for their settlements, thus protecting themselves alike from wandering bands of marauders and the miasmas of the coast marshes. We returned to Santa Barbara in the waning twilight, with the crescent moon and the Southern Cross to guide us.

So ended our first day at Cerro Azul.

I had asked myself in the morning, "Why had I come?" Now I was answered. This single day had given me the most vivid picture of one of those Inca valleys described by the ancient chroniclers, scarcely believable upon this rainless coast—valleys that light its desert wastes with their emerald fields wherever a torrent pours from the Andes down to the sea—valleys that support the lonely coast towns and produce the barges of sugar, the bales of cotton, the herds of cattle that are hoisted aboard the steamer at every port.

The days that followed strengthened this picture and added to its details. Each brought its little expedition.

One morning we visited the Japanese village whose picturesque little lanes, shaded by banana palms, put to shame the shiftlessness and dirt of the *cholo* quarter —the inevitable *galpon* that houses the half-breed working population of every Peruvian hacienda.

Another day we rode to the Seal Rocks along the hard-packed sands of the coast. Our horses at times galloped through the surf itself, then again we were cut off from the sea by hummocks and rocky promontories and reaches of barren sand dunes. Oh, the loneliness of this shore, the desolation of these dunes! Never a tree nor a shrub nor a blade of grass. Only at times the gulls fishing along the beach, or the skeleton of a pelican whitening in the sand, or a flock of buzzards hovering over a dead seal cast up by the breakers.

Yet we were following the main coast highway to Lima, a hundred miles or less to the north, though only a furrow in the sand and a single line of telegraph poles

marked its progress. Our ride terminated at Lobos Rock, where the seals lay wriggling in great families, the sound of their barking rising even above the roar of the surf. We watched them for some time, until our horses grew restless and the sun began to sink behind the rocky islets that lifted their purple heads above the sea.

We struck out for home in the short twilight of the tropics through the lonely sands and on the way passed three *cholos* eating their frugal meal oblivious of the coming darkness, preparing for their long walk toward Lima, going, as they always do, by night to avoid the heat, trudging the endless sandy miles of the coast wilderness. So went the determined old conquistadores when Pizarro met Almagro at Mala, so went the Inca runners, so go the *cholo* and the Indian to-day.

Our longest excursion took an entire day. Early in the morning we went in the *carrito* as far as Monte Alban, a superintendent's hacienda at the farthest limits of the estate, the scene of several Spanish tragedies. There we found horses and were joined by Señor L——, son of the vice-president of Peru, who was to be our companion for the day and whose home we were to visit later on. Our little cavalcade of six started through the village, San Vicente, whose freshly painted church and clean plaza set with gardens told of its prosperity, and out between the baked mud walls that serve as fences and are so characteristic a feature of this coast region of Peru, until we reached the hacienda of Hualcarà. Here we paused for a while and refreshed ourselves in its patio garden aglow with flowers and embowered with great clusters of the pink bellissima, a beautiful vine, Japanese I believe, that thrives particularly well in these latitudes.

In the saddle again, we struck off for the hills. In a moment the cotton-fields and the acres of sugar-cane were gone and we entered a dry, parched desert, the desolation of the moon, without a vestige of life either animal or vegetable. Through this arid, stony waste we crossed a long abutment of the Sierra and came at last out



The now familiar *carrito* and its galloping mule.—Page 592.



Chachani and El Misti, the two Andean sentinels, suddenly stood revealed in all the glory of their icy summits.—Page 596.

above a broad valley watered by the main fork of the Cañete, a valley we had not yet seen, green from end to end, traversed by long files of trees, and dotted with ranches. At its upper end, just under the shadow of the mountains and commanding the pass that ascends their rugged defiles, rose an isolated cone, the key of the valley, known throughout the country as the Fortaleza—the Fortress.

As we approached it we could plainly see extensive ruins upon its summit, remains of the great Inca stronghold that defended their mountain kingdom against the invaders. But these ruins along the coast possess neither the interest nor the grandeur of the massive structures that we saw later on the interior plateaus. Built of adobe bricks, not of giant stones, they are specimens of the decadence of the Inca builder's craft, dating as they do from but a century or two before the Spanish conquest.

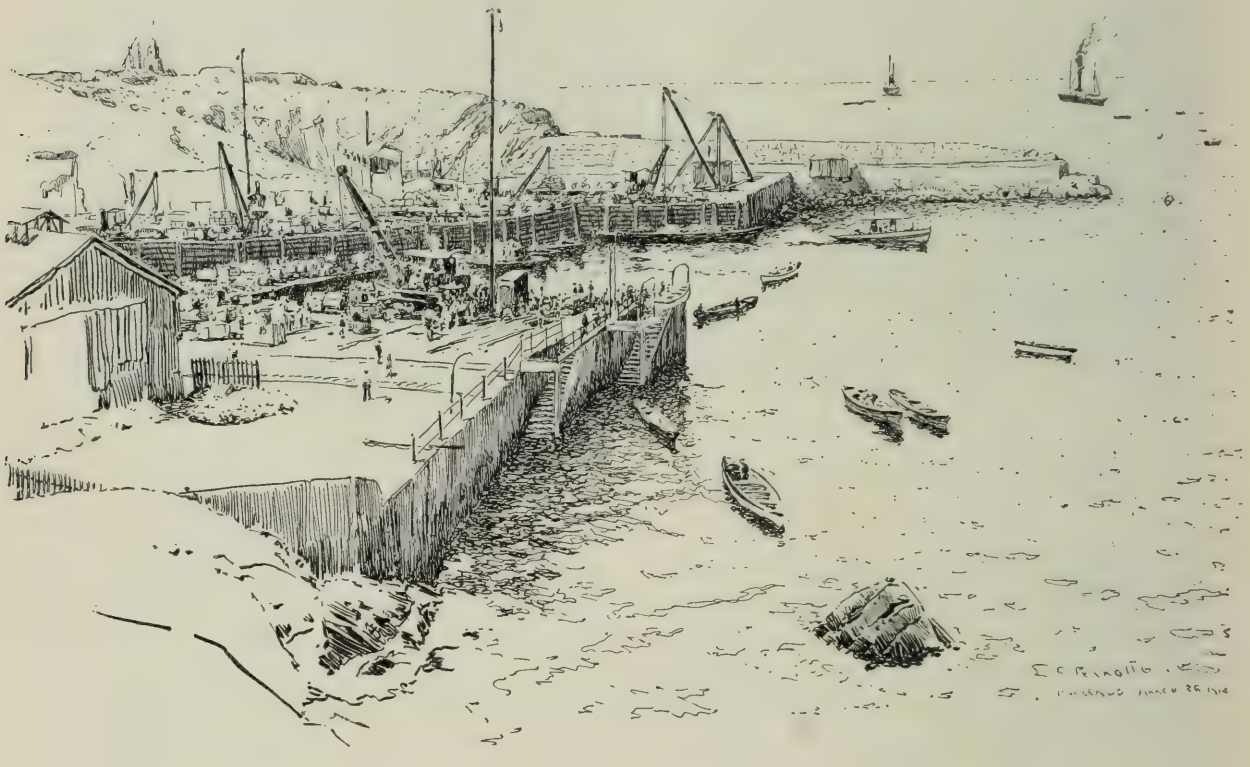
We circled the hill to view them from every side, and as we returned hungry and thirsty two riders appeared, like a rub of Aladdin's lamp, leading a pack animal, with lunch-baskets. Where had they sprung from? Only a laugh from our host as in the cool shade of a willow we selected a spot for our mid-day meal. An old Indian brought us *ponchos* to sit upon from his rude cane hut near by; the birds were singing in the canebrakes, and a little stream went rushing merrily by in its mad short race from the Andes to the sea.

After lunch we crossed this stream and followed down its valley, fording it a dozen times in its meanderings, riding single-file through the bamboo jungles, the tail and cruppers of the pacing pony ahead appearing and disappearing as we sped along.

We finally emerged into the main Cañete valley and paused awhile to visit an old bull-ring quite unique in its way. Its only *gradas* are a sort of balcony or loggia painted with statues of Roman emperors and with vines and the fittings of a pergola. The entire *barrera*, or wall surrounding the ring, is painted with great frescoes, life-size, and now partially effaced by time, depicting all the phases

of a bull-fight: the *picador* and his horse gored by the infuriated animal; the *banderilleros* adroitly placing their multi-colored darts; the lithe *matador* sighting his sword for the final thrust; even to the exit of the dead animal dragged out at the heels of the *arrastres*.

As we left the ring the four wonderful Norfolk Island pines, straight, tall, and branched like giant candelabra—the quartet of trees that make Unánue so conspicuous a landmark in the valley—raised their lofty heads before us, and from time to time we could descry the pinnacles and loggias of the beautiful hacienda rising above the intervening meadows.



The Port, Mollendo.

We were to stop for tea at this home of the vice-president; and presently were dismounting in its vast fore-court, where the white oxen were being unyoked from the plough and the farm implements stood neatly ranged under sheds at either side.

The great villa that confronted us was quite unlike any that I have seen—the dream of some French architect who let his imagination run riot. With its massive basement pierced only by narrow loop-holes and a single entrance door, its upper terrace shaded on every side by arched verandas, its windows barred with iron *rejas*, its battlemented roof-line, and the elaborate spires of its porch, it is a strange combination, fanciful to a degree, like some story-book palace set in this remote valley, fortified against an imaginary foe, yet a pleasure palace withal, enclosed by its tangled gardens shaded by giant trees.

We ascended the double stairway to the broad loggia that commands a view in every direction toward the sea, the river valleys, and the mountains. The cool air of these verandas, paved with Italian marble, and of the rooms, cooler still, that surround the main patio, was grateful indeed after the glare of the road and the heat of the afternoon sun. We lingered until rather late over refreshing beverages, and the sun was already setting as we bade our host good-by and started homeward by way of Santa Rita, another hacienda at which we left our horses with an attendant and found awaiting us the now familiar *carrito* and its galloping mule.

Our visit at Santa Barbara had come to an end. Early Sunday morning we drove down to the port where in the offing lay the *Panama*, that was to take us



Arequipa.

on down the coast. Our host put us off in the same *lancia* that had brought us ashore, the agent accompanied us to the ship and presented us to the captain, and by ten o'clock we had weighed anchor. By good fortune I found among the passengers a man I had already met, Dr. G——, rector of the University of Cuzco, Peru's second-oldest seat of learning, and a friend of his, a writer and archæologist of distinction. In the ship's saloon we talked over the interest of the trip that lay before us and, to whet our appetite, Señor C—— showed us some priceless picture cloths of pre-Inca design, condor, puma, and serpents intertwined, that he had just unearthed somewhere near Ica.

In the afternoon we sighted the Chin-

cha Islands, white, flat-topped, like half-melted icebergs, celebrated for their guano deposits, a semi-circle of them off Pisco fringing the horizon.

Pisco's gayly painted houses soon emerged from the sea and we cast anchor. Dark Indian women came aboard selling the luscious Italia grapes for which the valley is noted, and from which are made the Italia brandy and the "pisco," that alcoholic beverage so much used along the coast, some of it so strong that, to quote a graphic expression that I heard, "it would make a rabbit fight a bull-dog."

Pisco scarcely repaid us for the visit ashore. The town itself lies too far away to be conveniently visited in a few hours. So we had to content ourselves with the settlement along the beach—a series of bath-houses and small hotels like some miniature Coney Island. We stopped next day at another forlorn port, Chala by name, with a flimsy wooden church stuck in a plaza of shifting sand and a few frame houses set upon the same unstable foundation.

What the shore lacked in interest, the sea made up for. It literally teemed with life. Sea-lions bobbed their heads up and down upon its surface; schools of dolphins frolicked about, while flocks of shags and murres hovered over them; long files of pelicans lazily flapped their way toward the guano-coated rocks behind which purplish mountains now rose abruptly from the sea. All afternoon we coasted near the shore and toward night enjoyed a splendid sunset.

Early next morning the clang of the engine bell and the clank of the mooring chains told us we had anchored. In the gray dawn the shore looked not unlike Salaverry, but a larger town lay spread upon the cliffs half-hidden in the haze of spindrift. The Pacific rollers thundered in long surges against the rocks and the boats coming out to meet us bounced like corks upon the sea. Yet it was an exceptionally calm morning for Mollendo, so we were told! As I was choosing a *fletero* among the various brigands who presented themselves to ferry us ashore, a Spaniard stepped up and presented his card—an official from the Southern Railways of Peru.

He soon had us installed in his stanch boat, and with the aid of a peppery tug, the first I had seen at the small ports of the coast, we were cutting our way through the water while the other boats were still bobbing about by the steamer's side.

In behind the breakwater all was animation. Busy cranes were loading and unloading barges, a railroad engine was puffing back and forth switching freight-cars to and fro, and along the quays and on the landing-steps a jostling crowd was pushing and shouting. We scrambled ashore and were met by the station-master, who had us and our luggage quickly transferred to the private car that was to take us to Arequipa—the same car (though we did not then know it) that afterward was to be our home for weeks.

Our train was not to leave until one o'clock, so several hours of leisure lay before us.

Mollendo, however, presented few attractions. It looks as San Francisco must have looked in the fifties—its frame houses set in sand dunes. Much of the town overhangs the sea, clinging to the bluffs, so that many of the dwellings present three stories to the ocean and only one to the land. Such a house, for instance, is the Club, a well-managed institution to which we were kindly taken and where we enjoyed an excellent lunch on a terrace overlooking the broad Pacific, whose thundering surges beat along the shore at our feet.

Just before we boarded our train a curious incident occurred.

A little Indian boy, some six or seven years old, approached us and, with tears in his eyes and his voice choked with sobs, asked to become our *chico*, our boy—literally and of his own free will giving himself to us for life. His tale was pitiful indeed. An aunt had brought him down from the mountains and had left him here by the coast and had disappeared, whether by boat or train he did not know. We were quite touched by his appeal and had it not been for the friend who accompanied us—a Peruvian born—I do not know what might have happened. He assured us that the boy was shamming; that he wanted to go back to the mountains, to be sure, but that as soon as he got a favorable opportunity he would run away; in fact, that if we put him in the second-class coach we would never see him when we

arrived, that this sort of appeal to strangers was a regular thing, and so on.

Who was right I do not know. But I do know that boys of this age and even younger, and girls, too, of the inferior Indian race are attached to the person of each young Peruvian child of the upper class and brought up with them for life.



The façade of the cathedral, above which we could faintly descry the shadowy forms of Misti and Chachani. —Page 598.

We constantly saw such little slaves carrying coats or bundles or umbrellas behind their little masters, who walked ahead with their parents—a pernicious custom, to my mind, breeding arrogance, insolence, and a habit of idleness in the better-born children. We spoke to the station-master about the little waif and he promised to look out for him. I hope he did.

We pulled out at the tail of the afternoon passenger promptly on time, skirted the shore for a bit to the bathing resorts of Ensenada and Mejia, and then struck for the hills and Arequipa.

The road ascends by a series of loops and curves among rounded foot-hills whose fat flanks are covered only with a tough-looking herb, dull brown and in spots green. Now and then we caught glimpses of one of those verdant valleys that lie tucked away down by the coast. This soon passed from sight, however, and at an elevation of about a thousand metres we emerged upon a succession of broad table-lands backed by blue mountains, whose gorges are filled with white sand that, at a distance, looks like snow patches.

As we proceeded, these sandy drifts approached the track, sometimes descending the mountains in long ridges like giant reptiles' tails, sometimes forming pools or hillocks, but oftenest of all piling up in those strange sand crescents that are one of the phenomena of the region.

These crescents are quite perfect in form, highest and broadest at the centre, diminishing with perfect regularity both in height and thickness toward the two horns that curve a bit inward like the Turkish moon. Hundreds of them lie spotted over this table-land, each with its horns pointed eastward, each moving like clockwork in the same direction. For they move. Their tiny white particles, that hum in the heat, are fanned by the wind and chased up and over the summit, dropping down on the other side. Thus, particle by particle, irresistibly they pursue their onward march. They must be shovelled from the railroads like snow-drifts, though we were

told that a few large stones placed upon them would break them up and prevent their movement.

The stations along these plateaus are but tiny oases—palms, fruit-trees, flowers, set in a waterless waste. After San José you begin to climb again through salmon-tinted mountains, stratified and shaded like those of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Deep down in their chasms narrow valleys appear—green, rich meadows where cattle graze and Indian bamboo huts nestle by the rivulets.

At Vitor, where the women were selling delicious grapes by the station, we had reached an altitude of five thousand feet and soon could look across the broad upper plateau that now spread out before us. At a turn of the road in the distance Chachani and El Misti, the two Andean sentinels, suddenly stood revealed in all the glory of their icy summits nearly twenty thousand feet above the sea!



Arequipa Cathedral from Mercaderes.

The scenery now became remarkable—grand.

At times we looked deep into the valley of the Chili with its verdant fields and Indian villages set in clusters of banana palms; at others into arid chasms where the blue evening shadows were slowly

creeping upward while the coppery sunlight still flickered on the upper walls. And at each turn we obtained new views of the two mountain giants that marked our destination and that grew nearer and

How like Spain it all was—perhaps even more Spanish than Spain, for it lacked every taint of cosmopolitanism!

Suddenly we emerged into the plaza and a moment later stepped out upon our



You are waked in the morning by the bells of the Compañia.—Page 598.

ever nearer, now rosy in the evening glow.

The short twilight had deepened. Tingo's lights burst forth in the semi-darkness, and in ten minutes we pulled into the station at Arequipa. The acting superintendent of the Southern Railways was there to greet us, and soon we were rattling with him, in the dark of the early evening, over the cobble-stones to the hotel.

porch speechless at what lay before us. The great bell of the Compañia just opposite was tolling for vespers and its deep bass voice was answered by the jangling but sweet-toned chimes of the other churches and by the slow, irregular thud of the cathedral bell. We were standing on top of the Portales, or stone arcades, beautiful in design, that completely surround the plaza on three of its sides.

Below us lay flower-beds, palms, and broad curving pathways whose glistening tile pavements, clean as mirrors, reflected the arc lights above. A quiet crowd was slowly moving about, for a military band was playing off in one corner.

Directly opposite loomed the long façade of the cathedral, above which we could faintly descry the shadowy form of Misti, rising to its snow-capped cone in all the perfect symmetry of its pure volcanic outline, contrasting with its rugged neighbor, Chachani, cut into a multitude of peaks and ice-fields and rocky pinnacles. "Where," we asked ourselves, "could we find such another combination, a great metropolitan cathedral fronting a monumental plaza and backed by two such mountain giants?"

And the spell of this first impression did not wear off.

We dined that evening with friends at the Central—a good Spanish dinner—after which we were amused by an Indian flower-boy who, though ugly and ill formed, danced by our table and with rolling eyes recited quaint *pensamientos* of languishing themes.

As we walked about the streets next morning, we were struck by the pretty, gay aspect of the town, and of its dwellings painted in pale pastel tones, rose, pale ochre, Nile green, and pearly gray, but most of all *azul*—blues that shade from faint, cool white to the deep tones of the azure sky. In the open court-yards oleanders bloomed and the tessellated tufa pavements were shaded by fig, orange, and lemon trees.

I should call Arequipa the Silent City. No carts rattle on its thoroughfares, its donkeys' feet are unshod, and even its little tram-cars fail to drown the murmur of the rushing rivulets that course down its open gutters.

It is the second city in size in Peru, and its founder, Garcia Manuel de Carvajal, called it La Villa Hermosa—the Beautiful City—and it well deserved its name. Its present appellation is Quechua in origin, and is said to have originated from the fact that a party of Inca soldiers once came upon this lovely valley of the Chili, hidden in the dreary Andean solitudes, and asked their commander to allow them to remain. His reply was, "Ari, quepai"; that in Quechua means "Yes, remain."

Its elevation, some seventy-five hundred feet above the sea, gives it a delightful climate, quite spring-like in character, and of its forty thousand inhabitants a large proportion are *gente decente*, for it has long been recognized as a centre of culture and the residence of men of distinction.

The courtesy of the Arequipeñans is beyond question. Each time you stop to look into a court-yard some one has a pretty way of asking you to come in and "take a seat." Then you are presented with flowers and apologies are made that the season is late and flowers not what they were a month or two ago. And what pretty dark-eyed young women in lacy mantillas you meet coming home from church on Sunday morning!

Let me tell you of an Arequipeñan Sunday to complete the picture, for Arequipa is essentially a religious town and lives its full life on Sunday.

You are waked in the morning by the bells of the Compañia, big and small, pealing forth in carillons; then, when their vibrant notes have died away, you distinguish the silvery distant chimes of other churches; then a sound of voices chanting, accompanied by slow martial music. You look out and see a procession making a tour of the plaza—a brotherhood bearing a great crucifix, followed by priests and the soldiers of the garrison.

By ten you are out and cross the plaza to the cathedral and watch the Indian small boys, barefoot and nimble, who noiselessly carry from each home the prie-dieu, or chair, of their mistress, gradually filling all the carpeted nave with them. The great organ peals forth and feminine Arequipa, in sober black, troops in for high mass.

After this morning function there is a lull till about two o'clock, when all the men of the town and some of the women wander down to the bull-ring, where Bomba or Segurito, according to the posters, will fight six "hermosos toros." And splendid bulls they are, to be sure, or were the day we saw them. I have seen no such thrilling fights in Spain as we witnessed here, and would not care often to undergo such excitement. Here in Peru the picador is practically suppressed, in fact often totally so. Hence there are none of the gory

horse episodes, and the matador takes the great, long-horned animal while he is still quite fresh and untired.

their smartest gowns and escorted by gay young officers and obsequious young men, they sauntered in groups of three or four



The open court-yards . . . and tessellated tufa pavements.—Page 598.

The pluck of the two *espadas* that we saw that day was astounding. They knelt in the ring, vaulted the animal or turned calmly from him so that he just grazed them in his infuriated rushes, playing all the tricks of their hazardous calling, cheered to the echo, until one was finally caught by the bull and severely wounded.

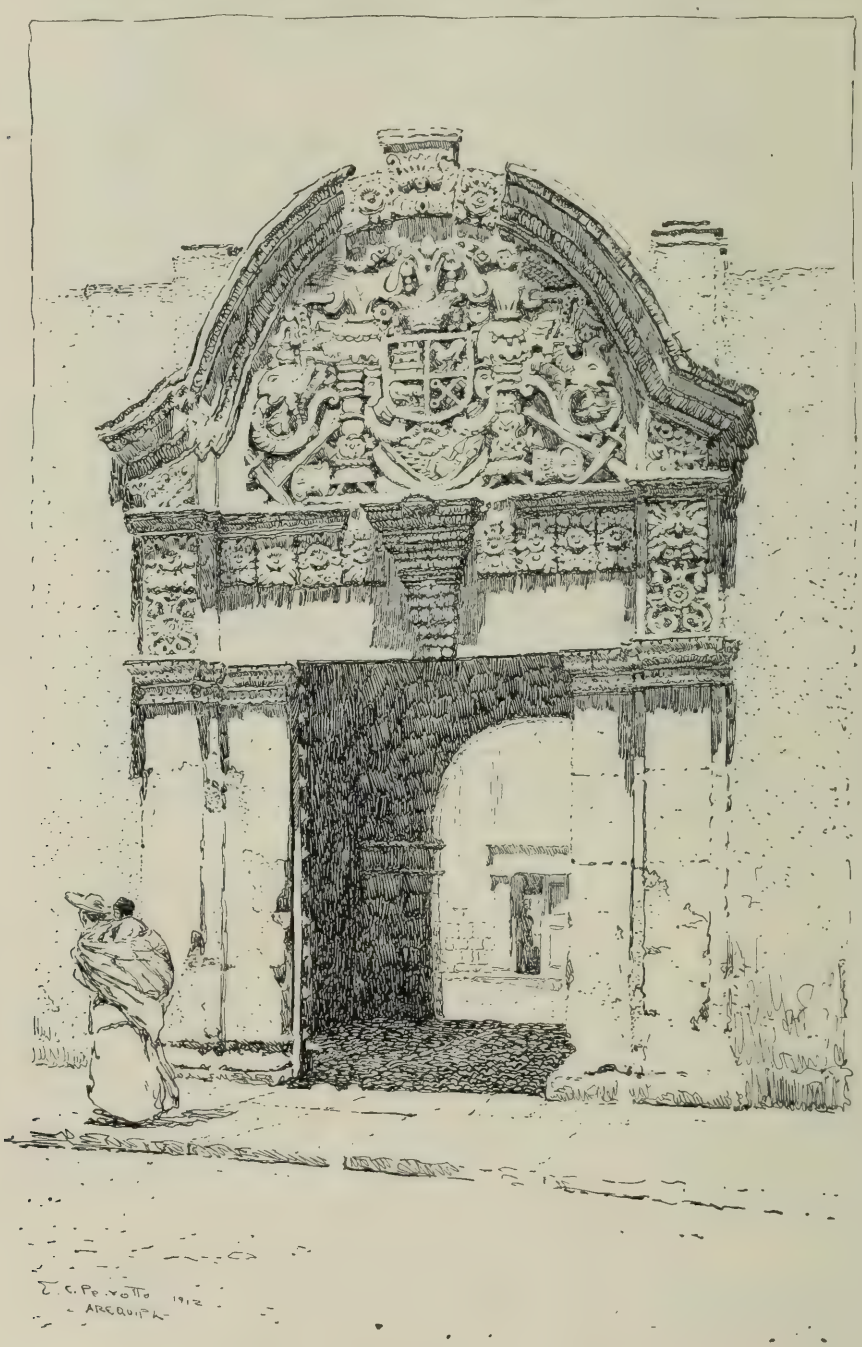
We returned to the plaza, where a military concert was now in full swing. If the women had presented a sober picture at the cathedral in the morning, not so now at this afternoon promenade. Decked in

round and round the glazed-tile walks among the flowers and palmettos.

We went with two friends (one of them the American minister at La Paz) to the *zarzuela* that evening. A fairly good company was playing an old favorite, the melodramatic "Mancha que Limpia," and a good house was in attendance. The scene was quite characteristic of a Latin playhouse, the main floor occupied for the most part by the men, the three tiers of boxes filled with elaborately dressed women, and the peanut galleries crowded to suffocation with the small trades-people.

The town reserves a number of picturesque corners for him who will ferret them out. There is the market, there are the old palaces and churches ornamented with those extravagant plateresque carvings done by the Indians under the guidance of their Spanish conquerors; there is the great stone bridge that spans the Chili with its massive piers and buttresses that remind you of its prototypes at Toledo; there are the long street vistas with Chachani or Misti ever framed at the far extremity.

And in the evening you may drive out over the rough country road to a bit of American soil—the observatory that Harvard University maintains here for the study of the southern heavens—and see the stars sit for their portraits taken by its wonderful photographic telescopes. It is strange, indeed, to find this astronomer's home, so absolutely American in all its appointments, perched on the far flanks of El Misti, and there to pass an evening in the genial warmth of an enthusiastic young American's fireside.



Entrance to old Bishop's Palace, Arequipa.

THE DARK FLOWER

(THE LOVE LIFE OF A MAN)

PART I—SPRING—(CONTINUED)

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

XI

THAT twenty-mile drive was perhaps the worst part of the journey for the boy. It is always hard to sit still and suffer.

When Anna left him, the night before, he had wandered about in the dark, not knowing quite where he went. Then the moon came up, and he found himself sitting under the eave of a barn close to a chalet where all was dark and quiet; down below him lay the moon-whitened valley village—its roofs and spires and little glamorous unreal lights.

In his evening suit, his dark ruffled hair uncovered, he would have been a quaint spectacle for the owners of that chalet, if they had chanced to see him seated on the hay-strewn boards against their barn, staring before him with such wistful rapture. But they were folk to whom sleep was precious. . . .

And now it was all snatched away from him, relegated to some immensely far-off future. Would it indeed be possible to get his guardian to ask them down to Hayle? And would they really come? His tutor would never care to visit a place right away in the country—far from books and everything! He frowned, thinking of his tutor, but it was with perplexity—no other feeling. And yet, if he could not have them down there, how could he wait the two whole months till next term began! So went his thoughts, round and round, while the horses jogged, dragging him further and further from her.

It was better in the train; the distraction of all the strange crowd of foreigners, the interest of new faces and new country; and then sleep, a whole long night of it, snoozed-up in his corner, thoroughly fagged out. And next day more new country, more new faces; and slowly, his mood changing from ache and bewilderment to a sense of something promised, delightful to look forward to. Then Calais at last, and a night-crossing in a wet little steamer, a summer gale blowing—spray in his face, waves leaping white in a black sea, and the wild sound of the wind. On again to London, the early drive across the town, still sleepy in August haze; an English breakfast—porridge, chops, marmalade. And at last the train for home. At all events he could write to her, and tearing a page out of his little sketch-book, he began:

"I am writing in the train, so please forgive this joggly writing——"

then did not know how to go on, for all that he wanted to say was such as he had never even dreamed of writing—things about his feelings which would look horrible in words; besides he must not put anything that might not be read by any one, so what was there to say?

"It has been such a long journey," he wrote at last, "away from the Tyrol" (he did not dare even to put "from you"); "I thought it would never end. But at last it has—very nearly. I have thought a great deal about the Tyrol. It was a lovely time—the loveliest time I have ever had. And now it's over, I try to console myself by thinking of the future, but not the immediate future—*that* is not very enjoyable. I wonder how the mountains are looking to-day. Please give my love to them, especially the lion ones that come and lie out in the moonlight—you will not recognize them from this"—then followed a sketch. "And this is the church we went to, with some one kneeling. And this is meant for the 'English Grundys'

looking at some one who is coming in very late with an alpenstock—only, I am better at the 'English Grundys' than at the person with the alpenstock. I wish I were the 'English Grundys' now, still in the Tyrol. I hope I shall get a letter from you soon; and that it will say you are getting ready to come back. My guardian will be awfully keen for you to come and stay with us. He is not half bad when you know him, and there will be his sister, Mrs. Doone, and her daughter left there after the wedding. It will be simply disgusting if you and Mr. Stormer don't come. I wish I could write all I feel about my lovely time in the Tyrol, but you must please imagine it."

And just as he had not known how to address her, so he could not tell how to subscribe himself, and only put "Mark Lennan."

He posted the letter at Exeter, where he had some time to wait; and his mind moved still more from past to future. Now that he was nearing home he began to think of his sister. In two days she would be gone to Italy; he would not see her again for a long time, and a whole crowd of memories began to stretch out hands to him. How she and he used to walk together in the walled garden, and on the sunk croquet-ground, she telling him stories, her arm round his neck, because she was two years older, and taller than him in those days. Their first talk each holidays, when he came back to her; the first tea—with unlimited jam, in the old mullion-windowed, flower-chintzed school-room, just himself and her and old Tingle (Miss Tring, the ancient governess, whose chaperonage would now be gone), and sometimes that kid Sylvia, when she chanced to be staying there with her mother. Cicely had always understood him when he explained to her how inferior school was, because nobody took any interest in beasts or birds except to kill them; or in drawing, or making things, or anything decent. They would go off together, rambling along the river, or up the park, where everything looked so jolly and wild—the ragged oak-trees, and huge boulders, of whose presence old Godden, the coachman, had said: "I can't think but that these ha' been washed here by the Flood, Mast' Mark!" These and a thousand other memories beset his conscience now. And as the train drew closer to their station, he eagerly made ready to jump out and greet her. There was the honeysuckle full out along the paling of the platform over the waiting-room; wonderful, this year—and there was she, standing alone on the platform. No, it was not Cicely! He got out with a blank sensation, as if those memories had played him false. It was a girl, indeed, but she only looked about sixteen, and wore a sunbonnet that hid her hair and half her face. She had on a blue frock, and some honeysuckle in her waist-belt. She seemed to be smiling at him, and expecting him to smile at her—and he did smile. She came up to him then, and said:

"I'm Sylvia."

He answered: "Oh! Thanks awfully—it was awfully good of you to come and meet me."

"Cicely's so busy. It's only the T-cart. Have you got much luggage?"

She took up his hold-all and he took it from her; she took his bag and he took it from her; then they went out to the T-cart. A small groom stood there, holding a silver-roan cob with a black mane and black swish tail.

She said:

"D'you mind if I drive, because I'm learning," and he answered: "Oh! no; rather not."

She got up; he noticed that her eyes looked quite excited. Then his portmanteau came out and was deposited with the other things behind, and he got up beside her.

She said: "Let go, Billy."

The roan rushed past the little groom, whose top-boots seemed to twinkle as he jumped up behind. They whizzed round the corner from the station yard, and observing that her mouth was just a little open as though this had disconcerted her, he said:

"He pulls a bit."

"Yes—but isn't he perfectly sweet?"

"He *is* rather decent."

. . . Ah! When *she* came, he would drive her; they would go off alone in the T-cart, and he would show her all the country round. . . .

He was reawakened by the words:

"Oh! I know he's going to shy!" At once there was a swerve. The roan was cantering.

They had passed a pig.

"Doesn't he look lovely now? Ought I to have whipped him when he shied?"

"Rather not."

"Why?"

"Because horses are horses, and pigs are pigs; it's natural for horses to shy at them."

"Oh!"

He looked up at her then, sidelong. The curve of her cheek and chin looked very soft, and rather jolly.

"I didn't know you, you know!" he said. "You've grown up so awfully."

"I knew you, at once. Your voice is still furry."

There was another silence, till she said:

"He does pull—doesn't he?"

"Shall I drive?"

"Yes, please."

He stood up, and took the reins, and she slipped past under them in front of him; her hair smelt exactly like hay, as she was softly bumped against him.

He perceived that she kept regarding him steadily with very blue eyes, now that she was relieved of driving.

"Cicely was afraid you weren't coming," she said suddenly. "What sort of people are those old Stormers?"

He felt himself grow very red, choked something down, and answered:

"It's only he that's old. She's not more than about thirty-five."

"That *is* old."

He restrained the words: "Of course it's old to a kid like you!" and, instead, he looked at her. Was she exactly a kid? She seemed quite tall (for a girl) and not very thin, and there was something frank and soft about her face, and as if she wanted you to be nice to her.

"Is she very pretty?"

This time he did not go red, such was the disturbance that question made in him. If he said: "Yes," it was like letting the world know his adoration; but to say anything less would be horrible, disloyal. So he did say: "Yes," listening hard to the tone of his own voice.

"I thought she was. Do you like her very much?"

Again he struggled with that thing in his throat, and again said: "Yes."

He wanted to hate this girl, yet somehow could not—she looked so soft and confiding. She was staring before her now, her lips still just parted, so evidently *that* had not been Bolero's pulling; they were pretty all the same, and so was her short, straight little nose, and her chin, and she was awfully fair. His thoughts flew back to that other face—so splendid, so full of life. Suddenly he found he could not picture it—for the first time since he had started on his journey it would not come before him.

"Oh! Look!"

Her hand was pulling at his arm. There in the field over the hedge, a buzzard hawk was dropping like a stone.

"Oh, Mark! Oh! Oh! It's got it!"

She was covering her face with both her hands, and the hawk, with a young rabbit in its claws, was sailing up again. It looked so beautiful that he did not somehow feel sorry for the rabbit; but he wanted to stroke and comfort her, and said:

"It's all right, Sylvia; it really is. The rabbit's dead, you know. And it's quite natural."

She took her hands away from a face that looked just as if she were going to cry.

"Poor little rabbit! It was such a little one!"

XII

On the afternoon of the day following he sat in the smoking-room with a prayer-book in his hand, and a frown on his forehead, reading the Marriage Service. The book had been effectively designed for not spoiling the figure when carried in a pocket. But this did not matter, for even if he could have read the words, he would not have known what they meant, since he was thinking how he could make a certain petition to a certain person sitting just behind at a large bureau with a sliding top, examining artificial flies.

He fixed at last upon a form:

"Gordy!" (Why Gordy no one quite knew now—whether because his name was George or by way of corruption from Guardian.) "When Cis is gone it'll be rather awful, won't it?"

"Not a bit."

Mr. Heatherly was perhaps sixty-four, if indeed guardians have ages, and like a doctor rather than a squire; his face square and puffy, his eyes always half-closed, and his curly mouth using bluntly a voice of that refined coarseness peculiar to people of old family.

"But it will, you know!"

"Well, supposin' it is?"

"I only wondered if you'd mind asking Mr. and Mrs. Stormer to come here for a little—they were awfully kind to me out there."

"Strange man and woman! My dear fellow!"

"Mr. Stormer likes fishing."

"Does he? And what does she like?"

Very grateful that his back was turned, the boy said:

"I don't know—anything—she's awfully nice."

"Ah! Pretty?"

He answered faintly:

"I don't know what *you* call pretty, Gordy."

He felt rather than saw his guardian scrutinizing him with those half-closed eyes under their gouty lids.

"All right; do as you like. Have 'em here and have done with it, by all means."

Did his heart jump? Not quite; but it felt warm and happy, and he said:

"Thanks awfully, Gordy. It's most frightfully decent of you," and turned again to the Marriage Service. He could make out some of it. In places it seemed to him fine, and in other places queer. About obeying, for instance. If you loved anybody, it seemed rotten to expect them to obey you. If you loved them and they loved you, there couldn't ever be any question of obeying, because you would both do the things always of your own accord. And if they didn't love you, or you them, then—oh! then it would be simply too disgusting for anything, to go on living with a person you didn't love or who didn't love you. But of course *she* didn't love his tutor. Had she once? Those bright doubting eyes, that studiously satiric mouth came very clearly up before him. You could not love them; and yet—he was really very decent. A feeling as of pity, almost of affection rose in him for his remote tutor. It was queer to feel so—since the last time they had talked together out there, on the terrace, he had not felt at all like that.

The noise of the bureau top sliding down, aroused him; Mr. Heatherly was closing in the remains of the artificial flies. That meant he would be going out to fish. The moment he heard the door shut, he sprang up, slid back the bureau top, and began to write his letter. It was hard work.

"Dear Mrs. Stormer,

My guardian wishes me to beg you and Mr. Stormer to pay us a visit as soon as you come back from the Tyrol. Please tell Mr. Stormer that only the very best fishermen—like him—can catch our trout; the rest catch our trees. This is me catching our trees (here followed a sketch). My sister is going to be married to-morrow, and it will be disgusting afterwards unless you come. So do come, please. And with my very best greetings,

I am

Your humble servant,

M. Lennan."

When he had this production stamped and dropped it in the letter-box, he had the oddest feeling, as if he had been let out of school; a desire to rush about, to frolic. What should he do? Cis, of course, would be busy—they were all busy about the wedding. He would go and saddle Bolero, and jump him in the park; or should he go down along the river and watch the jays? Both seemed lonely occupations. And he stood in the window—dejected. At the age of five, walking with his nurse, he had been overheard remarking: "Nurse, I want to eat a biscuit—*all the way* I want to eat a biscuit!" and it was still rather so with him perhaps—all the way he wanted to eat a biscuit. He bethought him then of his modelling, and went out to the little empty greenhouse where he kept his masterpieces. They seemed to him now quite horrible—two of them, the sheep and the turkey, he marked out for destruction. The idea occurred to him that he might try and model that hawk escaping with the little rabbit; but when he tried no nice feeling came, and, flinging the things down, he went out. He ran along the unweeded path to the tennis-ground—lawn-tennis was then just

coming in. The grass was very in the rough. But everything about that little manor-house was left rather wild and anyhow; why, nobody quite knew, and nobody seemed to mind. He stood there scrutinizing the condition of the ground. A sound of humming came to his ears. He got up on the wall. There was Sylvia sitting in the field, making a wreath of honeysuckle. He stood very quiet and listened. She looked pretty—lost in her tune. Then he slid down off the wall, and said gently:

"Hallo!"

She looked round at him, her eyes very wide open.

"Your voice is jolly, Sylvia!"

"Oh, no!"

"It is. Come and climb trees!"

"Where?"

"In the park."

They were some time selecting a tree, many being too easy for him, and many too hard for her; but one was found at last, an oak of great age, and frequented by rooks. Then, insisting that she must be roped to him, he departed to the house for some blind-cord. The climb began at four o'clock—named by him the ascent of the Cimone della Pala. He led the momentous expedition, taking a hitch of the blind-cord round a branch before he permitted her to move. Two or three times he was obliged to make the cord fast and return to help her, for she was not an "expert"; her arms seemed soft, and she was inclined to straddle instead of trusting to one foot. But at last they were settled, streaked indeed with moss, on the top branch but two. They rested there, silent, listening to the rooks soothing an outraged dignity. Save for this slowly subsiding demonstration it was marvellously peaceful and remote up there, half-way to a blue sky, thinly veiled from them by the crinkled brown-green leaves. The peculiar dry mossy smell of an old oak-tree was disturbed into the air by the least motion of their feet or hands against the bark. They could hardly see the ground, and all around other gnarled trees barred off any view.

He said:

"If we stay up here till it's dark we might see owls."

"Oh, no. Owls are horrible!"

"What! They're *lovely*—especially the white ones."

"I can't stand their eyes, and they squeak so when they're hunting."

"Oh! but that's so jolly, and their eyes are beautiful."

"They're always catching mice and little chickens; all sorts of little things."

"But they don't mean to; they only want them to eat. Don't you think things are jolliest at night?"

She slipped her arm in his.

"No; I don't like the dark."

"Why not? It's splendid—when things get mysterious." He dwelt lovingly on that word.

"I don't like mysterious things. They frighten you."

"Oh! Sylvia!"

"No, I like early morning—especially in spring, when it's beginning to get leafy."

"Well, of course."

She was leaning against him, for safety, just a little; and, stretching out his arm, he took good hold of the branch to make a back for her. There was a silence. Then he said:

"If you could only have one tree, which would you have?"

"Not oaks. Limes — no — birches. Which would you?"

He pondered. There were so many trees that were perfect. Birches and limes, of course; but beeches and cypresses, and yews, and cedars, and holm-oaks—almost, and plane-trees; then he said suddenly:

"Pines; I mean the big ones with almost red stems and branches pretty high up."

"Why?"

Again he pondered, for it was very important to explain exactly why; his feelings about everything were concerned in this. And, while he mused, she gazed at him, as if surprised to see anyone think so deeply. At last he said:

"Because they're independent and dignified and never quite cold, and their branches seem to brood; but chiefly because the ones I mean are generally out of the common where you find them. You know—just one or two, strong and dark, standing out against the sky."

"They're *too* dark."

It occurred to him suddenly that he had forgotten larches. They of course could be heavenly, when you lay under them and looked up at the sky, as he had that afternoon out there. Then he heard her say:

"If I could have only one flower, I should have lilies."

He had a swift vision of another flower, dark—very different, and he was silent.

"What would you have, Mark?" Her voice sounded a little hurt. "You *are* thinking of one, aren't you?"

He said honestly:

"Yes; I am."

"Which?"

"It's dark, too—you wouldn't care for it a bit."

"How d'you know?"

"A clove carnation."

"But I do like it—only—not very much."

He nodded solemnly: "I knew you wouldn't."

Then a silence fell between them; she had ceased to lean against him, and he missed the cosey friendliness of it. Now that their voices and the cawings of the rooks had ceased, there was nothing heard but the dry rustle of the leaves, and the plaintive cry of a buzzard hawk hunting over the little tor across the river. There were nearly always two up there, quartering the sky. To the boy it was lovely, that silence; like Nature talking to you—Nature always talked in silences. The beasts, the birds, the insects, only really showed themselves when you were still; you had to be awfully quiet too for flowers and plants, otherwise you couldn't see the real jolly separate life there was in them. Even the boulders down there, that old Godden thought had been washed up by the Flood, never showed you what queer shapes they had, and let you feel close to them, unless you were thinking of nothing else. Sylvia, after all, was better than he had expected—she could keep quiet; he had thought girls hopeless in that way. She was gentle, and it was rather jolly to watch her. Through the leaves there came the faint far tinkle of the tea-bell.

She said: "We must get down."

It was much too jolly to go in, really. But if she wanted her tea—girls always wanted tea! And twisting the cord carefully round the branch, he began to superintend her descent. About to follow, he heard her cry:

"Oh! Mark! I'm stuck—I'm stuck. I can't reach it with my foot, I'm swinging!" And he saw that she *was* swinging, by her hands and the cord.

"Let go; drop on to the branch below—the cord'll hold you straight till you grab the trunk."

Her voice mounted piteously:

"I can't—I really can't—I should slip!"

He tied the cord, and slithered hastily to the branch below her. Then bracing himself against the trunk, he clutched her round the waist and knees, but the taut cord held her up, and she would not come to anchor. He could not hold her and untie the cord, which was fast round her waist. If he let her go with one hand and got out his knife, he would never be able to cut, and hold her at the same time. For a moment he thought he had better climb up again and slack off the cord, but he could see by her face that she was getting frightened—he could feel it by the quivering of her body.

"If I heave you up," he said, "can you get hold again above?" and without waiting for an answer, he heaved her. She caught hold frantically.

"Hold on just for a second."

She did not answer, but he saw that her face had gone very white. He snatched out his knife, and cut the cord. She clung just for that moment, then came loose into his arms; and he hauled her to him against the trunk. Safe there, she buried her face on his shoulder. He began to murmur to her, and smooth her softly, with quite a feeling of its being his business to smooth her like this, to protect her. He knew she was crying, but she let no sound escape, and he was very careful not to show that he knew, for fear she should feel ashamed. He wondered if he ought to kiss her. At last he did, on the top of her head, very gently. Then she put up her face and said she was a beast. And he kissed her again, on an eyebrow.

After that she seemed all right, and very gingerly they descended to the ground,

where shadows were beginning to lengthen over the fern, and the sun to slant into their eyes.

XIII

The night after the wedding the boy stood at the window of his pleasant attic bedroom, with one wall sloping, and a faint smell of mice. He was tired and excited, and his brain full of pictures. This was his first wedding, and he was haunted by a vision of his sister's little white form, and her face with its starry eyes. She was gone—his no more! How fearful the wedding march had sounded on that organ—that awful old wheezer—and the sermon! One didn't want to hear that sort of thing when one felt inclined to cry. Even Gordy had looked rather boiled when he was giving her away. With perfect distinctness he could still see the group before the altar rails, just as if he had not been a part of it himself. Cis in her white, Sylvia in fluffy gray; his impassive brother-in-law's tall figure; Gordy looking queer in a black coat, with a very yellow face, and eyes still half closed. The rotten part of it all had been that you wanted to be just *feeling*, and you had to be thinking of the ring, and your gloves, and whether the lowest button of your white waistcoat was properly undone. Girls could do both, it seemed—Cis seemed to be seeing something wonderful all the time, and Sylvia had looked quite holy. He himself had been too conscious of the rector's voice, and the sort of professional manner with which he did it all—as if he were making up a prescription, with directions how to take it. And yet it was all rather beautiful in a kind of fashion, every face turned one way, and the hush, tremendous—except for poor old Godden's blowing his nose with that enormous red handkerchief of his—and the soft darkness up in the roof, and down in the pews, and the sunlight brightening the south windows. All the same, it would have been ever so much jollier just taking hands by themselves somewhere and saying out before God what they really felt—because after all God was everything, everywhere, not only in stuffy churches. That was how *he* would like to be married, out of doors on a starry night like this, when everything felt wonderful all round you. Surely God wasn't half as small as people seemed always making Him—a sort of superior man a little bigger than themselves! Even the very most beautiful and wonderful and awful things one could imagine or make, could only be just nothing to a God who had a temple like the night out there. But then you couldn't be married alone, and no girl would ever like to be married without rings and flowers and dresses, and words that made it all feel small and cosey! Cis might have, perhaps, only she wouldn't, because of not hurting other people's feelings; but Sylvia—never—she would be afraid. Only of course she was young! And then the thread of his thoughts broke—and scattered like beads from a string.

Leaning out, and resting his chin on his hands, he drew the night air into his lungs. Honeysuckle, or was it the scent of lilies still? The stars all out, and lots of owls to-night—four at least. What would night be like without owls and stars? But that was it—you never could think what things would be like if they weren't just what and where they were. You never knew what was coming, either; and yet, when it came, it seemed as if nothing else ever could have come. That was queer—you could do anything you liked until you'd done it, but when you *had* done it, then you knew of course that you must always have had to. . . . What was that light, below and to the left? Whose room? Old Tingle's—no, it was the little spare room—Sylvia's! She must be awake, too! He leaned far out, and whispered in the voice she had said was still furry:

"Sylvia!"

The light flickered, he could just see her head appear, with hair all loose, and her face turning up to him. He could only half see, half imagine it, mysterious, blurry; and he whispered:

"Isn't this jolly?"

The whisper travelled back:

"Awfully."

"Aren't you sleepy?"

"No; are you?"

"Not a bit. D'you hear the owls?"

"Rather."

"Doesn't it smell good?"

"Perfect. Can you see me?"

"Only just not too much. Can you?"

"I can't see your nose. Shall I get the candles?"

"No—that'd spoil it. What are you sitting on?"

"The window-sill."

"It doesn't twist your neck, does it?"

"No—o—only a little bit."

"Are you hungry?"

"Yes."

"Wait half a shake. I'll let down some chocolate in my big bath-towel; it'll swing along to you—reach out."

A dim white arm reached out.

"Catch! I say, you won't get cold?"

"Rather not."

"It's too jolly to sleep, isn't it?"

"Mark!"

"Yes."

"Which star is yours? Mine is the white one over the top branch of the big sycamore, from here."

"Mine is that twinkling red one over the summer-house. Sylvia!"

"Yes."

"Catch!"

"Oh! I couldn't—what was it?"

"Nothing."

"No, but what *was* it?"

"Only my star. It's caught in your hair."

"Oh!"

"Listen!"

Silence, then—until her awed whisper:

"What?"

And his floating down, dying away:

"*Cave!*"

What had stirred — some window opened? Cautiously he spied along the face of the dim house. There was no light anywhere, nor any shifting blur of white at her window below. All was dark, remote —still sweet with the scent of something jolly. And then he saw what that something was. All over the wall below white jessamine was in flower—stars, not only in the sky. Perhaps the sky was really a field of white flowers; and God walked there, and plucked the stars. . . .

The next morning there was a letter on his plate when he came down to breakfast. He couldn't open it with Sylvia on one side of him and old Tingle on the other. Then with a sort of anger he did open it. He need not have been afraid. It was written so that any one might have read; it told of a climb, of bad weather, said they were coming home. Was he relieved, disturbed, pleased at their coming back, or only uneasily ashamed? She had not got his second letter yet. He could feel old Tingle looking round at him with those queer sharp twinkling eyes of hers, and Sylvia regarding him quite frankly. And conscious that he was growing red, he said to himself: I won't. And did not. In three days they would be at Oxford. Would they come on here at once? Old Tingle was speaking. He heard Sylvia answer: "No, I don't like 'bopsies.' They're so hard!" It was their old name for high cheekbones. Sylvia certainly had none, her cheeks went softly up to her eyes.

"Do you, Mark?"

He said slowly:

"On some people."

"People who have them are strong-willed, aren't they?"

Was *she* — Anna — strong-willed? It came to him that he did not know at all what she was.

When breakfast was over and he had got away to his old greenhouse, he had a strange, unhappy time. He was a beast, he had not been thinking of her half enough! He took the letter out, and tears started up in his eyes. Why could he not feel more? What was the matter with him? Why was he such a brute—not to be thinking of her day and night? For long he stood, disconsolate, in the little dark greenhouse among the images of his beasts, the letter in his hand.

He stole out presently, and got down to the river unobserved. It was comforting —that crisp, gentle sound of water; ever so comforting to sit on a stone, as still as still, and wait for things to happen round you. You lost yourself that way, you just became branches, and stones, and water, and birds, and sky. You did not feel such a beast. Gordy would never understand why he did not care for fishing, when you were one thing trying to catch another—instead of just watching and understanding what things were. The jolly part was, you never got to the end, if you looked into water or into grass or fern; there was always something queer and new. It was like that too with yourself, if you sat down and looked properly —it was most awfully interesting to see things working in your mind.

A soft rain had begun to fall, hissing

gently on the leaves, but he had still a boy's love of getting wet, and stayed where he was, on the stone. Some people saw fairies in woods and down in water, or said they did; that did not seem to him much fun. What was really interesting was noticing that each thing was different from every other thing, and what made it so; you must see that before you could draw or model decently. It was fascinating to see your creatures coming out with shapes of their very own; they did that without your understanding how. But this vacation: he was no good—couldn't draw or model a bit!

A jay had settled, chattering, about forty yards away, and remained in full view, attending to his many-colored feathers. Of all things, birds were the most fascinating! He watched it a long time, and when it flew on, followed it over the high wall up into the park. He heard the lunch-bell ring in the far distance, but did not go in. So long as he was out there in the soft rain with the birds and trees and other creatures, he was free from that unhappy feeling of the morning. He did not go back till nearly seven; properly wet through, and very hungry.

All through dinner he noticed that Sylvia seemed to be watching him, as if wanting to ask him something. She looked very soft in her white frock, open at the neck; and her hair almost the color of special moonlight, so goldy-pale; and he wanted her to understand that it wasn't a bit because of her that he had been out alone all day. After dinner, when they were getting the table ready to play "red nines," he did murmur:

"Did you sleep last night—after?"

She nodded fervently to that.

It was raining really hard now, swishing and dripping out in the darkness, and he whispered:

"Our stars would be drowned to-night."

"Do you really think we have stars?"

"We might. But mine's safe, of course; your hair *is* jolly, Sylvia."

She just gazed at him, very sweet and surprised.

XIV

Anna did not receive the boy's letter in the Tyrol. It followed them to Oxford. She was just going out when it came, and took it up with the mingled beatitude and almost sickening tremor that a lover feels touching the loved one's letter. She would not open it in the street, but carried it all the way to the garden of a certain college, and sat down to read it under a cedar-tree. That little letter, so short, boyish, and dry, transported her half-way to heaven. She was to see him again at once—not to wait weeks, with the fear that he would quite forget her! Her husband had said at breakfast that Oxford without "the dear young clowns" assuredly was charming, but Oxford "full of tourists and other strange bodies" as certainly was not. Where should they go? Thank heaven, the letter could be shown him, though all the same a little stab of pain went through her that there was not one word which made it unsuitable to show. Still, she was happy. Never had her favorite college-garden seemed so beautiful, with each tree and flower so cared for, and the very wind excluded; never had the birds seemed so tame and friendly. The sun shone softly; even the clouds were luminous, and joyful. She sat a long time, musing; and went back forgetting all she had come out to do. Having both courage and decision, she did not leave the letter to burn a hole in her corsets, but gave it to her husband at lunch, looking him in the face, and saying carelessly:

"Providence, you see, answers your question."

He read it, raised his eyebrows, smiled, and, without looking up, murmured:

"You wish to prosecute this romantic episode?"

Did he mean anything, or was it simply his way of putting things?

"I naturally want to be anywhere but here."

"Perhaps you would like to go alone?"

He said that, of course, knowing she could not say: Yes. And she answered simply: "No."

"Then let us both go—on Monday. I will catch the young man's trout, thou shalt catch—h'm—he shall catch—what is it he catches—trees? Good! That's settled."

And, three days later, without another word exchanged on the subject, they started.

Was she grateful to him? No. Afraid

of him? No. Scornful of him? Not quite. But she was afraid of *herself*, horribly. How would she ever be able to keep herself in hand—how disguise from these people that she loved their boy? It was her desperate mood that she feared. But, since she so much wanted all the best for him that life could give, surely she would have the strength to do nothing that might harm him! Yet, she was afraid.

He was there at the station to meet them, in riding things and a nice rough Norfolk jacket that she did not recognize, though she thought she knew his clothes by heart; and as the train came slowly to a standstill the memory of her last moment with him, up in his room amid the luggage that she had helped to pack, very nearly overcame her. It seemed so hard to have to meet him coldly, formally; to have to wait—who knew how long—for a minute with him alone! And he was so polite, so beautifully considerate, with all the manners of a host; hoping she wasn't tired, hoping Mr. Stormer had brought his fishing-rod, though they had lots, of course, they could lend him, hoping the weather would be fine, that they wouldn't mind having to drive three miles, and busying himself about their luggage. All this, when she just wanted to take him in her arms and push his hair back from his forehead, and look at him!

He did not drive with them—he had thought they would be too crowded—but followed, keeping quite close in the dust, to point out the scenery, mounted on a "palfrey," as her husband called the roan with the black swish tail.

This countryside, so rich and yet a little wild, the independent-looking cottagers, the old dark cosey manor-house, all was very new to one used to Oxford, and to London, and to little else of England; and all was delightful. Even Mark's guardian seemed to her delightful. For Gordy, when absolutely forced to face an unknown woman, could bring to the encounter a certain bluff ingratiation. His sister, too, Mrs. Doone, with her faded gentleness, seemed soothing.

When Anna was alone in her room—reached by an unexpected little stairway—she stood looking at its carved four-poster bed and the wide lattice-window with chintz curtains, and the flowers in a blue bowl. Yes, all was delightful—And yet! What was it? What had she missed? Ah! She was a fool to fret! It was only his anxiety that they should be comfortable, his fear that he might betray himself. Out there those last few days—his eyes! And now! She brooded earnestly over what dress she should put on. She, who tanned so quickly, had almost lost her sunburn in the week of travelling, and Oxford. To-day her eyes looked tired, and she was pale. She was not going to disdain anything that might help. She had reached thirty-six last month, and he—would be nineteen to-morrow! She decided on black. In black she knew that her neck looked whiter, and the color of her eyes and hair stranger. She put on no jewelry, did not even pin a rose at her breast, took white gloves. Since her husband did not come to her room, she went up the little stairway to his. She surprised him ready dressed, standing by the fireplace, smiling faintly. What was he thinking of, standing there with that smile? Was there blood in him at all?

He inclined his head slightly, and said:

"Good! Chaste as the night! Black suits you. Shall we find our way down to these savage halls?"

And they went down.

Every one was already there, waiting. A single neighboring squire and magistrate, by name Trusham, had been bidden, to make numbers equal.

Dinner was announced; they went in. At the round table in a dining-room all black oak, with many candles, and terrible portraits of departed ancestors, Anna sat between the magistrate and Gordy. Mark was opposite, between a quaint-looking old lady and a young girl who had not been introduced—a girl in white, with very fair hair and very white skin, blue eyes, and lips a little parted; a daughter evidently of the faded Mrs. Doone. A girl like a silvery moth, like a forget-me-not! Anna found it hard to take her eyes away from this girl's face; not that she admired her exactly; pretty she was—yes; but weak, with those parted lips and soft chin, and almost wistful look, as if her deep-blue half-eager eyes were in spite of her. But she was young—so young! That was why not to watch her seemed

impossible. "Sylvia Doone?" Indeed! Yes. A soft name, a pretty name—and very like her! Every time her eyes could travel away from her duty to Squire Trusham, and to Gordy (on both of whom she was clearly making an impression), she gazed at this girl, sitting there by the boy, and whenever those two young things smiled and spoke together she felt her heart contract and hurt her. Was *this* why that something had gone out of his eyes? Ah! she was foolish. If every girl or woman the boy knew was to cause such a feeling in her, what would life be like? And her will hardened against her fears. She was looking brilliant, herself; and she saw that the girl in her turn could not help gazing at her eagerly, wistfully, a little bewildered—hatefully young. And the boy? Slowly, surely, as a magnet draws, Anna could feel that she was drawing him, could see him stealing chances to look at her; once she surprised him full. But what troubled eyes! It was not the old adoring face; yet she knew from its expression that she could yet make him want her—make him jealous—still fire him with her kisses, if she would.

And the dinner wore to an end. Then came the moment when the girl and she must meet under the eyes of the mother, and that sharp, quaint-looking old governess. It would be a hard moment—that! And it came—a hard moment and a long one; for Gordy sat full span over his wine. But Anna had not served her time beneath the gaze of upper Oxford for nothing; she managed to be charming, full of interest and questions in her still rather foreign accent. Miss Doone—soon she became Sylvia—must show her all the treasures and antiquities. Was it too dark to go out just to look at the old house by night? Oh, no! Not a bit. There were goloshes in the hall. And they went, the girl leading, and talking of Anna knew not what, so absorbed was she in thinking how for a moment, just a moment, she could contrive to be with the boy alone.

It was not remarkable—this old house, but it was his home, might some day perhaps be his. And houses at night were strangely alive with their window eyes.

"That is my room," the girl said, "where the jessamine is—you can just see it. Mark's is above—look—under where the eave hangs out, away to the left. The other night—" She stopped.

"Yes; the other night?"

"Oh, I don't—! Listen. That's an owl. We have heaps of owls. Mark likes them. I don't, much."

Always Mark!

"He's awfully keen, you see, about all beasts and birds—he models them. Shall I show you his workshop—it's an old greenhouse. Here—you can see in."

There, through the glass, Anna indeed could just see the boy's quaint creations huddling in the dark on a bare floor—a grotesque company of small monsters. She murmured:

"Yes, I see them, but I won't really look unless he brings me himself."

"Oh! he's sure to. They interest him more than anything in the world."

For all her cautious resolutions Anna could not for the life of her help saying, then:

"What! More than you?"

The girl gave her a wistful stare, then answered quickly:

"Oh! I don't count much."

Anna laughed, and took her arm. How soft and young it felt! A pang went through her heart, half jealous, half remorseful.

"Do you know," she said, "that you are very sweet?"

The girl did not answer.

"Are you his cousin?"

"No. Gordy is only Mark's uncle by marriage; my mother is Gordy's sister—so I'm nothing."

Nothing!

"I see—just what you English call 'a connection.'"

They were silent, seeming to examine the night; then the girl said:

"I wanted to see you awfully. You're not like what I thought."

"Oh! And what *did* you think?"

"I thought you would have dark eyes, and Venetian red hair, and not be quite so tall. Of course, I haven't any imagination."

They were at the door again when the girl said that, and the hall-light was falling on her; her slip of a white figure showed clear. Young—how young she looked! Everything she said—so young!

And Anna murmured: "And you are—more than I thought, too."

But just then the men came out from the dining-room. Her husband had the look on his face that denoted he had been well listened to; Squire Trusham was laughing as a man does who has no sense of humor; Gordy had a curly, slightly asphyxiated air; the boy his pale, brooding look, as though he had lost touch with his surroundings. He wavered toward her, seemed to lose himself, went and sat down by the old governess. Was it because he did not dare come to her, or only because he saw the old lady sitting alone? It might well be that.

And the evening, so different from what she had dreamed of, closed in. Squire Trusham was gone in his high dog-cart, with his famous mare whose exploits had entertained her all through dinner. Her candle had been given her; she had said good-night to all but Mark. What should she do, when she had his hand in hers? She would be alone with him in that grasp, whose strength no one could see. And she did not know whether to clasp it passionately, or let it go coolly back to its owner; whether to claim him, or to wait. But she was unable to help pressing it feverishly. At once in his face she saw again that troubled look; and her heart smote her. She let it go, and that she might not see him say good-night to the girl, turned and mounted to her room.

Fully dressed, she flung herself on the bed, and there lay, her handkerchief across her mouth, gnawing at its edges.

XV

Mark's nineteenth birthday rose in gray mist, slowly dropped its veil to the grass, and shone clear and glistening. He woke early. From his window he could see nothing in the steep park but the soft blue-gray, balloon-shaped oaks suspended one above the other—among the round-topped boulders. It was in early morning that he always got his strongest feeling of wanting to make things; then and after dark, when, for want of light, it was no use. This morning he had the craving badly, and the sense of not knowing how weighed down his spirit. His drawings, his models—they were all so bad, so fumbly. If only this had been his twenty-first birthday, and he had his money and could do what he liked. He would not stay in England. He would go to Athens, or Rome, or even to Paris, and work till he *could* do something. And in his holidays he would study animals and birds in wild countries where there were plenty of them, and you could watch them in their haunts. It was stupid having to stay in a place like Oxford; but at the thought of what Oxford meant, his roaming fancy, like a bird hypnotized by a hawk, fluttered, stayed suspended, and dived back to earth. And that feeling of wanting to make things suddenly left him. It was as though he had woken up, himself; then—lost himself again. Very quietly he made his way downstairs. The garden door was not shuttered, not even locked—it must have been forgotten overnight. Last night! He had never thought he would feel like this when she came—so bewildered and confused; drawn toward her, but by something held back. And he felt impatient, angry with himself, almost with her. Why could he not be just simply happy, as this morning was happy? He got his field-glasses, and searched the meadow that led down to the river. Yes, there were several rabbits out. With the white marguerites and the dew cobwebs, it was all moonflowery and white, and the rabbits being there made it perfect. He wanted one badly to model from, and for a moment was tempted to get his rock-rifle—but what was the good of a dead rabbit?—besides, they looked so happy! He put the glasses down and went toward his greenhouse to get a drawing-block, thinking to sit on the wall and make a sort of midsummer night's dream sketch, of flowers and rabbits. Some one was there, bending down and doing something to his creatures. Who had the cheek—? Why, it was Sylvia—in her dressing-gown! He grew hot, then cold with anger. He could not bear any one in that holy place! It was hateful to have his things even looked at; and she—she seemed to be fingering them. He pulled the door open with a jerk, and said: "What are you doing?" He was indeed so stirred by righteous wrath that he hardly noticed the gasp she gave, and the collapse of her figure against the wall. She ran past him, and vanished

without a word. He went up to his creatures, and saw that she had placed on the head of each one of them a little sprig of jessamine flower. Why! It was idiotic! He could see nothing at first but the ludicrousness of flowers on the heads of his beasts! Then the desperation of this attempt to imagine something graceful, something that would give him pleasure—for he saw now that this was a birthday decoration—touched him; from that it was only a second before he was horrified with himself. Poor little Sylvia! What a brute he was! She had plucked all that jessamine—must have hung out of her window, risked falling, to get hold of it; and she had woken up early, and come down in her dressing-gown just to do something that she thought he would like! It was horrible—what he had done! Now, when it was too late he saw, only too clearly, her startled white face and quivering lips, and the way she had shrunk against the wall. How pretty she had looked in her dressing-gown with her hair all about her, frightened like that! He would do anything now to make up to her for having been such a perfect beast! The feeling—always a little with him—that he must look after her dating no doubt from days when he protected her, as a child, from bulls that were not there; and the feeling of her being so sweet and decent to him always; and some other feeling too—all these suddenly reached poignant climax. He simply must make it up to her! He ran back into the house, and stole up-stairs. Outside her room he listened with all his might, but could hear nothing; then tapped softly with one nail, and putting his mouth to the keyhole, whispered: "Sylvia!" Again and again he whispered her name. He even tried the handle, meaning to open the door an inch, but it was bolted. Once he thought he heard a noise like sobbing, and this made him still more wretched. At last he gave it up; she would not come, would not be consoled. He deserved it, he knew, but it was very hard. And dreadfully dispirited he went up to his room, took a bit of paper, and tried to write.

"Dearest Sylvia,

It was most awfully sweet of you to put your stars on my beasts. It was just about the most sweet thing you could have done. I am an awful brute, but of course if I had only known what you were doing, I should have loved it. Do forgive me; I deserve it, of course—only it *is* my birthday.

Your sorrowful

Mark."

He took this down, slipped it under her door, tapped so that she might notice it, and stole away. It relieved his mind a little, and he went downstairs again.

Back in the greenhouse, sitting on a stool, he ruefully contemplated those chapleted beasts. They consisted of a crow, a sheep, a turkey, two doves, a pony, and sundry fragments. She had fastened the jessamine sprigs to the tops of their heads by a tiny daub of wet clay, and had evidently been surprised, trying to put a sprig into the mouth of one of the doves, for it hung by a little thread of clay from the beak. He detached it and put it in his buttonhole. Poor little Sylvia! She took things awfully to heart. He would be as nice as ever he could to her all day. And balancing on his stool, he stared fixedly at the wall against which she had fallen back; the line of her soft chin and throat seemed now to be his only memory. It was very queer, how he could see nothing but that, the way the throat moved, swallowed; so white, so soft—and *he* had made it go like that! It seemed an unconscionable time till breakfast.

As the hour approached, he haunted the hall, hoping she might be first down. At last he heard footsteps, and waited, hidden behind the door of the empty dining-room, lest at sight of him she should turn back. He had rehearsed what he was going to do. Bend down and kiss her hand and say: "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful lady in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight upon the earth," from his favorite passage out of his favorite book, "Don Quixote." She would surely forgive him then, and his heart would no longer hurt him. Certainly she could never go on making him so miserable if she knew his feelings. She was too soft and gentle for that. But alas! It was not Sylvia. It was Anna, fresh from sleep, with her ice-green eyes, and bright hair; and in sudden strange antipathy to her, so strong

and vivid, he stood dumb. And that first lonely moment, which he had so many times in fancy spent locked in her arms, passed without even a kiss. For quickly one by one the others came, but not Sylvia—only news through Mrs. Doone that she had a headache, and was staying in bed. Her present was on the sideboard, a book called "Sartor Resartus." "Mark —from Sylvia, August 1, 1880," together with Gordy's cheque, Mrs. Doone's pearl pin, old Tingle's "Stones of Venice," and one other little parcel wrapped in tissue paper—four ties of varying shades of green, red, and blue, hand-knitted in silk, a present of how many hours made short by the thought that he would wear the produce of that clicking! He did not fail in outer gratitude—but did he realize what had been knitted into those ties? Not then.

Birthdays, like Christmas days, were made for disenchantment. Always the false gaiety of gaiety arranged—always that pistol to the head: "Confound you! Enjoy yourself!" But how could he enjoy himself, with the thought of Sylvia in her room, made ill by his brutality? The vision of her throat working, swallowing her grief, haunted him like a little white soft spectre, all through the long drive out on the moor, and the picnic in the heather, and the long drive home. Haunted him so that when Anna touched or looked at him he had no spirit to answer, no spirit even to try and be with her alone, almost a dread of it.

And when at last they were at home again, and she whispered:

"What is it? What have I done?"

He could only mutter:

"Nothing! Oh, nothing! It's only that I've been a brute."

At that enigmatic answer, she might well search his face.

"Is it my husband?"

It was a relief to be able to answer to that, at all events:

"Oh! no."

"What is it, then—tell me?"

They were standing in the inner porch, pretending to examine the ancestral chart —dotted and starred with dolphins and little full-rigged galleons sailing into harbors—which always hung just there.

"Tell me, Mark; I don't like to suffer!"

What could he say—since he did not know, himself? He stammered, tried to speak, could not get anything out.

"Is it that girl?"

Startled, he looked away, and said:

"Of course not."

She shivered, and went into the house.

But he stayed, staring at that chart, with a dreadful, stirred-up feeling—of shame, and irritation, pity, impatience, fear, all mixed. What had he done—said —lost? It was that horrid feeling of when one has not been kind, and not quite true, yet might have been kinder if one had been still less true. Ah! but it was all so mixed up—it felt all bleak too and wintry in him, as if he had suddenly lost everybody's love. Then he was conscious of his tutor.

"Ah! friend Lennan—looking deeply into the past from the less romantic present? Nice things, those old charts. The dolphins are extremely jolly."

It was difficult to remember not to be ill-mannered then. Why did Stormer jeer like that? He just managed to answer:

"Yes, sir, I wish we had some now."

"There are so many moons we wish for, Lennan; and they none of them come tumbling down."

The voice was almost earnest. And the boy's resentment fled. He felt sorry. But why—he did not know.

"In the meantime," he heard his tutor say, "let us dress for dinner."

When he came down to the drawing-room, Anna, in her moonlight-colored frock, was sitting on the sofa talking to—Sylvia. He kept away from them; they could neither of them want him. But it did seem odd to him—who knew not too much concerning women—that she could be talking so gaily, when only half an hour ago she had said: "Is it that girl?"

He sat next to her at dinner. Again it was puzzling that she should be laughing so serenely at Gordy's stories. Did that whispering in the porch, then, mean nothing? And Sylvia would not look at him; he felt sure that she turned her eyes away simply because she knew he was going to look in her direction. And this roused in him a sore feeling—everything that night seemed to rouse that feeling of injustice; he was cast out, and he could not tell

why. He had not meant to hurt either of them! Why should they both want to hurt him so? And presently there came to him a feeling that he did not care. Let them treat him as they liked! There were other things besides love! If they did not want him—he did not want them! And he hugged this reckless, unhappy, don't-care feeling to him with all the abandonment of youth.

But even birthdays come to an end. And moods and feelings that seem so desperately real die in the unreality of sleep.

XVI

If to the boy that birthday was all bewildered disillusionment, to Anna it was verily slow torture; *she* found no relief in thinking that there were things in life other than love. But next morning brought readjustment, a sense of yesterday's extravagance, a renewal of hope. Impossible surely that in one short fortnight she had lost what she had made so sure of! She had only to be resolute. Only to grasp firmly what was hers. After all these empty years was she not to have her hour? To sit still meekly and see it snatched from her by a slip of a soft girl? A thousand times, no! And she watched her chance. She saw him about noon sally forth toward the river, with his rod. She had to wait a little, for Gordy and his bailiff were down there by the tennis-lawn, but they soon moved on. She ran out then to the park gate. Once through that she felt safe; her husband, she knew, was working in his room; the girl somewhere invisible; the old governess still at her housekeeping; Mrs. Doone writing letters. She felt full of hope and courage. This old wild tangle of a park, that she had not yet seen, was beautiful—a true trysting-place for fauns and nymphs, with its mossy trees and boulders and the high bracken. She kept along under the wall in the direction of the river, but came to no gate, and began to be afraid that she was going wrong. She could hear the river on the other side, and looked for some place where she could climb and see exactly where she was. An old ash-tree tempted her. Scrambling up into its fork, she could just see over. There was the little river within twenty yards, its clear dark water running between thick foliage. On its bank lay a huge stone, balanced on another stone still more huge. And with his back to this stone stood the boy, his rod leaning beside him. And there, on the ground, her arms resting on her knees, her chin on her hands, that girl sat, looking up. How eager his eyes—how different from the brooding eyes of yesterday!

"So you see, that was all. You might forgive me, Sylvia!"

And to Anna it seemed as if those two young faces formed suddenly but one—the face of youth.

If she had stayed there looking for all time, she could not have had graven on her heart a vision more indelible. Vision of spring, of all that was gone from her forever! She shrank back out of the fork of the old ash-tree, and like a stricken beast went hurrying, stumbling away amongst the stones and bracken. She ran thus perhaps a quarter of a mile, then threw up her arms, fell down amongst the fern, and lay there on her face. At first her heart hurt her so that she felt nothing but that physical pain. If she could have died! But she knew it was nothing but breathlessness. It left her, and that which took its place she tried to drive away by pressing her breast against the ground, by clutching the stalks of the bracken—an ache, an emptiness too dreadful! Youth to youth! He was gone from her and she was alone again! She did not cry. What good in crying? But gusts of shame kept sweeping through her; shame and rage. So this was all she was worth! The sun struck hot on her back in that lair of tangled fern, where she had fallen; she felt faint and sick. She had not known till now quite what this passion for the boy had meant to her; how much of her very belief in herself was bound up with it; how much clinging to her own youth. What bitterness! One soft slip of a white girl—one *young* thing—and she was—nothing! But was she nothing? Could she not even now wrench him back to her with the passion that this child knew nothing of! Surely!—oh! surely! Let him but once taste the rapture she could give him! And at that thought she ceased clutching at the bracken stalks, lying as still as the very stones around her. Could she not? Might she

not? Even now? And all feeling, except just a sort of quivering, deserted her—as if she had fallen into a trance. Why spare that girl? Why falter? She was first! He had been hers out there. And she still had the power to draw him. At dinner the first evening she had dragged his gaze to her, away from that girl—away from youth, as a magnet draws steel. She could still bind him with chains that for a little while at all events he would not want to break! Bind him? Hateful word! Take him, hankering after what she could not give him—youth, white innocence, spring? It would be infamous, infamous! She sprang up from the fern, and ran along the hillside, not looking where she went, stumbling among the tangled growth, in and out of the boulders, till she once more sank breathless onto a stone. It was bare of trees just here, and she could see, across the river valley, the high larch-crowned tor on the far side. The sky was clear—the sun bright. A hawk was wheeling over that hill; far up, very near the blue! Infamous! She could not do that. She could not drug him, drag him to her by his senses, by all that was least high in him, when she wished for him all the finest things that life could give, as if she had been his mother. She could not. In that moment of intense spiritual agony, those two down there in the sun, by the gray stone and the dark water, seemed guarded from her, protected; the girl's white-flower face trembling up, the boy's gaze leaping down! Strange that a heart which felt that, could at the same moment hate that girl, and burn to kill with kisses the eagerness in the boy's eyes. And she prayed just to feel nothing. She prayed—that she might see how natural it was that she should lose her hour! Natural that her thirst should go unslaked, and her passion never flower; natural that youth should go to youth—this boy to his own kind, by the law of—love. The breeze blowing down the valley fanned her cheeks, and brought her a faint sensation of relief. . . . Nobility! Was that just a word? Or did those that gave up happiness feel noble? . . .

She wandered for a long time in the park. Not till late afternoon did she again pass out by the gate through which she had entered, full of hope. She met no one before she reached her room; and there, to be safe, took refuge in her bed. She dreaded only lest her feeling of utter weariness should leave her. She wanted no vigor of mind or body till she was away from here. She meant neither to eat nor drink; only to sleep, if she could. To-morrow, if there were any early train, she could be gone before she need see any one; her husband must arrange. As to what he would think, and she could say—time enough to decide that. And what did it matter? The one vital thing now was not to see the boy—she could not again go through those hours of struggle. She rang the bell, and sent the startled maid with a message to her husband. While she waited for him to come, her pride began revolting. She must not let him see. That would be horrible, unnatural. And slipping out of bed she got a handkerchief and the eau-de-cologne flask, and bandaged her forehead. He came almost instantly, entering in his quick noiseless way, and stood looking at her. He did not ask what was the matter—but simply waited. And never before had she realized so completely how he began, as it were, where she left off; began on a plane from which instinct and feeling were as carefully ruled out as though they had been blasphemous. She summoned all her courage, and said: "I went into the park; the sun must have been too hot. I should like to go home to-morrow, if you don't mind. I can't bear not feeling well in other people's houses."

She was conscious of a smile flickering over his face; then it grew grave.

"Ah!" he said; "yes. The sun, a touch of that will last some days. Will you be fit to travel, though?"

She had a sudden conviction that he knew all about it, but that—since to know all about it was to feel himself ridiculous—he had the power of making himself believe that he knew nothing. Was this fine of him, or was it hateful?

She closed her eyes, and said:

"My head is bad, but I *shall* be able. Only, I don't want a fuss. Could we go by a train before they are down to-morrow?"

She heard him say:

"Yes. That will have its advantages."

There was not the faintest sound now, but of course he was still there. In that dumb motionless presence was all her future. Yes, that would be her future—a thing without feeling, and without motion. A fearful curiosity came on her to look at it. She opened her eyes. Yes! He was still standing just as he had been, his eyes fixed on her. But one hand, on the edge of his coat-pocket—out of the picture, as it were—was nervously closing and unclosing. And suddenly she felt pity. Not for her future—which must be like that; but for him. How dreadful to have grown so that all emotion was exiled—how dreadful! And she said gently:

"I am sorry, Harold."

As if he had heard something strange and startling, his eyes dilated in a curious way, he buried that nervous hand in his pocket, turned, and went out.

XVII

When young Mark came on Sylvia by the logan-stone, it was less surprising to him than if he had not known she was there—having watched her go. She was sitting, all humped together, brooding over the water, her sun-bonnet thrown back; and that hair, in which his star had caught, shining faint-gold under the sun. He came to her softly through the grass, and, when he was a little way off, thought it best to halt. If he startled her she might run away, and he would not have the heart to follow. How still she was, lost in her brooding! He wished he could see her face. He spoke at last, gently:

"Sylvia! . . . Would you mind?"

And, seeing that she did not move, went up to her. Surely she could not still be angry with him!

"Thanks most awfully for that book you gave me—it looks splendid!"

She made no answer. Leaning his rod against the stone, he sighed. That silence of hers seemed to him unjust; what was it she wanted him to say or do? Life was not worth living, if it was to be all bottled up like this.

"I never meant to hurt you. I hate hurting people. It's only that my beasts are so bad—I can't bear people to see them—especially you—I want to please you—I do really. So, you see, that was all. You *might* forgive me, Sylvia!"

Something over the wall, a rustling, a scattering in the fern—deer, no doubt! And again he said eagerly, softly:

"You might be nice to me, Sylvia; you really might."

Very quickly, turning her head away, she said:

"It isn't that any more. It's—it's something else."

"What else?"

"Nothing—only, that I don't count—now——"

He knelt down beside her. What did she mean? But he knew well enough.

"Of course you count! Most awfully. Oh! don't be unhappy. I hate people being unhappy. Don't be unhappy, Sylvia!" And he began gently to stroke her arm. It was all strange and troubled within him; one thing only plain—he must not admit—! As if reading that thought, her blue eyes seemed suddenly to search right into him. Then she pulled some blades of grass, and began plaiting them.

"*She* counts."

Ah! He was not going to say: She doesn't! It would be caddish to say that. Even if she didn't count—Did she still?—it would be caddish, a low thing. In his eyes just then there was the look that had made his tutor compare him to a lion cub in trouble. She touched his arm timidly:

"Mark!"

"Yes."

"Don't!"

He got up, and took his rod. What was the use? He could not stay there with her, since he could not—must not speak.

"Are you going?"

"Yes."

"Are you angry? *Please* don't be angry with me."

He felt a choke in his throat, bent down to her hand, and kissed it; then shouldered his rod, and marched away. Looking back once, he saw her still sitting there, gazing after him, forlorn, by that great stone. It seemed to him, then, there was nowhere he could go; nowhere except among the birds and beasts and trees, who did not mind even if you were all mixed up and horrible inside. He lay down in

the grass on the bank. He could see the tiny trout moving round and round the stones; swallows came all about him, flying very low; a hornet too bore him company for a little. But he could take interest in nothing; it was as if his spirit were in prison. It would have been nice, indeed, to be that water, never staying, passing, passing; or wind, touching everything, never caught. To be able to do nothing without hurting some one—that was what was so ghastly. If only one were like a flower, that just sprang up and lived its life, all to itself, and died. Whatever he did or said, now, would be like telling lies, or else being cruel. The only thing was to keep away from people. But how keep away from his own guests?

He went back to the house for lunch, but both those guests were out, no one seemed quite to know where. Restless, unhappy, puzzled, he wandered round and about all the afternoon. Just before dinner he was told of Mrs. Stormer's not being well, and that they would be leaving to-morrow. Going—after three days! That plunged him deeper into his strange and sorrowful confusion. He was reduced now to a complete, brooding silence. He knew that he was attracting attention, but he could not help it. Several times during dinner he caught Gordy's eyes fixed on him, from under those puffy half-closed lids, with asphyxiated speculation. But he simply *could* not talk—everything that came into his mind to say seemed false. Ah! it was a sad evening—with its glimmering vision into another's sore heart, its confused gnawing sense of things broken, faith betrayed; and yet always the perplexed wonder—"How could I have helped it?" And always Sylvia's wistful face that he tried not to look at.

He stole out, leaving Gordy and his tutor still over their wine, and roamed about the garden a long time, listening sadly to the owls. It was a blessing to get upstairs, though of course he would not sleep.

But he did sleep, all through a night of many dreams, in the last of which he was lying on a mountain-side, Anna looking down into his eyes, and bending her face to his. He woke just as her lips touched him. Still under the spell of that troubling dream, he became conscious of the sound of wheels and horses' hoofs on the gravel, and sprang out of bed. There was the wagonette moving from the door, old Godden driving, luggage piled up beside him, and *they* sitting opposite each other in the body of the carriage. Going away like that—having never even said good-by! For a moment he felt as people must when they have unwittingly killed some one—utterly stunned and miserable. Then he dashed into his clothes. He would not let her go thus! He would—he must—see her again! What had he done that she should go like this? He rushed downstairs. The hall was empty; nineteen minutes to eight! The train left at eight o'clock. Had he time to saddle Bolero? He rushed round to the stables—but the cob was out, being shoed. He would—he must get there in time. It would show her anyway that he was not quite a cad. He walked till the drive curved, then began running hard. A quarter of a mile, and already he felt better, not so miserable and guilty; it was something to feel you had a tough job in hand, all your work cut out—something to have to think of economizing strength, picking out the best going, keeping out of the sun, saving your wind uphill, flying down any slope. It was cool still, and the dew had laid the dust; there was no traffic and scarcely any one to look back and gape, as he ran by. What he would do, if he got there in time—how explain this mad three-mile run—he did not think. He passed a farm that he knew was just half-way. He had left his watch—indeed he had put on only his trousers, shirt, and Norfolk jacket; no tie, no hat, not even socks under his tennis-shoes, and he was as hot as fire, with his hair flying back—a strange young creature indeed for any one to meet. But he had lost now all feeling, save the will to get there. A flock of sheep came out of a field into the lane. He pushed through them somehow, but they lost him several seconds. More than a mile still; and he was blown, and his legs beginning to give. Downhill indeed they went of their own accord, but there was the long run-in, quite level; and he could hear the train now slowly puffing its way along the valley. Then, in spite of exhaustion, his spirit rose. He

would not go in looking like a scarecrow, utterly done, and make a scene. He must pull himself together at the end, and stroll in—as if he had come for fun. But how? At any moment he felt that he might fall flat in the dust, and stay there forever. And, as he ran, he made little desperate efforts to mop his face, and brush his clothes. There were the gates, at last—two hundred yards away. The train, he could hear no longer. It must be standing in the station. And a sob came from his overdriven lungs. He heard the guard's whistle as he reached the gates. Instead of making for the booking-office, he ran along the paling—there was an entrance to the goods-shed open, and he dashed through and fell back against the honeysuckle. The engine was just abreast of him; he snatched at his sleeve and passed it over his face, to wipe the sweat away. Everything was blurred. He must see—surely he had not come in time just not to see! He pushed his hands over his forehead and hair, and spied up dizzily at the slowly passing train. She was there, at a window! Standing, looking out! He dared not step forward, for fear of falling, but he put out his hand. She saw him. Yes, she saw him! Wasn't she going to make a sign? Not one? And suddenly he saw her tear at her dress, pluck something out, and throw it. It fell close to his feet. He did not pick it up—he wanted to see her face till she was gone. It looked wonderful—very proud—and pale. She put her hand up to her lips. Then everything went blurred again, and when he could see once more, the train had vanished. But at his feet was what she had thrown. He picked it up. All dry and dark, it was the flower she had given him out there, and stolen back, from his buttonhole.

Creeping out, past the goods-shed, he made his way to a field, and lay down with his face pressed to that withered thing which still had its scent. . . .

The asphyxiated speculation in his guardian's eyes had not been without significance. Mark did not go back to Oxford. He went instead to Rome—to live in his sister's house, and attend a school of sculpture. That was the beginning of a time when nothing counted except his work.

To Anna he wrote twice, but received no answer. From his tutor he had one little note:

"My dear Lennan,

So! You abandon us for Art? Ah! well—it was your moon, if I remember—one of them. A worthy moon—a little dusty in these days—a little in her decline—but to you no doubt a virgin goddess, whose hem, etc.

We shall retain the friendliest memories of you in spite of your defection.

Once your tutor and still your friend

Harold Stormer."

After that vacation it was long—very long before he saw Sylvia again.

(To be continued.)

THE SECRET

By John Hall Wheelock

You must find an angel,
To enter Paradise:
Heaven is only seen
Through another's eyes.

'Tis another bosom
Holds the key thereof:
Through the hearts that love us
Alone we enter love.

TURKISH COFFEE-HOUSES

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

FOR one who has ever walked the streets of a Turkish town it is almost impossible to imagine them without coffee-houses. Yet those resorts are of comparative recency among the Turks, and they were not acclimated without bitter opposition. While the properties of the coffee-berry are supposed to have been discovered or rediscovered by an Arab dervish in the thirteenth century, they were unknown in Constantinople until three hundred years later. The first coffee-house was opened there in 1554 by one Shemsi, a native of Aleppo. He returned to Syria three years later, taking with him five thousand ducats and little imagination of what uproar his successful enterprise was to cause. The beverage so quickly appreciated was as quickly looked upon by the orthodox as insidious to the public morals—partly because it seemed to merit the recommendations of the Koran against intoxicants, partly because it brought people together in places other than mosques. "The black enemy of sleep and of love," as a poet styled the Arabian berry, was variously denounced as one of the Four Elements of the World of Pleasure, one of the Four Pillars of the Tent of Lubricity, one of the Four Cushions of the Couch of Voluptuousness, and one of the Four Ministers of the Devil—the other three being tobacco, opium, and wine. The name of the drug may have had something to do with the hostility it encountered. *Kahveh*, whence our *coffee*, is a slight modification of an Arabic word—literally meaning "that which takes away the appetite" —which is one of the names of wine. The stimulating effect of coffee, however, is more than a name. There is indeed a coffee habit, no less demoralizing than the abuse of any other stimulant, the victims of which, like opium-smokers, are called by the Turks *teryaki*.

Suleïman the Magnificent, during whose reign the Syrian Shemsi made his little fortune, took no notice of the agitation against the new drink. But succeeding sultans pursued those who indulged in it with unheard-of severity. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries coffee-drinkers were persecuted in Constantinople more rigorously than wine-bibbers have ever been in England or America. Their most unrelenting enemy was the bloody Mourad IV, who closed all the coffee-houses after the great fire of 1633 and forbade the use of coffee or tobacco under pain of death. He, and his nephew Mohammed IV after him, used to patrol the city in disguise, *à la* Haroun-al-Rashid, in order to detect and punish for themselves any violation of the law. The latter sultan, nevertheless, was the means of extending the habit to Europe—which, for the rest, he doubtless considered its proper habitat. To be sure, it was merely during his reign that the English made their first acquaintance with our after-dinner friend. It was brought back from Smyrna in 1652 by a Mr. Edwards, member of the Levant Company, whose house was so besieged by those curious to taste the strange concoction that he set up his Greek servant in the first coffee-house in London. There too, however, coffee was soon looked upon askance in high places. A personage no more straitlaced than Charles II caused a court to hand down the following decision: "The retayling of Coffee may be an innocente Trayde; but as it is used to nourishe Seddition, spreade Lyes, and scandalize Greate Menne, it may also be a common Nuisaunce." In the meantime an envoy of Mohammed IV introduced coffee to the court of Louis XIV in 1669. And Vienna acquired the habit fourteen years later, when that capital was besieged by the same sultan. After the rout of the Turks by John Sobiesky a vast quantity of the fragrant brown drug was found among the besiegers' stores. Its use was made known to the Viennese by a Pole



A Turkish coffee-house may also be Greek.

who had been interpreter to the Austrian Company of Commerce in Constantinople. For his bravery in traversing the Turkish camp in order to carry messages during the siege he was given the right to establish the first coffee-house in Vienna.

The history of tobacco in Turkey was very much the same. It first appeared from the West in 1605, in the reign of Ahmet I. Under Mourad IV a famous treatise was written against it by the chief of the Emirs, unconscious forerunner of modernity, who also advocated a mediæval Postum made of beans. Snuff became known in 1642 as an attempt to elude the repressive laws of Sultan Ibrahim. But the habit of smoking, like the taste for coffee, gained such headway that no one could stop it. Mahmoud I was the last sultan who attempted to do so, when he closed the coffee-houses for political reasons in 1730. Since then coffee and tobacco have become so completely naturalized in the Ottoman Empire that a man who has never seen a Turk will draw him with a coffee-cup in one hand and the tube of a water-pipe in the other. And, as a matter of fact, a person of that race is likelier to carry a tobacco-box than a handkerchief, while he partakes more freely of coffee than of any other aliment. Without those comforters he can take no ease, complete no meal, pay no visit, transact no business. Would it have been the case if he had not been so vigorously opposed in his first experiments with the two drugs? The answer might contribute something to the psychology of prohibition. At all events, it would not be difficult to show that the establishment of coffee-houses in Europe marks a step toward democracy.

The number of these institutions in Constantinople, as in any Turkish town, is quite fabulous. There are thoroughfares that carry on almost no other form of traffic. [illegible]s no quarter so miserable or so re[illegible] to be without one or two. They are the clubs of the poorer classes. Men of a street, a trade, a province, or a nationality—for a Turkish coffee-house may also be Albanian, Armenian, Greek, Hebrew, Kurd, almost anything you please—meet regularly when their work is done, at coffee-houses kept by their own people. So much are the humbler coffee-houses frequented



Fez presser in a coffee-house.

by a fixed clientele that a student of types or dialects may realize for himself how truly they used to be called Schools of Knowledge. The police, too, find there not a little material for their own line of research. During the old régime there flourished an association whose members gained as honest a livelihood as they might by setting houses on fire for people who had enemies or required cash. They were accustomed to meet at a certain coffee-house near the Galata Tower. I know not whether they were in understanding with the watchmen who signal fires from that ancient lookout. At all events, the insurance agents used to employ men to frequent the café of the incendiaries, in order to get wind of coming fires or useful information as to past ones. I once had the honor of being escorted through the slums of Galata by one of this gentry, a Greek wanted in his own country for two murders.

The arrangement of a Turkish coffee-house is of the simplest. The essential is that the place should provide the beverage for which it exists and room for enjoying the same. A sketch of a coffee-shop may often be seen in the street, in a scrap of shade or sunshine according to the season, where a stool or two invite the passer-by to a moment of contemplation. Larger establishments, though they are rarely very large, are most often installed in a room longer than it is wide, having as many windows as possible at the street end and what we would call the bar at the other. It is a bar that always makes me regret I do not etch, with its pleasing curves, its high lights of brass and porcelain striking out of deep shadow, and its usually picturesque *kahvehji*. You do not stand at it. You sit on one of the benches running down the sides of the room. They are more or less comfortably cushioned, though sometimes higher and broader than a foreigner finds to his taste. In that case you slip off your shoes, if you would do as the Romans do, and tuck your feet up under you. A table stands in front of you to hold your coffee—and often in summer an aromatic pot of basil to keep the flies away. Chairs or stools are scattered about. Decorative Arabic texts, sometimes wonderful prints, adorn the walls. There may even be hang-



A sketch of a coffee-shop may often be seen in the street.—Page 622.

ing rugs and china to entertain your eyes. And there you are.

The habit of the coffee-house is one that requires a certain leisure. You must not bolt coffee as you bolt the fire-waters of the West, without ceremony, in retreats withdrawn from the public eye. Being a less violent and a less shameful passion, I suppose, it is indulged in with more of the humanities. The etiquette of the coffee-house, of those coffee-houses which have not been too much infected by Europe, is one of their most characteristic features. Something like it prevails in Italy, where you tip your hat on entering and leaving a *caffè*. In Turkey, however, I have seen a new-comer salute one after another each person in a crowded coffee-room, once on entering the door and again after taking his seat, and be so saluted in return—either by putting the right hand to the heart and uttering the greeting *Merhabah*, or by making the *temennah*, that triple sweep of the hand which is the most graceful of salutes. I have also seen an entire company rise upon the entrance of an old man, and yield him the corner of honor.

Such courtesies take time. Then you must wait for your coffee to be made. To this end coffee, roasted fresh as required by turning in an iron cylinder over a fire of sticks and ground to the fineness of powder in a brass mill, is put into a small uncovered brass pot with a long handle. There it is boiled to a froth three times on a charcoal brazier, with or without sugar as you prefer. But to desecrate it by the admixture of milk is an unheard-of sacrilege. Some *kahvehjis* replace the pot in the embers with a smart rap in order to settle the grounds. You in the meanwhile smoke. That also takes time, particularly if you "drink" a *narguileh*, as the Turks say. This is familiar enough in the West to require no great description. It is a big carafe with a metal top for holding tobacco and a long coil of leather tube for inhaling the water-cooled fumes thereof. The effect is wonderfully soothing and innocent at first, though wonderfully deadly in the end to the novice. The tobacco used is not the ordinary weed, but a much coarser and stronger one called *tunbeki*, which comes from Persia. The same sort of tobacco



Roasting coffee.—Page 623.

used to be smoked a good deal in shallow red earthenware pipes with long mouthpieces. They are now chiefly seen in antiquity shops.

When your coffee is ready it is poured into an after-dinner coffee-cup or into a miniature bowl, and brought to you on a tray with a glass of water. A foreigner can almost always be spotted by the manner in which he finally partakes of these refreshments. A Turk sips his water first, partly to prepare the way for the coffee, but also because he is a connoisseur of the former liquid as other men are of stronger ones. And he lifts his coffee-cup by the saucer, whether it possess a handle or no, managing the two together in a dexterous way of his own. The current price for all this, not including the water-pipe, is ten paras—a trifle over a cent—for which the *kahvehji* will cry you "Blessing." More pretentious establishments charge twenty paras, while a giddy few rise to a piaster—not quite five cents—or a piaster and a half. That, however, begins to look like extortion. And mark that you do not tip the waiter. I have often been surprised to be charged no more than the tariff, although I gave a larger piece to be changed and it was perfectly evident that I was a foreigner. That is an experience which rarely befalls a traveller among his own coreligionaries. It has even happened to me, which is rarer still, to be charged nothing at all, nay, to be steadfastly refused when I persisted in attempting to pay, simply because I was a foreigner, and therefore a guest.

There is no reason, however, why you should go away when you have had your coffee—or your glass of tea—and your smoke. On the contrary, there are reasons why you should stay, particularly if you happen into the coffee-house not too long after sunset. Then coffee-houses of the most local color are at their best. Earlier in the day their clients are likely to be at work. Later they will have disappeared altogether. For Constantinople has not quite forgotten the habits of the tent. Stamboul, except during the holy month of Ramazan, is a deserted city at night. But just after dark it is full of a life which an



That also takes time, particularly if you "drink" a *narguileh.*—Page 623.

outsider is often content simply to watch through the lighted windows of coffee-rooms. These are also barber-shops, where men have shaved not only their chins, but different parts of their heads according to their "countries." In them likewise checkers, the Persian backgammon, and various games of long narrow cards are played. They say that Bridge came from Constantinople. Indeed, I believe a club of Pera claims the honor of having communicated that passion to the Western world. But I must confess that I have yet to see an open hand in a coffee-house of the people.

One of the pleasantest forms of amusement to be obtained in coffee-houses is unfortunately getting to be one of the rarest. It is that afforded by itinerant story-tellers, who still carry on in the East the tradition of the troubadours. The stories they tell are more or less on the order of the Arabian Nights, though perhaps even less suitable for mixed companies—which for the rest are never found in coffee-shops. These men are sometimes wonderfully clever at character monologue or dialogue. They collect their pay at a crucial moment of the action, refusing to continue until the audience has testified to the sincerity of its interest by some token more substantial.

Music is much more common. There are those, to be sure, who find no music in the sounds poured forth oftenest by a gramophone, often by a pair of gypsies with a flaring pipe and two small gourd drums, and sometimes by an orchestra so-called of the fine lute—a company of musicians on a railed dais who sing long songs while they play on stringed instruments of strange curves. For myself I know too little of music to tell what relation the recurrent cadences of those songs and their broken rhythms may bear to the antique modes. But I can listen, as long as musicians will perform, to those infinite repetitions, that insistent sounding of the minor key. It pleases me to fancy there a music come from far away—from unknown river gorges, from camp-fires glimmering on great plains. Does not such darkness breathe through it, such melancholy, such haunting of elusive



They have a happy tact for locality.—Page 627.

airs? There are flashes too of light, of song, the playing of shepherd's pipes, the swoop of horsemen and sudden outcries of savagery. But the note to which it all comes back is the monotone of a primitive life, like the day-long beat of camel bells. And more than all, it is the mood of Asia, so rarely penetrated, which is neither lightness nor despair.

There are seasons in the year when these various forms of entertainment abound more than at others, as Ramazan and the two Baïrams. Throughout the month of Ramazan the purely Turkish coffee-houses are closed in the daytime, since the pleasures which they minister may not then be indulged in; but they are open all night. It is during that one month of the year that Karaghieuz, the Turkish shadow-show, may be seen in a few of the larger coffee-shops. The Baïrams are two festivals of three and four days respectively, the former of which celebrates the close of Ramazan, while the latter corresponds in certain respects to the Jewish Passover. Dancing is a particular feature of the coffee-houses in Baïram. The Kurds, who carry the burdens of Constantinople on their backs, are above all other men given to this form of exercise—though the Lazzes, the boatmen, vie with them. One of these dark tribesmen plays a little violin like a *pochette*, or two of them perform on a pipe and a big drum, while the others dance round them in a circle, sometimes till they drop from fatigue. The weird music and the picturesque costumes and movements of the dancers make the spectacle one to be remembered. Christian coffee-houses also have their own festal seasons. These coincide in general with the festivals of the church. But every quarter has its patron saint, the saint of the local church or of the local holy well, whose feast is celebrated by a three-day *panayiri*. The street is dressed with flags and strings of colored paper, tables and chairs line the sidewalk, and libations are poured forth in honor of the holy person commemorated. For this reason, and because of the more volatile character of the Greek, the general note of his merrymaking is louder than that of the



They seek the prospect of water.

Turk. One may even see the scandalous spectacle of men and women dancing together at a Greek *panayiri*. The instrument which sets the key of these orgies is the *lanterna*, a species of hand-organ peculiar to Constantinople. It is a hand-piano rather, of a loud and cheerful voice, whose Eurasian harmonies are enlivened by a frequent clash of bells.

What first made coffee-houses suspicious to those in authority, however, is their true resource—the advantages they offer for meeting one's kind, for social converse and the contemplation of life. Hence it must be that they have so happy a tact for locality. They seek shade, pleasant corners, open squares, the prospect of water or wide landscapes. In Constantinople they enjoy an infinite choice of site, so huge is the extent of that city, so broken by hill and sea, so varied in its spectacle of life. The commonest type of city coffee-room looks out upon the passing world from under a grape-vine or a climbing wistaria. That grape-vine constitutes one of the most decorative elements of Turkish streets. It was never planted for its fruit. Vines allowed to grow as those vines grow do not bear very heavily, and they are too accessible for their grapes to be guarded. They were planted, like the *traghetto* vines in Venice, because they give shade and because they are beautiful. Sometimes they are trained across the street, making of the public way an arbor that seduces the passer-by to stop and taste the taste of life.

Groves and high places are especially dear to the Turks, as to the Canaanites of old. So far as Constantinople is concerned, the former exist in intention oftener than in fact—witness the great plane-trees shading so many edges of the Bosphorus and the stone pines silhouetted on top of so many of its hills. Among high places one of the most frequented is Chamlijah, the Place of Pines, near the summit of the slope on which Scutari amphitheatrically sprawls. From the coffee-houses under the pines you look out over the Marble Sea, that lake of the Greco-Roman world about whose high coasts and fading islands so many famous towns have had their day.

The most famous of them lifts its domes and minarets in front of you, above the basin of toy ships where the Golden Horn meets the blue crack of the Bosphorus. It is a magnif-



That grape-vine constitutes one of the most decorative elements of Turkish streets.—Page 627.

icent view. But so is the one from Giant's Mountain, the height shutting out the Black Sea from the lower part of the strait. Two views, indeed, dispute your admiration there. One of them is the southward vista of the Bosphorus, shining like a river between its gardened continents, with gray Stamboul faintly pricking the end of the crooked perspective. The other, wilder and strangely harder in atmosphere, overlooks bleak hills, a ruined castle, the gateway of the Clashing Rocks—guarded now by disappearing guns —and the windy Euxine.

Giant's Mountain derives its name from a great person supposed to be buried there; according to some Amycus, king of the Bebryces, from whom the Argonauts received so unkind a welcome; according to others a personage of the Pentateuch, namely, Joshua, the son of Nun. The Turks adhere to the latter view, calling the mountain after him Yousha Dagh and preserving its legendary tomb with much reverence. A monastery of dervishes has the custody of this place of pilgrimage, also maintaining a coffee-house under the adjoining trees. The grave, some twenty feet long, is in an uncovered enclosure planted with rose-bushes and box. The branches are tied all over with bits of rag, left there



That castle was the first outpost of the Turks on the Bosphorus.—Page 630.

by visitors with some wish to be fulfilled. Within the *tekkeh*, which occupies the site of a church built by Justinian, an ornamental tablet framed under glass bears the following inscription: "Here lies Joshua, the son of Nun, who although not numbered among the apostles may well be called a true prophet sent of God. He was despatched by Moses (on whom be peace) to fight the people of Rome. While the battle was yet unfinished the sun set. Joshua caused the sun to rise again and the Romans could not escape. This miracle convinced them; and when Joshua invited them, after the battle, to accept the true faith, they believed and accepted it. If any man doubts, let him look into the sacred writings at the Holy Places of the Christians and he will be satisfied."

From Giant's Mountain a delightful wood road winds down to a water-side valley which legend makes the scene of the combat between Pollux and King Amycus. I have never found there any of the laurel planted where the latter fell, the *daphne mainomene* that caused madness in those who plucked it. Enormous plane-trees are now the chief vegetation of this green meadow, set out whether by Byzantine or by Ottoman emperors I cannot say. Many of them built villas here. The last, erected to be sure by a viceroy of Egypt, still dominates from its pile of terraces the central basin of the Bosphorus. From its association with royalty this happy valley bears the grim name of Hunkiar Iskelessi—the Landing Place of the Manslayer. It is the sort of place that Turks most love, with its grass, its trees, the brook on one side of it, and the shimmer of wider water at the end. The brook is the most dubious element of this composition, being more in the nature of a ditch. It affords, nevertheless, an excuse for a row of coffee-houses, which are most popular on Friday and Sunday afternoons of summer. Then stools and smokers line the dark stream in silent contemplation; then picnic parties spread rugs or matting on the grass, partaking of strange meats while masters of pipe and drum enchant their ear; then groups of Turkish women in gay silks dot the sward like



The river is a favorite haunt of pleasure boats.

tulips; then itinerant vendors of fruit, of sweets, of ice-cream, do hawk about their wares; then fortune-tellers, mountebanks, dancers, wrestlers, Punch and Judy actors may be seen—sometimes even players of cricket or base-ball from embassy *stationnaires* at Therapia.

A similar resort, perhaps better known because more accessible, is Ghieuk Sou, or Sky Water, commonly called the Sweet Waters of Asia. Here two small rivers flow into the Bosphorus through a branching valley which Turkish poets have named the most beautiful spot in Asia. I am inclined to suspect that their knowledge of Asia did not go much farther than Ghieuk Sou. Still I would be the last to decry a water-side amphitheatre provided with such various charms. One of them is a little white palace that looks like confectionery near by, but that from a distance has a magic of setting off the green about it and of catching sunset light. Another is the beautiful fountain in the meadow behind the palace. A third is the castle of Anadolu Hissar, at the mouth of the upper river. That castle was the first outpost of the Turks on the Bosphorus. It was built in 1394 by Bayezid the Thunderbolt, who died a prisoner of Tamerlane. The river that winds under the picturesque ruin is a favorite haunt of pleasure boats, being after the Golden Horn the only navigable stream that flows into the strait. Coffee-houses abound upon its banks, a theatre—with a partition cutting the pit in two and the boxes on one side latticed—gives performances during the summer, and on holiday afternoons boats pass and repass like carriages in Rotten Row. Most of the ladies are in the modern Turkish costume, made very much like a European dress except that the upper part falls from the head. The effect is very graceful and Spanish. In these degenerate days the black veil supposed to cover the face is often thrown back. Unfortunately the boats also betray a change of fashion, for there are three skiffs to one *caïque*. But great houses still maintain the most elegant craft in existence, a double or triple oared *caïque*. And sometimes a five-oared embassy *caïque* will row down from



No one is there to watch the river splash down its marble cascades.

Therapia, with some heraldic device at the bow and a gaudy *cavass* sitting cross-legged at the stern.

The spectacle used to be seen in greater glory at the Sweet Waters of Europe, according to the report of more than one traveller. I hope their accounts are more accurate than the name they have handed down. The Turks call the place Kiat Haneh, Paper House, from a manufactory that existed there long ago. It is the upper valley of the Golden Horn, watered by a river anciently known as the Barbysus. The splendor-loving Sultan Ahmet III tried to create there, early in the eighteenth century, another Marly-le-Roi. He played strange tricks with the river, laid out gardens, built villas, and encouraged his courtiers to follow his example. It befell him, however, to be dethroned, whereupon a fanatical mob asked permission of his successor to burn the palaces of Kiat Haneh. Mahmoud I replied that he would not permit the palaces to be burnt, lest other nations draw unfavorable conclusions with regard to the inner harmony of the empire; but that the palaces might be destroyed! They were, a hundred and twenty of them. Of so much magnificence not one stone now remains upon another, unless in a few ruins overgrown by the bushes of the hill-side. There is, to be sure, a palace, built forty or fifty years ago by Abdul Aziz; but the huge rooms are empty of furniture, and no one is there to watch the river splash down its marble cascades except two sour custodians, the gentle old *imam* of the adjoining mosque, a Greek who keeps almost the last coffee-house in the meadow, and such pleasure-seekers as venture so far from the ordinary lines of communication. Among the more recent of the latter may be mentioned a Belgian baron, the first aviator to visit Constantinople, who in the autumn of 1909 tumbled into the valley on his biplane. That strange intruder may have been the forerunner of gayer days for Kiat Haneh—and the Macedonian army that marched through it to victory in the preceding spring. There is talk of race-courses, of I know not what other modernities, to be installed on the banks of the Barbysus. An old Turk-

ish usage makes any place where the Sultan has pitched his tent, like the valleys of which I have spoken, open ground thereafter to the end of time. So Kiat Haneh will never be taken away from the people. But since the days of Sultan Ahmet the city has crept nearer and nearer; and it may well be that under a new era the lost splendors of the valley will bloom again.

Farther down the river, a little below the point where it joins the Cydaris to form the greater basin of the Golden Horn, is another coffee-house. It has begun to enjoy, alas, a notoriety which I fear is not destined to diminish. Pierre Loti put it into two of his novels, and guides conduct to it tourists with a little more time or sentimentality than the common run of their brotherhood. This is patent enough from the dogs and the urchins who besiege the chance wearer of a hat with a cringing persistency uncommon to Turkish beggars. I have observed, however, that notorious places usually became so for a reason; and the old man in charge of this one will never be corrupted. For the rather too fat and dapper young man who is destined to succeed him I refuse to prophesy. Their modest establishment, a stone room supplemented by a small flagged terrace and a *chardak*—an arbor thatched with dried branches—stands sideways to a steep bluff above the Golden Horn. In front of it the bluff descends less steeply to the village of Eyoub. Eyoub, *anglice* Job, was the name of a companion of the Prophet who fell in the Arab attack on Constantinople in 668. During his own siege of the city, eight hundred years later, Sultan Mohammed II opportunely discovered, opposite the point where he launched into the Golden Horn the eighty ships he dragged over the hills from the Bosphorus, the burial-place of this saintly warrior, in whose honor he subsequently raised a mortuary mosque. It is the holiest in the city, so holy that until a short time ago Christians were not allowed even within its outer court. It is there that the Sultans go to be girded with the sword of empire, and many of their subjects choose to be buried in that sacred proximity. Their graves cover the hill-side where a narrow paved street mounts between cypresses to the coffee-house of which I speak.

It commands, the coffee-house, from its high cemetery edge, the solemn assembly of lettered stones under their black trees, the white mosque below, a procession of siege-battered towers climbing the slope beyond, and the serrated mass of the city enclosing a bright surface of water darkly overwrit by arabesques of shipping. And there are many days in the year when Asiatic mountains subtly remind you again what a meeting-place of nations is here. Any man who looks down from a height on leagues of space and many habitations of his fellow-creatures is forced into philosophy. Here, however, you sip in with your coffee strange things indeed as your eye is caught by Byzantine dome, Italian tower, or Turkish minaret. The minarets oftenest catch your eye. Those slender white towers are what make the lofty outline of Stamboul unique in the world—as the cypresses and the painted stones beneath them are what give the nearer hill-side its own peculiar charm. They lead your thought from all the races that have met and fought, that have lived and died, about that shining water to the men in fez or turban who gravely sit beside you. How is it that these who burst once out of the East with so much noise and terror, who battered their way through those ancient walls and carried the green standard of the Prophet to the gates of Vienna, sit here now rolling cigarettes and sipping little cups of coffee? Some have concluded that their course was run, while others have upbraided them for wasting so their time. For my part I like to think that such extremes argue a complexity of character for whose unfolding it would be wise to wait. And in the meantime I am happy that all the people in the world are not the same. It pleases me that some are content to sit in coffee-houses, to enjoy simple pleasures, to watch common spectacles, to find that in life which every one may possess—light, growing things, the movement of water, and an outlook upon the ways of men.



Drawn by Henry J. Peck.

The Disturber

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

BY EDITH WHARTON

XVIII

UNDINE stood alone on the landing outside her father's office.

Only once before had she failed to gain her end with him—and there was a peculiar irony in the fact that Moffatt's intrusion should so sharply have brought before her the providential result of her previous failure. Not that she confessed to any real resemblance between the two situations. In the present case she knew well enough what she wanted, and how to get it. But the analogy had served her father's purpose, and Moffatt's unlucky entrance had visibly strengthened his resistance.

The worst of it was that the material obstacles in the way were real enough. Mr. Spragg had not put her off with vague asseverations—somewhat against her will he had forced his proofs on her, showing her how much above his promised allowance he had contributed in the last three years to the support of her household. Since she could not accuse herself of extravagance—having still full faith in her gift of "managing"—she could only conclude that it was impossible to live on what her father and Ralph could provide; and this seemed a practical reason for desiring her freedom. If she and Ralph parted he would of course return to his family, and Mr. Spragg would no longer be encumbered by a helpless son-in-law. But even this argument did not move her father. Undine, as soon as she had risked Van Degen's name, found herself face to face with a code of domestic conduct as rigid as its exponent's business principles were elastic. Mr. Spragg did not regard divorce as intrinsically wrong or even inexpedient; and of its social disadvantages he had never even heard. Lots of women did it, as Undine said; and if their reasons were adequate they were justified. If Ralph Marvell had been a drunkard or "unfaithful" Mr. Spragg would have approved Undine's desire to divorce him; but that it should be prompted by her inclination for another man—and a man with a wife of his own—was as shocking to him as it would have been to the most uncompromising of the Dagonets and Marvells. Such things happened, as Mr. Spragg was well aware, but they should not happen to any woman of his name while he had the power to prevent it; and Undine recognized that for the moment he had that power.

As she emerged from the elevator into the vestibule she was surprised to see Moffatt before her again. His presence was an irritating reminder of her failure, and with a slight bow she walked past him; but he overtook her at the door.

"Mrs. Marvell—I've been waiting to say a word to you."

If it had been any one else she would have gone on; but Moffatt's voice had always a detaining power. Even now that she knew him to be defeated and negligible the force of his presence asserted itself, and she paused to say doubtfully: "I'm afraid I can't stop—I'm rather late for an engagement."

"I shan't make you much later; but if you'd rather have me call round at your house——"

She turned a startled look on him. "Oh, I'm so seldom in. What is it you wanted to say?"

"Just two words." He glanced toward the elevator. "I've got an office in this building now. The shortest way would be to come up there for a minute." And as her face grew distant again he added: "I think what I've got to say is worth the trip."

Undine looked at him again. His face was serious, without underlying irony: the face he wore when he wanted to be trusted.

"Very well," she said, turning back to the elevator.

Undine, glancing at her watch as she came out of Moffatt's office, saw that he

had been true to his promise of not keeping her more than ten minutes. The fact was characteristic. Under all his incalculableness there had always been a hard foundation of reliability: it seemed to be a matter of deliberate choice with him whether he let one feel that solid bottom or not. And in specific matters the same quality showed itself in an accuracy of statement, a precision of conduct, that contrasted curiously with his usual hyperbolic banter and his loose lounging manner. No one could be more elusive yet no one could be firmer to the touch.

Her face had cleared and she moved more lightly as she left the building. Her talk with Moffatt had not been completely intelligible to her, but she understood the outline of the plan he had laid before her, was satisfied with the bargain they had struck. He had begun by reminding her of her promise to introduce him to any friend of hers who might chance to be useful to him in the way of business. Over three years had passed since the making of that agreement, and Moffatt had kept loyally to his side of it. The lapse of time had made it seem of less moment that he should continue to do so; but she felt the importance of proving her good faith, and at once acknowledged the promise of which he reminded her.

"Well, then—I want you to introduce me to your husband."

Undine felt a little tremor of surprise; but under it there was a distinct sense of relief. Ralph was easier to manage than so many of her friends—and it was a mark of his present state of indifference to acquiesce in anything she suggested. But she looked at Moffatt in blank wonder.

"My husband? What on earth can he do for you?"

Moffatt explained at once, in the fewest words, as his way was when it came to business. He was interested in a big "deal" which involved the purchase of a piece of real estate held by a number of wrangling heirs. The real-estate broker with whom Ralph Marvell was associated represented these heirs, but Moffatt had his reasons for not approaching him directly. And he didn't want to go to Marvell with a "business proposition" either —it would be better to be thrown with him socially, as if by accident. It was with that object that Moffatt had just appealed to Mr. Spragg; but Mr. Spragg, as usual, had "turned him down," without even consenting to examine the case on its merits.

"He'd rather have you miss a good thing than have it come to you through me. I don't know what on earth he thinks it's still in my power to do to you —or ever was, for that matter," he added with a laugh. "Anyhow," he went on to explain, "the power of doing's all with *you*, in this case; and I'll show you how little the doing will hurt you as soon as you give me the chance to have a quiet chat with your husband." And he branched off again into technicalities, nebulous projections of capital and interest, taxes and rents, from which she finally extracted, and clung to, the firm bright fact that if the "deal" he had in mind "went through" it would mean a commission of forty thousand dollars to Marvell's firm, of which something over a fourth would come to himself.

"By Jove, that's an amazing fellow!" Ralph Marvell exclaimed, turning back into the drawing-room, a few evenings later, at the conclusion of one of their little dinners.

Undine looked up quickly from her seat by the fire. She had had the inspired thought of inviting Moffatt to meet Clare Van Degen, Mrs. Fairford, and Charles Bowen. It had occurred to her that the simplest way of accounting to Ralph for her sudden production of Moffatt was to say that she had unexpectedly discovered an old Apex acquaintance in the protagonist of the great Ararat Trust fight. The fact that Moffatt had been beaten by his all-powerful enemy had not wholly divested him of interest. As a factor in affairs he no longer inspired apprehension, but as the man who had dared to defy Harmon B. Driscoll he was a conspicuous and, to some minds, almost an heroic figure.

Undine remembered that Clare Van Degen and Mrs. Fairford had once expressed a wish to see this braver of the Olympians, and her suggestion that he should be asked to meet them gave Ralph evident pleasure. It was long since she had made any conciliatory sign to his family.

Moffatt's social gifts were not of a kind to please the two ladies: he would have shone more brightly in Peter Van Degen's set than in his wife's. But neither Clare nor Mrs. Fairford had expected a man of conventional cut, and Moffatt's noisy ease was probably less disturbing to them than to their hostess. Undine felt only his crudeness, and the tacit criticism passed on it by the mere presence of such men as her husband and Bowen; but Mrs. Fairford seemed to enjoy provoking him to fresh excesses of slang and hyperbole. Gradually she drew him into talking of the Driscoll campaign, and he became vividly graphic and recklessly explicit. He seemed to have nothing to hold back: all the details of the prodigious exploit poured from him with Homeric volume. Then he paused suddenly, thrusting his hands in his trouser-pockets and shaping his red lips to a whistle which he checked as his glance met Undine's. To conceal his embarrassment he leaned back in his chair, looked about the table with complacency, and said "I don't mind if I do" to the servant who approached to re-fill his glass with champagne.

The men sat long over their cigars; but after an interval Undine called Charles Bowen into the drawing-room to settle some question in dispute between Clare and Mrs. Fairford, and thus gave Moffatt a chance to be alone with her husband. Now that their guests had gone her heart was beating with a passionate anxiety to know what had passed between the two; but when Ralph rejoined her in the drawing-room she continued to keep her eyes on the fire and twirl her fan with an indifferent air.

"That's an amazing chap," Ralph repeated, looking down at her. "Where was it you ran across him—out at Apex?"

As he leaned against the chimney-piece, lighting his cigarette, it struck Undine that he looked less fagged and lifeless than usual, and this increased her conviction that something important had taken place during the moment of isolation she had contrived.

She opened and shut her fan reflectively. "At Apex, yes—years ago; father had some business with him and brought him home to dinner one day."

"And you've never seen him since?"

She still hesitated, as if trying to piece her recollections together. "I suppose I must have seen him; but all that seems so long ago," she said with a faint sigh. She had been given, of late, to such plaintive glances toward her happy girlhood; but Ralph seemed not to notice the allusion.

"Do you know," he exclaimed, after a moment, "I don't believe the fellow's beaten yet."

She looked up quickly. "Don't you?"

"No; and I could see that Bowen didn't either. He strikes me as the kind of man who develops slowly, needs a big field, and perhaps makes some big mistakes; but gets where he wants to in the end. Jove, I wish I could put him in a book! There's something epic about him —a kind of epic effrontery."

Undine's pulses beat faster as she listened. Was it not what Moffatt had always said of himself—that all he needed was time and elbow-room? How odd that her husband, who seemed so dreamy and unobservant, should instantly have reached the same conclusion! But what she wanted to know now was the practical result of their talk.

"What did you and he talk about when you were smoking?"

"Oh, he got on the Driscoll fight again —gave us some extraordinary details. The man's a thundering brute, but he's full of observation and humour. Then, after Bowen joined you, he told me about a new deal he's gone into—rather a promising scheme, but on the same Titanic scale. It's just possible, by the way, that we may be able to do something for him: part of the property he's after is held in our office." He paused, knowing Undine's indifference to business matters; but on this occasion her face was brilliant with interest.

"You mean you might sell the property to him?"

"Well, if the thing comes off—it's all in the air as yet. There would be a big commission if we did." He glanced down on her and saw the light in her eyes. "You'd like that, wouldn't you?" he added, half-ironically.

She looked back at him with a shade of reproach. "Why do you say that? I haven't complained."

"Oh, no; but I know I've been a disappointment as a money-maker."

She leaned back in her chair, closing her eyes as if in utter weariness and indifference. She had grown so pale that he was startled by the change, and bent over her anxiously.

"Don't you feel well?"

"I'm a little tired. It's nothing." She pulled her hand away and burst into tears.

He knelt down by her chair and put his arm about her. It was the first time he had touched her since the night of the boy's birthday, and the sense of her softness against him woke a momentary flush of the old heat.

"What is it, dear? What is it?" he murmured.

Without turning her head she let him hold her and she cried on silently. Her nerves were really over-strained and she found a youthful pleasure in weeping over her own misfortunes.

"You seem to think I'm too selfish and odious—that I'm just pretending to be ill."

"No, no," he assured her, tenderly smoothing back her hair. But she continued to weep on in a gradual crescendo of despair, till finally the vehemence of her sobs began to frighten him, and he drew her to her feet and tried to persuade her to let herself be led upstairs. She yielded to his arm, still sobbing with short exhausted gasps, and leaning her whole weight on him as he drew her up step by step and guided her along the passage to her bedroom. On the lounge to which he gently lowered her she lay white and motionless, her handkerchief pressed against her lips and the tears still trickling through her lashes. Ralph recognized the symptoms with a sinking heart. She was on the verge of a "nervous attack" such as she had had in the winter, and he foresaw with dismay the economic consequences of another collapse, the doctors' and nurses' fees, and all the attendant confusion and expense. If only that vague project of Moffatt's might be realized—if for once he could feel a round sum in his pocket, and be freed from the perpetual daily tug of care!

Undine, the next morning, though calmer, was too exhausted to leave her bed. The doctor prescribed rest and absence of worry—later, perhaps, a change of scene. He explained to Ralph that he had found his patients often needed a change after the social strain of the winter. Nothing was so wearing to a high-strung nature as monotony, and if Mrs. Marvell were contemplating a Newport season it was of the first importance that she should be fortified to meet it. In such cases he often recommended a dash to Paris or London, just to "tone up" the nervous system.

Undine regained her strength slowly, and as the days dragged on the suggestion of the European trip recurred with increasing frequency. But it came always from her medical adviser: she herself had grown strangely passive and indifferent. She continued to remain upstairs on her lounge, seeing no one but Mrs. Heeny, whose daily ministration had once more been recommended, and asking only that the noise of little Paul's play should be kept from her. His scamperings overhead disturbed her sleep, and his bed was moved into the day nursery, which was above his father's room. The child's daybreak shouts and rompings did not trouble Ralph, since he himself was always awake before dawn. The days were not long enough to hold his cares, and they came and stood by him through the silent hours, when they could make themselves more insistently heard.

Ralph had not made a success of his business. He knew that the real-estate brokers who had taken him into partnership had done so only with the hope of profiting by his social connections; and the alliance, in this respect, had been a failure. It was in just such directions that he most lacked facility, and so his usefulness had only been that of an office-drudge. He was resigned to the continuance of such drudgery, though all his latent powers cried out against it; but even for the routine of business his aptitude was small, and he began to feel that he was not regarded as an addition to the firm. The difficulties attending a fresh start made him shrink from a break with them; and his thoughts turned hopefully to Elmer Moffatt's hint of a "deal." The success of the negotiation in which Moffatt was interested there might bring advantages beyond the pecuniary profit; and that, at the present juncture, was enough in itself.

Moffatt returned to West End Avenue two days after the dinner, making his appearance in the late afternoon with the explanation that the business in hand necessitated discretion, and that he did not care to be seen in Ralph's office. It was a question of negotiating with the utmost privacy for the purchase of a small but valuable piece of land between two large plots already acquired by purchasers cautiously designated by Moffatt as his "parties." How far he "stood in" with the parties he left it to Ralph to conjecture; but it was plain that he had a large stake in the transaction, and that it offered him his first chance of getting on his feet since Driscoll had "thrown" him. The owners of the coveted plot did not seem anxious to sell, and there were personal reasons for Moffatt's not approaching them through Ralph's partners, who were the regular agents of the estate: so that Ralph's general acquaintance with the conditions, combined with his detachment from the particular case, marked him out as a natural intermediary.

Their first talk left Ralph with a dazzled sense of Moffatt's strength and keenness, but with a vague doubt as to the "straightness" of the proposed transaction. Ralph had never seen his way with clearness in that dim world of affairs where men of the Moffatt and Driscoll type seemed to move like shadowy destructive monsters beneath the darting small fry of the surface. He knew that the man of business tacitly assumed for his purpose the existence of a special morality; and Ralph's musings on man's relation to his self-imposed laws had shown him how little human conduct generally troubles itself about its own sanctions. There burned in him a vivid sense of the things a man of his kind didn't do; but his inability to get a mental grasp on large financial problems made it difficult to apply to them so primitive a measure as this inherited standard. He only knew, as Moffatt's plan developed, that it seemed all right while he talked of it with its originator, but vaguely wrong when he thought it over afterward. Once it occurred to him to consult his grandfather; and if he renounced the idea for the obvious reason that Mr. Dagonet's ignorance of business was as fathomless as his own, this hardly covered the whole ground of his reluctance. Finally it occurred to him to put the case hypothetically to Mr. Spragg. As far as Ralph knew, his father-in-law's business record was unblemished; yet one felt in him a capacity of adjustment not allowed in the Dagonet code.

Mr. Spragg listened thoughtfully to Ralph's somewhat hazy statement of the case, growling out here and there a tentative correction, and twisting his cigar between his lips as he seemed to turn the problem over in the loose grasp of his mind.

"Well, what's the trouble with it?" he asked at length, stretching his big square-toed shoes against the grate of his son-in-law's dining-room, where, in the after-dinner privacy of a family evening, Ralph had seized the occasion to present his difficulty.

"The trouble?" Ralph considered. "That's just—as a matter of purely speculative interest—what I should like you to explain to me."

Mr. Spragg threw back his head and stared at the garlanded French clock on the chimney-piece. Mrs. Spragg was sitting upstairs in her daughter's bedroom, and the silence of the house seemed to hang about the two men like a listening presence.

"Well, I dunno but what I agree with the doctor who said there warn't any diseases, but only sick people. Every case is different, I guess." Mr. Spragg munched his cigar, and slowly turned a ruminating glance on Ralph. "Seems to me it all boils down to one thing. Was this fellow you're supposing about under any obligation to the other party—the one he was trying to buy the property from?"

Ralph hesitated. "Only the obligation recognized between decent men to deal with each other decently."

Mr. Spragg received this with the suffering air of a teacher compelled to simplify upon his simplest questions.

"Any personal obligation, I meant. Had the other fellow done him a good turn any time?"

"No—I don't imagine them to have had any previous relations at all."

His father-in-law stared. "Where's your trouble, then?" He sat for a moment frowning at the embers. "Even when it's

the other way round it ain't always so easy to decide how far that kind of thing's binding . . . and they say shipwrecked fellows'll make a meal of a friend quick as they would of a total stranger." He drew himself together with a shake of the lounging shoulders and pulled back his feet from the grate. "But I don't see the conundrum in your case. I guess it's up to both parties to take care of their own skins."

He rose from his chair and wandered upstairs to Undine.

That was the Wall Street code: it all "boiled down" to the personal obligation, to the salt eaten in the enemy's tent. Ralph's fancy wandered off on a long trail of social speculation from which he was pulled back with a jerk by the need of immediate action. Moffatt's "deal" could not wait: quick decisions were essential to effective action, and too-nice brooding over ethical shades of difference might work more ill than good in a world committed to swift adjustments. The arrival of several unforeseen bills reinforced this view, and once Ralph had accepted it as inevitable he began to take a detached interest in the affair.

In Paris, in his younger days, he had once attended, at the Conservatoire, a lesson in acting given by one of the great lights of the theatre. He had seen a somewhat obvious and apparently uncomplicated rôle of the classic repertory, familiar to him through repeated performances, taken to pieces before his eyes, dissolved into its component elements, and built up again with a minuteness of elucidation and a breadth of reference that made him feel as though he had been let into the secret of some age-long natural process. As he listened to Moffatt the remembrance of the scene came back to him. At the outset the "deal," and his own share in it, had seemed simple enough: he would have put on his hat and gone out on the spot in the full assurance of being able to transact the affair. But as Moffatt talked he began to feel as blank and blundering as the class of dramatic students before whom the great actor had made his demonstration. In reality the affair was difficult and complex, and Moffatt saw at once just where the difficulties lay and how the personal idiosyncracies of "the parties" coloured them. Such insight into character fascinated Ralph, and he strayed off into wondering why such penetration did not qualify every financier to be a novelist, and what intrinsic barrier divided the two arts.

Both men had strong incentives for pushing the affair; and two weeks after Moffatt's first advance Ralph was able to tell him that his offer was accepted. Over and above his personal satisfaction he felt something of the thrill of the agent whom some powerful negotiator has charged with a delicate mission: he might have been an eager young Jesuit carrying compromising papers to his superior. It had been stimulating to work with Moffatt, and to study at close range the large powerful instrument of his intelligence.

As he came out of Moffatt's office at the conclusion of this visit Ralph met Mr. Spragg descending from his eyrie, and saw in the latter's face a flash of surprise.

"Hallo—what were you doing in there with those cut-throats?" Mr. Spragg enquired with a backward nod at Moffatt's door.

For the moment Ralph judged discretion to be essential. "Oh, just a little business for the firm."

Mr. Spragg said no more, but relapsed into the familiar labial motion of revolving his phantom tooth-pick.

"How's Undie getting along?" he merely asked, as he and his son-in-law waited together for the elevator.

"She doesn't seem to feel much stronger. The doctor wants her to run over to Europe for a few weeks. She thinks of joining her friends the Shallums in Paris."

During the downward flight Mr. Spragg was again silent, but he left the building with his son-in-law, and the two walked together along the crowded pavement toward Wall Street.

Presently the older man asked abruptly: "How did you get acquainted with Moffatt?"

"Why, by chance—Undine ran across him somewhere and asked him to dine the other night."

"Undine asked him to dine?"

"Yes: she tells me you used to know him out at Apex."

Mr. Spragg appeared to search his memory for confirmation of the fact. "I

believe he used to be round there at one time. I've never heard any good of him yet." He paused at a crossing and looked probingly but perplexingly at his son-in-law. "Is she terribly set on this trip to Europe?"

Ralph smiled. "You know how it is when she takes a fancy to do anything ——"

Mr. Spragg, by a slight lift of his brooding brows, seemed to convey a deep if unspoken response.

"Well, I'd let her do it this time—I'd let her do it," he said emphatically as he turned away.

Ralph was surprised, for he had gathered from some frightened references of Mrs. Spragg's that Undine's parents had wind of her European plan and were firmly opposed to it. But he concluded that Mr. Spragg, from past experience, had long since measured the extent of profitable resistance, and knew just when it became vain to hold out against his daughter or advise others to do so.

Ralph, for his own part, felt no inclination to resist. As he left Moffatt's office his inmost feeling was one of relief. He had reached the point of recognizing that it was best for both that his wife should go. When she returned perhaps their lives would readjust themselves—perhaps he would even have forgotten the lie she had told him when Van Degen had brought her home in his motor. For the moment, at any rate, Ralph's craving was for some kind of benumbing influence, something that should give relief to the dull daily ache of feeling her so near yet so inaccessible. Certainly there were more urgent uses for their brilliant wind-fall: heavy arrears of household debts were to be met, and the summer would bring its own burden. But perhaps another stroke of good luck might befall him: he was getting to have the drifting dependence on "luck" of the man conscious of his inability to govern fate. And meanwhile it seemed easier to let Undine have what she wanted.

Undine, on the whole, behaved with discretion. She received the good tidings languidly and showed no unseemly haste to act on them. But it was as impossible to hide the light in her eyes as to dissemble the fact that she had not only thought out every detail of the trip in advance, but had decided exactly how her husband and son were to be disposed of in her absence. Her suggestion that Ralph should take little Paul to his grandparents, and that the West End Avenue house should be let for the summer, was too practical not to be agreed to; and Ralph found she had already, through Mrs. Spragg, put her hand on the Harry Lipscombs, who, after three years of neglect, were to be dragged back to favour and made to feel, as the first step in their reinstatement, the necessity, for the summer months, of a cool airy house on the West Side. On her return from Europe, Undine explained, she would of course go straight to Ralph and the boy in the Adirondacks; and it seemed a foolish extravagance to let the house stand empty when the Lipscombs were ready to take it.

As the day of departure approached it became harder for her to temper her beams; but her pleasure showed itself in so amiable a way that Ralph began to think she might, after all, miss the boy and himself more than she imagined. She showed herself, at any rate, tenderly preoccupied with Paul's welfare, and, to prepare for his translation to his grandmother's, she gave the household in Washington Square more of her time than she had seen fit to accord it since her marriage. She explained that she wanted Paul to grow used to his new surroundings; and with that laudable object she took him frequently to his grandmother's, and won her way back into old Mr. Dagonet's sympathies by her concern for the child and her pretty way of joining in his games.

Undine was not consciously acting a part: this new phase was as natural to her as the other. In the sudden joy of her gratified desires she wanted to make everybody about her happy, and the pacific instincts to which she had always laid claim showed themselves in a hundred ingenious ways. If only everyone would do as she wished she would never be unreasonable. She much preferred to see smiling faces about her, and her dread of the reproachful and dissatisfied countenance gave the measure of what she would do to avoid it.

These thoughts were in her mind when, a day or two before sailing, she came out

of the Washington Square house holding her boy by the hand. It was a late spring afternoon, and she and Paul had lingered on in Mr. Dagonet's library till long past the hour sacred to that amiable ancestor's repose. Now, as she came out into the square she saw that, however well Mr. Dagonet had borne their protracted romp, it had left his playmate flushed and sleepy; and stooping down she lifted Paul in her arms to carry him to the nearest cab-stand.

As she raised herself with her burden she saw a short thick-set figure approaching her across the square; and a moment later she was shaking hands with Elmer Moffatt. In the bright spring air he looked seasonably glossy and prosperous; and she noticed that he wore a bunch of violets in the buttonhole of his well-cut coat. As he paused before her his small black eyes twinkled with approval, and Undine reflected that, with Paul's arms about her neck, and his little flushed face below her own, she must present a not unpleasing image of young motherhood.

"That the heir apparent?" Moffatt asked; adding "Happy to make your acquaintance, sir," as the boy, at Undine's bidding, held out a fist sticky with Mr. Dagonet's sugarplums.

"He's been spending the afternoon with his grandfather, and they played so hard that he's sleepy," she explained with a smile. Little Paul, at that stage in his career, had a peculiar grace of wide-gazing deep-lashed eyes and arched cherubic lips, and Undine saw that Moffatt was not insensible to the picture she and her son composed. She did not dislike the homage of his look, for she no longer felt any shrinking from him—she would even have been glad to make some allusion to the service he had done her husband if she had known how to do so without awkwardness. Moffatt seemed equally pleased at the meeting, and for a moment they looked at each other almost intimately over little Paul's tumbled curls.

"He's a mighty fine fellow and no mistake—but isn't he rather an armful for you?" Moffatt asked, his eyes resting with real kindliness on the child's face.

"Oh, we haven't far to go. I'll pick up a cab at the corner."

"Well, let me carry him that far anyhow," said Moffatt, holding out his arms.

Undine was glad to be relieved of her burden, for she was unused to the child's weight, and it annoyed her to feel that her long skirt was dragging on the pavement. "Go to the gentleman, Pauly—he'll carry you better than mother," she said, as she gently loosened Paul's clasp.

The little boy's first impulse was one of recoil from the ruddy sharp-eyed countenance that was so queerly different from his father's delicate face; but he was an obedient child, and after the first motion of resistance he held out his arms and laid them trustfully about the red gentleman's short thick neck.

"That's a good fellow—sit tight and I'll give you a ride," Moffatt cried, hoisting him to his shoulder, and putting one arm about the little body that laid its warmth against his cheek.

Paul was not used to being perched at such a height, and his nature was hospitable to new impressions. Thrilled by his lofty survey he shook off his drowsiness to exclaim: "Oh, I like it up here—you're higher than father!" and Moffatt hugged him with a laugh.

"It must feel mighty good to come uptown to a fellow like you in the evenings," he said, addressing the child but looking at Undine, who also laughed a little.

"Oh, they're a dreadful nuisance, you know; but Paul's a very good little boy."

"I wonder if he knows what a friend I've been to him lately," Moffatt continued, as they turned the corner of the square into Fifth Avenue.

Undine felt a stir of surprise not unmingled with pleasure: she was glad he should have given her an opening.

"He shall be told as soon as he's old enough to thank you." She smiled almost intimately. "I'm so glad you came to Ralph about that business."

"Oh, I gave him a leg up, and I guess he's given me one too. Queer the way things come round—he's fairly put me in the way of a fresh start."

Their eyes met for a moment in a silence which Undine was the first to break. "It's been awfully nice of you to do what you've done—right along. And this last thing has made a lot of difference to us."

"Well, I'm glad you feel that way. I never wanted to be anything but 'nice,' as you call it." Moffatt paused a mo-

ment and then added: "If you're less scared of me than your father I'd be glad to call round and see you once in a while."

The quick blood rushed to her cheeks. There was nothing challenging, demanding in his tone—she guessed at once that if he made the request it was simply for the pleasure of being with her, and she liked the magnanimity implied. Nevertheless she was not sorry to have to answer: "Of course I'll be glad to see you any time—only now, as it happens, I'm just going to sail for Europe."

"For Europe?" The word brought Moffatt to a stand so abruptly that little Paul lurched on his shoulder.

"For Europe?" he repeated, disconcerted. "Why, I thought you said the other evening you expected to stay on in town till July. Didn't you think of going to the Adirondacks?"

Flattered by his evident disappointment, she became high and careless in her triumph. "Oh, yes, vaguely—but that's all changed. Ralph and the boy are going; but I sail on Saturday to join some friends in Paris—and later I may do some motoring in Switzerland and Italy."

She laughed a little in the mere enjoyment of formulating her plans, and Moffatt laughed too, but with a tinge of irony.

"I see—I see: everything's changed, as you say, and your husband can blow you off to the trip. Well, I hope you'll have a first-class time."

Their glances crossed again, and something in his coolly humorous scrutiny impelled Undine to rejoin, with a burst of candour: "If I do, you know, I shall owe it all to you!"

"Well, I always told you I meant to act white by you, Undine," he answered simply.

They walked on in silence, and presently he began in his usual joking strain: "See what one of the Apex girls has been up to lately?"

Apex was too remote for her to understand the reference, and he went on: "Why, Millard Binch's wife—Indiana Frusk that was. Didn't you see in the papers that Indiana'd fixed it up with James J. Rolliver to marry her? They say it was easy enough squaring Millard Binch—you'd know it *would* be—but it cost Rolliver near a million to mislay Mrs. R. and the children. Well, Indiana's pulled it off, anyhow; she always *was* a bright girl. But she never came up to you."

"Oh—" she stammered with a laugh, astonished and agitated by his news. Indiana Frusk and Rolliver! It showed how easily the thing could be done. If only her father had listened to her! If a girl like Indiana Frusk could gain her end so easily, what might not Undine have accomplished? She knew Moffatt was right in saying that Indiana had never come up to her. . . She wondered how the marriage would strike Van Degen. . .

She signalled to a cab and they walked toward it without speaking. Undine was hardly conscious of Moffatt's presence. She was recalling with intensity that one of Indiana's shoulders was higher than the other, and that people in Apex had thought her lucky to catch Millard Binch, the druggist's clerk, when Undine herself had cast him off after a lingering engagement. And now Indiana Frusk was to be Mrs. James J. Rolliver!

Undine gave her hand to Moffatt, and, getting into the cab, bent forward to take little Paul from him.

Moffatt lowered his charge with exaggerated care, and a "Steady there, steady, now," that made the child laugh; then, with a quick change of face, he put a kiss on Paul's lips before handing him over to his mother.

XIX

"The Parisian Diamond Company—Anglo-American branch." Charles Bowen, seated, one rainy evening of the Paris season, in a corner of the great Nouveau Luxe restaurant, was lazily trying to resolve his impressions of the scene into the phrases of a letter to his old friend Mrs. Henley Fairford.

The long habit of unwritten communion with this lady—in no way conditioned by the short, rare, actual letters they exchanged—made his notations, in absence from her, usually fall into such terms, at least when the subject was of a kind that he felt must strike an answering flash from her. And who but Mrs. Fairford would see, from his own precise angle, the fantastic improbability, the

layers on layers of unsubstantialness, on which the seemingly solid presentation of life before him rested?

The dining-room of the Nouveau Luxe was at its fullest, and had indeed, contracting on the garden side through stress of weather, overflowed to the farther end of the long hall beyond; so that Bowen, from his corner, surveyed a seemingly endless perspective of plumed and jewelled heads, of shoulders bare or black-coated, encircling the close-packed rows of pink-candled tables. He had come nearly half an hour before the time he had named to his expected guest so that he might have the undisturbed amusement of watching the picture compose itself again before his eyes. During some forty years' perpetual exercise of his perceptions he had never come across anything that gave them the special titillation produced by the spectacle of the dinner-hour at the Nouveau Luxe: the same sense of putting his hand on human nature's passion for the factitious, its incorrigible habit of imitating the imitation.

As he sat there, watching the usual familiar faces swept toward him on the rising tide of arrival—for it was one of the joys of the scene that the type was so unmistakable even where the individual was unknown—he hailed with renewed enjoyment this costly expression of a social ideal. The dining-room at the Nouveau Luxe represented, on such a spring evening, what unbounded material power had devised for the delusion of its leisure: a phantom "society," with all the rules, smirks, gestures of its model, but evoked out of promiscuity and incoherence while the other had been the gradual product of continuity and choice. And the instinct which had driven a new class of world-compellers to bind themselves to slavish imitation of the superseded, and their prompt and reverent faith in the reality of the sham they had created, seemed to Bowen the richest proof of the theory of human immutability.

With this thought in his mind he looked up to greet the approach of his guest. The Comte Raymond de Chelles, straight, slim and gravely smiling, advanced toward him with frequent pauses of salutation at the crowded tables; saying, as he seated himself and turned his pleasant leisurely eye on the scene: "*Il n'y a pas à dire*, my dear Bowen, it's charming, it's sympathetic, it's original—we owe America a debt of gratitude for inventing it!"

Bowen felt a last touch of satisfaction: they were the very words needed to complete his thought.

"Ah, my dear fellow, it's really you and your kind who are responsible for it. It's the direct creation of feudalism, like all the great social upheavals!"

De Chelles stroked his handsome brown moustache and glanced about for the menu. "I should have said, on the contrary, that one enjoyed it for the contrast. It's such a delightful change from our institutions—which are, nevertheless, the necessary foundations of society. But just as one may have an infinite admiration for one's wife, and yet occasionally —" he waved a light hand toward the spectacle. "This, in the social order, is the diversion, the permitted diversion, that your original race has devised: a kind of superior Bohemia, where one may be respectable without being bored."

Bowen laughed. "You've put it in a nutshell: the ideal of the American woman is to be respectable without being bored; and from that point of view this world they've invented has more originality than I gave it credit for."

De Chelles thoughtfully unfolded his napkin. "My impression's a superficial one, of course—for as to what goes on underneath!" He looked across the room. "I should never, if I married, encourage my wife to come here."

Bowen laughed again. "My dear fellow, she'd be as safe as in a bank! Nothing ever goes on! Nothing that ever happens here is real."

"*Ah, quant à cela*—" the Frenchman murmured, inserting a fork into his melon.

Bowen looked at him with appreciation—he was such a fine foot-note to the page! The two men, accidentally thrown together some years previously during a trip up the Nile, always met again with pleasure when Bowen returned to France. Raymond de Chelles, who was a man of moderate fortune, lived for the greater part of the year on his father's estates in Burgundy; but he came up every spring to the rez-de-chaussée of the old Marquis' hôtel for a two months' study of human

nature, pursuing his investigations with the discriminating taste and transient ardour that give the finest bloom to pleasure. Bowen liked him as a companion and admired him as a charming specimen of the Frenchman of his class, embodying in his lean, fatigued and finished person that happy mean of simplicity and intelligence of which no other race has found the secret. If Raymond de Chelles had been English he would have been no more than a thick fox-hunting animal, with appetites but without tastes; but in his lighter Gallic clay the wholesome territorial savour, the inherited passion for sport and agriculture, were combined with a certain openness to finer sensations, a sense of the come-and-go of ideas, under which one felt the tight hold of two or three inherited notions, religious, political, and domestic, in total contradiction to his surface attitude. That the inherited notions would in the end prevail, everything in his appearance declared, from the distinguished slope of his nose to the narrowness of the forehead under his thinning hair; he was the kind of man, Bowen reflected, who would inevitably "revert" when he married. But meanwhile the surface he presented to the various play of life was broad enough to include the fantastic spectacle of the Nouveau Luxe, and to see its gestures reflected in an amazed but diverted Latin consciousness was an endless entertainment to Bowen.

Something in the tone of his guest's last words had made him look up attentively. "But why these reservations, my dear de Chelles? Is the lady more than a hypothesis? Surely you're not thinking of getting married?"

The other made a resigned movement of his brows: "When hasn't one to think of it in my situation? One hears of nothing else at home—one knows that, like death, it's sure to come." His glance, which was still mustering the room, came to a sudden pause and turned to Bowen.

"Who's the lady over there—fair-haired, in white? I mean the one who has just come in with the red-faced man. They're evidently with a party of your compatriots."

Bowen followed his friend's glance to a neighbouring table, where, with a slight start, he saw Undine Marvell seating herself at Peter Van Degen's side, in the company of the Harvey Shallums, the beautiful Mrs. Beringer, and a dozen other familiar New York figures.

Undine, who was so placed that she looked across at the two men, recognized Bowen with a smile. She was more simply dressed than usual, and the rose-coloured lights, warming her cheeks and striking high gleams from the edges of her hair, gave her face a dewy freshness that was new to Bowen. He had always thought her beauty too obvious, too bathed in the bright publicity of the American air, to have any quality of charm; but to-night she seemed to have been brushed by the wing of poetry and its shadow lingered in her eyes.

That de Chelles had received the same impression was evident from the absorption of his gaze.

"One is sometimes inclined to deny your compatriots actual beauty—to charge them with producing the effect without having the features; but in this case—you know the lady, you say?"

"Yes: she's the wife of an old friend."

"The wife? She's married? There again it's so puzzling! Your young girls look so experienced, and your married women sometimes so—unmarried."

"Well, they often are, you know—in these days of divorce!"

De Chelles' interest quickened. "Your friend's divorced?"

"Oh, no; heaven forbid! Mrs. Ralph Marvell hasn't been long married; and it was a love-match of the good old kind."

The other's eagerness perceptibly declined. "Ah—and the husband? Which is he?"

"He's not here—he's in New York."

"Feverishly adding, no doubt, to a fortune already monstrous?"

"No; not precisely monstrous. The Marvells are not well off," said Bowen, amused by the persistence of his friend's interrogations.

"And he allows a being like that to come to Paris without him—and in company with the red-faced gentleman who seems so extremely alive to his advantages?"

"We don't 'allow' our women this or that; we don't, I suppose, set much store by the compulsory virtues."

His companion received the explanation with amusement. "If you're all as detached as that why does the obsolete institution of marriage survive with you?"

"Oh, it still has its uses. One couldn't be divorced without it."

De Chelles laughed again; but his straying eye still followed the same direction, and it became presently clear that the fact was not unremarked by the object of his contemplation. Undine's party was one of the liveliest in the room; the American laugh triumphed over the din of the orchestra as the American elegance dominated the less daring toilets at the surrounding tables. Undine, on entering, had seemed to be in the same mood as her companions; but Bowen noticed that, as she became conscious of his friend's observation, she held back from the others, isolating herself in a kind of soft abstraction; and it struck him as a fresh proof of her adaptability that she should extract from such surroundings the contrasting qualities of reserve and refinement.

They had exchanged bows with all the outer signs of cordiality, but Bowen fancied she would not care to have their communion go beyond. It was evident that the dinner was being given by Van Degen, and Van Degen's proximity was the last fact she would care to have transmitted to the group of critics in Washington Square, with whom, in her mind, Bowen was of course associated. He was therefore surprised when, as he rose to leave the restaurant, he heard himself hailed in Peter's stertorous accents.

"Hallo, Bowen—hold on! When did you come over? Mrs. Marvell's dying for the last news of the old homestead."

Undine's smile confirmed the appeal. She wanted to know how lately Bowen had left New York, and pressed him to tell her when he had last seen her boy, how he was looking, and whether his father had been persuaded to go down to Clare Van Degen's on Saturdays and get a little riding and tennis? And dear Laura—was she well too, and was little Paul with her, or still with his grandmother? They were all dreadfully bad correspondents, Undine laughingly owned, and when Ralph had last written her these questions had still been undecided.

As she smiled up at Bowen he saw her glance stray to the spot beyond his shoulder where he was aware that his companion hovered; and when the diners rose to move toward the garden for coffee she said, with a sweet note and a detaining smile: "Do come with us—I haven't half finished."

Van Degen echoed the request, and Bowen, amused by Undine's arts, was presently introducing de Chelles, and joining with him in the party's transit to the terrace.

The rain had ceased, and under the clear evening sky the restaurant garden opened green depths that skilfully hid its narrow boundaries. Van Degen's company was large enough to surround two of the tables on the terrace, and Bowen observed with amusement the skill with which Undine, leaving him to Mrs. Shallum's care, contrived to draw de Chelles to the other table. Still more comically visible was the effect of this stratagem on Peter Van Degen, who in consequence also found himself relegated to Mrs. Shallum's group. The irascibility which wreaked itself on a jostling waiter, and found fresh cause for resentment in the coldness of the coffee and the badness of the cigars, betrayed poor Peter's subjugated state; and Bowen wondered, with something more than the curiosity of the looker-on, whether this state were the real clue to Undine's conduct. He had always smiled at Mrs. Fairford's fears for Ralph's domestic peace. He thought Undine too clear-headed to forfeit the advantages of her marriage; but it now struck him that she might have had a glimpse of larger possibilities. Bowen, at the thought, felt the pang of the sociologist over the individual havoc wrought by every social readjustment: it had so long been obvious to him that poor Ralph was a survival, and destined, as such, to go down in any conflict with the rising forces.

XX

Some six weeks later, Undine stood at the window smiling down on her recovered Paris.

Her hotel sitting-room had, as usual, been flowered, cushioned, lamp-shaded into a delusive semblance of stability; and

she had really felt, for the last few weeks, that the life she was leading there must be going to last: it seemed so perfect an answer to all her wants!

As she looked out on the thronged street, where the summer light lay like a blush of pleasure on the ceaselessly shifting scene and its spacious architectural setting, she felt herself naturally akin to all the bright and careless freedom of the scene. She had been away from Paris for two days, and the spectacle before her seemed more rich and suggestive after her brief absence from it. Her senses luxuriated in all its material details, the thronging motors, the brilliant shops, the novelty and daring of the women's dresses, the piled-up colours of the ambulant flower-carts, the appetizing expanse of the fruiterers' windows, even the chromatic effects of the *petits fours* behind the plate-glass of the pastry-cooks: all the surface-sparkle and variety of the inexhaustible streets of Paris.

The scene before her typified to Undine her first real taste of life. How meagre and blundering the past appeared in contrast to this abundant present! The noise, the crowd, the promiscuity beneath her eyes symbolized the glare and movement of her life. Every moment of her days was packed with excitement and exhilaration. Everything amused her: the long hours of bargaining and debate with dress-makers and jewellers, the crowded lunches at Laurent's or Paillard's, the perfunctory dash through a picture-show, or the lingering visit to the last new milliner; the afternoon motor-rush to some leafy suburb, where tea and music and sunset were hastily absorbed on a crowded terrace above the Seine; the whirl home through the Bois to dress for dinner and start again on the round of evening diversions; the dinner at the Nouveau Luxe or the Café de Paris, and the little play at the Capucines or the Variétés, followed, because the night was "too lovely," and it was a shame to waste it, by a breathless flight back to the Bois, with supper in one of its lamp-hung restaurants, or, if the weather forbade, a tumultuous progress through the midnight haunts where "ladies" were not supposed to show themselves, and might consequently taste the thrill of being occasionally taken for mere women.

As the varied vision unrolled itself, Undine contrasted it with the pale monotony of her previous summers. Perhaps, on the whole, the one she most resented was the first after her marriage, the European summer out of whose joys she had been cheated by her own ignorance and Ralph's perversity. They had been free then, there had been no child to consider, their money anxieties had hardly begun, and the face of life had been fresh and radiant. And she had been doomed to waste such opportunities on a succession of ill-smelling dingy Italian towns! She still felt it to be her deepest grievance against her husband; and now that, after four years of petty household worries, another chance of escape had come to her, he wanted to drag her back again to bondage!

On the table behind her lay the two letters which had provoked this fit of retrospection. One was from Ralph, who began by affectionately reminding her that he had had no word from her for weeks, and went on to speak of her approaching return, and to point out, in his usual tone of good-humoured remonstrance, that since her departure the drain on her letter of credit had been deep and constant. "I wanted you," he wrote, "to get all the fun you could out of the money I made last spring; but I didn't think it would melt away quite so fast. Try to come home without leaving too many bills in the background. Your illness and the boy's cost us more than I expected, and Lipscomb has had a bad knock in Wall Street, and hasn't yet paid his first quarter. . ."

Always the same tedious refrain! Was it her fault that she and the boy had been ill? Or that Harry Lipscomb had been "on the wrong side" of Wall Street? Ralph seemed to have money on the brain: his business life had certainly deteriorated him. And, since he hadn't made a success of it after all, why shouldn't he turn back to literature and try to write his novel? Undine, the previous winter, had met a well-known magazine editor at dinner, and been dazzled by the figures he named as within reach of the successful novelist. For the first time she perceived that literature was becoming fashionable, and instantly decided that it would be

amusing and original if she and Ralph should owe their prosperity to his talent. She already saw herself, as the wife of a celebrated author, wearing "artistic" dresses and doing the drawing-room over with Gothic tapestries and dim lights in altar candlesticks. But when she broached the subject to Ralph he answered with a laugh that his brains were sold to the firm—that when he came home at night the tank was empty. . . And now he wanted her to sail for home in a week!

The other letter excited a deeper resentment. It was a long and earnest appeal from Laura Fairford—an appeal to return and "look after" Ralph. He was overworked and out of spirits, his sister wrote: she and her mother, reluctant as they were to interfere, felt they ought to urge Undine to come back to him. Details followed, unwelcome and officious. What right had Laura Fairford to preach to her of wifely obligations? No doubt Charles Bowen had sent home a highly-coloured report of her—and there was really too obvious an irony in Mrs. Fairford's forming an opinion of Undine's conduct on information obtained from such a source!

Undine turned from the window and threw herself down on the sofa. She was still feeling the pleasant fatigue consequent on her trip to the country, whither she and Mrs. Shallum had gone with Raymond de Chelles to spend a night at the old Marquis's château. When her companions, an hour earlier, had left her at the door of her hotel, she had half-promised to rejoin them for a late dinner in the Bois; and as she lay back among the cushions disturbing thoughts were banished by the necessity of deciding what dress and hat she should wear.

These bright weeks of the Parisian spring had been a new initiation to her. They had given her a first real glimpse into the art of living. From the experts who had taught her to subdue the curves of her figure and to soften her bright free stare with dusky pencillings, to the purveyors of countless other forms of pleasure —the theatres and restaurants, the green and blossoming environs, the whole shining shifting spectacle of the nights and days—every sight and sound and word had combined to charm her perceptions and refine her taste. And her growing friendship with Raymond de Chelles had been the most potent of these influences.

De Chelles, at once immensely "taken," had not only hastened to associate himself with the helter-skelter motions of Undine's party, but had given her glimpses of another, still more brilliant existence, that life of the inaccessible "Faubourg" of which the first tantalizing hints had but lately reached her. Hitherto she had assumed that Paris existed for the stranger, that its native life was merely an obscure foundation for the dazzling superstructure of hotels and restaurants in which her compatriots disported themselves. But lately she had begun to hear about other American women, the women who had married into the French aristocracy, and who led, in those dim high-walled houses beyond the Seine which she had once thought so dull and dingy, a life that made her own seem as vulgar as the social resources of the Mealey House. Perhaps what most exasperated her was the discovery, in this still impenetrable group, of the Miss Wincher who had poisoned her far-off summer at Potash Springs. To identify her old enemy in the Marquise de Trézac whose name so frequently figured in the Parisian chronicle, was the more irritating to Undine because her intervening social experiences had caused her to look back on Nettie Wincher as a frumpy girl who wouldn't have "had a show" in New York.

Once more all the accepted values seemed reversed, and it turned out that Miss Wincher had been in possession of some key to success on which Undine had not yet put her hand. To know that others were indifferent to what she had thought important was to cheapen all present pleasure and turn the whole force of her desires in a new direction. What she wanted for the moment was to linger on in Paris, prolonging her flirtation with de Chelles, and profiting by it to detach herself from her compatriots and enter doors closed to their approach. And de Chelles himself attracted her: she thought him as "sweet" as she had once thought Ralph, whose fastidiousness and refinement were blent in him with a delightful foreign vivacity. His chief value, however, lay in his power of exciting Van

Degen's jealousy. She had learned enough of French life to know that such devotion as de Chelles' was not likely to have much practical bearing on her future; but Peter had an alarming way of lapsing into security, and as a stimulant to his ardour she had learned the value of other men's attentions.

To bring Van Degen to a definite expression of his intentions had become Undine's fixed purpose. The case of Indiana Frusk, whose brilliant marriage the journals of two continents had recently chronicled with a dazzling extravagance of detail, had made less impression on him than she hoped. He treated it as a comic episode without special bearing on their case, and once, when Undine had instanced Rolliver's expensive fight for freedom as an example of the power of love over the most invulnerable natures, had answered carelessly: "Oh, his first wife was a laundress, I believe."

But all about them couples were unpairing and pairing again with an ease and rapidity that encouraged Undine to bide her time and keep the same end in view. It was simply a question of making Van Degen want her enough; and above all of not being obliged to abandon the game before he wanted her as much as she meant he should. This was precisely what would happen if she were compelled to leave Paris now. Already the event had shown how right she had been to come abroad: the attention she attracted in Paris had re-awakened Van Degen's vagrant fancy, and her hold over him was stronger than when they had parted in America. But the next step must be taken with coolness and circumspection; and above all she must not throw away what she had gained by leaving him at a stage when he was surer of her than she of him.

She was still intensely considering these questions when the door behind her opened, and turning her head she saw him enter.

"Oh, you—?" she exclaimed, sitting up with a slight frown.

"Didn't I knock?" He came forward with lowered crest. "Don't look so savage! They told me downstairs you'd got back, and I just bolted up without thinking."

"I should say you did," Undine murmured.

Van Degen had widened and purpled since their first encounter, five years earlier, but his features had not matured. His face was still the face of a covetous bullying boy, with a large indiscriminate appetite for primitive satisfactions and a sturdy belief in his intrinsic right to them. It was all the more agreeable to Undine's vanity to see his look change at her tone, passing from command to conciliation, from conciliation to the cowed entreaty of a capriciously-treated animal.

"What a ridiculous hour for a visit!" she continued irritably, ignoring his excuse.

"Well, if you disappear like that, without a word or a sign——"

"I told the concierge to telephone you I was going away."

Van Degen still stood lowering above her. "You couldn't make time to do it yourself, I suppose?"

"We rushed off suddenly; I'd hardly time to get to the station."

"You rushed off where, may I ask?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? I've been down staying at de Chelles' château in Burgundy." Her face lit up and she raised herself eagerly on her elbow.

"It's the most wonderful old house you ever saw: a real castle, with towers and a moat and a what-do-you-call-it—a bridge they pull up. De Chelles said he wanted me to see just how they lived at home, and I did; I saw everything: the tapestries that Louis Seize gave them, and the family portraits, and the chapel, where their own priest says mass, and they sit in a balcony with crowns all over it. The priest was a lovely old man—he said he'd like awfully to convert me. Do you know, I think there's something very beautiful about the Roman Catholic religion? I've often felt I might have been happier if I'd had some religious influence in my life."

She sighed a little, and turned her head away. She flattered herself that she had learned to strike the right note with Van Degen. At this crucial stage in their relation he needed a taste of his own methods, a glimpse of the fact that there were women in the world who could get on without him.

She was aware that he was still gazing down at her sulkily. "Were the old people there—his father and mother? You never told me you knew his mother."

"I don't. They weren't there. But it didn't make a bit of difference, because Raymond sent down a cook from the Luxe."

"Oh, Lord," Van Degen groaned, dropping down on the end of the sofa. "Was the cook got down to chaperon you?"

Undine broke into an impatient laugh. "You talk like Ralph! I had Bertha with me."

"*Bertha!*" His tone of contempt impressed her. She had really supposed that Mrs. Shallum's presence had made the visit perfectly correct.

"And you went down there," he continued, "without knowing his parents, and without their inviting you? Do you know what that sort of thing means? De Chelles simply did it to brag about you at his club. He wants to compromise you—that's his game!"

"Do you suppose he did?" A flicker of a smile crossed her lips. "I'm so unconventional: when I like a man I never stop to think about such things. But I ought to, of course—you're quite right." She considered him thoughtfully. "At any rate de Chelles is not a married man."

Van Degen got to his feet again and was standing accusingly before her; but at this she saw the blood rise to his neck and ears.

"What difference does that make?"

"It might make a good deal. At any rate," she added, "I see how careful I ought to be about going round with you."

"With *me?*" Van Degen's face fell with the shock of the retort; then he broke into a laugh. He adored Undine's "brightness," which was of precisely the same quality as his own. "Oh, that's another thing: you can always trust me to look after you," he declared.

"With your reputation? Much obliged!"

His satisfaction visibly increased. He liked such allusions, and he was evidently pleased that she thought him compromising.

"Oh, I'm as good as gold now. You've made a new man of me!"

"Have I?" She lifted her eyes to his face and considered him in silence for a moment. "I wonder what you've done to me but make a discontented woman of me—discontented with everything I had before I knew you?"

The sudden change of tone was thrilling to his vanity. He forgot her mockery, forgot de Chelles, and sat down at her side, almost in possession of her waist. "Look here," he said gaily, "where are we going to dine to-night?"

His proximity was not agreeable to Undine, but she liked his free way, his contempt for verbal preliminaries. Ralph's reserves and delicacies, his perpetual desire that he and she should be attuned to the same key, had always vaguely bored her; whereas in Van Degen's freedom she felt a hint of the masterful way that had once subdued her in Elmer Moffatt. But she drew back, releasing herself.

"To-night? I can't—I'm engaged."

"I know you are: you're engaged to *me!* You promised last Sunday you'd dine with me somewhere out of town to-night."

"How can I remember what I promised last Sunday? Besides, after what you've said, I see I oughtn't to."

"What in the world do you mean by what I've said?"

"Why, that I'm imprudent; that people are talking——"

He stood up with an angry laugh. "I suppose you're dining with de Chelles. Is that it?"

She shot a malicious glance through lowered lashes. "Is that the way you cross-examine Clare?"

"I don't care a hang what Clare does—I never have."

"That must—in some ways—be rather convenient for her!"

"Glad you think so. *Are* you dining with him?"

She studiously turned the rings upon her fingers. "You know I'm *not* married to you—yet!"

He took a random turn through the room and then came back and planted himself stubbornly before her. "Can't you see the man's doing his best to make a fool of you?"

Undine kept her laughing gaze on him. "Does it strike you, from your own experience, that it's such an awfully easy thing to do?"

The edges of his ears were purple. "I sometimes think it's easier for these damned little dancing-masters over here than for one of us."

Undine was still smiling up at him; but suddenly her face grew serious. "What's the use of our squabbling like this? It matters so little what I do or don't do, when Ralph has ordered me home next week!"

"Ordered you home?" She saw Van Degen's start of alarm. "What nonsense! Why do you stand being ordered?"

"What's the use of talking in that way?" She gave a disenchanted laugh. "I'm a poor man's wife, and can't do all the things my friends do. It's not because Ralph loves me that he wants me back—it's simply because he can't afford to let me stay!"

Van Degen's agitation was visibly increasing. "But you mustn't go—it's preposterous! Why should a woman like you be sacrificed when a lot of stupid frumps have all the fun they want? And besides you can't chuck me like this! Why, I thought we were all to motor down to Aix next week, and perhaps take a dip into Italy——"

"*Italy*—" she murmured on a note of yearning.

"You'd love that, wouldn't you?" He was closer now, and had her hands again. "As far as Venice, anyhow; and then in August there's Trouville—you've never tried Trouville, have you? There's an awfully jolly crowd there—and the motoring's ripping in Normandy. If you say so I'll take a villa there instead of going back to Newport. And I'll put the *Sorceress* in commission, and you can make up parties and run off whenever you like, to Scotland or Norway—" He hung above her. "Don't dine with de Chelles to-night! Come off with me, and we'll talk things over; and next week we'll run down to Trouville to choose the villa."

Undine's heart was beating fast, yet she felt within her a strange lucid force of resistance. She left her hands in Van Degen's because of that sense of security. So Mr. Spragg might have felt at the tensest hour of the Pure Water Move. She leaned forward, still holding her suitor off by the pressure of her bent-back palms.

"Kiss me good-bye, Peter; I sail on Wednesday," she said.

It was the first time she had permitted him to kiss her, and as his face darkened down on her she felt a moment's recoil. But her physical reactions were never very acute: she always vaguely wondered why people made "such a fuss," were so violently for or against such demonstrations. A cool spirit within her seemed to watch over and regulate all her own sensations, and leave her capable of measuring the intensity of those she provoked.

As their lips parted she turned her head and looked at the clock. "You must go now—I shall be hours late for dinner."

"Go—after that?" He laughed and took her in his arms. "Kiss me again," he commanded.

It was wonderful how cool she felt—how easily she could slip out of his grasp! Any man could be managed like a child if he were really in love with one. . .

"You're crazy, Peter; do you suppose I'd have kissed you if——"

"If what—what—what?" he mimicked her ecstatically, not listening.

She understood that if she wished to make him hear her she must put more distance between them, and she rose and moved across the room. From the fireplace she turned to add:—"if we hadn't been saying good-bye?"

"Good-bye—now? What the devil do you suppose I'm made of?" He jumped up and followed her, but halted again irresolutely a few feet away. "Look here, Undine—I'll do anything on earth you please; only don't talk of going! What can I do to make you stay? I'll make it all as straight and square as you want. I'll get Bertha Shallum to stop over here with you for the summer; I'll take a house at Trouville and make my wife come out there. Hang it, she *shall*, if you say so! Only promise me you'll be a little good to me!"

Still she stood before him without speaking, aware that her implacable brows and narrowed lips would hold him off as long as she chose.

"Undine, what is it? Why don't you answer? You know you can't go back to that dreary dry-rot at home!"

Her eyes darkened and she turned on him with sudden vehemence. "I can't go on with my present life either. It's hateful to me—as hateful as the other." She

lowered her voice to add gravely: "If I don't go home now I must decide on something different."

"What do you mean by 'something different'?" She was silent, and he pressed on: "You're thinking of marrying de Chelles?"

She started as if he had surprised a secret, and broke out: "I'll never forgive you if you speak of it——"

"Good Lord! Good Lord!" he groaned.

She continued to remain motionless, with gravely lowered lids, and he went up to her and caught her by the arm. "Undine, honor bright—do you think he'll marry you?"

She faced him with a sudden hardness in her eyes. "I must really decline to discuss such things with you."

"Oh, for the Lord's sake don't take that tone with me! You don't see what I mean—I don't half know what I'm saying. . . Undine, look here, you mustn't throw yourself away a second time. I'll do anything you say—I swear I will!"

A knock on the door sent them abruptly apart, and a servant entered with a telegram.

Undine turned away to the window and tore open the narrow blue slip. She was glad of the interruption, for the sense of what she had at stake made her feel the need of pausing to draw breath.

Her eyes travelled over a long New York cable message signed with Laura Fairford's name. The message informed her that Ralph had been taken ill with pneumonia the day before, that his condition was serious and that the doctors advised her immediate return.

Undine stood staring blankly at the strip of paper. She had to read the words over two or three times to get them into her crowded mind; and even after that she needed more time to see their bearing on her own situation. If the message had concerned little Paul her brain would have acted more quickly. She had never troubled herself over the possibility of her boy's falling ill in her absence, but she understood now that if the cable had been about him she would have rushed to the earliest steamer. With Ralph it was different. Ralph was always perfectly well—somehow she could not picture him as being suddenly at death's door and in need of her. Probably his mother and sister had had a panic: they were always full of sentimental terrors. The next moment an angry suspicion flashed across her: what if the cable were a device of the Marvell women to bring her back? Perhaps it had been sent with Ralph's connivance! No doubt Bowen had written home about her—Washington Square had received some monstrous report of her doings! . . . Yes, the cable was clearly an echo of Laura's letter—mother and daughter had cooked it up to spoil her pleasure. Once the thought had occurred to her it struck root in her mind and began to throw out giant branches.

Van Degen followed her to the window, his face still flushed and discomposed. "What's the matter?" he asked, as she continued to stare silently at the telegram.

She crumpled the strip of paper in her hand. If only she had been alone, had had a chance to think out her answers!

"What on earth's the matter?" he repeated.

"Nothing—nothing."

"Nothing? When you're as white as a sheet?"

"Am I?" She gave a slight laugh. "It's only a cable from home."

"Ralph?"

She hesitated. "No. Laura Fairford."

He gave his shoulders a shake, as though to throw off an importunate hand. "What the devil is *she* cabling you about?"

"She says Ralph wants me."

"Now—at once?"

"At once."

Van Degen laughed contemptuously. "Why don't he tell you so himself? What business is it of Laura Fairford's?"

Undine's gesture implied a "What indeed?"

"Is that all she says?"

She hesitated again; then she said in a low voice: "Yes: that's all." As she spoke she tossed the paper into the basket beneath the writing-table. "As if I didn't *have* to go anyhow!" she exclaimed.

With an exasperating clearness of vision she saw what lay before her—the hurried preparations, the long tedious voyage on a crowded steamer chosen at haphazard, the arrival in steaming July heat,

and the relapse into deadening household worries, into all the insufferable daily fag of nursery and kitchen—she saw it and her imagination recoiled.

Van Degen's eyes still hung on her; she guessed that he was intensely engaged in trying to follow what was passing through her mind. Presently he approached her again, no longer perilous and importunate, but awkwardly tender, ridiculously moved by her distress.

"Undine, listen to me: won't you let me make it all right for you to stay?"

Her heart began to beat more quickly, and she let him come close to her, meeting his eyes coldly but without anger.

"What do you call 'making it all right'?" She smiled ironically. "Paying my bills, I suppose. Don't you see that's just the kind of thing I hate, and will never let myself be dragged into again as long as I live?" Her smile grew softer. "The time has come when I must be sensible, Peter; that's why we must say good-bye."

"Do you mean to tell me you're going back to Ralph?"

She paused a moment; then she murmured between her teeth: "No, I shall never go back to him."

"Then you *do* mean to marry de Chelles?"

"I've told you we must say good-bye. I've got to look out for my future."

He stood before her, irresolute, tormented, his lazy mind and impatient senses evidently labouring with a problem beyond their power. "Ain't I here to look out for your future?" he broke out at last.

"No one shall look out for it in the way you mean. I'd rather never see you again——"

He gave her a baffled stare and then flung away abruptly to the door.

"Oh, damn—if that's the way you feel!"

She stood motionless where he had left her, every nerve strung to the highest pitch of watchfulness. As she stood there, everything about her stamped itself on her brain with the sharpest precision. She was aware of the fading of the summer light outside, of the coming and going of her maid, who was laying out her dinner-dress in the room beyond, and of the fact that the tea-roses on her writing-table, shaken by Van Degen's movement, were dropping their petals over Ralph's letter, and down on the crumpled blue paper which she could see through the trellised sides of the gilt scrap-basket.

In another moment Van Degen would be gone. Worse yet, while he wavered in the doorway the Shallums and de Chelles, after vainly waiting for her at Armenonville, might dash back from the Bois and break in on them. These and other chances rose before her, urging her to action; but she held fast, immovable, unwavering, a proud yet plaintive image of renunciation.

Van Degen's hand was on the door. He half-opened it and then turned back.

"That's all you've got to say to me, then?"

"Yes: that's all."

He jerked the door open and passed out. In the anteroom he stopped to pick up his hat and stick, and she saw his heavy figure silhouetted against the glare of the wall-lights. A ray of the same brightness fell on her where she stood in the unlit sitting-room, and her reflection bloomed out like a flower from the mirror on the wall that faced her. She looked at the image and waited.

Van Degen put his hat on his head and opened the door into the outer hall. Then he turned round, and his bulk momentarily eclipsed her bright reflection as he plunged back into the room and came up to her.

"I'll do anything you say, Undine; I'll do anything in God's world to keep you!"

She turned her eyes slowly from the looking-glass and rested them on his face, which was as small and fallen as an old man's, with a lower lip that trembled queerly. . .

(To be continued.)

THE EXILE

By Thomas Nelson Page

No, boss, I ain't no beggar—dat all as knows me knows;
  I wuz fotch up too good for low-down ways—
But if you's got a quarter to spyar in yo' ole clo'es,
  De ole man needs a little help dese days.

I come from ole Virginia—down on de Eastern sho',
  An' dat's a mighty long ways from dis town—
I'se scufflin' hard to git dyar to see jes one time mo'
  De place whar dem I loved is layin' down.

What fotch me from Virginia? Dee told me we wuz free,
  And dat dee'd larn me larnin' in de school.
I'se free to starve and perish—Dat's all dee've gin to me—
  Dee treats me wus' dthan ef I wuz a mule.

Dee'd feed a mule, or leastways, dee'd graze him 'side de road,
  E'en ef he he'd got some'n' ole an' po';
But when de ole man's shoulder's too weak to byah de load,
  Dee shets de gate and drives him from dee do'.

Look at dem winders, master—dee's bustin' wid de jag—
  Dee's like dem barns whar Joseph piled wid wheat;
But ef I pokes meh head in to ax a crumb or rag,
  You'd think I wuz de dut beneaf dee feet.

And dat is huccome, master, I's settin' heah to res'—
  I don' mind sayin' I'se de real stuff,
You'll fine my ways is ways o' Gord and Righteousness—
  I'se 'hine de lighthouse dis time, dtho', sho' 'nough.

Dee say de ole plantation is might'ly gone to rack,
  An' strangers now is ev'ywhar aroun';
But still I hopes, young master, dat if I can git back,
  Dee won' begrudge de ole man sleepin'-groun'.

I'se refugeed so long, suh, and got so lean and ill,
  I'se honin' might'ly for dat Eastern sho',
Whar master and ole Winnie is sleepin' on de hill,
  A-keepin' room for jes one ole man mo'.

Dee voices soun's all roun' me, sometimes, so cle'r an' deep,
  'Pears like I mos' ken tetch 'em wid meh han',
An', Gord! de old man's weary to lay him down to sleep
  Twell Jesus calls him to de Promise' Lan'.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

I HAD recently a rather pleasant vacation from my own country, this land of the free—too free at times—in an English colony. Lest this statement should lead to misunderstanding, let me say at the outset that I am no Anglo-maniac. Much as I enjoy the intonations of the English voice in its proper home, I can but deride the American imitation and caricature thereof, and I never fail to rejoice in secret when one of my friends quite forgets to say bēēn. I do not like to wear English tweeds; they are too heavy. I am quite unable to trace my ancestors, as so many Americans can do, back to one of the English kings or queens, nor do I in the least desire to do so. Ordinarily I dislike travelling with the English, for it has often occurred to me that they are, of all travellers, the most oblivious to the comfort of others, prone to capture and hold all the best places, to seize upon the windows commanding the finest views, and to sit there through a long Alpine or Apennine day without even looking out. The rudest thing I ever said in my life, outside the circle of my nearest and dearest, whom one may abuse at one's will, was to an Englishwoman. It was at Oberammergau, and the moment for which we had waited for months had come; the great sacred play was beginning. All that I could see, however, was an enormous straw hat directly ahead of me. In halting German or worse French, for the hat had no nationality, I hesitantly begged the wearer to remove it, explaining why. The fretful refusal—it would mean taking cold, the hair underneath was not properly done—angered me, who come honestly by a quick temper. In a flash I begged the owner to forget the request, adding, I am ashamed to say, "If I had known you were English I shouldn't have asked you." My momentary glow of satisfaction, however, was broken, and my antagonist scored, for, after thinking a few minutes, she took off her hat, leaving me ever since in a state of apology. When it had fully dawned upon her that there was somebody else there besides herself and her immediate relatives—one would have thought that she would have noticed before the breathless, waiting thousands in that vast amphitheatre—she was quite ready to be considerate. The incident has often led me to meditate on the tardy, almost unintelligent reasonableness of this people. The mild surprise of the English folk at finding any part of the earth inhabited by any except the English is no more evident than is their conscientious determination to do the right thing by the intruders when at last they see them. Invading a new country, they seem to say to the inhabitants: "You really haven't any right here; don't you know that you are trespassing? This is part of the earth! But, as you are here, we will try to make some government under which you can live."

The English

This slow, deep sense of responsibility in regard to other peoples undoubtedly has its fine side. I am far from agreeing with the imperialistic lady from Sussex who found direct prophecy of the English domination of the world in the words: "The meek shall inherit the earth." Their kindness is not always untouched by arrogance, but they are sometimes extraordinarily kind when fully roused to a sense of need. I remember an elderly English lady who, long ago at Rome, took me under her wing and gave me a liberal education in the city of the Cæsars. I remember a young English lady, casually encountered many years later in a railway train somewhere near Stratford, who insisted upon showering upon us the wealth of her fine information about the place, demanded our addresses, and afterward sent us books and photographs, for no reason whatever save a Shakespearian generosity, and an English thoroughness in taking hold of the situation. And they are great, these English, now that I think of it, in espousing lost causes. There, for instance, was the English gentleman who, some years ago, distressed by the sufferings of animals in Italy, devoted life and fortune to bettering their condition, and still toils on, at Rome, founder and head of a society that has done untold good in making life more possible for Brother Ox and Brother Ass.

They have a way too, these people, of sticking to their tasks. A recent visit to Bermuda has set me to pondering again upon that secret of English character and English temperament which enables this race to establish something that comes nearer to being enduring, and, at the same time, growing civilization than anything else that the world has ever known. In London one wonders whether the look of permanence that everything wears is not largely due to the massiveness of the buildings, the British Museum, the Bank of England, St. Paul's imposing upon us by their mere weight a belief in the stability of that which they represent. Their somewhat pompous expression is worn, too, by English policeman, English peer, and, most impressively of all, English butler, and it is hard to think of it, whenever one sees it, as anything but imperishable. The English meadows look more real, the mountains more solid, the clouds more dense and lasting than any other meadows and mountains and clouds I know, yet it is neither architecture, nor John Bull's expression, nor geographical characteristics of the country that gives this people the look of having come to stay.

—and Bermuda

HERE at Bermuda, upon these flakes of land, delicate curving coral reefs that a hurricane might almost sweep away, set in the kaleidoscopic waters that change color with every breeze that blows, they have worked out precisely the same type of civilization, with the same air of permanence and stability. It is England in miniature, England carved on an iridescent sea-shell, England written small, like that famous copy of the Lord's prayer on paper the size of a thrippenny bit. The place is strongly fortified, they tell us, though that seems as preposterous as it would be to fortify a poem, or a cobweb, or a humming-bird's nest. Church and state are officially represented, and all folk, high and low, government officers, soldiers, even the little colored boys, go in that grave, responsible English fashion about their appointed tasks. A slow, unquestioning way of doing every man his duty, has its advantages as a national custom; here, neither balmy air, nor beauty of waving palms and blossoming oleanders, seems to have robbed the English colonist of his will to obey.

Naturally there are lapses. The drunken soldier who came to the little ferry-boat (one might almost spell it "fairy") when it stopped at dusk at the enchanted shore of St. David's Island, was momentarily oblivious of his duty, but then his dog, his little English dog, was doing *his*. It was a nimble little fox terrier, all over devotion, quivering with anxiety, until, by leading the way coaxingly a dozen times, it got its master upon the boat. Anxiously it guarded him in all his lurching expeditions about the slender craft, and it sprang out to lie, a tense little figure, rigid as iron, on the very outer edge, when that master leaned too far over. Such wagging was never before seen as that which celebrated the soldier's safe arrival upon the dock at St. George's. "*This god-like creature, in his frequent trances, is my special charge,*" it seemed to say. "*I have him safe, safe, safe.*" Never in my life have I felt, or deserved to feel, such a glow of duty done as that of this little four-legged creature who knew, though he could not have said nor barked it (for that matter, neither can the Englishman), the secret of England's greatness.

In spite of strange shores washed by blue-green water, and the crumbling, foreign look of picturesque St. George's, with its gray-white walls and odd alleyways, there is something sweet, familiar, and half remembered about this spot. Untroubled by steam-cars, electric-cars, and motors, the roads, slipping between soft green banks, have the charm of roads of olden time. There are many appealing quaintnesses of manner and of habit; every man, woman, child, for instance, gives you greeting as you meet. Talking with them, you become aware, perhaps from a shopkeeper's reluctance to idealize his goods, perhaps from your hostess's lavish hospitality, of an absence of the money-lust, an inability to conceive life in terms of mere currency. One constantly rediscovers here ancestral points of view, old moods, fine words and ways of long ago, and the stay is a charmed period, wherein one takes a vacation from one's descendants among one's forebears.

There was something inexpressibly restful about the atmosphere, after the amenities of our late political campaign, and the shrill, vociferous, possibly momentary, idealism that emanates from our part of the country. I sometimes think that we made a

great mistake, more than a hundred years ago, in echoing so vigorously the French demand for human rights, instead of the English demand for human duty. We have kept on with it ever since; there is loud shouting, at the hustings, in the market-place, about our rights, and other people's rights—the latter cry, fortunately, becoming of late a bit the louder. We are bewildered, and, between the clashing political and social theories, do not know how to think and to act. Wandering into this bit of England, we feel an indescribable suggestion of permanence and of comfort among the safe, pleasant, chintz-covered surfaces of the drawing-room, and the mingled fragrances of roses and of tea. What matter if it is a red-bird eating a pomegranate in the tree beyond the wide veranda, instead of a thrush upon the grass? That old feeling steals over you—"Why, human life is possible, after all; not only possible, but comfortable. One lump, please!" Outside are the strange, waving, fern-like leaves of the royal poinciana, but they bring the same sense of enduring shelter that the great, incredibly beautiful beeches and elms of England bring, encompassing England's homes.

Perhaps the English are the only people who have really reckoned with human nature, who know how large a part habit plays, how small a part logic plays in human life and development. They have steadfastly striven to make their habits good ones. With stolid faces they watch the emergence of republics that have applied too large a measure of mere logic—paper logic, Carlyle would call it—to complicated human affairs; they have watched the downfall of many, and have gone trudging on toward the right, their chief failures being due to the fact that they sometimes do not get there soon enough. Spite of that lack of swift intelligence that plays so brilliant a part on the surface of French and of American affairs, one suspects the English of subtlest wisdom, perhaps unconscious, in knowing that no one mathematically simple, single thing is going to meet the complex needs of human life. It has been logically demonstrated a thousand times that all men are free and equal. Nature and the English know that they are not, and proceed to make the best of the many-sided human dilemma by innumerable minor adjustments that help fit the individual to his environment, but do not sweep him away from his environment, leaving him with all his feelers groping in space. By way of illustration, there seems to be no problem of the colored folk in Bermuda, though there are many colored folk there. A happy, contented race, they have their little freeholds, living in tidy, white-roofed houses by their banana plantations and potato patches. They are self-respecting, law-abiding, orderly, with English ways and English intonations. No danger comes, by day or night, from strolling in their quarters, past their little white-walled gardens whence issue, by day, companionable sounds of ducks quacking, chickens cackling, soft-voiced children playing; and, by night, over-busy dogs barking.

One could suggest some of the reasons, perhaps, but certainly not all, why, above all other peoples, the English have had success in civilizing, in colonizing, in adapting that old, firm, yet flexible type of government to new conditions and new climates. It is partly, perhaps, because they have had so little to say and so much to do. With my ears still aching from our late discussions, I ponder on that grand old habit of silence, combined with work, as a method of solving human destiny. England has gone on so steadily expecting every man to do his duty, that some men, perhaps many, have actually done it, and where that happens there can be no ultimate national failure.

"YES," said my friend, "the book is clever, but interesting," and by that simple conjunction admitted more of his attitude of mind than he would ever have consciously confessed, or perhaps will ever consciously know. If you should ask him, he would tell you that he, more than his fellows, sets a high value on all manifestations of mind; but the turn of his phrase betrayed his profounder sentiment—he really thinks them at variance with interest, probably with heart-interest.

The Disrepute of Intellect

And the worst of it is that the world agrees with him. The world is continually stealing upon intellect, expecting to discover it undermining the laws or corrupting youth, and when they find it quietly earning its living and educating its children, they murmur, surprised: "Clever, and yet a good citizen."

The female sex, noting the discourage-

ments, both tangible and intangible, which have always attended intellectual achievement in women, has thought itself a peculiar sufferer. Women have complained loudly, as if for them alone intelligence was penalized. They have pointed out that until only the other day, the foundation of a girl's education was to teach her, first, that she was constitutionally incapable of learning anything; second, that it was most undesirable that she should; and, third, that if by any mad chance she did she must most carefully conceal it. The heart being thus taken out of pupil and teacher alike, they passed lightly on to those studies which promised to develop the mind as little as possible.

It must, of course, have been irritating to be told—as women are sometimes told to this day—that the best kind of cleverness for them consists in hiding their cleverness (as if the best kind of a machine was one which expended all its energy in remaining absolutely still); but a moment's reflection will show women that they fare but little worse in the matter than their brothers.

Consider the attitude of our undergraduates toward scholarship. Consider the attitude of our society toward anything that approaches conversation. Consider how terrified are our hostesses lest their philosophers should talk philosophy or their clergymen religion, and thus break into the cult of the "Light Touch"—the light touch being to conversation what athletics are to scholarship; the secret aim, the better, brighter way.

Long before Kingsley wrote "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever"—thus suggesting to the youthful mind that she was excessively unlikely to be both—the doctrine of the undependability of brains had been industriously spread by those who felt doubtful of possessing them. It is high time that some one showed sufficient courage to say a word in their favor. Fools have had long enough to sow the seeds of suspicion. It is time that some one pointed out that such phrases as "A dull fellow, but truthful, honest, and dependable as the day" are a contradiction in terms.

Stevenson told us years ago that we must have not only keen sense and clear minds to perceive and register the truth, but an immense power of language and knowledge of our audience in order to communicate the perception. Does not this require brains?

As for honesty, it would indeed be reckless to trust a man on no better grounds than the belief that he did not have sense enough to steal. His stupidity might merely serve to blind him as to the dangers of being found out. No, no; honesty in these days demands intellect of so distinguished an order that not even our high courts can always be sure who has attained it. And as far as dependability goes, give me a man who has not only the will to oblige me, but the wit to know how it is to be done.

If the day should ever come—and it seems extremely unlikely—when the great majority regard intellect as an asset and not as a liability, we may be surprised to find that our organizations organize, our schools educate, and our society entertains

·THE FIELD OF ART·

JEAN ANTOINE HOUDON

SINCE the days of the cathedral-builders France has never been without great masters of the chisel. Traditions and an ever-accumulating skill have been passed on as from father to son through generations immemorial. With all that "apostolic succession" of genius we of another race are strangely unfamiliar. One name, however, we associate with that of our first President, and for this reason, and not because Jean Antoine Houdon was the leading sculptor of his time, is he sometimes mentioned in the United States.

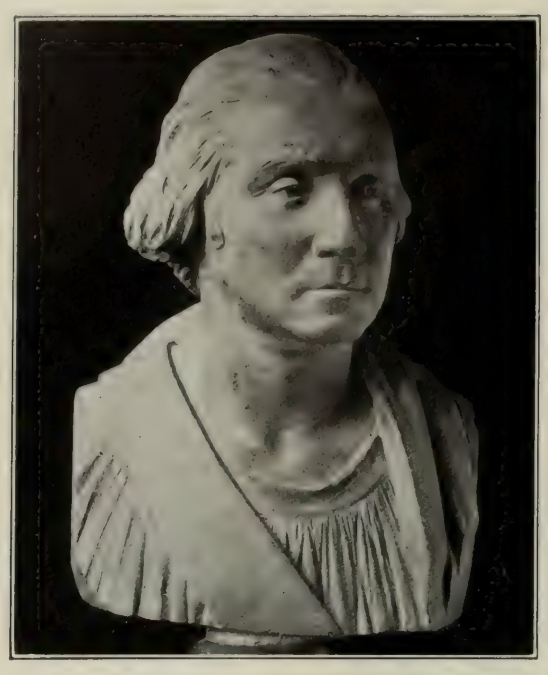
Last June, at the Doucet sale in Paris, Houdon's little bust of his daughter Sabine was sold for the sum of $90,000. Houdon is "looking up," and as a success may yet become worthy of our attention.



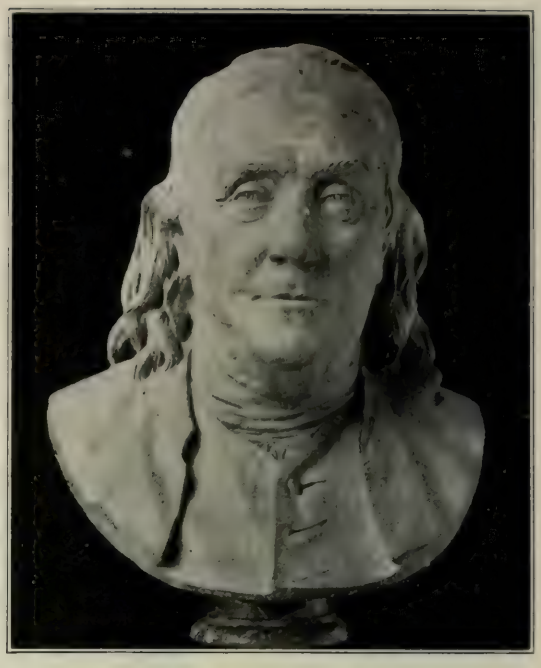
Houdon's daughter Sabine.

Like most men destined to do things this great artist was born in an humble home, 1741 and Versailles being the time and place. Houdon, like Rodin, was the son of a concierge. The building in which Houdon *père* performed his humble duties became the home of an art school, and he remained as janitor. Very possibly this circumstance determined the career of the son. From the age of seven he grew up in the favoring environment, finding in clay and marble his natural medium of expression. At fifteen he had taken the "quarterly prize," and at twenty the Prix de Rome was his, with its privilege of seven years' study "at the expense of the King." In 1764 the young man found himself at Rome. Here he remained for four years, producing, like Mercié and a few others of a later period, notable works while still a student. His "Saint Bruno" in the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli in Rome is a superbly sculptural conception—a striking contrast in the simplicity of its lines and mass to the contemporaneous Italian works of that decadent period. One of the best anatomical figures used in modern studios is also his work, and dates from his same school-days.

Returning to Paris he began at once a career of prosperous industry which has never been surpassed. A "Morpheus" occupied him for a while and sealed his admission to the Academy, but a more general popularity was that won by his bust of Diderot, which pointed the way toward even greater successes in interpretative portraiture. A multitude of orders, including commissions from the royal household, did not prevent his carrying on ideal works at the same time. Presently all Paris was talking of his wonderful "Diana," that lithe and airy figure which Louis Gonse calls "the most illustrious example of the nude feminine in French statuary." One has but to glance at the affectations and conceits of the period to appreciate the grace and simplicity of this radiant work. The sculptor performed a miracle in robbing the bronze of all suggestion of weight; the statue appears as light as fleet-footed Artemis herself. The head is no less ideal than the figure. Beautifully constructed and lovingly modelled, it has a sweet severity of expression worthy of the Greek. Neither Rodin nor any other Frenchman of to-day could make a head like this—they are incapable of conceiving the type. One has but to compare it with Falguière's



Washington.



Franklin.

version of the chaste goddess to appreciate the change in point of view.

In 1778 Voltaire returned to Paris to die. He was eighty-four years of age and had been an exile for some twenty-seven years. It was Houdon's good fortune to be granted sittings by the venerable author, and the speedy result was an astonishingly animated portrait—"the bust with the wig"—which was exhibited at the Salon of 1779. This head, which is familiar to every art student, recalls the description that the aged Voltaire left of himself: "I have not the sort of face for a statue. They want to model my face, but for this I should possess a face; they will hardly be able to divine its position. My eyes are sunken to the depth of three inches, my cheeks are like so much old parchment badly glued on some old bones supported by nothing! The few teeth I ever had are gone." Out of such material did the sculptor create his great work!

Along with the bust Houdon exhibited a sketch-model for a seated statue of Voltaire, which was rewarded with instant favor and an order. The marble was completed and presented in 1781 to the Comédie Française, where it made a great impression and by good right, for there is nothing finer in French sculpture. It has the fundamental greatness of a truly sculptural thought, compactness of mass and concentration of line united with charming variety of detail. Within its simple contour is such an abundance of "color," such harmonious play of light and shade, as few masters have been able to evolve from so austere and exigent a motif. Over the entire surface the eye roams gratefully, finding ever new delights of interblending half-tones. Nowhere is there a discordant note; the statue has "atmosphere." It possesses what the painters call "quality." But beautiful as is the drapery in itself, it is admirably subordinated; its lines lead persuasively, irresistibly, to the alert, smiling, cynical face. Not only has the master known how to clothe the worn-out frame with grace and almost majesty, but he has by some magic craft put the very look of a soul into that weazened countenance. Its strange potency has been summed up by Claude Phillips where he refers to "this keenly interrogative marble—with the glance of ice and of flame."

In 1776 Franklin had been sent to represent the struggling colonies at Europe's one friendly court, and his arrival in France created a furore of amiable curiosity. Among the hundreds of portraits made of the American philosopher during his long sojourn in Paris were excellent busts by both Caffieri and Houdon, the latter dated 1778. Franklin's was so marked an individuality that there was no temptation to idealize, and both skilful sculptors have adhered closely to the facts. Another notable work of the same year was the well-known bust of Molière, of the Comédie Française. What data the

sculptor possessed for this undertaking we do not know, but the great dramatist could scarcely have fared better had he posed in the flesh. It is the essential Molière, and a masterpiece of directness.



Voltaire.
In the foyer of the Théâtre Français, Paris.

Striking portraits of Rousseau, Mirabeau, John Paul Jones, Lavoisier, Buffon, and a score of others followed in rapid succession, interspersed with such modern works as "La Frileuse," or "Winter," and "Summer."

As the "first sculptor of his day" Houdon was invited in 1784 by Thomas Jefferson, representing the State of Virginia, to make a statue of General Washington. On July 28, 1785, the sculptor with three assistants sailed in the company of Benjamin Franklin from Southampton, bound for Philadelphia. The journey required nearly two months and Houdon did not arrive at Mount Vernon until October 2. Two weeks were occupied in modelling the bust, making a life-mask and taking many measurements, with all of which the artist departed rejoicing; and, thanks to the rapid ocean service of the time, was home again on Christmas day! The result of this trip was the notable marble which stands in the State House at Richmond, our most trustworthy portrait of the first President. Even Gilbert Stuart, we are told, acknowledged its superiority to his own familiar Athenæum head.* This important statue, in which the sculptor took an unusual pride, is well known through the bronze reproductions to be found in several cities of the United States. None of these gives, however, the impression of the original in the sky-lighted rotunda of the one-time capital of the Confederacy. There the head and shoulders are strongly illuminated and the effect is inexpressibly noble, a sort of apotheosis of the father of his country. This has been attained by perfectly legiti-

*"Life and Works of Jean Antoine Houdon," by Hart and Biddle.

mate means: the quiet, military attitude, with head slightly raised, and a masterly simplification of the features. Undoubtedly Washington was an admirable subject; his countenance, unlike that of Voltaire, was sculptural in suggestion, and his figure heroic. The original bust, modelled at Mount Vernon, is now in the Louvre, where, in company with that of Franklin, it makes the Salle Houdon a particularly interesting place for errant Americans.

Virginia had acquired a taste for sculpture and ordered in the same year a bust of Lafayette, in duplicate, one copy to be placed in the State House and the other to be presented to France. The American copy, recently removed to the State Library of Virginia, shows the youthful Lafayette, with his singular, retreating brow and exaggerated length of nose; the military coat losing itself in the voluminous folds of a cloak which is carried around the pedestal. Subsequently Houdon modelled a bust of Thomas Jefferson, and to the end of his life Americans seem to have been particularly welcome in his studio. Among his latest works were busts of Robert Fulton and Joel Barlow.



Lafayette.
In the State Library of Virginia (Richmond).

It is difficult to imagine an enthusiastic art production during the sombre days of the French Revolution, but the Salon was held as usual and Houdon seems to have toiled peacefully in his studio, even while the guillotine was doing its grewsome work. He barely missed its attentions, but was saved by the wit of his wife. When the Reign of Terror was over there still remained some heads to model, among them those of Napoleon and Josephine, of whom, in the course of time, he made excellent busts.

Houdon had three children, of whom he left delightful portraits. Indeed, many will consider him greatest of all in these ingenuous representations; the modest, inquiring attitude of his mind made him a peculiarly sympathetic interpreter of childhood. Comparing his kindly, wide-eyed vision with the breathless striving, the lawless exaggeration, of so many of his successors, one is tempted to quote the Scripture: "Except ye become as little children." The great sculptor died in 1828, full of years and honors.

The wonder of Houdon's art cannot be conveyed in a word or phrase; it is not his perfection in any one line nor even his versatility in many; the combination of the two explains the triumph with which his every artistic adventure was rewarded. Caffieri made as good a bust as he—sometimes; Falconet and Julien equalled him on occasions in grace and in the subtilties of the nude; and Pigalle was a formidable rival in monumental work; but Houdon was able to turn from one form of expression to another and apparently without previous experience produce in each field a result worthy to be called a masterpiece. Unlike most moderns, who follow up a success with endless iterations of the theme or method, he was ever seeking new problems. This made him the great artist that he was. In his portraits from life, in his masterly idealization of Molière, in his "Diana," and in his "Voltaire" we have examples of four distinct departments of sculpture in which he stands pre-eminent. Where shall we find such another record?

LORADO TAFT.



Painted by John Newton Howitt

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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NEW PASSES IN TYROL

THREE GLORIOUS MOUNTAIN HIGHWAYS WHICH ENHANCE THE CHARMS OF THE "MOTORIST'S PARADISE"

By Charles Lincoln Freeston, F.R.G.S.

Author of "The High-Roads of the Alps," "The Passes of the Pyrenees," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS

AFTER a long, detailed, and comprehensive experience of touring in the Alps, the Apennines, and the Pyrenees, with oft-repeated opportunities of comparing the good roads with the bad, and the bad with the lack of any highway at all, I have come definitely to the conclusion that there is no public work—outside town areas, of course—which is of such wide-spread benefit, or so completely praiseworthy, as the building of a finely engineered carriage-road over a mountain pass on which there was naught previously but a mule-track, or maybe only a man-trodden path.

One premise only must be granted, and that is that mountain scenery is a thing to be admired, and, if admired, to be sought out for its own sake. At one time I should have thought that the postulate required no stating, and that it would have been as absurd to argue that sunlight was beneficial to mankind. A series of disillusionments, however, has led me to conclude that it is unsafe to postulate anything in this contradictory world, for since I started writing about Alpine passes I have met unadventurous folk galore to whom all mountains are an oppression and snow-capped peaks a horror. Show them a picture of a landscape of superb beauty and they shiver; confront them with the landscape itself and their chagrin becomes vocal. In the Alps and Pyrenees alike I have travelled with people who sighed for flat pastures and fields of waving corn, and the most harmonious outlines and the most resplendent glaciers left them unadmiring and cold.

In the case of pictures only, without any actual experience, the cause of this inappreciation is not far to seek. To those unfamiliar with the circumstances of travel in Alpine or kindred regions the sight of snow suggests a wintry atmosphere, and they know nothing of the ineffable conjunction of mountain air, in the vicinity of the glaciers, with brilliant sunshine and wholly agreeable conditions—the more agreeable from the fact that they may be enjoyed at a time when the valley which has been left below is bathed in sweltering heat. Discomfort is only suggested by an Alpine photograph to the man who has never seen snow save at low altitudes in the winter months; and, so far from being unwelcome to the summer tourist, it is hailed with joy, both as a feast to the eye and as the cause of that peculiar quality of "nippy" and refreshing atmosphere which must be tasted to be understood. There is nothing in nature so glorious as the combination of summer light and flowers on the neighboring slopes with snowy pinnacles above, and Alpine travel would be robbed of half its pleasures if the snow were absent, and one had to depend on the grandeur of the mountain outlines alone.

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Save for one instance—that of an angler and golfer who declared that a green meadow with a stream, or a links over which he might drive his rubber-core, was to him the height of earthly bliss—the people who have personally traversed my innocent postulate have been of the fair sex. Nor is this subjective dislike of mountain panoramas confined to women I myself have met, and therefore a matter of possible disproportion; it has lately been expressed openly in print. In a monthly review I read the other day an article by a lady author who descanted on the "terrible crags of the mighty Alps," which "strike a chill to the heart as they rear themselves all unexpectedly, cold and awful, above the lower strata of the clouds." Not content with this, the good lady confessed to a "sense of divorce and isolation in the face of natural beauty," and found salvation in a fresco in the Church of St. Mary of the Angels at Lugano!

So long as men or women exist, therefore, who can acknowledge sentiments such as these, it is unsafe to regard the love of scenery as universal, and we must leave Euclid in unassailed possession of the honor of being the only person who could lay down postulates without fear of contradiction. With scenery, as with other things, it is a case of *quot homines, tot sententiæ*, and nothing is immune from attack; *e. g.*, did not De Quincey say of Keats's poetry that it "belonged essentially to the vilest collections of wax-work filigree or gilt gingerbread"?



Sterzing, the junction of the Brenner and Jaufen routes, as seen from above.

It may be conceded, moreover, that there is a greater measure of reason in the point of view which regards the Alps as an oppression, by reason of their magnitude, than in the purely inartistic failure to recognize the beauties of an Alpine photograph or painting. Before the Alps were conquered, indeed, the attitude of mankind almost generally toward the mountains was one of unadulterated fear. It is voiced with frequency in sixteenth-cen-

tury books of travel, and peaks we now travel thousands of miles to see, the mediæval wayfarer regarded only in the light of obstacles which were difficult to surmount.

In the main, nevertheless, as no one will deny, this fear of Alpine heights is a thing of the past. Who wrought the change, and was it the work of many decades and many minds? The answer is brief but emphatic. A few roads were made by the Romans, but it was Napoleon the Great who first conceived the idea of storming nature's barriers by wholesale road-building in high latitudes; and, in thus setting free men's sense of beauty, he rendered services to humanity which will deserve remembrance long after his lust for conquest is forgiven and forgotten. At a later period the Alps were conquered anew, and in a different fashion, by climbers, mostly English; and then followed the tide of tourist travel, aided chiefly by the growth of the railroad system.

But while railroads will take holiday-makers in tens of thousands to certain Alpine centres, and while funiculars and rack-and-pinion lines will carry them in many cases to actual summits, the effect has not been entirely to the good, for whereas some lofty pinnacles, not even excepting the Jungfrau, are too easily attained, there is too general a reluctance —climbers apart—to go anywhere but where the locomotive leads the way. The *via media*, represented by the mountain road, between attaining a great height by rail on the one hand, and staying ingloriously several thousand feet below on the other, is hardly ever chosen, or even admitted as a possibility, by the ordinary tourist.

The motorist knows better. Without aspiring to emulate the feats of the rock scrambler, now become a commonplace by reason of the fact that every peak in the Alps has been scaled and given a name, the man who drives a trusty car may find whole districts which are unknown to the traveller by rail, and may rise to heights which offer the absolute maximum of artistic enjoyment. For the finest views in Alpine territory are neither those which are to be obtained from the valley level, nor from the loftiest peak, which, when attained, often affords a panorama which is in a sense a ploughed field on an exalted scale. The Alpine carriage-road leads the mountain-worshipper to places of suffi-



Street scene in Sterzing.



Snow-flecked peaks ahead, Jaufen Pass.

cient height to have afforded him unlimited variety of scene by the way, from valley to pine-wood, from pine-wood to the upper pastures, or "alps," and from alps to the limit of his climb; and there he may gaze in unrestricted admiration upon often far-reaching vistas or panoramas of still higher mountains.

There is hardly a single mountain pass, of the many scores which I have crossed, which does not repay the lover of the picturesque. Sometimes the actual summit may be restricted in its outlook, because the road may have been carved through walls of rock; but, even in these cases, there are almost invariably magnificent perspectives a few yards below the final cutting on one side or the other, and often on each alike. Unlike a railroad, moreover, the building of a mountain road involves no defacement of the scenery; and, though it simplifies the means of access between one village and another, it brings no inordinate amount of traffic, or permanent structures in the shape of stations or lines of rail, such as are inseparable from the railroad system.

While Switzerland is honey-combed with railroads even in the non-populous districts, and even the chief mountain roads have ceded place to tunnels, there are many districts in France where the finest scenery can only be enjoyed from the highway itself. To realize, however, the full measure of what can be accomplished in the way of giving access to Alpine heights, without the costly and artistically doubtful expedient of laying down rails, one must needs motor to Tyrol.

Words utterly fail to express one's admiration for the wonders which have been accomplished in this earthly paradise. A few years ago it was almost a *terra incognita*, and its manifold beauties could only be enjoyed by mountaineers, and even by them in piecemeal fashion. A transformation has been effected, however, of so complete a kind that there is hardly one of its most important valleys which is not attainable by road, although there is plenty of opportunity for the pedestrian to explore more sequestered spots. One need not stay to argue as to whether the altered state of things is as desirable as if



On the descent nearing the zone of trees, Jaufen Pass.

the whole province were virgin ground. Means of intercommunication must be found for the inhabitants themselves even if the tourist be left out of the question altogether; and, this being so, it is infinitely less desecrating to provide good roads than to introduce the locomotive on rails. I make bold to say, however, that the face of nature has not been despoiled in Tyrol to the most infinitesimal degree; and, though it is true that foreigners are now brought to what were more or less remote fastnesses, the sum of human happiness has thereby indubitably been increased, and without the wholesale incursion of travellers by train-loads which would have been the case if the Tyrolese had succumbed to the feverish energy of their neighbors, the Swiss railroad engineers.

Every tourist in the Eastern Alps has heard, of course, of the wonderful Dolomitenstrasse, or "Dolomites road," which was finally completed in 1909. Almost it seemed to offer the last word in Alpine road construction, whilst the advantages it conferred on the traveller in enabling him to go from Bozen to Cortina, through the very heart of the mountains, instead of describing three sides of a rhomboid by way of Brixen, the Pusterthal, and Toblach, amid much less impressive scenery, were of the most liberal kind. But the Tyrolese authorities did not stay their hand by any means after this achievement, striking and colossal though it was, and two other schemes have since matured which are of scarcely less importance than the Dolomitenstrasse itself. I refer to the construction of the Jaufen and Broccone roads, each of which is of the highest value as a line of communication, each of perfect quality as a highway, and each picturesque at every point. [See map, p. 676.]

The new Jaufen Pass leads from Sterzing on the Brenner road to St. Leonhard, and there connects with what was formerly a *cul de sac* road to Meran. Quite apart from the added beauties thus unfolded to view, the new road confers a practical convenience which can hardly be overestimated, as it relieves the tourist of the necessity of doubling his track, and is particularly beneficial to those who may de-

sire to essay the famous Stelvio Pass, the highest and most wonderful road in Europe. By its position the Stelvio is always difficult to work into one's itinerary, but the new link between Sterzing and Meran



St. Leonhard ahead, Jaufen Pass.

greatly facilitates the process. The Jaufen road took six years to build, at a cost of 2,500,000 kronen, and has replaced an old path which was so rough that even riding was not recommended. For every one alike, therefore, the new pass has opened up a new area of beauty.

Sterzing, the starting-point, is a bright little town well known to frequenters of the Brenner route. The appearance of its one and only street is unusually pleasing, what with arcades, balconies, and turrets, and a picturesque old Rathaus. I have seen the town described as "sleepy," but curiously enough have twice passed through it on a Sunday, when it was alive with townsfolk and peasants from the surrounding villages. Now, however, that it is a junction with the Jaufen and Brenner roads alike, it is destined to wear even on week-days an air of greater activity than before.

If bound for the Jaufen Pass from Innsbruck we cross the Brenner—which I found lately to be better in surface quality than

ever—and drive through Sterzing to the village of Gasteig, and there swing to the right. Sterzing stands at a height of 3,116 feet, and Gasteig, three kilometres further on, is only 20 metres higher; but here the ascent begins in earnest. The road rises to the summit (6,889 feet) in 15 kilometres, or 18 from Sterzing, and therefore represents an



Nearing the summit, Jaufen Pass.



The last corner before the summit, Jaufen Pass, Sterzing side.

average ascent of 353 feet per mile from the village and 335 feet from the town. There are ten corners to be rounded in all. The road is of fine width, being nowhere of less than 65 feet radius on the straight, or less than 39 feet on the corners. The average gradient is seven and one half per cent, and the maximum is little more, as the rise is comparatively even. From start to finish there is not one single danger spot, and, as a piece of road engineering, the Jaufen Pass is perfect. I mention these and other practical details which may follow because they are extremely difficult to obtain, and yet are of paramount importance to the driver of a car.

Rising with minor windings to the first corner in a little over two kilometres, we find it to be a sweeping horseshoe bend, the rounding of which is accomplished with ease. Beyond it we obtain an effective view of Sterzing and its environment of mountains, with the river Eisak winding through the valley six hun-



Palace Hotel, Roncegno.



A panoramic view of the winding road, Broccone Pass.

dred feet below. The road continues excellent throughout and is bordered by rectangular pillars all the way, with occasional fences also. Reaching within two kilometres the second corner, again beautifully curved, we turn to the right and enter the zone of pines. The road itself is open, however, for some distance. After a time the gradient moderates as the hamlet of Kalch is approached, but beyond this it again becomes fairly steep.

A wood is entered, and the road surface changes from white to brown. In four kilometres or so from its predecessor the third corner is reached—a nice "hairpin" bend. The fourth is less than a kilometre higher and is of the horseshoe type, and then a rather longer interval occurs before the fifth comes into view, followed in less than a kilometre by the sixth, both being of liberal radius. By this time we have risen to a height of 5,577 feet, or 2,461 feet above Sterzing.

There is now an uninterrupted rise of four kilometres, the skilful grading of the road extorting our admiration the while, and at length the belt of pines is left behind and we emerge onto an "alp," or pasture. Then comes a *lacet* of four corners, none of them acute, and, with recurring views at each turn of the Ratschings-Thal below, we are quickly at the summit, passing a *gasthaus* and a small chapel. The motorist of experience in Alpine work will be able to form a fair idea of what this ascent of 3,773 feet implies, according to the power of his individual car; but I may state that on a 38-horse-power Daimler I did most of the journey comfortably on the second speed, with occasional resort to the third, and generally with a nearly closed throttle. The old hand at the game keeps his engine cool by this means. If the pace had been forced the third speed could have been employed for much longer periods.

The actual summit is a cutting between banks, but in a few yards a new and glorious prospect is displayed; the ascent was picturesque, but the descent is doubly so.

The Jaufenspitze is close at hand, and other snow-flecked peaks—in June, at all events—continue the chain all down the valley, with a vista of a massive group beyond the foot of the pass. At the time of my own crossing, these distant peaks were unfortunately shrouded in rain and mist, and photography was at a discount accordingly; but I have no hesitation in describing the scenery of the Jaufen generally as truly grandiose, and even equal to that of the Pordoi itself.

For a time the road is *tranchée*, or cut along the side of the mountain slope, and leads in 2 kilometres to the first corner. The fall from the summit to St. Leonhard is one of 4,757 feet in 20 kilometres, an average of 383½ feet per mile. There are eleven corners to be rounded, but all are of good radius. The gradient is such, moreover, that the descent can be made mostly on compression without resort to the brakes.

On the higher slopes one meets handsome cattle, and the drover is duly grateful if the car is stopped while he pilots them by. Civility always pays when touring, but nowhere more so than in Tyrol, and the peasants are quick to acknowledge passing courtesies.

By the time the sixth corner is reached the zone of trees has been left behind, and the descent has been one of 2,167 feet in about ten kilometres. Corresponding to that on the other side, though rather longer, a virtually straight stretch of six kilometres now occurs without a corner, and with noble prospects throughout. The village of Walten is passed at an altitude of 4,265 feet, with a *gasthaus*, soon after crossing a mountain tarn by a wooden bridge. Deeper and deeper still one descends toward St. Leonhard, but with an easy gradient, while the views tempt the photographer to stop and stop again. They are among the finest to be found on Alpine roads.

The next corner is cut through a rock tunnel, which thus robs the one on the



The Vanoi Bridge, at the foot of the Broccone Pass.
The cars shown in the picture are the first to cross after the opening of the bridge.



The summit of the Broccone Pass.

Falzarego Pass of its quondam monopoly, for, though tunnels are common and hairpin corners also common, these are the only two instances throughout the Alps of the rock being bored in semi-elliptic fashion. This seventh change of direction finds us at a 3,477-feet altitude, and the major portion of the descent has now been made. The pleasant gush of a mountain torrent breaks the quietude of one's progress, and the remaining four corners, all perfect in kind, bring us down to 2,542 feet, and a straight run to St. Leonhard (2,132 feet) ends the journey over the pass—a magnificent experience throughout, and one that I could never tire of repeating.

St. Leonhard itself is an attractive spot, and intimately associated in Tyrolean history with the patriot Andreas Hofer. Above the town stands a ruined castle, the Jaufenburg. As I am dealing with practical as well as scenic considerations, I may mention here that, if one has come the whole way from Innsbruck, the question of luncheon may have to be considered by now, as there is no hotel on the Jaufen Pass between the terminal points. If Meran be preferred as a halting-place, the day's journey should be begun at Sterzing. The Jaufen



The descending road, Broccone Pass.

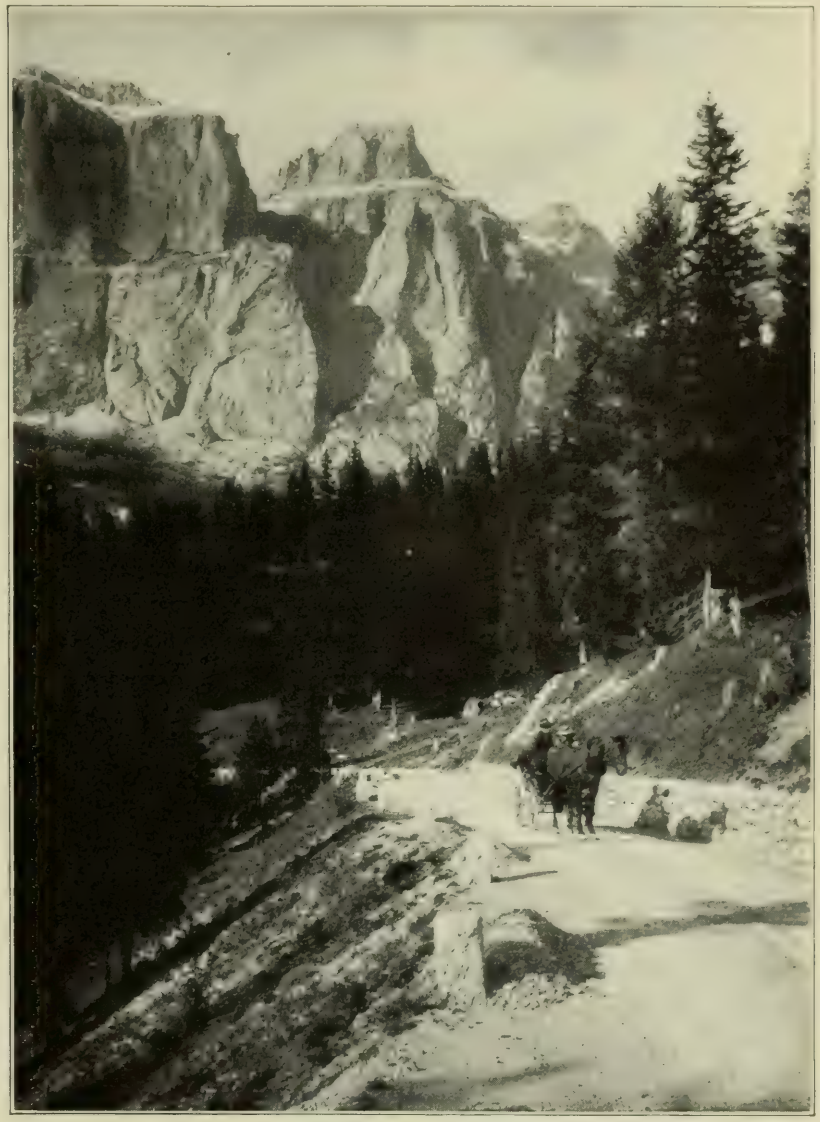


Nearing the foot of the Pass.
The village of Ronco in the centre.

road, like the Falzarego, has not been built in the too prevalent fashion which awaits the upgrowth of a series of villages before connecting them by road; it is a through route from town to town, and the villages have yet to follow. Moreover, the journey between St. Leonhard and Meran is not to be measured by distance alone, as we shall see.

It affords, indeed, the most illuminating example that could well be imagined of the difference between a definitely engineered road over a lofty pass and a mere local route of relatively low altitude. The drive to Meran, in fact, takes much more time per kilometre than the ascent or descent of the Jaufen itself! Until the pass was opened the lower road was barred to motor-cars, and before Meran is reached one sees good reason why, although there is only a difference in altitude of 1,082 feet between that town and St. Leonhard.

The road follows the river Passer, and slow travelling is necessary for a time by reason of the frequent corners. Then it improves somewhat, with a downward tendency, and one might easily assume that the descent would continue to Meran. At a village, however, the road rises unexpectedly above the bed of the river and becomes narrow and tortuous; it rises, moreover, to a fair height. Almost one believes one's self to be on the wrong route, unless forewarned of this intermediate ascent, which is due, however, to the fact that the river is subject to inundations, and a road along its banks would be impracticable. Eventually the road begins to descend again, but the journey to Meran is not an easy one. Signs of widening and other improvements were visible, however, when I passed this way last summer, immediately after the opening of the Jaufenstrasse, and future travellers may find the conditions more agreeable accordingly. I should add that when within touch of Meran a toll of 10 kronen is demanded, presumably toward the cost of the Jaufenstrasse and the improvement of the local road from St. Leonhard.



The Sella group, Pordoi Pass.

To the Broccone Pass, in the opposite corner of Tyrol, it is possible to accord terms of praise no less high than those which I have felt to be but bare justice to the Jaufen. The road is so good in every respect that to drive over it is a sheer delight. Somewhat less majestic, perhaps, than the Jaufen as regards the scenery which it unfolds, because it lies much

further south, it is nevertheless truly picturesque throughout, and serves an even more useful purpose than the Sterzing-Meran road as a means of through communication. For the Broccone supplies just the very link that was wanted after the building of the Dolomitenstrasse; and, though that want has now been fulfilled for a couple of years, the road is outlined on no sheet maps, and described at length in no existing guide-book. Even in works on Tyrol which have been published within the last few months I find merely a passing mention, or no mention at all, of the route in question, and in the circumstances I make no apology for referring to it as a new road, or entering herewith upon a description of its good qualities.

Every one who knows Tyrol at all will recollect that at the village of Predazzo there is a conjunction of three passes—the San Lugano, the Pordoi, and the Rolle, respectively. It is impossible to leave the Pordoi and its continuation, the Falzarego, out of account, so great are their attractions; but, on the other hand, the scenery of the Rolle is superbly beautiful, and to ignore it is a crime. The expedient may be chosen of running up to the summit and back from Predazzo, but it is better far to traverse the pass from end to end. Until the Broccone road was built, however, this would have involved a journey into Italy and the passing of custom-houses; but the great point about the Broccone is that it enables one to remain within Austrian territory throughout, as well as to enjoy another mountain journey of abundant attractiveness.

Hence I recommend beyond all question that those who wish to see Tyrol at its best should descend the valleys of the Eisak and Adige from Bozen to Trient, thereby avoiding the San Lugano Pass altogether, and from the latter town work up to the Dolomites by way of the Val Sugana, and thence over the Broccone and Gobbera Passes, the Rolle, the Pordoi, and the Falzarego—a quintet of roads which for quality of surface, marvellous engineering skill, and grandeur of scenery, is unsurpassed in the whole world.

The run from Bozen to Trient is all along the flat, unless the opportunity be taken of going over the Mendel Pass—a wise alternative if time permits. Then from Trient one turns eastward for the Val Sugana, by way of Pergine and Levico. From the map it might be assumed that the road would be flat, but it undulates pleasantly, and, short of Levico, affords a charming view of a green lake nestling below wooded banks. At intervals along the route large signs may be seen indicating the distance to Roncegno; observe these carefully, for Roncegno lies slightly off the main road, and must by all means be given a passing if not a lengthy visit.

When the corner is reached, about 30 kilometres from Trient, where the by-road to Roncegno is encountered, one ascends a short hill, to find one's self in what is certainly the most agreeable sub-Alpine health resort for hundreds of miles around. The place is famed for its arsenical springs, and there are two large hotels here, the Grand and the Park, both kept by Dr. Waiz, himself a keen motorist, who may be counted upon to give the best advice as to the touring resources of the district, while the standard of his establishments is as high as I have ever come across in my travels. Very rarely do I go out of my way to mention a hotel by name, but there are times when, for exceptional reasons, one must needs do so in the tourist's own interest.

Returning eventually to the main road, one must continue eastward for several kilometres, and cross two bridges in succession; the second has white girders. Just before a third is reached a road to the left leads up to the Broccone Pass; it is easy to overshoot the turn, which is indicated by a sign-post with the words, "Strigno e Tesino," but in any case the car can be backed from the third bridge.

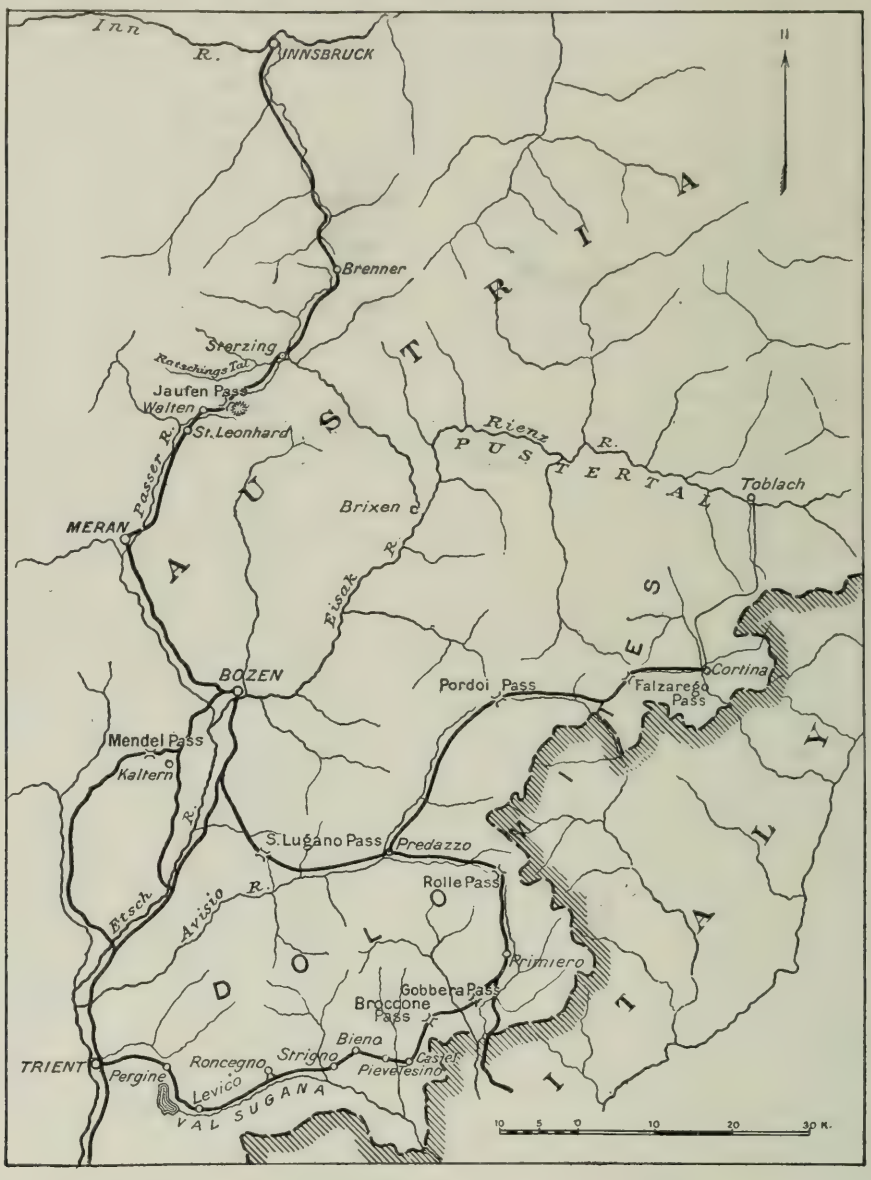
A fairly steep rise follows to Strigno, where the ascent becomes steeper still, over bad cobbles. After winding through the village one ascends a fairly good but narrow and sinuous road, and soon the valley is seen down below, with fine *massifs* on the right. The hamlet of Bieno is passed, and, ere reaching Pieve Tesino, the road improves and the valley widens. Care is required, however, all the way from the junction near the bridge above mentioned, for some 20 kilometres, as the road is a purely local one, and there are sharp corners and occasional cart traffic.

The fact serves to emphasize the more



The windings of the Pordoi Pass, in the heart of the Dolomites.

forcibly the splendid quality of the Broccone road itself, which begins, after a short descent and rise, at Castel Tesino (2,834 feet), where the women wear a picturesque costume. A sign, "Per Broccone," leaves the way beyond doubt, and



Map showing motor routes through new passes in Tyrol.

before the village of Forche is reached, and four more to Malga Marande (5,375 feet), the highest point, but all are of wide radius, and the changes of direction afford fine retrospective views over the valley below. The next two kilometres represent a fall of 98 feet, and then a rise of 46 feet, in a like distance, brings us to the summit, its obelisk, and its hospice.

one turns to the left, leaving on the right a monument to Garibaldi. The ascent to be faced is one of 2,471 feet in 12½ kilometres—an average of 325½ feet per mile—for though the summit of the pass is 17 kilometres away, it is, curiously enough, not the highest point on the road.

At first the rise is easy, over a wonderfully good, broad road, but at the Col della Bagole (1 kilometre) one swings to the left, and the gradient thenceforward averages 7 per cent. There are five bends

Of the views on the descent it is impossible to speak justly without repetition of commendatory terms already employed; the English language is not equal to the task of describing more than one mountain road in sequence! Nevertheless, however charming, picturesque, or even superbly beautiful an Alpine pass may be, there is generally some feature of variety which



A Dolomitic view, as seen after crossing the Gobbera Pass and entering the Rolle Pass.

may or may not be capable of definement, but which distinguishes the route from its fellows and makes it worth the crossing. The descent of the Broccone differs sufficiently from any other in its prospects to justify the journey, and is in every way enjoyable. But even those who are prepared to take this for granted will ask for practical advice, and I may record the fact that the fall is one of 2,878 feet, or 331 feet per mile in 14 kilometres, to Ponte Vanoi, a fine stone bridge beyond which there is a rise of 22 feet to the end of the road at Canale S. Bovo (2,449 feet). The run down to Ronco, the village seen in the middle distance in my photographs, is effected by a *lacet* of five turns, all of easy radius. As we pass through the village smiling children shyly hand us posies, and do not barter, as in Switzerland, for payment.

From Canale S. Bovo there is a rise over a saddle, with a series of well-graded bends, to the Gobbera summit, by another new road which has displaced a cart-track. The surface is excellent, but the road is slightly narrower than the Broccone. At the summit (3,277 feet), which is soon attained in seven kilometres, there is an inn. An easy winding descent leads down to Imer (2,133 feet) in three kilometres.

Here we begin the ascent of the Rolle Pass, and though it involves a rise of 4,291 feet it is unique in its transcendent beauty from Fiera di Primiero right up to the summit. I have ascended and descended the Rolle alike, and cannot say which is the more delightful experience; but no tourist should fail to cross this pass if his appreciation of Tyrolean beauty is to be complete. Of the succeeding journey to Predazzo, and thence over the Dolomitenstrasse, I have no space left to speak, and can merely reiterate the fact that this chain of passes from Castel Tesino to Cortina is the most stupendous combination of panoramic beauty with scientific road construction that can be found in the Alps from end to end, and in the making of these magnificent highways the Tyrolese authorities have earned alike the gratitude of the road tourist and the unstinted admiration of the whole civilized world.



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

We all listened breathless even after the last chord of it had ceased to throb.—Page 682.

MRS. VAN ANDEN SINGS

A STORY OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH

WHEN I heard Mrs. Van Anden's song drifting through the white mists of moonlight of a North Country May I knew what Radbourne, the construction superintendent of the Missinaibi River station, meant that afternoon when he called the chief resident's wife "a butterfly woman with a voice of terrible premonitions." I remembered having laughed when he had punctured his light gossip of the little group of his neighbors at the camp with the characterization of Mrs. Van Anden; but the recollection of his phrase brought me no thought of laughter as a crooning contralto bore its burden of singing out upon a night of mystic beauty that hung low over the hushed pine woods of the Bush.

We were on the veranda of Mrs. Lowden's boarding-house, a log eyry on the crest of a hill that sloped sharply down to the river, Mrs. Lowden, Gordon Nicolson, and I. The station had become headquarters for the contractors who were building the Transcontinental through the Bush when the Right-of-Way had been cleared westward as far as Lake Nepigon, and the steel ended at the bridge whose skeleton frame spanned the whirling waters of the Missinaibi. From where we sat we could see the lights in the offices, where a score of men were at work on maps, and estimates, and pay-rolls, and blue-prints. We could see, too, the forge fires of the bridge, where Gordon Nicolson's crew was toiling on the completion of the superstructure. Down-stream a blazing pine torch marked the point where the white tents of Indians, on their way to James Bay, had risen before the silvery twilight of the forest gloomed into darkness. Across the river, just to the left of the dim white ribbon of the Right-of-Way, a red-shaded circle of brightness revealed the only house on the west bank, the one Van Anden, head of the residency, had built for his wife when she came to the North in November.

I had been watching the scene with the sadness that the returned traveller to a beloved country feels in the realization that in his absence change has come over the land. Through a long winter in London I had cherished a memory of golden days in the Canadian Bush, of a summer through which Mrs. Lowden moved, flaunting a standard of gay courage, and surrounded by a friendly crowd of eager, ambitious, brave-hearted young railroad builders, of whom none had been blither than Gordon Nicolson. I had journeyed westward and northward in the keen anticipation of finding another summer-time of youth, and comradeship, and the happiness of being with those who do good work well. And here, on the first night of my return, Mrs. Lowden, who had once pledged me a friendship such as women seldom give each other, was sunk into depressed silence, while Gordon Nicolson wavered from moods of fitful gladness to moods of frowning gloom. Twice, oppressed by the curious tension of their presence, I had tried to ask Anne Lowden what strain had wrought the change in her and in the boys whom I had come to know the year before; and twice her preoccupation forbade my questioning. But I went back to the effort. "Anne," I asked her, "what's come over you all?"

She did not answer. I had turned to look at her when I heard the first tone of a wild, weird melody that chilled me to terror after one thrill of wonder at its loveliness. Straight from the heart of the mist on the river it rose, less human voice than some fleeting spirit of the North reaching out long, cold talons to clutch the hearts of those within its reach. Gor-

don Nicolson's head sank between his shoulders, and I saw his teeth close on his lower lip. Anne Lowden was leaning forward in the birch chair, staring intently at him. She did not even glance at me before she arose and went into the house, leaving us in a thrall of silence that encircled the aura of tone. After the last sound of song had winged its way beyond our hearing, Gordon Nicolson repeated the question I had asked.

"What's come over us?" He scowled as if at some problem in his bridge-building, showing a deep line between his eyes that had not been there the year before. "I don't know," he said drearily, "but you've seen there's something, haven't you?"

"Overwork?" I hazarded.

"Perhaps." He braced his stooping shoulders against the veranda post. In the white light he looked pathetically boyish and pathetically tired. I had the feeling that he was trying to set into words an elusive thought, and that he might have succeeded had not Radbourne come out of the nearer office and crossed the clearing toward us, advancing with that certainty of authority that becomes characteristic of construction men. He was a short man whose stockiness of build brought into vivid contrast Gordon Nicolson's lithe tallness as they stood close to each other, just as his cynical analyses of men and motives had a way of bringing out the younger man's more trusting idealisms. Their friendship had been an inexplicable attachment to me, until I had found from knowing Anne Lowden how little comradeship has to do with mannerisms, and opinions, and beliefs. "They want to repeat a wire to you from the Groundhog office," he told Nicolson, taking Mrs. Lowden's chair as the other man arose to go. He watched him reflectively till he entered the office. Then he poured tobacco into the bowl of his bull-dog pipe as he inquired of me, "And so the *rossignole* serenaded you?"

"I can't flatter myself that far," I told him.

"She doesn't sing to me," he said. "Have you met her yet? No? Then you'll have the pleasure before midnight. She's coming over to the party with which we're celebrating your return."

The ripple of mockery in his pleasantry provoked me to outburst. "I wish that Mrs. Lowden wouldn't bother about anything for me. She's worn out with work, and she's worried over something that you know probably better than I do." He paused in the instant of striking a match to give me a glance of keen searching. "And every one is working so hard," I added, "that social interest seems too difficult to be worth the effort."

Radbourne puffed slowly on his pipe. "You've been in London," he said, "long enough to forget that civilized men and women who live in wildernesses have to fight more than material discomforts. They have to fight themselves and each other, and a something else they don't talk about."

"Fear?" I dared.

"You've hit it," he said. "Dread of the intangible, they'd call it, if they mentioned it. But I shouldn't set it down as that." His steely blue eyes did not soften when he laughed. "I'm an orthodox American, and so I call it the Personal Devil. He gets us in a lot of ways. And one of the weapons with which we pretend to fight him up here is the civilized habit of sociability. As the game's played at the Missinaibi station, I'd say the fight was a draw." For a little time he smoked in silence. Then he asked me, "Are you sorry you've come back?"

"I'm not sure."

"Then don't decide for a while," he advised earnestly. "When you were here last summer we were all working with hope ahead. Now we're working in despair. If we finish the work on contract time, we lose much. If we don't finish it then, we lose more. The cords are drawn too taut for us all, but they're drawing tightest on the drones."

"Are there drones here?"

"You think not? Watch the party tonight. And, by the way, don't think too hardly of this party. Do you remember your first dance up here? When the End of Steel was east of the Opazatika? You see, I haven't forgotten it, and I'm an old, married man. And don't you know that it was a great event to those party-starving boys? Well, there are some boys like that out here. We're ninety miles from a town. Let's make it one of Mrs. Low-

den's old-fashioned parties for them. Shall we? Right-O! And now, I'd better let off the lads, or there'll be nothing at all to-night." As he went back across the clearing he turned to nod to me, calling something I failed to hear before he left me to that curious sense of aloneness that the Northern nights set upon those who come to them.

There in a world of mist and moonlight, with the Bush winds sighing their endless undertones like the wailing of violoncellos, I drifted into such dreams as only those who know the North conjure, voiceless dreams of still, unfading beauty. I had gone—how far?—when a sound from within the house pried open the closed door of my consciousness. I listened. In an instant I knew the sound's portent. Anne Lowden was sobbing.

I found her before the piano in the lamp-lighted living-room. She turned her back on me as I came close to her. "Isn't it anything you can tell me?" I pleaded.

"It's nothing at all," she protested, but she flung herself on the blanketed army cot by the window. "Nothing but nerves," she tried to explain, raising herself on her elbow. "Do you know that I've been three years at the End of Steel?" she demanded. "I came here before the Temiskaming road was finished, didn't I? And I've worked harder than any other woman in the North Country has ever worked, haven't I?" Her voice thickened into sobbing again.

"You've done more than that," I tried to soothe her. It was so unlike Anne Lowden to lose courage after those years of work for her two little boys in school at Montreal, that I felt as if I were talking to a strange woman as I tried to reason with her. She listened to my words indifferently.

"When I came to the Bush," she broke in, "I liked it better than the town. The work was hard, but it was work for people who appreciated it. And we had such glorious times, didn't we, even last summer? It was just like home in every station along the Steel—until this one."

"And this?"

"This was all right, too, till those women came. Mrs. Radbourne was bad enough, with her grand manner, and her laziness, and her boredom, but Mrs. Van Anden—" She shoved back her hair wearily. "Did you ever have anything you wanted most of all in the world come so close to you that you had only to reach out for it? And then, just as you put out your hand, have some one snatch it away just for malice?"

"Who was he, Anne?"

"You didn't know him," she said. "He came after you went, and he's gone now. I've been fighting my battle, and I thought I'd won. But to-night when she sang out there on the river, it all came back. And when I knew that she was doing it only because—" She broke off suddenly. "There's some one coming up the path," she said, rising from the cot. "Will you open the door?" she asked me as she hurried out from the living-room.

I opened the door to a gusty rush of a dozen boys just released from work and eagerly ready for play. They had hardly found lounging-places around the room, invading it with their laughter, when Mrs. Lowden came back, revived by the alchemy of her courage to a semblance of her old cheerfulness. If her gayety was hysterical, I was the only one who knew it rang false, for the boys, engineers and time-keepers and office men, boys all of them, as men of the service always stay, caught the glints from the surface of her manner and reflected them with more genial rays.

Against her merry protests three of them had already invaded the pantry, emerging triumphant with the Chinese cook's masterpiece of Oriental confection, with which they decorated the table for their anticipatory enjoyment. Renton, the tall American supervisor of the concrete work, was improvising pæans of praise to its workmanship when Mrs. Radbourne, a sleepy-eyed blonde, whose slow languor did not conceal her hostility to Anne Lowden and to me, as Anne's guest and a new woman at the station, came with the Russian engineer from the Kapuskasing residency. But even her entrance, followed by Radbourne's, failed to indent the armor of gay pleasure that Anne Lowden's hospitality set around her guests, and I was just beginning to think that my impression of tense foreboding had been all of my own imagination, when Mrs. Van Anden came.

She came late, a vivid little figurine in a red crape gown and a red evening cape, calling attention to her absurd little red slippers by her overemphasized story of how her husband, a big, bronzed man who towered behind her, had carried her over the widely set rails of the bridge.

"It was so dark and terrible," she declared with a little shudder that brought her up against Van Anden's shoulder, "and the great gapings between the ties yawned for me—so!" She stretched her arms so as to form a wide circle. "And I was afraid till Van picked me up as if I'd been a bag of"—she had a foreign way of pausing sometimes as if in search of a word—"of concrete. And he walked across those awful ties without one tremor. Didn't you, Van?" She had hardly given him a coquettish upward glance before she spoke directly to Gordon Nicolson. "How soon will the floor of the bridge be finished? Or do you call it the floor? And why does the Missinaibi bridge take longer to finish than any of the others?"

"Because the Missinaibi station has too many fascinations," Radbourne answered. Nicolson was never a quick-tongued man.

Mrs. Radbourne gave a slow smile to the Russian engineer, who pretended not to see it. Out in the dining-room where the boys had cleared away the tables and chairs, some one started the phonograph on a gay two-step. Radbourne asked me to dance with him. As we tried to keep step on the rough floor he talked. "If you were a man," he told me, "I'd swear at you. It's considered effective for the feeling you're cherishing. But, instead, I'll promise to do all I can to hurry the completion of the bridge."

I added the puzzle of what he meant to the other problems that my return had brought me. Radbourne went out before the dancing was over, taking Van Anden with him. They came back after supper, and just as Mrs. Van Anden had consented to sing. She had been holding court over five boys, demanding homage from them, flirting with them, laughing at them, but denying all their requests for her songs until Gordon Nicolson asked her. Then, with the assertion that she hadn't sung within doors for months, she yielded.

She began with a little ballad of the French-Canadian country to the southward, a lilting song that I had thought all joy when I heard some students rollicking through it in Montreal the week before. The first strains rang out with the lighthearted mirth of the chanson until we saw the blue skies of Provence. Then a cloud drifted across the perfect brilliance of the day, not growing, but lingering until the song ended with a wistful, questioning note of wonder. We all listened breathless even after the last chord of it had ceased to throb. And Gordon Nicolson stared at her with puzzled, uneasy eyes.

She whirled around to us before she sang again. Her gaze met Nicolson's squarely. He turned to Anne Lowden and Mrs. Van Anden struck an arresting chord impatiently before she dashed off into the emphatic brilliancy the Liszt Ballade demands. Every one but Gordon Nicolson, Mrs. Lowden, Radbourne, and I asked her to sing again after she had taken toll of praise for her playing. I knew that I dreaded her singing more than I could ever enjoy it. But she turned to me. "What would you like me to sing?" she asked.

"I don't know your songs," I said as graciously as I could, while the fear of her was rising in my throat.

"Don't you?" she asked nonchalantly. She smiled at Nicolson, ignoring something Van Anden started to say. "I shall sing 'Thora,'" she told him, "for I'm sure you'll like it." He gave me one look that she did not see, but I feared to answer it. Katherine Van Anden was to me now the most fascinating, baleful woman I had ever known, but, however I might regard her for her personal use of her power, I had to give tribute to the power itself. All the yearning of all my life came over me as she sang the ballad:

> "I stand in a land of roses,
> But I dream of a land of snow,
> Where you and I were happy
> In the years of long ago."

When she had done, even the nice boy from the Glengarry Scotch district, who had come to the Missinaibi to do the bookkeeping, had tears in his eyes. Radbourne glowered at me so fiercely that I could have screamed, although I knew in a moment that he hadn't seen me at all. Anne Lowden was clenching the arms of

her chair. And, if I hadn't known it before, I should have known in that moment that Mrs. Radbourne and the Russian engineer were in love with each other. And Gordon Nicolson's dark eyes were ablaze with a light that reminded me of the first Bush fire I had ever seen, the threat of tragedy drifting across their flame like smoke before the wind of a forest conflagration. At the piano Katherine Van Anden, poised like some tropical insect, banged four meaningless chords before she gave a long look over her shoulder at him. Then without prelude she sang the Kashmiri Song.

Once—when I was sixteen, and my sister used to talk of Amy Finden, whom she had known in a strange, compelling friendship—I had revelled in that tragic outburst of a woman's soul. Then I put it away in some corner of my memory until one night when I heard a Danish contralto singing it in a London concert hall. I was just back from the Bush then, and that song came to me as the first premonition of evil after long weeks of happiness, clanging across a harmony of life. For other weeks it pursued me till the fear of hearing it in a concert programme kept me away from music. For just as there were other songs that meant to me gladness, and hope, and joy, that song meant all the trouble, and sin, and sorrow of my world. And here in Anne Lowden's house the little woman in scarlet was singing it as no one else ever sang it before, as no one else has ever sung it since. I didn't wait for the end. I couldn't. Five men and two women were showing their naked souls—and all of them had been living in the Bush country a little too long. Anne Lowden looked as if she were seeing white ghosts. Radbourne glared at the Russian engineer with the calculating, murdering hatred of a master of men. Mrs. Radbourne was gray with fright. And Gordon Nicolson——

I slipped out into the dark dining-room, closing the door behind me before I crossed to the window. A storm was gathering to the westward, the lightning flashing above the tossing spires of the jack-pines over the river. The night outside had grown so desolate, so terrifying, with the sound of that woman's song coming through the log walls, that I broke down. "If I could only sing!" I sobbed as I fell by the window.

A quiet voice brought me to my senses. Van Anden, big, and shaggy, and calm, and sane, was standing over me. "What is it?" he was asking me. "Katherine's singing? She'll be sorry. She doesn't realize how it affects people." Even while I knew that he was wrong, his words were consolation. He talked me into soothed quiet with tales of his wife's strange power in song that was so alien to her own personality that he himself had never become quite accustomed to it. "Kittie's just a dear, spoiled child," he said tenderly. The phrase seemed to adjust Mrs. Van Anden into the ordinary ways of life so aptly that I grew ashamed of my outburst. I laughed a little unsteadily, and when the last sound of music had quivered into silence, I went back to the living-room.

Mrs. Van Anden, whirling on the piano stool with the restless irresponsibility of the child her husband called her, winked at me audaciously. "Now, somebody amuse me," she commanded with an impish smile at the solemn, startled faces of those who had listened to her singing. The boy from Glengarry broke the spell. "D'ye play rag-time?" he asked. Mrs. Radbourne laughed three notes too high. Every one there but Radbourne and Nicolson began to talk excitedly. When Mrs. Van Anden rose from the piano and crossed to the table Nicolson followed her. There they stood, sorting music and talking in lowered, eager tones till Van Anden came from the other room with a remark about the coming storm. "We'd better start for home before it breaks, Katherine," he said. "You know how hard it is to cross the bridge when the rails are wet."

"I'm not going to cross the bridge," she said indifferently. "Mr. Nicolson will canoe me over the river."

Van Anden sighed. "As you like," he said. He lighted his lantern, bade Mrs. Lowden and myself good-night, swung on his hat, and went out. Radbourne went after him, halting at the door. "You'd better set a watch on the bridge to-night," he told Nicolson. "The storm may strike hard on those weak places."

"I'll take it myself," Nicolson told him. He was circling Mrs. Van Anden's red

cape about her while the boys were filing out, calling back merry promises to make my visit to the Missinaibi station a time of revelry. The Russian was taking Mrs. Radbourne home, but before they went he spoke to Mrs. Van Anden. "In my country," he said, "they would canonize you for your song."

"If you'd lived in mine two hundred years ago," said Anne Lowden sharply, "they'd have burned you at the stake."

Katherine Van Anden raised both hands as if to ward off blows. "Horrible alternatives!" she laughed. "What would they do with me in England?" she demanded of me.

"Oh, we're ultra-moderns," I said. "We've learned that a great gift is purchased at a great price. And so we'd leave you to your own destruction."

She watched me from under lowered eyelids before she smiled. "I'm glad I'm just modern," she said, "and in Canada now. Are we ready, Mr. Nicolson?"

He paused, turning to Anne Lowden and myself. "Shall you be up when I come back?" he asked.

"I'm afraid not," I said.

We left the door open to light them down the path to the river. The lightning that had been rising above the pines came blindingly now, and the thunder rolled portentously; but the sound of their laughter came back to us until Anne closed the door. "You're tired," she said. "You aren't used yet to riding ninety miles on a construction train and having a party all in one day. Run along to bed."

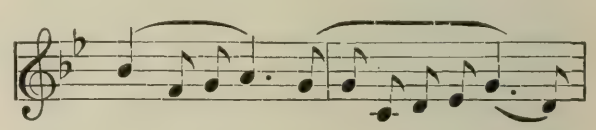
"Are you going now?"

"Soon," she said. "I have some accounts to look over."

She gave me a lighted lamp to take upstairs with me to the room that was to be mine through my visit with her. But when I came to the upper hall I put out its light and, closing the door of the room, crossed to the window. For a little while I could not see in the dense darkness of the night. Then the lightning showed the outlines of the bridge, and in the next flash I found the boat, a little out from shore, tossing from one wave to another. Just when the canoe struck mid-stream the storm broke. There came a crash that seemed to be rending the forests, a flare of light that was falling from sky to earth, a wind that shook the house rattlingly, and a torrent of rain that drove me back from my watch-tower. I wanted to pray and I couldn't remember anything but foolish nursery jingles. I crept back to the window, seeking vainly to pierce the veil of rain. It was hours, I thought, before the storm began to die. Then I saw a tiny light on the other bank, moving downward toward the river. In a little while I saw it rising again. There flared out the red-shaded light from Mrs. Van Anden's lamp, and I knew that it had been Van Anden's guiding lantern that had brought the two in the boat to shore.

For a long time, drenched as I was, I stayed by the window. The storm, rolling eastward, left in its wake the fragrant, sweet odors of the Bush, the scent of pines rising pungently over them all. The air grew warmer until the breezes came like caresses. The river sounded its lyric lapping against the stones of the bridge foundation. Through the scattering clouds that rested over the jagged line of the pines across the stream the moon sailed into undimmed splendor. In its vivid, brilliant light I saw the little canoe coming back across placid waters. After it had reached shore a tall figure climbed to the Right-of-Way and swung to the bridge. Gordon Nicolson had come back.

The spell of that night's eerie beauty after those hours of stress and storm held me prisoner to its loveliness. The power of the North to call to her men and women, to enchant them, to bind them with ties that will draw them back from the farthest places of the earth, came so close that I yielded my spirit to it; and it brought me not peace, but pain, the pain of futile strivings, of finite limitations, and of infinite longings. I was being swept down dark rivers toward unknown seas when a sound, not of wind nor of river, struck sharply across my brain. A whistle, soft yet clear, sounded afar off:



In an instant I knew that it came from the direction of the bridge. I leaned out to answer. Just then the moon, sunken in the sky till it lay level with the Right-

of-Way, showed at the western end of the bridge a woman's figure. She came lightly along the embankment while I watched, straining out to make certain that her coming was no hallucination of my fancy. Even before I heard her softly singing the refrain that the whistle had sounded, I knew that Katherine Van Anden was crossing the bridge. The moonlight revealed her as clearly as dawn would have done as she stepped from rail to rail, holding sometimes to the girders as she picked her precarious path. All my rushing sensations of shock, of anger, of grief, focussed into the terror of watching her movements.

Before she had come half-way she waited, clutching a beam. Gordon Nicolson was striding out toward her. I heard her throaty laugh. I saw her move away from the steel. Then the laugh changed to a cry that moaned through the Bush till I thought that every tree must be echoing answer to it. And I saw a flash of something dark between bridge and river.

I fell down the stair toward the living-room in my haste to get out from the house, but, quick as I was, I found Anne Lowden at the door. "Did you hear that cry?" she gasped as I went with her, running toward the bridge. I thought that some one was ahead of us on the Right-of-Way, but I could not be sure. There was no one on the bridge. When we came to the forge Anne Lowden turned to me. "Perhaps one of the men fell. I'll come back and tell you." But I shook my head and followed her down the embankment to the river.

When we came to the little beach that the sand had made around one of the piers a man's voice stopped us. "Who's there?" it challenged harshly, and Radbourne arose to confront us. "Take her away, Mrs. Lowden," he said, nodding to me.

"Is he—dead?"

"Nicolson? No. He'll be all right in a little while. We'll get help to carry him home."

"Let me help," Anne Lowden said. She took the lantern Radbourne had lighted and followed him to where a man was lying on the sand. "He's conscious," she declared.

Nicolson raised himself on his elbow. "She'd gone down," he said slowly, "the third time."

"Who'd gone down?" Anne Lowden turned sharply from Nicolson.

Radbourne answered. "Mrs. Van Anden," he said. "She slipped from the rails. He plunged after her. But he couldn't save her."

"Mrs. Van Anden? She was coming across the bridge? At this time?" Anne's voice kept rising with tension. I gripped a bowlder, waiting Radbourne's answer. "What was she doing? Where was she coming?"

Gordon Nicolson tried to rise. In the dim light under the bridge the lantern cast its rays upon his face, the face of an old man. When he spoke his words seemed to come from a long distance. "She was coming to meet——"

But Radbourne ended the sentence. "She was coming to meet me," he said.

"That's not true," Nicolson was saying. "She came because——"

"She was coming to me, I tell you," Radbourne said.

Anne Lowden's arm swept over my shoulder. "John Radbourne is telling the truth," she said.

Radbourne's eyes sought mine in the dimness. "That ends it for all of us, doesn't it? I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but you know that there are times when nothing but the truth can be said."

"I understand," I said.

Then I went and knelt beside Gordon Nicolson.

I have never heard music since that night without feeling the racking horror of slipping down into the swirling waters of the Missinaibi. For I married Gordon Nicolson, as I had promised I would when I met him in the North Country the year before; and though we have come far across the world there are times when Katherine Van Anden's voice sings down a wind of the night, and comes between us with the slashing swish of a descending sword.

THE DARK FLOWER

(THE LOVE LIFE OF A MAN)

PART II—SUMMER

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

I

GLEAM of a thousand lights; clack and mutter of innumerable voices, laughter, footsteps; hiss and rumble of passing trains taking gamblers back to Nice or Mentone; fevered wailing from the violins of four fiddlers with dark-white skins, outside the café; and—above, around, beyond, the dark sky and the dark mountains and the dark sea, like some great dark flower to whose heart is clinging a jewelled beetle. So was Monte Carlo on that May night of 1887.

But Mark Lennan, at one of the little marble-topped tables, was in too great maze and exaltation of spirit and senses to be conscious of its glare and babel, even of its beauty. He sat so very still, that his neighbors, with the instinctive aversion of the human creature to what is too remote from its own mood, after one good stare, turned their eyes away as from something ludicrous, almost offensive.

He was lost, indeed, in memory of the minutes just gone by. For it had come at last—after all these weeks of ferment; after all this strange time of perturbation!

Very stealthily it had been creeping on him, ever since that chance introduction nearly a year ago, soon after he settled down in London, following those six years of Rome and Paris. First the merest friendliness because she was so nice about his work; then respectful admiration because she was so beautiful; then pity because she was so unhappy in her marriage. If she had been happy, he would have fled. The knowledge that she had been unhappy long before he knew her had kept his conscience still. And at last one afternoon she said: "Ah! If you come out there too!" Marvellously subtle—the way that one little outslipped saying had worked in him as though it had a life of its own—like a strange bird that had flown into the garden of his heart, and established itself with its new song and flutterings, its new flight, its wistful and ever clearer call. One saying; and one moment, a few days later, in her drawing-room, when he had told her that he *was* coming, and she did not, could not, he felt, look at him. Queer, that nothing momentous said, done—or even left undone—had altered all the future!

And so she had gone, with her uncle and aunt, under whose wing one might be sure she would meet with no wayward or exotic happenings. And he had received from her this little letter:

"HÔTEL CŒUR D'OR,
MONTE CARLO.

"MY DEAR MARK:

"We've arrived. It is so good to be in the sun. The flowers are wonderful. I am keeping Gorbio and Roquebrune till you come.

Your friend,
OLIVE CRAMIER."

That letter was the single clear memory he had of the time between her going and his following. He received it one afternoon, sitting on an old low garden wall with the spring sun shining on him through apple-trees in blossom, and a feeling as if all the desire of the world lay before him, and he had but to stretch out his arms to take it.

Then confused unrest, all things vague; till at the end of his journey he stepped out of the train at Beaulieu with a furiously beating heart. Surely he had not expected her to come out from Monte Carlo to meet him!

A week had gone by since then in one long effort to be with her and appear to others as though he did not greatly wish to be; two concerts, two walks with her

alone, when all that he had said seemed as nothing said, and all her sayings but ghosts of what he wished to hear; a week of confusion, day and night, until—a few minutes ago—her handkerchief had fallen from her glove on to the dusty road, and he had picked it up, and put it to his lips. Nothing could take away the look she had given him then. Nothing could ever again separate her from him utterly. She had confessed in it to the same sweet, fearful trouble that he himself was feeling. She had not spoken, but he had seen her lips part, her breast rise and fall. And *he* had not spoken. What was the use of words?

He felt in the pocket of his coat. There, against his fingers, was that wisp of lawn and lace, soft, yet somehow alive; and stealthily he took it out. The whole of her, with her fragrance, seemed pressed to his face in the touch of that lawn border, roughened by little white stars. More secretly than ever he put it back; and for the first time looked round. These people! They belonged to some world that he had left. They gave him the same feeling that her uncle and aunt had given him just now, when they said good-night, following her into their hotel. That good colonel, that good Mrs. Ercott! The very concretion of the world he had been brought up in, of the English point of view; symbolic figures of health, reason, and the straight path, on which at that moment, seemingly, he had turned his back. The colonel's profile, ruddy through its tan, with gray moustache guiltless of any wax, his cheery, high-pitched: "Good-night, young Lennan!" His wife's curly smile, her flat, cosey, confidential voice—how strange and remote they had suddenly become! And all these people here, chattering, drinking—how queer and far away! Or was it just that he was queer and remote to them?

And getting up from his table, he passed the fiddlers with the dark-white skins, out into the *Place*.

II

He went up the side streets to the back of her hotel, and stood by the railings of the garden—one of those hotel gardens which exist but to figure in advertisements; with its few arid palms, its paths staring white between them, and a fringe of dusty lilacs and mimosas.

And there came to him the oddest feeling—that he had been there before, peering through blossoms at those staring paths and shuttered windows. A scent of wood-smoke was abroad, and some dry plant rustled ever so faintly in what little wind was stirring. What was there of memory in this night, this garden? Some dark sweet thing, invisible, to feel whose presence was at once ecstasy, and the irritation of a thirst that will not be quenched.

He walked on. Houses, houses! At last he was away from them; alone on the high-road, beyond the limits of Monaco. And walking thus through the night he had thoughts that he imagined no one had ever had before him. The knowledge that she loved him had made everything seem sacred and responsible. Whatever he did, he must not harm her. Women were so helpless!

For in spite of six years of art in Rome and Paris he still had a fastidious reverence for women. If she had loved her husband she would have been safe enough from him; but to be bound to a companionship that she gave unwillingly—this had seemed to him atrocious, even before he loved her. How could any husband ask that?—have so little pride—so little pity? The unpardonable thing! What was there to respect in such a marriage? Only, he must not do her harm! But now that her eyes had said, I love you!—what then? It was simply miraculous to know that, under the stars of this warm Southern night, burning its incense of trees and flowers!

Climbing up above the road, he lay down. If only she were there beside him! The fragrance of the earth, not yet chilled, crept to his face; and for just a moment it seemed to him that she did come. If he could keep her there forever in that embrace that was no embrace—in that ghostly rapture, on this wild fragrant bed that no lovers before had ever pressed, save the creeping things, and the flowers; save sunlight and moonlight with their shadows; and the wind kissing the earth! . . .

Then she was gone; his hands touched nothing but the crumbled pine dust, and the flowers of the wild thyme fallen into sleep.

He stood on the edge of the little cliff, above the road between the dark mountains and the sea black with depth. Too late for any passer-by; as far from what men thought and said and did as the very night itself with its whispering warmth. And he conjured up her face, making certain of it—the eyes, clear and brown, and wide apart; the close, sweet mouth; the dark hair; the whole flying loveliness!

He leaped down into the road, and ran—one could not walk, feeling this miracle, that no one had ever felt before, the miracle of love.

III

In their most reputable hotel 'Le Cœur d'Or,' long since remodelled and renamed, Mrs. Ercott lay in her brass-bound bed looking by starlight at the colonel in his brass-bound bed. Her ears were carefully freed from the pressure of her pillow, for she thought she heard a mosquito. Companion for thirty years to one whose life had been feverishly punctuated by the attentions of those little beasts, she had no love for them. It was the one subject on which perhaps her imagination was stronger than her common-sense. For in fact there was not, and could not be, a mosquito, since the first thing the colonel did, on arriving at any place further south than parallel 46 of latitude, was to open the windows very wide, and nail with many tiny tacks a piece of mosquito netting across that refreshing space, while she held him firmly by the coat-tails. The fact that other people did not so secure their windows did not at all trouble the colonel, a true Englishman, who loved to act in his own way, and to think in the ways of other people. After that they would wait till night came, then burn a peculiar little lamp with a peculiar little smell, and, in the full glare of the gaslight, stand about on chairs, with slippers, and their eyes fixed on true or imaginary beasts. Then would fall little slaps, making little messes, and little joyous or doleful cries would arise: "I've got that one!" "Oh, John, I missed him!" And in the middle of the room, the colonel, in pyjamas, and spectacles (only worn in very solemn moments, low down on his nose), would revolve slowly, turning his eyes, with that look in them of outfacing death which he had so long acquired, on every inch of wall and ceiling, till at last he would say: "Well, Dolly, that's the lot!" At which she would say, "Give me a kiss, dear!" and he would kiss her, and get into his bed.

There was, then, no mosquito, save that general ghost of him which lingered in the mind of one devoted to her husband. Spying out his profile, for he was lying on his back, she refrained from saying: "John, are you awake?" A whiffling sound was coming from a nose, to which—originally straight—attention to military duties had given a slight crook, half an inch below the level of grizzled eyebrows raised a little, as though surprised at the sounds beneath. She could hardly see him, but she thought: "How good he looks!" And, in fact, he did. It was the face of a man incapable of evil, having in its sleep the candor of one at heart a child—that simple candor of those who have never known how to seek adventures of the mind, and have always sought adventures of the body. Then somehow she did say:

"John! Are you asleep?"

The colonel, instantly alive, as at some old-time attack, answered:

"Yes."

"That poor young man!"

"Which?"

"Mark Lennan. Haven't you seen?"

"What?"

"My dear, it was under your nose. But you never do see these things!"

The colonel slowly turned his head. His wife was an imaginative woman! She had always been so. Dimly he perceived that something romantic was about to come from her. But with that almost professional gentleness of a man who has cut the heads and arms off people in his time, he answered:

"What things?"

"He picked up her handkerchief."

"Whose?"

"Olive's. He put it in his pocket. I distinctly saw him."

There was silence; then Mrs. Ercott's voice rose again, impersonal, far away.

"What always astonishes me about young people is the way they think they're not seen—poor dears!"

Still there was silence.

"John! Are you thinking?"

For a considerable sound of breathing was coming from the colonel—to his wife a sure sign.

And indeed he was thinking. Dolly was an imaginative woman, but something told him that in this case she might not be riding past the hounds.

Mrs. Ercott raised herself. He looked more good than ever; a little perplexed frown had climbed up with his eyebrows and got caught in the wrinkles across his forehead.

"I'm very fond of Olive," he said.

Mrs. Ercott fell back on her pillows. In her heart there was just that little soreness natural to a woman over fifty, whose husband has a niece.

"No doubt," she murmured.

Something vague moved deep down in the colonel; he stretched out his hand. In that strip of gloom between the beds it encountered another hand, which squeezed it rather hard.

He said, "Look here, old girl!" and there was silence.

Mrs. Ercott in her turn was thinking. Her thoughts were flat and rapid like her voice, but had that sort of sentiment which accompanies the mental exercise of women with good hearts. Poor young man! And poor Olive! But was a woman ever to be pitied, when she was so pretty as that! Besides, when all was said and done, she had a fine-looking man for husband; in Parliament, with a career, and fond of her—decidedly. And their little house in London, so close to Westminster, was a distinct dear; and nothing could be more charming than their cottage by the river. Was Olive, then, to be pitied? And yet—she was not happy. It was no good pretending that she was happy. All very well to say that such things were within one's control, but, if you read novels at all, you knew they weren't. There was such a thing as incompatibility. Oh, yes! And there was the matter of difference in their ages! Olive was twenty-six, Robert Cramier forty-two. And now this young Mark Lennan was in love with her. What if she were in love with him! John would realize then, perhaps, that the young flew to the young. For men—even the best, like John, were funny! She would never dream of feeling for any of her nephews as John clearly felt for Olive.

The colonel's voice broke in on her thoughts.

"Nice young fellow—Lennan! Great pity! Better sheer off—if he's getting—"

And, rather suddenly, she answered:

"Suppose he can't!"

"Can't?"

"Did you never hear of a '*grande passion*'?"

The colonel rose on his elbow. This was another of those occasions that showed him how, during the later years of his service in Madras and Upper Burmah, when Dolly's health had not been equal to the heat, she had picked up in London a queer way of looking at things—as if they were not—not so right or wrong as—as he felt them to be. And he repeated those two French words in his own way, adding:

"Isn't that just what I'm saying? The sooner he stands clear, the better."

But Mrs. Ercott, too, sat up.

"Be human," she said.

The colonel experienced the same sensation as when one suddenly knows that one is not digesting food. Because young Lennan was in danger of getting into a dishonorable fix, he was told to be human! Really, Dolly—! The white blur of her new boudoir cap suddenly impinged on his consciousness. Surely she was not getting—un-English! At her time of life!

"I'm thinking of Olive," he said; "I don't want her worried with that sort of thing."

"Perhaps Olive can manage for herself. In these days it doesn't do to interfere with love."

"Love!" muttered the colonel. "What? Phew!"

If one's own wife called this—this sort of—thing, love—then, why had he been faithful to her—in very hot climates—all these years? A sense of waste, and of injustice, tried to rear its head against all the side of him that attached certain meanings to certain words, and acted up to them. And this revolt gave him a feeling, strange and so unpleasant. Love! It was not a word to use thus loosely! Love led to marriage; this could not lead to marriage, except through—the divorce court. And suddenly the colonel had a

vision of his dead brother Lindsay, Olive's father, standing there in the dark, with his grave, clear-cut, ivory-pale face, under the black hair supposed to be derived from a French ancestress who had escaped from the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. Upright fellow always, Lindsay—even before he was made bishop! Queer somehow that Olive should be his daughter. Not that she was not upright; not at all! But she was soft! Lindsay was not! Imagine him seeing that young fellow putting her handkerchief in his pocket. But had young Lennan really done such a thing? Dolly was imaginative! He had mistaken it probably for his own; if he had chanced to blow his nose, he would have realized. For, coupled with the almost childlike candor of his mind, the colonel had real administrative vigor, a true sense of practical values; an ounce of illustration was always worth to him a pound of theory! Dolly was given to riding off on theories. Thank God! She never acted on 'em!

He said gently:

"My dear! Young Lennan may be an artist and all that, but he's a gentleman! I know old Heatherley his guardian. Why, I introduced him to Olive myself!"

"What has that to do with it? He's in love with her."

One of the countless legion that hold a creed taken at face value, into whose roots and reasons they have never dreamed of going, the colonel was staggered. Like some native on an island surrounded by troubled seas, which he has stared at with a certain contemptuous awe all his life, but never entered, he was disconcerted by thus being asked to leave the shore. And by his own wife!

Indeed, Mrs. Ercott had not intended to go so far; but there was in her, as in all women whose minds are more active than their husbands', a something worrying her always to go a little farther than she meant. With real compunction she heard the colonel say:

"I must get up and drink some water."

She was out of bed in a moment. "Not without boiling!"

She had seriously troubled him, then! Now he would not sleep—the blood went to his head so quickly. He would just lie awake, trying not to disturb her. She could not bear him not to disturb her. It seemed so selfish of her! She ought to have known that the whole subject was too dangerous to discuss at night.

She became conscious that he was standing just behind her; his figure in its thin covering looked very lean, his face strangely worn.

"I'm sorry you put that idea into my head!" he said. "I'm fond of Olive."

Again Mrs. Ercott felt that jealous twinge, soon lost this time in the motherliness of a childless woman for her husband. He must not be troubled! He should not be troubled. And she said:

"The water's boiling! Now sip a good glass slowly, and get into bed, or I'll take your temperature!"

Obediently the colonel took from her the glass, and, as he sipped, she put her hand up and stroked his head.

IV

In the room below them the subject of their discussion was lying very wide-awake. She knew that she had betrayed herself, made plain to Mark Lennan what she had never until now admitted to herself. That love-look, which for the life of her she could not keep back, had been followed by a feeling of having 'lost caste.' For hitherto the world of women had been strictly divided by her into those who did and those who did not do such things; and to be no longer quite sure to which half she belonged was frightening. But what was the good of thinking, of being frightened—it could not lead to anything. Yesterday she had not known this would come; and now she could not guess at to-morrow! To-night was enough! To-night with its swimming loveliness! Just to feel! To love and to be loved!

A new sensation for her—as different from those excited by the courtships of her girlhood, or by her marriage, as light from darkness. For she had never been in love, not even with her husband. She knew it now. The sun was shining in a world where she had thought there was none. Nothing could come of it! But the sun was shining; and in that sunshine she must warm herself a little.

Quite simply she began to plan what he and she would do. There were six days

left. They had not yet been to Gorbio, nor to Castellar—none of those long walks or rides they had designed to do for the beauty of them. Would he come early to-morrow? What could they do together? No one should know what these six days would be to her—not even he. To be with him, watch his face, hear his voice, and now and then just touch him! She could trust herself to show no one. And then, it would be—over! Though of course she would see him again in London.

And, lying there in the dark, she thought of their first meeting, one Sunday morning, in Hyde Park. The colonel religiously observed church parade, and would even come all the way down to Westminster from his flat near Knightsbridge in order to fetch his niece up to it. She remembered how during their stroll he had stopped suddenly in front of an old gentleman with a puffy yellow face and eyes half open.

"Ah! Mr. Heatherley—you up from Devonshire? How's your nephew—the—er—sculptor?"

And the old gentleman, glaring a little, as it seemed to her, from under his eyelids and his gray top hat, had answered: "Colonel Ercott, I think? Here's the fellow himself—Mark!" And a young man had taken off his hat. She only noticed at first that his dark hair grew—not long—but very thick, and that his eyes were very deep-set. Then she saw him smile; it made his face all eager, yet left it shy; and she decided that he was nice. Soon after, she had gone with the Ercotts to see his 'things'; for it was, of course, and especially in those days, quite an event to know a sculptor—rather like having a zebra in your park. The colonel had been delighted and a little relieved to find that the 'things' were nearly all of beasts and birds. "Very interestin' " to one full of curious lore about such, having in his time killed many of them, and finding himself at the end of it with a curious aversion to killing any more, which—he never put into words.

Acquaintanceship had ripened fast, after that first visit to his studio, and now it was her turn to be relieved that Mark Lennan devoted himself almost entirely to beasts and birds instead of to the human form, so-called divine. Ah, yes! she would have suffered; now that she loved him, she saw that. At all events she could watch his work, and help it with sympathy. That could not be wrong. . . .

She fell asleep at last, and dreamed that she was in a boat alone on the river near her country cottage—drifting along among spiky flowers like asphodels, with birds singing and flying round her. She could move neither face nor limbs, but that helpless feeling was not unpleasant, till she became conscious that she was drawing nearer and nearer to what was neither water nor land, light nor darkness, but simply some unutterable feeling. And then she saw, gazing at her out of the rushes on the banks, a great bull head. It moved as she moved—it was on both sides of her, yet all the time, only one. She tried to raise her hands and cover her eyes, but could not—and woke with a sob. . . . It was light.

Nearly six o'clock already! Her dream made her disinclined to trust again to sleep. Sleep was a robber now—of each minute of these few days! She got up, and looked out. The morning was fine, the air warm already, sweet with dew, and heliotrope nailed to the wall outside her window. She had but to open her shutters and walk into the sun. She dressed, took her sunshade, stealthily slipped the shutters back, and stole forth. Shunning the hotel garden, where the eccentricity of her early wandering might betray the condition of her spirit, she passed through into the road toward the Casino. Without perhaps knowing it she was making for where she had sat with him yesterday afternoon, listening to the band. Hatless, but defended by her sunshade, she excited the admiration of the few connoisseurs as yet abroad, strolling in blue blouses to their labors; and this simple admiration gave her pleasure. For once she was really conscious of the grace in her own limbs, actually felt the gentle vividness of her own face, with its nearly black hair and eyes, and creamy skin—strange sensation, and very comforting!

In the Casino gardens she walked more slowly, savoring the aromatic trees, and stopping to bend and look at almost every flower; then, on the seat, where she had sat with him yesterday, she rested. A few paces away were the steps that led

to the railway station, trodden upward eagerly by so many, day after day, night after night, and lightly or sorrowfully descended. Above her, two pines, a pepper-tree, and a palm mingled their shade—so fantastic the jumbling of trees and souls in this strange place! She furled her sunshade and leaned back. Her gaze, free and friendly, passed from bough to bough. Against the bright sky, unbesieged as yet by heat or dust, they had a spiritual look, lying sharp and flat along the air. She plucked a cluster of pinkish berries from the pepper-tree, crushing and rubbing them between her hands, to get their fragrance. All these beautiful and sweet things seemed to be a part of her joy at being loved, part of this sudden summer in her heart. The sky, the flowers, that jewel of green-blue sea, the bright acacias, were nothing in the world but love.

And those few who passed, and saw her sitting there under the pepper-tree, wondered no doubt at the stillness of this '*dame bien mise*,' who had risen so early.

V

In the small hours, which so many wish were smaller, the colonel had awakened, with the affair of the handkerchief swelling visibly. His niece's husband was not a man that he had much liking for—a taciturn fellow, with possibly a bit of the brute in him, a man who rather rode people down; but, since Dolly and he were in charge of Olive, the notion that young Lennan was falling in love with her under their very noses was alarming to one naturally punctilious. It was not until he fell asleep again, and woke in full morning light, that the remedy occurred to him. She must be taken out of herself! Dolly and he had been slack; too interested in this queer place, this queer lot of people! They had neglected her, left her to—! Boys and girls—one ought always to remember! It was not too late. She was old Lindsay's daughter; would not forget herself. Poor old Lindsay—fine fellow; bit too much, perhaps, of the—Huguenot in him! Queer, those throw-backs! Had noticed it in horses, time and again—white hairs about the tail, carriage of the head—skip generations and then pop out. And Olive had something of his look—the same ivory skin, the same color of eyes and hair! Only she was—not severe, like her father, not exactly! And once more there shot through the colonel a vague dread, as of a trusteeship neglected. It disappeared, however, in his bath.

He was out before eight o'clock, a thin upright figure in hard straw hat, and gray flannel clothes, walking with the indescribable loose poise of the soldier Englishman, with that air, different from the French, German, what-not, because of shoulders ever asserting, through their drill, the right to put on mufti; with that perfectly quiet and modest air of knowing that, whatever might be said, there was only one way of wearing clothes and moving legs. And, as he walked, he smoothed his drooping gray moustache, considering how best to take his niece out of herself. He passed along by the terrace, and stood for a moment looking down at the sea beyond the pigeon-shooting ground. Then he moved on round under the Casino into the gardens at the back. A beautiful spot! Wonderful care they had taken with the plants! It made him think a little of Tushawore, where his old friend the rajah—precious old rascal—had gardens to his palace rather like these! He paced again to the front. It was nice and quiet in the early mornings, with the sea down there, and nobody trying to get the better of anybody else. There were fellows never happy unless they were doing some one in the eye! He had known men who would ride at the devil himself, make it a point of honor to swindle a friend out of a few pounds! Odd place this 'Monte'—sort of Garden of Eden gone wrong! And all the real, but quite inarticulate, love of nature, which had supported the colonel through deserts and jungles, on transports at sea, and in mountain camps, awoke in the sweetness of these gardens. His dear mother! He had never forgotten the words with which she had shown him the sunset through the coppice down at old Withes Norton, when he was nine years old: "That is beauty, Jack! Do you feel it, darling?" He had not felt it at the time—not he; a thick-headed, scampering youngster. Even when he first went to India he had had no eye for a sunset. The rising generation were different. That young couple, for instance,

under the pepper-tree, sitting there without a word, just looking at the trees. How long, he wondered, had they been sitting like that? And suddenly something in the colonel leaped; his steel-colored eyes took on their look of outfacing death. Choking down a cough, he faced about, back to where he had stood above the pigeon-shooting ground. Olive, and that young fellow! An assignation! At this time in the morning! The earth reeled. His brother's child—his favorite niece! The woman whom he most admired—the woman for whom his heart was softest. Leaning over the stone parapet, no longer seeing either the smooth green of the pigeon-shooting ground, or the smooth blue of the sea beyond, he was moved, distressed, bewildered beyond words. Before breakfast! That was the devil of it! Confession, as it were, of everything. Moreover, he had seen their hands touching on the seat. The blood rushed up in his face; he had seen, spied out, what was not intended for his eyes. Nice position—that! Dolly, too, last night had seen—But that was different. Women might see things—it was expected of them. But for a man—a—a gentleman! The fulness of his embarrassment gradually disclosed itself. His hands were tied. Could he even consult Dolly? He had the strangest feeling of isolation, of utter solitude. Nobody—not anybody in the world—could understand his secret and intense discomfort! To take up a position—the position he was bound to take up, as Olive's nearest relative and protector, and—what was it—chaperon, by the aid of knowledge come at in such a way, however unintentionally! Never in all his days in the regiment—and many delicate matters affecting honor had come his way—had he had a thing like this to deal with. Poor child! But he had no business to think of her like that. No, indeed! She had not behaved—as—and there he paused, curiously unable to condemn her. Suppose they got up and came that way!

He took his hands off the stone parapet, and made for his hotel. His palms were white from the force of his grip. He said to himself as he went along: "I must consider the whole question calmly; I must think it out." This gave him relief. With young Lennan, at all events, he could be angry. But even there he found, to his dismay, no finality of judgment. And this absence of finality, so unwonted, distressed him horribly. There was something in the way the young man had been sitting there beside her—so quiet, so almost timid—that had touched him. This was bad, by Jove—very bad! The two of them, they made somehow a nice couple! Confound it! This would not do! The chaplain of the little English church, passing at this moment, called out: "Fine morning, Colonel Ercott!" The colonel saluted, and did not answer. The greeting at the moment seemed to him paltry. No morning could be fine that contained such a discovery. He entered the hotel, passed into the dining-room, and sat down. Nobody was there. They all had their breakfasts upstairs, even Dolly. Olive alone was in the habit of supporting him while he ate an English breakfast. And suddenly he perceived that he was face to face already with this dreadful situation! To have breakfast without, as usual, waiting for her, seemed too pointed. She might be coming in at any minute now. To wait for her, and have it, without showing anything—how could he do that?

He was conscious of a faint rustling behind him. There she was, and nothing decided. In this moment of hopeless confusion the colonel acted by pure instinct. He rose, patted her cheek, and placed a chair.

"Well, my dear," he said; "hungry?"

She was looking very dainty, very soft. That creamy dress showed off her dark hair and eyes, which seemed somehow to be—flying off somewhere; yes—it was queer, but that was the only way to put it! He got no reassurance, no comfort, from the sight of her. And slowly he stripped the skin from the banana with which he always commenced breakfast. One might just as well be asked to shoot a tame dove or tear a pretty flower to pieces, as be expected to take her to task. Even if he could, in honor. He sought refuge in the words:

"Been out?" and could have bitten his tongue off. Suppose she answered, No!

But she did not so answer. The color came into her cheeks, indeed, but she nodded: "Yes; it's so lovely."

How pretty she looked saying that! He had put himself out of court now—could never tell her what he had seen, after setting, as it were, that trap for her. And presently he asked:

"Got any plans to-day?"

She answered, without flinching in the least:

"Mark Lennan and I were going to take mules from Mentone up to Gorbio."

He was amazed at her steadiness—never, to his knowledge, having encountered a woman armored at every point to preserve a love that flies against the world. How tell what was under her smile! In a confusion of feeling that amounted almost to pain, he heard her say:

"Will you and Aunt Dolly come?"

Between his sense of trusteeship and his hatred of spoiling sport; between his knowledge of the danger she was in and his half-pitying, half-admiring feeling at the sight of her; between real disapproval of an illicit and underhand business (what else was it, after all?) and some dim perception that here was something he did not begin to be able to fathom, something that perhaps no one but those two themselves could deal with—between these various extremes, he was lost indeed. And he stammered out:

"I must ask your aunt; she's—she's not very good on a mule."

Then, in an impulse of sheer affection, he said with extreme suddenness:

"My dear, I've often meant to ask: Are you happy at home?"

"At home?"

There was something sinister about that repetition. Why on earth had he asked such an idiotic question?

She drank her coffee and got up. And the colonel felt afraid of her, standing there—afraid of what she was going to say. He grew very red. But, worse than all, she said absolutely nothing, just shrugged her shoulders with a little smile that went to his heart.

VI

On the wild thyme, under the olives below the rock village of Gorbio, with their mules cropping at a little distance, those two sat after their lunch, listening to the cuckoos. Since their uncanny chance meeting that morning in the gardens, when they sat with their hands just touching, amazed and elated by their own good fortune, there was not much need to say what they felt, to break with words this rapture of belonging to each other—so shyly, so wildly; so, as it were, without reality. They were like epicures with old wine in their glasses, not yet tired of its fragrance and the spell of anticipation.

And so their talk was not of love, but, in that pathetic way of star-crossed lovers, of the things they loved; leaving out—each other.

It was the telling of her dream that made him speak; and when he had spoken, she drew away, and answered:

"It can't—it mustn't be!"

Then he just clung to her hand. And presently, seeing that her eyes were wet, took courage enough to kiss her cheek.

Trembling and fugitive indeed that first passage of their love. Not much of the conquering male in him; nor in her of the ordinary enchantress.

And then they went, soberly enough, riding their mules down the stony slopes back to Mentone.

But in the gray dusty railway carriage on his way back to Beaulieu, he was like a man drugged, staring at where she had sat opposite.

Two hours after, at dinner in her hotel, between her and Mrs. Ercott, with the colonel opposite, he knew for the first time what he was faced with. To watch every thought that passed within him, lest it should by the slightest sign betray him; to regulate and veil every look, and every word he spoke to her; never for a second to forget that these other persons were actual and dangerous, not merely the insignificant and grotesque shadows that they seemed! It would be, perhaps, forever a part of his love for her, not to seem to love her. He did not dare dream of fulfilment. He was to be her friend, and try to bring her happiness—burn and long for her, and not think about reward. This was his first real overwhelming passion, and he brought to it all that naïveté, that touching quality, of young Englishmen whose secret instinct it is to back away from the full nature of love, even from admitting that it has that nature. They two were to love, and—not to love!

For the first time he understood a little of what that meant. A few stolen adoring minutes now and then, and, for the rest, the presence of a world that must be deceived. Already he had almost a hatred of that orderly, brown-faced colonel, with his eyes that looked so steady, and saw nothing; of that flat, kindly lady, who talked so pleasantly throughout dinner, saying things that he had to answer without knowing what they signified. He realized, with a sense of shock, that he was deprived of all interests in life but one; not even his work had any meaning apart from her—it lit no fire within him to hear Mrs. Ercott praise certain execrable pictures in the Royal Academy which she had religiously visited the day before leaving home. And as the interminable meal wore on, he began even to feel grief and wonder that Olive could be so smiling, so gay and calm; so, as it seemed to him, indifferent to this intolerable impossibility of exchanging even one look of love. Did she really love him—could she love him, and show not one little sign of it! And suddenly he felt her foot touch his own. It was the faintest sidelong supplicating pressure, withdrawn at once, but it said: 'I know what you are feeling; I too am feeling it. Don't blame me!' Characteristically, he felt that it cost her dear to make use of that little primitive device of common loves; the touch awoke within him only chivalry. He would burn forever sooner than cause her the pain of thinking that he was not happy!

After dinner, they sat out on a balcony. The stars glowed above the palms; a frog was croaking. He managed to draw his chair so that he could look at her unseen. How deep and softly dark her eyes, when for a second they rested on his! A moth settled on her knee—a cunning little creature, with its hooded, horned owl's face, and tiny black slits of eyes! Would it have come so confidingly to any one but her? The colonel knew its name—he had collected it. Very common, he said. The interest in it passed; but Lennan stayed bent forward, gazing at that silk-covered knee.

The voice of Mrs. Ercott, sharper than its wont, said: "What day does Robert say he wants you back, my dear?" He managed to remain gazing at the moth, even to take it gently from her knee, while he listened to her calm answer.

"Tuesday, I believe."

Then he got up, and let the moth fly into the darkness; his hands and lips were trembling, and he was afraid of their being seen. He had never known, had not dreamed, of such a violent, sick feeling. That this man could thus hale her home at will! It was grotesque, fantastic, awful, but—it was true! Next Tuesday she would journey back away from him to be again at the mercy of her fate! The pain of this thought made him grip the railing, and grit his teeth, to keep himself from crying out. And another thought came to him: I shall have to go about with this feeling, day and night, and keep it to myself!

They were saying good-night; and he had to smirk and smile, and pretend—to her above all—that he was happy, and he could see that she knew it was pretence.

Then he was alone, with the feeling that he had failed her at the first shot; torn too between horror of what he suddenly saw before him, and longing to be back in her presence at any cost. . . . And all this on the day of that first kiss which had seemed to him to make her so utterly his own.

He sat down on a bench facing the Casino. Neither the lights, nor the people passing in and out, not even the gypsy bandsmen's music, distracted his thoughts for a second. Could it be less than twenty-four hours since he had picked up her handkerchief, not thirty yards away! In that twenty-four hours he seemed to have known every emotion that man could feel. And in all the world there was now not one soul to whom he could speak his real thoughts—not even to her, because from her, beyond all, he must keep, at any cost, all knowledge of his unhappiness. So this was illicit love—as it was called! Loneliness, and torture! Not jealousy—for her heart was his; but amazement, outrage, fear. Endless lonely suffering! And nobody, if they knew, would care, or pity him one jot!

Was there really, then, as the old Greeks thought, a dæmon that liked to play with men, as men liked to stir an earwig and turn it over and put a foot on it in the end?

He got up and made his way toward the railway station. There was the bench

where she had been sitting when he came on her that very morning. The stars in their courses had seemed to fight for them then; but whether for joy he no longer knew. And there on the seat were still the pepper berries she had crushed and strewn. He broke off another bunch and bruised them. That scent was the ghost of those minutes when her hand lay against his own. The stars in their courses—for joy or sorrow!

VII

There was no peace now for Colonel and Mrs. Ercott. They felt themselves conspirators, and of conspiracy they had never had the habit. Yet how could they openly deal with anxieties which had arisen solely from what they had chanced secretly to see? What was not intended for one's eyes and ears did not exist; no canon of conduct could be quite so sacred. As well defend the opening of another person's letters as admit the possibility of making use of adventitious knowledge. So far tradition, and indeed character, made them feel at one, and conspire freely. But they diverged on a deeper plane. Mrs. Ercott had *said*, indeed, that here was something which could not be controlled; the colonel had *felt* it—a very different thing! Less tolerant in theory, he was touched at heart; Mrs. Ercott, in theory almost approving—she read that dangerous authoress George Eliot—at heart felt cold toward her husband's niece. For these reasons they could not in fact conspire without, in the end, saying suddenly: "Well, it's no good talking about it!" and almost at once beginning to talk about it again.

In proposing to her that mule, the colonel had not had time, or rather not quite conviction enough as to his line of action, to explain so immediately the new need for her to sit upon it. It was only when, to his somewhat strange relief, she had refused the expedition, and Olive had started without them, that he told her of the meeting in the gardens, of which he had been witness. She then said at once that if she had known, she would, of course, have put up with anything in order to go; not because she approved of interfering, but because they must think of Robert! And the colonel had said: "D—n the fellow!" And there the matter had rested for the moment, for both of them were wondering a little which fellow it was that he had damned. That indeed was the trouble. If the colonel had not cared so much about his niece, and had liked, instead of rather disliking Cramier; if Mrs. Ercott had not found Mark Lennan a 'nice boy,' and had not secretly felt her husband's niece rather dangerous to her peace of mind; if, in few words, those three had been puppets made of wood and worked by law, it would have been so much simpler for all concerned. It was the discovery that there was a personal equation in such matters, instead of just a simple rule of three, which disorganized the colonel and made him almost angry; which depressed Mrs. Ercott and made her almost silent. . . . These two good souls had stumbled on a problem which has divided the world from birth: Shall cases be decided on their individual merits, or according to formal codes?

Beneath an appearance and a vocabulary more orthodox than ever, the colonel's allegiance to authority and the laws of form was really shaken; he simply could not get out of his head the sight of those two young people sitting side by side, nor the tone of Olive's voice, when she had repeated his own regrettable words about happiness at home.

If only the thing had not been so human! If only she had been some one else's niece, it would clearly have been her duty to remain unhappy. As it was, the more he thought, the less he knew what to think. A man who had never had any balance to speak of at his bank, and from the nomadic condition of his life had no exaggerated feeling for a settled social status—deeming society in fact rather a bore—he did not unduly exaggerate the worldly dangers of this affair; neither did he honestly believe that she would burn in everlasting torment if she did not succeed in remaining true to 'that great black chap,' as he secretly called Cramier. His feeling was simply that it was 'an awful pity'; a sort of unhappy conviction that it was not like the women of his family to fall upon such ways; that his dead brother would turn in his grave; in two words that it was 'not done.' Yet he was

by no means of those who, giving latitude to women in general, fall with whips on those of their own family who take it. On the contrary, believing that woman in general should be stainless to the world's eye, he was inclined to make allowance for any individual woman that he knew and loved. A suspicion he had always entertained, that Cramier was not by breeding 'quite the clean potato' may insensibly have influenced him just a little. He had heard, indeed, that he was not even entitled to the name of Cramier—but had been adopted by a childless man, who had brought him up and left him a lot of money. There was something in this that went against the grain of the childless colonel. He had never adopted any one himself. And there was a certain lack, about a man who had been adopted as a child, of reasonable guarantee—he was like a non-vintage wine, or a horse without a pedigree; you could not quite rely on what he might do, having no tradition in his blood. His appearance too, and manner, somehow lent color to this distrust. A touch of the tar-brush somewhere, and a stubborn, silent, pushing fellow. Why on earth had Olive ever married him! But then women were such kittle cattle, poor things; and old Lindsay, with his vestments and his views on obedience, must have been a tartar as a father, poor old chap! Besides, Cramier, no doubt, was what most women would call good-looking; more taking to the eye than such a quiet fellow as young Lennan, whose features were rather anyhow, though pleasant enough, and with a nice smile—the sort of young man one could not help liking, and who certainly would never hurt a fly! And suddenly there came the thought: Why should he not go to young Lennan and put it to him straight? That he was in love with Olive? Not quite—but the way to do it would come to him. He brooded long over this idea, and spoke of it to Mrs. Ercott, while shaving, the next morning. Her answer: "My dear John, bosh!" removed his last doubt.

Without saying where he was going, he strolled out the moment after breakfast—and took a train to Beaulieu. At the young man's hotel he sent in his card, and was told that this *monsieur* had already gone out for the day. His mood of marching straight up to the guns thus checked, he was left pensive and distraught. Not having seen Beaulieu (they spoke of it then as a coming place), he made his way up an incline. The whole hillside was covered with rose-trees. Thousands of these flowers were starring the lower air, and the strewn petals of blown and fallen roses covered the light soil. The colonel put his nose to blossoms here and there, but they had little scent, as if they knew that the season was already over. A few blue-bloused peasants were still busy among them. And suddenly he came on young Lennan himself, sitting on a stone and dabbling away with his fingers at a lump of 'putty stuff.' The colonel hesitated. Apart from obvious reasons for discomfiture, he had that feeling toward art common to so many of his caste. It was not work, of course, but it was very clever—a mystery to him how any one could do it! On seeing him, Lennan had risen, dropping his handkerchief over what he was modelling—but not before the colonel had received a dim impression of something familiar. The young man was very red—the colonel, too, was conscious suddenly of the heat. He held out his hand.

"Nice quiet place this," he stammered; "never seen it before. I called at your hotel."

Now that he had his chance, he was completely at a loss. The sight of the face emerging from that lump of putty stuff had quite unnerved him. The notion of this young man working at it up here all by himself, just because he was away an hour or two from the original, touched him. How on earth to say what he had come to say? It was altogether different from what he had thought. And it suddenly flashed through him: Dolly was right! She's always right—hang it!

"You're busy," he said; "I mustn't interrupt you."

"Not at all, sir. It was awfully good of you to look me up."

The colonel stared. There was something about young Lennan that he had not noticed before; a 'Don't take liberties with me!' look, that made things difficult. But still he lingered, staring wistfully at

the young man, who stood waiting with such politeness. Then a safe question shot into his mind:

"Ah! When do you go back to England? We're off on Tuesday."

As he spoke, a puff of wind lifted the handkerchief from the modelled face. Would the young fellow put it back? He did not. And the colonel thought:

"It would have been bad form. He knew I wouldn't take advantage. Yes! He's a gentleman!"

Lifting his hand to the salute, he said: "Well, I must be getting back. See you at dinner perhaps." And turning on his heel he marched away.

That face in the 'putty stuff' up there by the side of the road accompanied him home. It was bad—it was serious! And the sense that he counted for nothing in all this grew and grew in him. He told no one of where he had been. . . .

When the colonel turned with ceremony and left him, Lennan sat down again on the flat stone, took up his 'putty stuff,' and presently effaced that image. He sat still a long time, to all appearance watching the little blue butterflies playing round the red and tawny roses. Then his fingers began to work, feverishly shaping a head; not of a man, not of a beast, but a sort of horned, heavy mingling of the two. There was something frenetic in the movement of those rather short, blunt-ended fingers, as though they were strangling the thing they were creating.

(To be continued.)

"AT EASE ON LETHE WHARF"

By Helen Coale Crewe

I HAVE forgotten who my brother is.
Time was I knew, and lived and loved with him;
Toiled, suffered. Now, remote and shadowy, dim,
No heartbeat stirs at his remembered face.
In this still place
Love hath forsworn its opportunities.

Yea, here are no responsibilities.
Only a drifting with the listless stream
Where hollow bubbles, floating, coldly gleam.
Wonder itself is idle, purposeless;
I cannot guess
Nor even dream of ancient sympathies.

Now hath my soul content. Soft silences,
Sinews unloosed from struggle, silken sleep,
Are mine; nor tender memories to weep.
Only unruffled calm; and yet—and yet—
Strange, faint regret—
I have forgotten who my brother is!



Peaks whose mighty cones reach the realms of eternal silence.

THE LAND OF THE INCAS

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

As you cross the backbone of the Andes on the Southern Railway of Peru, leaving behind the dreary wastelands of the upper Cordilleras, devoid of life and vegetation except for the *pajonal*, the only grass that clothes the highest plateaus with its stubby golden carpet, where no bit of green has rested the eye since the lovely valley of Arequipa faded from view and the eternal snows of Chachani and Misti dropped lower and lower toward the horizon; after topping the pass at Crucero Alto, some fifteen thousand feet above the sea, you descend the eastward side by loops and gradients about two thousand feet or more. Vicuña, the sole habitants of these mountain solitudes, graze in the *ychu* grass by the tracks and at lower levels llamas and sheep.

The flocks and herds increase in size as you descend. Occasionally clusters of huts appear, in whose doorways women are seated weaving ponchos, their mouths muffled against the icy breeze. A chain of lakes now borders the road, one bright and peaceful, the next shaded by heavy clouds, dark, tragic as the tarn of the House of Usher. Snow-peaks close in the vista to the left, while ahead opens a broad valley, the great basin of Lake Titicaca.

You quickly realize that you are entering another world—a strange world shut off from the remainder of our planet by every barrier that nature could devise. To the east tower the White Cordillera, beyond which moulder the miasmic jungles of the Montaña; to the west rise the snowy altitudes we have just traversed. Between these two ranges lie a succession of highland valleys some ten to thirteen thousand feet above the sea, each separated from the other by *nudos*, or knots, of lesser transverse chains of mountains.



The village green, Urcos.

These valleys in our latitudes would be covered with eternal snow. Here under the tropics they blossom with all the products of the temperate zone, enjoying a cool, invigorating climate and supporting a large population of Indians.

They constituted the heart of the ancient empire of the Incas, that amazing despotism that stunned the Spanish conquerors with the wisdom of its institutions, the splendor and the size of its buildings, the rich produce of its fields, and, above all, with the wealth of its mines of gold and silver and its amassed riches of centuries. When the Spaniard came, Huayna Capac had already extended his dominions as far north as Quito and as far south as the land of the Araucanian Indians of Chili. Even most of the savage tribes of the Montaña owed him allegiance, and only the Pacific bounded his territories to the westward. The centre of his empire lay in these high plateaus of the Andes—the fair and fertile valleys of Huaylas and Vilcanota, the bare and bleak plains of Cerro de Pasco and Titicaca's basin.

We were now entering the last-named, the most southern of the four, and were then to turn northward to visit the Inca capital, Cuzco, the navel of the kingdom, as its name signifies.

It was toward the end of the rainy season. So, when we started from Juliaca in the morning, the broad valley lay flecked with numerous pools of water that reflected the deep blue of the sky, mingled with the fleecy white of the small clouds that floated overhead. The air, after the night's rain, was of an indescribable rarity and purity, pellucid; so clear, indeed, that the distant Cordilleras showed every varied marking of their sharp ridges and deep *quebradas*. Now and then, as we looked backward, Titicaca came into view, reflecting the hills of indigo-blue that surround it.

Our train had now begun to climb, mounting through bleak pastures until we reached La Raya, the summit of one of

those knots of mountains that connect the two main ranges of the Andes. The scenery was magnificent. We were shut in by great peaks set in fields of moss or grass that encircle their mighty cones, whose heads reach the realms of eternal silence and eternal snow.

Two little streams rise at the top of the pass. One, the Puchara, starts down the valley we had just ascended, finally to reach the Pacific; the other becomes the Vilcanota that, gathering strength as it proceeds, goes to swell the mighty Amazon, emptying into the Atlantic some three thousand miles or more away.

As we descended beside its bubbling waters—so soon, alas, to lose their crystal pureness—a beautiful valley opened before us hemmed in by frowning mountains, one of those valleys that the Incas chose as the central seat of their civilization. Their mountain slopes they terraced into rich *andenes;* they irrigated their fields and gardens, fortified their crags, and dotted their meadows with villages and cities. At the far end they built Cuzco,



At the market, Sicuani.

their capital, the great shrine of their deity the Sun, the venerated object of their pilgrimage. As Mecca is to the Mussulman or Rome to the Catholic, so was Cuzco to the Inca.

These valleys still remain well tilled, their fields of wheat and barley alternating with patches of *quinoa*, the hardy grain that is indigenous to these mountain plains, their staple of life, thriving at an elevation of thirteen thousand feet.

Before six o'clock we pulled into the station at Sicuani, there to remain for the night.

Our itinerary had been planned with this in view, for Sicuani's Sunday-morning market is the most notable in all the region. This being Saturday evening, the llama trains were already arriving. As we walked about the town after dinner we saw whole troops of these strange beasts being driven into the corrals, craning their long necks, their ears tilted forward, suspicious, always on the alert, afraid to enter unknown enclosures.

As we crossed the two squares on our return to our car, from the *tiendas* and *chinganas* that surround them came sad strains of music, sometimes a voice singing, sometimes a reedy flute plaintively crooning, sometimes a rude guitar strumming those sad *yaravis*, the sole musical expression of the Andean Indian—minor melodies, sad in theme and modulation, strange in their wilful syncopations, fitly voicing the melancholy, the sorrow of a down-trodden race.

The environment of the Inca Indian has had great influence upon his temperament. He combines to a marked degree the nature of the easy-going inhabitant of the tropics with the hardihood and fortitude and capacity for toil of the mountaineer. On the bleak *punas* of this upper world of his, this "roof of the earth," as it has been called, his inscrutable expression, his silences, and his quiet melancholy accord well with the mysteries of the country.

We were out early next morning, and the sun had not yet risen from behind the mountains, though the sky was bright as we turned into the plaza.

Already it was full of people. Here was the movement of the market-place, the bustle of the traders. But how quiet! Only silent groups stood about. They smiled once in a while, but quickly grew grave again; they scarcely ever laughed. As we listened, the singing of the birds—the numerous *trigueras*—drowned the human voices!

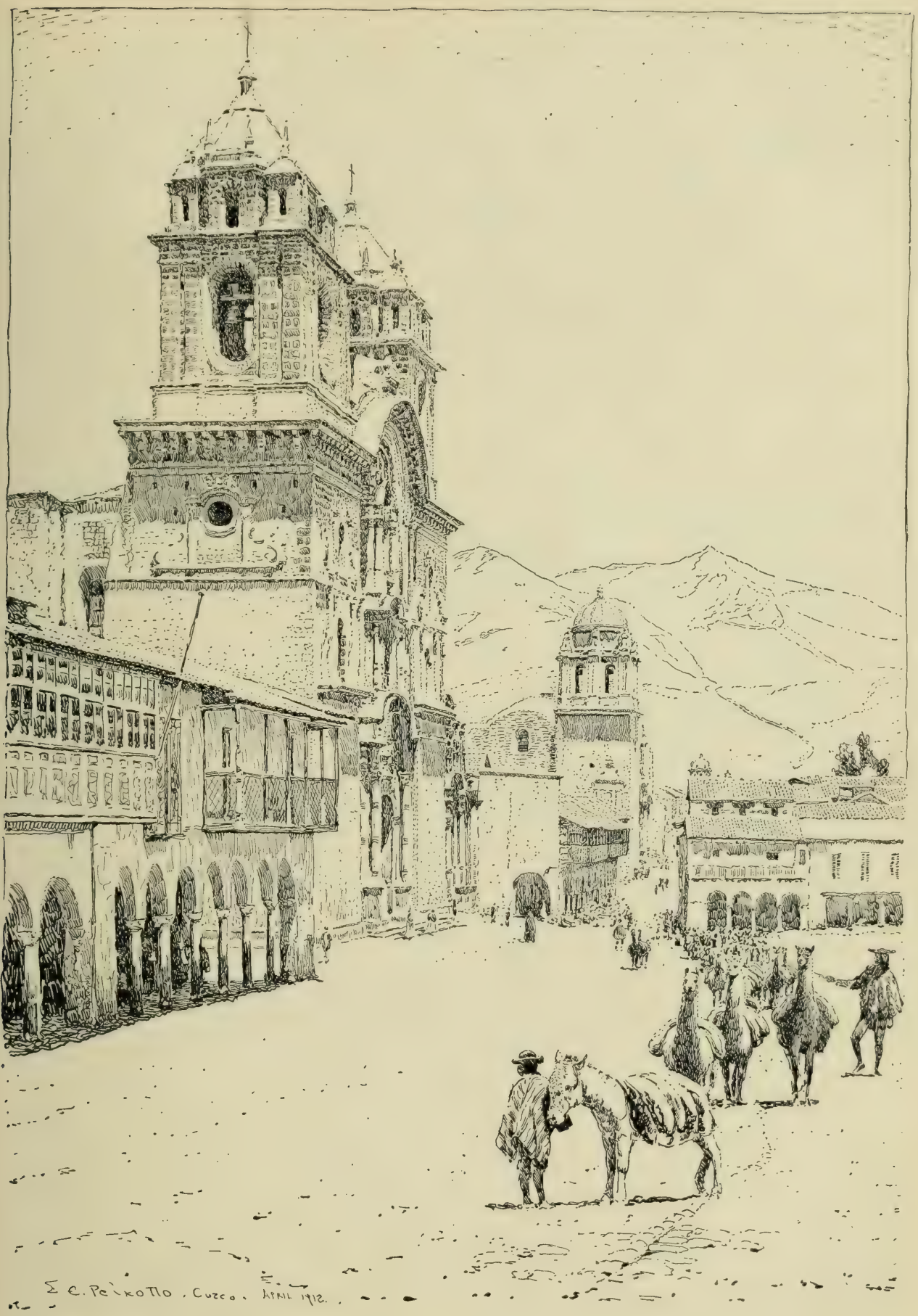
The natives were constantly arriving. The sky grew brighter and brighter, and suddenly the fiery orb of the sun shot above the mountains and darted its rays in long shafts of light down upon the market-place. The chill of the early morning was dispelled as if by magic. Small wonder that the Incas in their bleak fireless mountain homes worshipped him as their chief deity!

And now, under his effulgence, the beauty of this Sunday-morning market became apparent. The houses around the plaza, hitherto gray and uninteresting, now gleamed white or pale-blue or caught golden reflections under their broad eaves and balconies from the yellow dust of the roadways. Upon the surrounding hill-slopes flocks of llamas and trains of donkeys stood silhouetted with silver awaiting a purchaser.

And the costumes! The men's were undoubtedly the finest. Their *ponchos* or blankets reaching to the knees were woven in rich patterns and ornamented with colored fringes; their sturdy sun-browned calves and feet were bare or protected only by rude sandals; upon their heads they wore tight-fitting caps with ear-flaps woven, too, in intricate designs like those of the *poncho* but far finer, the best being made of the beautiful vicuña wool, which, under the Incas, was reserved for the nobility alone. Their hair, long, black, and thick, showed front and back, and was clipped round, giving to their clear-cut features and aquiline noses the appearance of those splendid bronze heads modelled by Donatello and his school.

The dominant color note was red—scarlet varying through all the gamut of rose and warmed by intervening stripes of undyed ochre wool.

The women wore the bright *montero*, a gay broad-brimmed hat almost devoid of crown, ornamented with gold or silver galloon, and their principal garment was the *llicha* or mantle in which they draped themselves. Before them, spread upon the ground, lay the various strange eat-



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

The church of the Compañía, facing the Plaza, Cuzco.



Modern Cuzco from the river-bank.

ables that they sell: the dried birds and cockroaches; the *chuño* or white potato (do you realize that we owe our common potato to these highlands of Peru?) that, boiled with bits of fish or meat, makes the *chupe*, their national dish; the roundish grains of the *quinoa;* the *charqui*, or jerked meat made of venison or vicuña steaks; the bags of coca leaves that they chew to deaden their senses and efface the effect of cold, hunger, and fatigue as they take their almost superhuman walks.

We started on for Cuzco in the morning expecting to reach it by night. But fate willed otherwise, as you shall see.

Along the roads the Indians were hurrying, some afoot, some on donkey-back, and once in a while we passed a single horseman draped in his ample *poncho*. Women, too, walked briskly with babies or incredibly large bundles upon their backs, picking their skirts high above their knees to ford the streams and pools.

Beyond San Pablo we could make out the ruins of the great temple of Viracocha, off to the right, half hidden in a rocky country. Each station, as we passed, was full of people, the train being still a novelty, an object of interest. The villages became richer. Pottery roofs supplanted the flimsy thatch; substantial walls took the place of rude adobe. The now roaring Vilcanota was spanned as at Quiquijana by strong stone bridges. The fields were rich and the hills terraced far up toward their summits.

About four hours beyond Sicuani the train stopped at a place called Urcos. Upon one side of the track stood the station; upon the other a sort of *fonda*—eating-house and lodgings combined. No town was in sight. The minutes passed by, and presently men began to drop off and ask questions of the conductor. His replies were evasive. An hour passed, and we were told that, owing to some trouble on the road ahead, we should remain where we were till evening. So, having nothing better to do, we set out to find the town.

Happy thought! For no sooner had we climbed a wide path, a sort of causeway lined on both sides with giant cacti of all descriptions, than we saw a picturesque red-roofed village ahead of us. We were walking toward the sun and the llamas and people coming down toward us were edged with gold and silver as the brilliant light caught the long nap of their woolly garments and fringes. We soon reached the first mud-built houses and stumbled up the winding rock-paved streets, climbing higher and higher toward glimpses of gleaming white walls ahead.

Suddenly we turned into the village green, for such it truly was, a perfect pastoral hidden in this mountain valley. Eight giant trees (*pisonays*, I think they are called) shaded its broad expanse, their gnarled trunks girdled with stone seats, their lustrous leaves shining and sparkling in the sunlight. In the shadows which they cast groups of Indian women squatted with their children, and over by the village pump another group quietly gossiped. An old Spaniard, in his thread-

bare black coat and flashy tie, returned slowly from mass. A broad flight of steps, ornamented with a tall stone crucifix, rose at the farthest end and led up to the church, whose single lava-built tower, dark and rich in tone, contrasted pleasantly with the white arcades that adjoined it. The long afternoon shadows, the ruddy glow of the scarlet costumes, the mighty hills, fat-flanked, gouged by landslides, yet tilled to their very summits, com-



One of the city gates.

posed a charming picture, and when we had enjoyed it for some time we mounted the steps to the church.

It, too, well repaid our visit. Its walls and ceiling, though white, are almost com-



The triple walls of Sachsahuaman.

pletely covered with stencils, executed apparently by Indians, like those of the California missions, but far richer in design and bolder and more vigorous in pattern, and particularly powerful in tone. They form the background for a multitude of objects: paintings not very good, to be sure, but following the fine old Hispanic tradition and set in their original richly carved and gilded frames; polychrome statues of saints and martyrs in the golden niches of side altars, mingled with bits of altar-cloths and laces and old Spanish mirrors. The vandal hand of no city antiquary has as yet defiled this little treasure-house. May my pen never guide one thither!

As we emerged from the portal, a small voice piped up and asked if we would like to see the lake.

The Lake of Urcos? Why had that name a familiar sound? Guided by our small conductor, we soon came upon it set like lovely Nemi in its round volcanic basin, a mirror reflecting the azure sky. The Lake of Urcos? I was still puzzled, but soon had solved the mystery.

Now I remembered the passage in Garcilasso. Huayna Capac, last of the great Incas, upon the birth of the son that was to succeed him, caused to be forged a chain of gold, long enough, we are told, to stretch around the great square at Cuzco. And the Inca named his son Huascar, a chain. At the approach of the Spaniards this triumph of the goldsmith's art, a veritable fortune, was thrown, according to common belief, into this Lake of Urcos. Various attempts have been made to dredge its waters and recover the buried treasure, but as yet all in vain—again reminding us of Nemi and its golden barge of Nero.

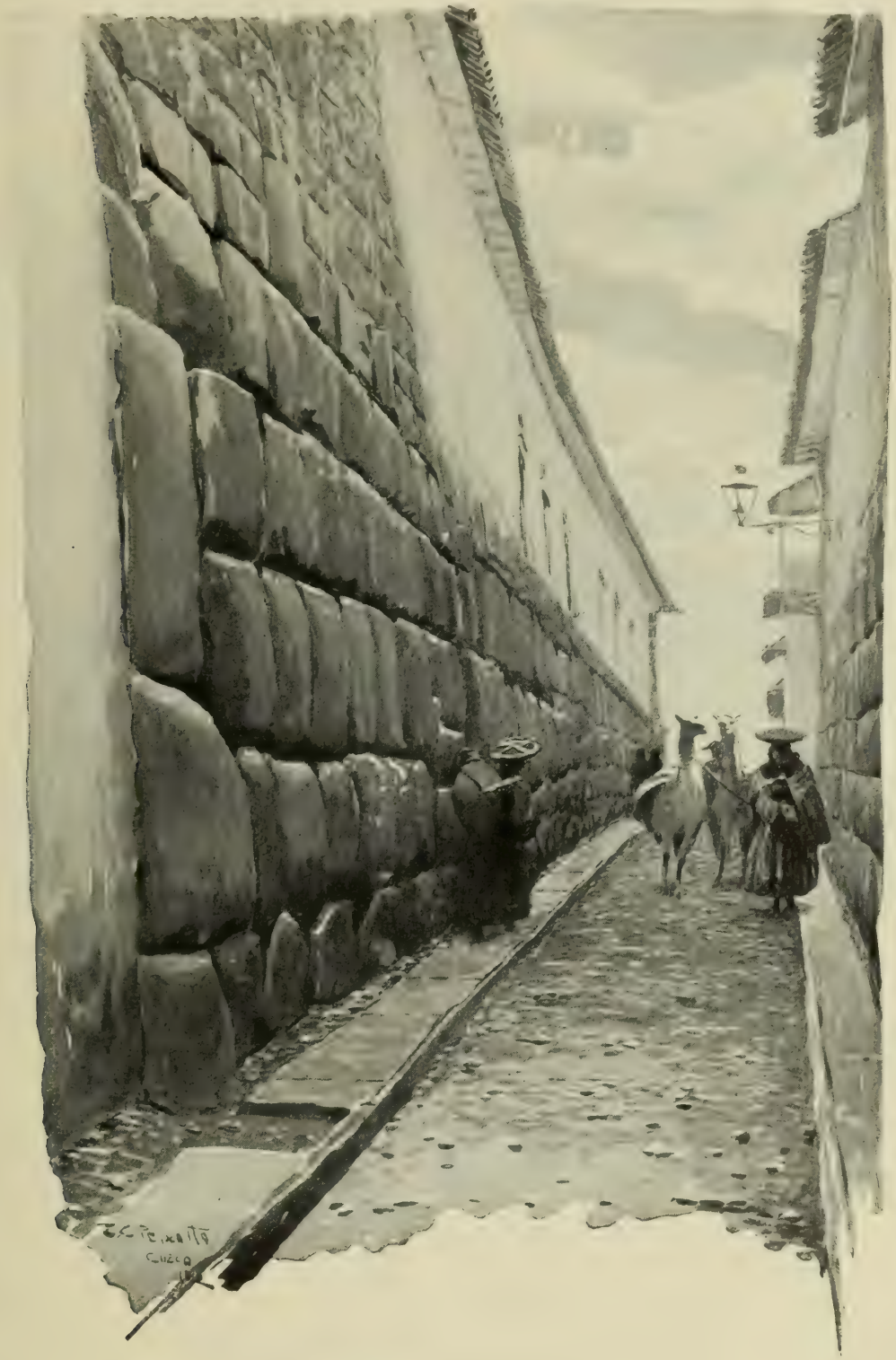
When we returned to the station we found a telegram from the superintendent at Arequipa telling us that we would be obliged to remain at Urcos all night owing to a landslide on the road ahead.

Now were we glad indeed of our private car, for the rest of the passengers had to make the best of it in the crowded quarters of the fonda, four in a room. The cholos slept upon the benches of their second-class coach. Faithful old Prudenzio, our Indian cook, had been off shopping in the town and we enjoyed our good dinner sitting by the window watching the natives with their long train of llamas or donkeys making their way up the steep pathways that led to their mountain homes.

Where do they dwell? Neither house nor village was visible upon these rocky heights, yet doubtless hidden within their

defiles nestle lonely huts protected from wintry winds.

The water-carriers staggered toward the village under the weight of their earthen *ollas;* the sad strains of a *yaravi* floated over the meadows; the Vilcanota, rushing to swell the Amazon, murmured in the distance; the stars shone resplendent in the purity of the mountain air. What a happy day, unplanned and unpremeditated, we had spent quite by chance in this peaceful country-side—this wonderful land of the Incas!



Walls of the palace of Inca Rocca.

But next morning, when told that we would not start for Cuzco until noon, I began to be anxious. We were at the be-



Old Inca model of Sachsahuaman.
Drawn from the original in the collection of Dr. Muñiz, Cuzco.

ginning of Holy Week and I had been especially planning to reach the Inca capital on this particular day, the feast of Our Lord of the Earthquakes—the principal Indian festival of the year. The great procession was to leave the cathedral at four o'clock, and Urcos is more than two hours' ride from Cuzco. We spent the morning sketching in the village, however, and in visiting a hospitable Spanish family, who asked us in (strangers are a rarity indeed in Urcos) to regale us with sweetmeats and coffee. A reassuring telegram awaited us upon our return to the station, telling us that we should leave by one o'clock. All might yet be well.

And at one we left. A quick trip through a succession of lovely valleys, where haciendas with long arcades sat embowered in eucalyptus groves, brought us to the considerable town of San Jeronimo, really a suburb of Cuzco.

The railroad here makes an ascent to the city and at each curve of the road we tried to obtain our first glimpse of this sacred city of the Incas. At last, at a turning, there it lay with its domes and towers, its ring of encircling mountains, its red-roofed houses lying flat along its regular streets.

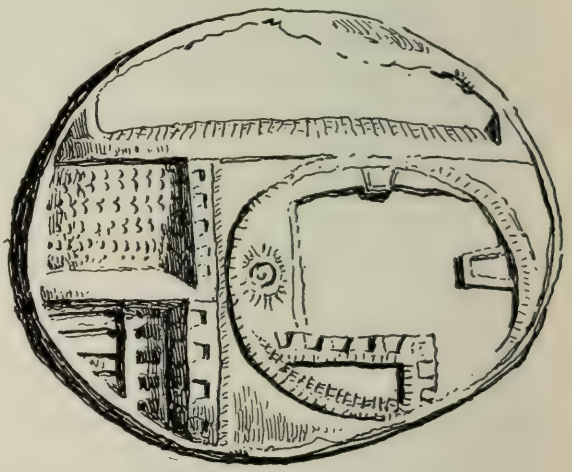
The neat new station (the road has been open only a year or two) lies outside the city walls. We lost no time in jumping into an old tram-car drawn by four mules, and presently were rattling through the narrow, crooked streets of the lower town, one of the worst quarters of the city—the dirtiest district of a dirty town.

But all this was forgotten when we turned into the main plaza of the city. Picturesque arcaded houses surround it on every side; the great church of the Compañía, with its belfries and domes, looms up in the centre of the southern side; while upon its eastern front the grand cathedral faces the setting sun, raised high upon its lofty *grada*.

Grouped upon these steps and in the plaza stood thousands of Indians—they told us fifteen thousand. Not shiftless, half-breed Indians in cast-off European clothes, but fine-looking fellows developed like athletes by their hardy mountain life and draped in their most brilliant *ponchos* with their most elaborate pointed caps upon their heads. The garrison, Indians too, except for the officers, stood drawn up at attention. A portion of the centre of the plaza was reserved for gentlefolk, and to this we made our way and were kindly admitted by the sentries on guard.

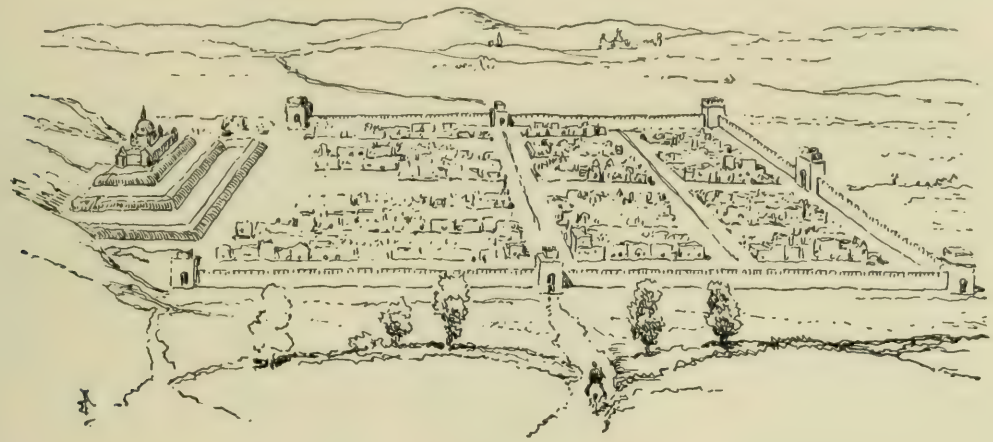
We had scarcely taken our places before the cathedral when its sixteen bells began to toll, the rich tones of Maria Angola, whose voice can be heard for miles, sounding the deepest bass.

A movement swept over the populace. The Indians dropped upon their knees; the Spaniards removed their hats. From the great door of the cathedral issued the procession. First came the alcaldes, the Indian mayors of all the provincial towns and villages, each carrying his great staff of office, a baton or cane varying in its size and the richness of its silver ornaments according to the importance of his com-



Inca stone representing plan of the Temple of the Sun, Cuzco.
About two-thirds actual size.

munity, some as tall as the men themselves, as thick as their fists, bound round and round with broad bands of silver engraved with rich designs. Next followed up to the pillars of the portal, throw masses of crimson leaves upon it (the *ñucchu*, or funeral flower of the Incas) reddening all its upper surfaces as with a shower of blood.



Sketch from Ramusio's plate of Cuzco, 1556.

the brotherhoods, wearing, like those of Spain and Italy, hoods that concealed their faces; then the monks from the convents, mostly Franciscans; then the civil authorities of Cuzco, the prefect of the department, the mayor, and other dignitaries; and after them the "Santo," followed by the clergy massed about their bishop.

The Santo, or saint, is a great figure, some eight feet high, of the Christ crucified —a fine piece of wood-carving sent over to the cathedral in the days of its infancy by Charles the Fifth of Spain. It is the Indian's most revered image—his special patron saint, stained by time, and perhaps by art as well, the color of his own dark skin. Many miracles are attributed to it, among others the cessation of the great earthquake of 1650, whence its name, Our Lord of the Earthquakes.

Once a year and once only, on this particular Monday of Holy Week, it is taken from its glass-enclosed chapel, put upon its massive pedestal, a mass of silver so heavy that thirty-two men stagger beneath its weight, while others follow along beside, ready to relieve them at frequent intervals.

Thus, attended by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, it is taken in solemn state to the principal churches of the city, followed by the garrison, whose muffled drums play funeral marches on the way. As it leaves the cathedral, boys, tied high

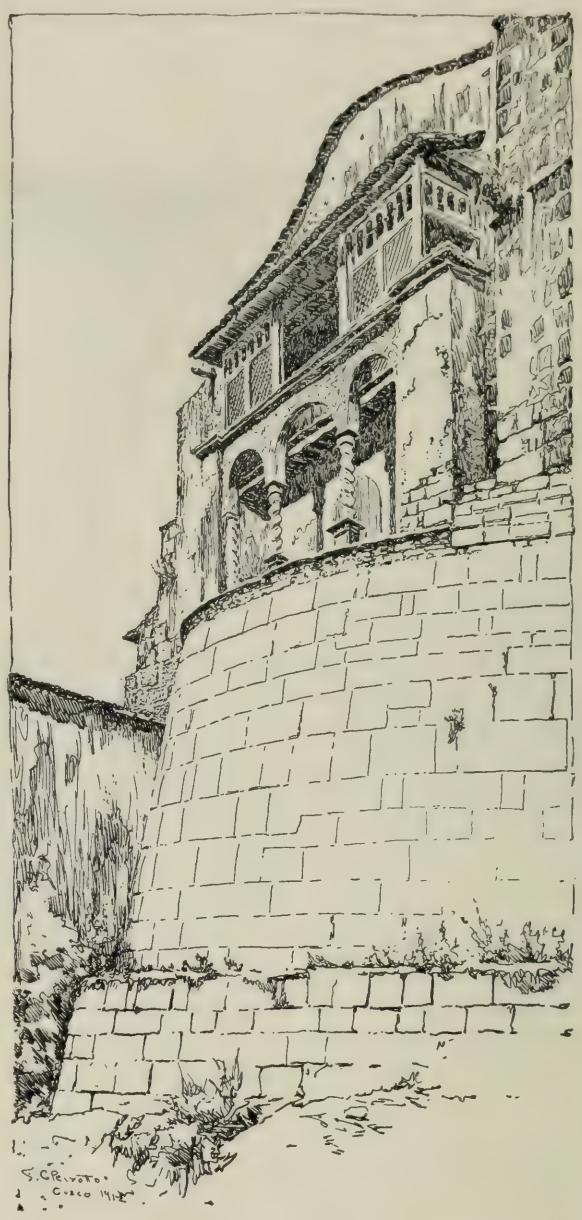
Swaying back and forth upon its many unsteady human legs, slowly it makes its way through the silent, kneeling throng toward Santa Teresa. In the open square before this church the women are congregated, and as they see it approach they begin to moan and beat their breasts; tears start from their eyes and their emotion is evidently intense. Here also boys about the portal shower the funeral flowers. We did not wait to follow it farther but made our way back to the main plaza, there to await its return. A kind young Spaniard, noting that we were strangers, with true courtesy invited us to occupy a window in his home just opposite the cathedral.

The sun had now set. Darkness was creeping on. The Indians were slowly coming back into the plaza. A few lights twinkled from one or two street-lamps—and I mean lamps literally, for gas has not yet appeared in Cuzco.

From the direction of La Merced came the sound of mournful music. The great plaza had filled again with people, a huge silent throng. From one corner emerged the procession, now lit by flickering candles and dominated by the great dark figure of El Señor de los Temblores. Slowly the lights approached the cathedral, finally mounting the long steps of its gree and grouping themselves against the tight-shut doors of the central portal that formed a bright background.

The great throng in the plaza was kneeling and, as the black figure of the Santo mounted the steps and appeared silhouetted against the doors, a great moan, a sort of collective sob, swelling to a barbaric howl,—a sound such as I had never heard before,—as if in the presence of some dire calamity, swelled from the poor Indian throats; the black crucifix made three stately bows, to the north, to the west, to the south, in sign of benediction; a sigh of relief and a shudder passed over the square; the huge cathedral doors swung open; the black hole swallowed the image and the candles; the portals closed again and all was finished.

I offer no comment upon this weird ceremony. But in its spectacular appeal to the primitive senses it impressed us more than any other religious festival we had ever seen.



The apse of Santo Domingo built upon the ancient Temple of the Sun.

The ancient city of Cuzco, when first viewed by European eyes, was, according to the best authorities, a great and wealthy municipality of perhaps two hundred thousand souls. How old it was at that time we have scant means of knowing. Garcilasso would have us believe that there were only thirteen Incas in the royal line from Manco Capac to Huayna Capac; Montesinos, on the other hand, assures us that the Incas ruled for a thousand years! Which are we to believe? No written history of the race exists—only the records of the *quipus*, those queer knotted strings that were the Incas' sole documents and for which no archæologist has as yet discovered the key, the Rosetta stone.

Cuzco's original plan was, singularly enough, that of the Roman camp, a quadrangle divided by two intersecting streets into quarters, with a gate on each face and towers at the angles. Ramusio gives an interesting woodcut, here reproduced, of the city as it appeared to the conquerors.

The Incas, like the citizens of the United States, had no more definite name for their country than Tavantinsuyu, the Empire of the Four Provinces. The four streets of the capital, prolonged by great roads, divided it into four main provinces, each under the dominion of its governor. When their people came to Cuzco they lodged in their own quarter, where they adhered to their national costumes and the customs of their own province.

The city to-day retains the same general plan, its two principal streets being practically the old main thoroughfares. Its two eastern quarters lie upon steep hillsides; the two western are in the valley where runs a little river, the Huatanay, spanned by bridges.

The northeast quarter was the Palatine Hill of this South American Rome, and contains the palaces of the kings, for each

Inca, after the manner of the Roman emperors, built his own abode, scorning to live in that of his predecessor. Along the steep streets of this portion of the city extensive remains of the foundations and walls of these palaces still remain, their giant stones and perfect masonry provoking the constant wonder of the traveller. Pictures of them give but a poor impression, for the heavy rustic finish of the face of each stone hides the perfection of the joints, which are so finely fitted that, devoid of mortar as they are, the blade of a small pocket-knife can scarcely be inserted into any one of them.

The most extensive ruins left by the Incas, and perhaps the most interesting, are those of the great fortress Sachsahuaman, that stands perched upon the summit of a steep hill to the north of the town.

The road up the mountain is a stiff climb in this altitude, and more than once we stopped to rest and catch our breath, and regret that we had not ordered donkeys on which to scramble up the rocky paths. Several times we passed llama trains coming down, and had to climb in the rocks to let the clumsy beasts go by. Finally we reached the first huge stones of the fortress and entered its portal, which, with its steps, is still in good preservation.

Enough of the great walls remains to amaze one with their formidable character and vast extent. The Indians consider them the works of the Evil One, and small wonder, for how human hands ever reared these mighty stones upon this mountain-top is quite beyond one's powers of speculation. The fort presents but a single line of defence, some twelve hundred feet long, toward the city, where the hill itself is so steep that it affords the best possible protection, but to the country behind it shows three massive walls placed one above the other, arranged with salients (a device unknown to Europeans of that period) and breastworks for the defenders. The stones are cyclopean, many of them being eighteen to twenty feet long and almost the same in height; the largest, we are told, measuring no less than thirty-eight feet in length.

Crowning these mighty walls was the fortress proper, consisting of three towers. The central one, the largest, was reserved for the Inca himself and contained his royal apartments. The other two were for the garrison commanded by a noble of the royal family. As in many mediæval fortress castles, subterranean passages, also built of stone, connected these towers with the town below, thus affording a retreat for the Inca in time of peril.

Upon the hill-slopes behind the fortress, in fields of flowering shrubs, where paroquets make their homes, stand some strange rocks called by the natives "thrones of the Inca." They are certainly cut with the nicest precision, each edge as sharp as it ever was, but I can scarcely see the reason for the appellation.

We returned to the city toward sundown. The views, as we descended, were beautiful. The lovely valley, dotted with eucalyptus groves, lay green and radiant below us, framed by its towering mountains that peeped over each other's shoulders as they stretched away, fold upon fold, dimmer and yet more distant until they disappeared in far perspectives.

The city that lay beneath us, one-storied for the most part, flat along its regular streets, looks quite as it must have appeared to the Inca sitting in his fortress tower. Only now pottery roofs replace the thatch of straw or of *ychu* grass that covered the older houses, and the belfries and domes of numerous Spanish churches have supplanted the gilded walls and cumbersome masonry of the ancient Inca temples.

These last lay for the most part in the southeast quarter of the city and were dominated by the great Temple of the Sun, the most revered sanctuary in all the empire, called by the people Coricancha, the Place of Gold. And well it deserved its name, for, according to all accounts, its walls were a perfect mine of the precious metal. Mortised into the great stones of its exterior, a frieze of gold, "of a palm and a half" in width, encircled the entire edifice. The interior was ablaze, as befitted a temple dedicated to the glory of light.

In the centre of the western wall a giant sun, represented by a human countenance from which rays of light sprang in various directions, glowed in all the splendor of gold and jewels. The great eastern portal was placed directly opposite and arranged so that the sun, with its first ray, gilded this golden effigy that thus threw

off a strange effulgence. The walls and ceiling were encrusted with gold. and the mummies of all the Incas, dressed as on occasions of state, with their *coyas*, or queens, sat about upon golden thrones.

Adjoining this main temple lesser shrines were arranged. In that dedicated to the moon, for example, all was of silver, a silvery moon replacing the golden sun. These buildings were each set in extensive gardens, whose flowers and plants and animals were of gold and silver, simulating with real skill the products of nature.

Let him who doubts these tales remember that gold in the eyes of the Peruvian Indian of that day had no monetary value whatever, that money did not exist—that gold, in the popular parlance, was "the tears wept by the sun," and that all of it found in the rich mines of Peru, the real Eldorado of the New World during the Spanish colonial period, was sent either to the Inca or to his temples. Atahualpa, for his ransom, almost filled with gold vessels and ornaments a room thirty-three feet by twenty, representing a value in our money of some seventeen million dollars. What a sum in those days before the discovery of the great gold-mines of modern times!

Dr. Caparo Muñiz, who possesses a remarkable collection of Inca antiquities, showed me a curious stone that he had unearthed on a farm some twelve leagues from Cuzco at a place called Yayamarca, the Place of the Lord. It is carved to represent a ground plan of the Temple of the Sun, and so interested me that I made a drawing of it, which I here present. It corresponds quite perfectly with the remains of the sanctuary that still exist.

These consist of important portions of its circular walls and a number of those singular niches that taper in toward the top like those of the edifices of Egypt. Extensive interior walls of perfect masonry are incorporated in the present church and convent of Santo Domingo that the conquerors built immediately over the pagan temple.

I visited this old church with the Rector of the University, who was kindness itself to us during our stay, and Padre Vasquez, the amiable prior of the monastery, took us about in person. Strangely enough it was the first time that these two men had met, for the prior was a comparative newcomer to Cuzco, so I benefited by the enthusiasm of their first visit together.

We inspected in turn the cloister courts, the church, and all the intricate by-ways of its corridors and stairways. The Christian temple is interesting, but the walls that it stands upon and that crop out here and there in its fabric were the subject of our wonder. Theirs is the most perfect masonry of any of the Inca ruins that I saw. These are the massive smooth-faced stones that Sarmiento saw and enthused over, whose joints are so nicely wrought that they can scarcely be detected. How a nation without iron or steel—with only *champi*, a mixture of copper and tin—to aid them could have produced such finish will always be a matter of wonder. They certainly possessed some secret for cutting stone that we do not know to-day.

Near this Church of Saint Dominic stands the Convent of the nuns of Santa Catalina, built upon the ruins of what was, in the time of the Incas, the House of the Virgins of the Sun, a huge structure some eight hundred feet in length. These girls, chosen by the provincial governors from among the most beautiful in the kingdom, tended the sacred fire in the temples, their duties being curiously analogous to those of the Roman vestal virgins. Their guardians, the *mama-cunas*, taught them weaving and spinning, and from among them were selected the Inca's many concubines. Once in a while one of them was chosen for sacrifice, but this was a very rare occurrence, as the religion of the Incas permitted of human sacrifice only on occasion of exceptional importance, thereby differing materially from the religions of the other American races—the wholesale slaughters of the Aztecs, for example.

Soon after the conquest, the Spaniards built three great churches in Cuzco, three churches worthy of a European capital. Unlike the churches of Lima, these happily have escaped remodelling.

Two of them, the cathedral and the Compañía, face upon the main plaza, the heart of the city; the third, La Merced, is but a step away. All three are in the style of the Spanish Renaissance, patterned, let us say, from such a church as San Lorenzo of the Escurial.

The interior of the Compañía is the handsomest of the three. Its pillars, with their simple capitals and its well-designed architrave, support wide-spreading stone arches and broad vaults of brick.

The Church of the Order of Mercy, La Merced, in which the bones of Almagro and Gonzalo Pizarro are said to rest, is chiefly remarkable for its cloisters, whose massive stone arcades and monumental staircases have for centuries withstood the storms of these altitudes and are perhaps the handsomest in Peru, though not as picturesque as some of those in Lima.

The days passed by. Sometimes we explored the by-ways of the city, sketching in the steep, picturesque streets that climb the hills; again, we poked about the gaudy Indian shops that line the arcades of the plaza with their vivid wares; sometimes we loitered about the market or looked for Spanish shawls and frames and laces in the shops and houses.

We remained snugly in our car during all our stay, with good Prudenzio to cook for us and faithful Juan to serve us, the hotels of the town offering but a poor alternative for the comfort of this abode out in the broad fields just beyond the smells and dirt of the streets. But let me say it here—this is the only city we visited that offended us this way, the other places being cleaner and better kept than most of the small towns of Italy or Spain.

The Easter services did not prove remarkable, resembling in all their essentials those we had seen in Mediterranean countries, except for one important ceremony—that of Holy Thursday, at the end of which, in the chapel of the Corazon, dressed in silver for the occasion, the prefect knelt before the bishop, who hung about his neck a golden key, the key of the Tomb, of which the prefect thus became the custodian until Easter.

In the late afternoon and evening the bishop, with his clergy, visited all the churches of the city one after the other. Most of the people did likewise. Every church and chapel was alight with thousands of twinkling candles, and hung with Easter decorations—not blooms such as we use, but great curtains of blue studded with silver stars, yards of colored cheesecloth, and tawdry paper flowers.

We went last to La Merced and remained there until after dark watching the people and the strange types. When we emerged night had closed in. All along the Calle de la Merced, against the very walls of the church, booths had sprung up, lit by spluttering, smoky lanterns that cast weird lights and heavy shadows upon venders and purchasers alike, as they bargained over tables covered with white-lace cloths. Upon these tables lay the strangest-looking sweetmeats prepared ready for the Easter holidays: candied apples, browned and stuck upon sticks; jellied fruits and sugary cookies; sticky candies; and—a specialty these—swans or doves done in almond paste and laid upon plates surrounded by candied vegetables.

The bishop and his suite issued from the church door, his long purple train carried by acolytes, and slowly and with dignity he took his way down the street toward his palace in the darkness. Every street that we looked down ended in the night; we, too, made our way toward the city gate and the open fields under the stars.

SOME EARLY MEMORIES

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

Senator from Massachusetts

V

I CAME upon the stage of life just as the remarkable group of men who had made New England and Boston famous in the middle of the nineteenth century were passing off. They included both those who had led Massachusetts in the great struggle which had preceded the Civil War, and those who had made her fame in literature.

In giving my remembrances of those of them whom I saw and knew let me begin with Charles Sumner, of whom I have already spoken, and who is inseparably connected with all the memories of my childhood and youth. Long before he entered public life he was a friend of my grandfather and grandmother Cabot, and was constantly at their house. This friendship was extended to my father and mother, and after Mr. Sumner became senator my father was one of his most ardent supporters. When Sumner by his speeches against slavery had alienated respectable and conservative Boston, the Webster Whigs, the "Silver Grays," the cotton-manufacturers, and business and society all turned against him. He was practically ostracized, and the people among whom he had lived and by whom he had been praised and admired with one accord closed their doors to him. Mr. Henry Adams, as I have already said, told me long afterward that at that time his father's house and my father's were the only ones in Boston, so far as he knew, which remained open to Sumner. The intimacy with my family, therefore, was particularly close. Whenever Sumner was in Boston he dined constantly with us and every summer he passed six weeks or more at Nahant, dividing the time between us and Mr. Longfellow, who was one of his closest and most faithful friends. He is, therefore, to me almost one of the family, as I look back on my early years, and he continued to me the inherited friendship. After my father's death he came to Nahant and stayed with us just as before, and when my sister and I came to have separate houses he divided his time between us. I wrote to ask him to come to me as usual the summer after I returned from Europe, and I give his reply because it shows the affectionate side of Sumner's character, of which, I think, the world knew little.

WASHINGTON
12th April, '73

MY DEAR CABOT

I recognize in your note the friendship of yr father and grandfather, renewed in another generation. It makes me feel that I am not entirely alone in the world.

Thanks! dear Cabot, you touch my heart. I am very feeble; but I hope to reach Nahant and to enjoy the hospitality you so kindly offer.

Thanks also to yr charming wife and to yr mother too.

Ever sincerely
Yrs
CHARLES SUMNER

As a child I looked at him with a feeling of awe and wonder and with a vague idea that he was a great man, although I did not very well know the reasons of the greatness. But I was never afraid of him, for he was always most kind to me, and was wont to ask me in his solemn way about my school and about the books I studied, of which he knew a great deal, and he would also make grave inquiries, as I think he felt bound in duty to do, about my sports and amusements, of which he knew very little. It was not, however, the misty idea that he was a great man which alone made Sumner impressive to my boyish imagination. He was a most imposing figure. Tall, large, not regularly handsome in features, but with a noble head and a fine and intellectual face, no

one could look upon him and fail to be struck and attracted by his looks and presence. To all this was added that rarest of gifts, a very fine voice, deep and rich with varied tones and always a delight to the ear. If ever a man was physically formed

"The applause of listening senates to command,"

it was Charles Sumner. He was a man of wide learning. He had read everything, was familiar with all the great languages, ancient and modern, had the power of devouring books with extraordinary rapidity and the much more precious gift of remembering everything he read whether important or unimportant. He always reminded me of Macaulay in the extent of his acquirements and in the way in which upon any subject that was started he could give all the facts and dates, deluge the conversation with precedents and parallel cases, and recite long lists of names if opportunity offered. He was nearly contemporary with Macaulay, and I have sometimes wondered whether these attributes of indiscriminate learning, of relentless memory and of readiness in pouring out vast stores of knowledge, were not in a greater or lesser degree characteristic of the period. Sumner did not monopolize the conversation as Macaulay is said to have done and reduce it to a monologue, nor would any one have said of him, as Sydney Smith said of Macaulay, that he had "flashes of silence." Sumner was often silent, entirely ready to listen to others, and never burdensome in conversation. He talked well and if he sometimes talked at length I always found him interesting, which is, I think, a good test, for a very young man is, as a rule, easily wearied. In another way Sumner's learning and memory were less fortunate for him. They led him very naturally to load and lengthen his speeches, not at all for display but merely because it was easy and agreeable to expand and he could not resist the temptation. The result was that he never seemed to me to have received as a speaker and debater the just appreciation to which his presence, his delivery, his beautiful voice, his accomplishments, and his good English entitled him. People were weighed down by the mass and quantity of his utterances; his speeches not only remain, like most other speeches, unread, but they do not seem to me to have in history the attention which their importance and quality alike warrant and justify. He would have been saved from all this if he had possessed a sense of humor, which carries with it a sense of proportion, but had he been so gifted it is possible that he would not have accomplished the noble work or played the great part which fell to him in those momentous years of the war and the antislavery struggle. The absence of humor was probably the defect of his qualities and his virtues, but there can be no doubt of the fact of its absence. I do not mean to suggest that he was morose or solemn or that he frowned on mirth. Quite the contrary was the case. He was always genial and kindly and liked to see others, especially young people, enjoy themselves, but the sense of humor in its true and broad sense was lacking. It was this which made him unable sometimes to see the effect of his own words. Mr. Schurz told me, I remember, an incident which illustrates this point. It was at the time of their quarrel with Grant. Sumner was going to make a speech in the Senate on some question of the administration policy. Mr. Schurz talked the speech over with Sumner and begged him not to indulge in any bitter attacks upon the President and urged him to be temperate in his language, as violence would do more harm than good. Sumner agreed with him and promised to be very careful. When he spoke Schurz said that he was horrified to find that Sumner had apparently utterly forgotten his promise. He launched out into the invective of which he was a master and denounced Grant bitterly and savagely. When he had concluded he turned to Schurz and said: "You saw I was moderate and temperate, and I hope you think that I was wise not to be more severe." Schurz said that after this experience he realized that it was useless to expostulate, for Sumner apparently could not perceive the force of his own words. His remark about his moderation was made in perfectly good faith, and disclosed his lack of humor. This also came out amusingly in much less important ways. Mr. Longfellow, who was devoted to Sumner but entirely conscious of his deficiency in humor, told me, as I have already said, that when the "Biglow Pa-

pers" first appeared Sumner was staying at his house. It was a rainy afternoon and Mr. Longfellow was obliged to go out, leaving Sumner stretched on the sofa reading Lowell's volume. When he returned he asked Sumner how he liked the poems, and Sumner replied: "They are admirable, very good indeed, but why does he spell his words so badly?" Longfellow said that he attempted to explain that the poems were purposely written in the New England dialect, but Sumner could not understand.

One summer at Nahant I dined at Mr. Longfellow's with Mr. Sumner and some others. Sumner was a collector of china, about which he knew a great deal, as he did about many other things. He told us a story about going to see Lord Exmouth's collection and how fine it was. When he was taking his leave Lord Exmouth gave him two rare plates and offered to send them to his lodgings, but Sumner would not be parted from his prize and insisted on taking them home with him in his cab. When he had concluded his story, which was interesting but long in narration, "Tom" Appleton, Mr. Longfellow's brother-in-law, who was present, said: "A pleasing tale, illustrated with two plates." Everybody laughed, and Sumner, looking about most good-naturedly, said: "What are you all laughing at? I suppose Appleton is up to some mischief, but my story is quite true."

Yet, although Sumner lacked humor he nevertheless could say good things himself which, if not humorous, had much keenness and wit. He was staying at our house shortly after the fall of the second empire and the establishment of the French republic. He had just returned from Paris, where Gambetta had called upon him, and he gave us a most interesting account of their conversation, in which Gambetta had discussed the whole situation and asked Sumner's counsel and advice. He said: "Gambetta rose to go, and as he took my hand he said: 'Ah, M. Sumner, il nous faut un Jefferson!' I replied, 'Trouvez un Washington, M. Gambetta, et un Jefferson arrivera.'" Nothing could have been better.

In the same way, although he could be so bitter in denunciation and use language of the most savage kind about opponents or those who had wronged him without in the least realizing the wounding force of his words, no man had better manners in daily life, manners at once kindly, stately, and dignified, and he could do a courteous act in the most graceful way. A little incident connected with Mr. Motley's appointment as minister to England illustrates this quality in Sumner very well. It was known that Mr. Motley's name was being considered by the President, but there were other aspirants, and there was the usual speculation and uncertainty. At last the President told Sumner that he would appoint Motley. That same evening Motley dined with Sumner. There was a large party and, although there was conversation about the English mission, no one had any idea that the question had been settled. When the dinner had ended and the cloth was removed, Sumner raised his glass and looking at Mr. Motley said in the quietest, most matter-of-fact way: "When does your excellency intend to sail for England?"

Coupled with his deficiency in a sense of humor and akin to it was a curious simplicity of nature. He was not in the least arrogant, to my thinking, although I have heard arrogance charged against him, and he was anything but conceited, but he had vanity, which Mr. Justice Holmes has described "as the most philosophical of those weaknesses which we are taught to despise," in a high degree, and so complete were his credulity and simplicity that designing men could easily take advantage of them. It was not the vanity which offends, for it was too frank, too obvious, too child-like to give offence, but it made him an easy prey to those who wished to profit by it. When in Washington I always dined with Mr. Sumner, and on one occasion Caleb Cushing and John W. Forney were both there, for he almost always had some guests at his very hospitable table, as he disliked being alone. I remember my surprise at seeing Caleb Cushing. In our Free Soil, Republican household his name was anathema as a proslavery Massachusetts Democrat who had sold himself to the South for a cabinet office. I knew nothing of his career. I had only the vague notion acquired in childhood that he was one of the wicked and it never occurred to me that it was possible for me to meet him in any house to which I should be invited,

least of all in Sumner's. I was, therefore, surprised to find a well-bred man, with a keen, intellectual face, who made himself most agreeable. It was really quite natural that he should have been at Sumner's table, for his last gyration had brought him to a strong support of the Union cause, of which I as a boy had been profoundly ignorant. I recall nothing of his conversation except that it was interesting and tinged with a certain cool cynicism which I now know was characteristic of the man. One thing and only one that he said has clung to my memory. The talk ran on Grant, who had just been elected and who was a warm friend of the former attorney-general. Cushing said: "When the war broke out I said to a friend that I wished I could pick out the subaltern in the army who would be the next President of the United States, and now here he is."

The other guest, Forney, was very different. He devoted himself to deluging his host with flattery, unexpurgated and unabridged, which the subject of the eulogy received smilingly and without deprecation. I had been brought up in an atmosphere charged with affection and admiration for Sumner, but this sort of adulation I had never heard, and I sat by in silent amazement, wondering greatly, feeling uncomfortable, and sympathizing with Sumner, who, I thought, must feel uncomfortable too, a belief in which I was quite mistaken.

I saw another example of the same weakness with a man who certainly had no private end to serve. On several occasions when Sumner dined at our house in Boston my mother asked Wendell Phillips, and no one else, to meet him. Wendell Phillips was a most delightful man in private life and particularly so at a family dinner of the kind to which I refer. But I was amazed at the frankness with which he flattered Sumner, and still more, as in the case of Forney, at the way in which Sumner accepted it with a pleased smile and without a murmur of dissent. Phillips did this either because he liked to gratify Sumner or because he was moved by an underlying malice of which he was entirely capable, and derived a certain cynical enjoyment from the exhibition of a human and wholly harmless weakness.

I have thus far spoken only of Sumner's foibles because it would be impossible to understand him or know him without realizing them. But these peculiarities which I have described, although used against him by his enemies, were foibles and nothing more, and did not really affect the essential greatness of the man. For Sumner was a really great man and did a great work in the stormy times in which he lived. Justice, in many instances, has not been done to him, and even among those who have praised him he has not been rightly praised, because both the praise and the blame have been awarded on what seems to me a mistaken view of his life and work. A man should be judged and criticised for what he was, not because he was not something else, or because he failed to be what he was not and never tried to be.

Sumner, by nature, was a dreamer, a man of meditation, a man of books and a lover of learning. By the circumstances of the time and by the hand of fate he was projected into a scene of intense action and fierce struggle. He there played a leading part but his nature was not changed. He remained at bottom a dreamer and a man of books. Everything that interested him, great or small, he approached from the precincts and with the habits of the library, and in the manner of a deep-delving student. I have spoken of his love of china and porcelains. He was fond of them and had made quite a collection, not only of examples of European manufacture, but of Chinese and Japanese work, at that period little understood or appreciated. Yet this interest, which to most persons is merely a taste and an amusement, was to Sumner a subject of research and study. How good his judgment was I cannot undertake to say, but he had mastered all the learning and read all the books on the subject, and could talk of the history and processes of manufacture and of the great makers by the hour together. As a matter of course, Sumner had a good library and knew of books, but he became interested in bindings, and I remember hearing him on more than one occasion discourse of bindings and famous binders in a manner which would lead a casual observer to think that book-binding had been the study and occupation of his

life. It was the same in regard to pictures, architecture, and sculpture, all subjects in which he was interested. It was inevitable that he should carry the same habits and propensities into the serious work of his life, and that, whenever he made a speech upon any subject, his learning should flow out copiously at every new point. This led, as I have said, to his overloading his speeches when he should have used the stores of his reading and memory with reserve and solely for illustration or decoration. His wide historical knowledge, as well as his legal training, fitted him peculiarly for the treatment of international questions, and for the important position of chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, which he held so long and which attained to greater authority in his hands than in those of any other of the many able men who have held the same place. The work of that committee was not only agreeable to Sumner, but was peculiarly suited to him and he was one of the guiding forces in our foreign policy during the trying and difficult years of the Civil War. He was intense in his Americanism; all the unequalled attention which he had received abroad, especially in England, never affected him in the slightest degree where the interests of his own country were concerned. He was severely criticised for his extravagant advocacy of the untenable "indirect claims" which came so near to wrecking the Geneva arbitration. But I have always thought that Sumner's precise object was to break up the arbitration, because he did not believe it to be the wise course for the United States to take. Sumner felt deeply the conduct of England during our Civil War. The very fact of his many friendships in England made his resentment all the keener.

When the war closed it seemed to him that the time had come for a final settlement, and that settlement to him meant the acquisition of Canada. Mr. Charles Francis Adams has shown recently how near we were to that solution, for at that period England had none of the feeling about her colonies which she has to-day. The free-trade school was in the ascendant, and the general feeling was one of indifference to the colonies coupled with a readiness to let them go if they so desired. Sumner's policy was to refuse all arbitration with England as to the *Alabama* depredations and the other wrongs she had inflicted upon us during the Civil War, and to take Canada as an indemnity, thereby closing the door to all future difficulties with Great Britain. He believed the transfer would be peaceable, but with the greatest army of tried and veteran soldiers then existent and with an equally powerful navy he was quite prepared for a war which could have had but one issue. The policy was feasible, and if we had then taken Canada many questions would have been laid at rest forever. We accepted arbitration, an apology, and fifteen millions of money. Perhaps it was the wisest as it was certainly the safest course, but Sumner's policy was none the less strong, intelligent, far-seeing, and final.

In regard to Cuba, when the insurrection broke out which culminated in the affair of the *Virginius*, Sumner declared the presence of Spain in the Western hemisphere to be an anachronism. He did not press for active measures against Spain because there were still slaves in Cuba and that chilled his sympathy. But he saw the true situation before others had grasped it, and declared that what was done thirty years later was inevitable and ought to come to pass. He was a generation ahead of his time in his views of our relations to Spain and of the final result which was inevitable because Spain was an anachronism in America.

It was the same in regard to the treatment of the South when the war closed. Sumner believed that the true course was to divide the States lately in rebellion into military districts without regard to State lines, and give them for a time a purely military government. This opinion came from no fanatical hatred of the South, for Sumner was the most generous of victors and was denounced by the Massachusetts legislature for proposing to remove from the battle-flags the names of our victories in the Civil War because he believed in obliterating all outward signs of the triumph of one American over another. Again he was ahead of his time, and his plan for temporary military government arose from his belief that it would be best in the end for all concerned. The only real alternative for Sumner's policy was to let the Southern States come back as

if nothing had happened. For this high trust the South showed itself unfit; for they seemed to have learned nothing and began at once to thrust the negro back into practical slavery by means of the peonage laws. On the other hand, the North thought military government too extreme, and too much at variance with American principles. The result was neither one plan nor the other, and we had reconstruction based on negro rule with all its failures and miseries. Sumner's policy would have spared the country all this and it would have been better for the South, which would have preferred the government of the army to that which we forced upon them.

Sumner was a statesman in the largest sense, although not a legislator who drafted laws and attended to legislative details. Still less was he a politician, for he cared nothing about politics in the ordinary acceptation of the word. Yet it is not on his statesmanship or his power as an orator that his fame finally depends. Sumner's greatness rests securely on the fact that he was the representative of an idea. He stood for human freedom. He was among the first of what have been well called the human-rights statesmen of that period. He was one of the great leaders among the men of 1848 when the movement for political liberty swept over the world of Western civilization, and when it was believed that in political liberty, in manhood suffrage, and in a republican form of government, whether in Italy or Austria, in France or Germany, or among the negroes of the South, would be found a cure for all the ills and miseries of mankind. It was a noble faith; its champions accomplished a great work for humanity. Their success did not bring a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, for, alas, there is no such panacea, but they made the lot of mankind better and rendered an inestimable service to their fellow-men. Sumner was one of the greatest among them in his devotion to the cause. Not only by what he said but by what he suffered, and above all by what he was in character and attainments, he was enabled to strike the most deadly blows at slavery ever dealt up to that time in Congress. He had the spirit of the martyr and the crusader. He was entirely fearless. He never would compromise, retreat, or flinch. He was just the man most needed in the conflict which culminated in the ten years preceding the Civil War, and in that period he fills a great place.

As I saw him he was a lovable man. He was kindness itself, gentle and affectionate in our household, of which he was so often a part. But as I look back on that vanished time I see now that which I vaguely felt then—what a pathetic, almost tragic, figure he was. He was singularly lonely. He had no near relations after the death of his brother George. His marriage proved most unhappy, and led to separation and renewed isolation. He never fully recovered from the Brooks assault, and the disease of the heart which finally caused his death produced acute suffering. Yet he never complained. He bore loneliness and physical pain alike in silence and with a smiling face. He had high moral courage and never cried out under the blows of fate. His career is a part, and a large part, of the history of his time. I have no thought of rewriting it here in these rambling recollections, but I wished to give the impression which was left with me by close association with a remarkable man in the days of childhood and youth, and of whom I had that near view which sometimes brings a better understanding than official records or the researches of the historian.

There were no others of the antislavery leaders, the "human-rights" statesmen who came into control of Massachusetts politics during the fifties and who played so large a part in the history of the United States, whom I knew and saw so closely as Sumner. Henry Wilson, Sumner's colleague in the Senate, was little more than a name to me until I met him in Washington when he was Vice-President and shortly before his death. I then had a long talk with him. He knew about me and about the friendship of my family with Sumner, and he was most kind and pleasant. I noted in a diary the fact of my talk with him, but made no memoranda of the conversation, which has now entirely escaped my memory. I remember very well, however, just how he looked—large, fair, with a florid complexion, a pleasant voice, and agreeable manner. He was a man of remarkable qualities, for he had worked his way up from as low a starting-point as it is pos-

sible to conceive. It was said that he was the son of English gypsies, and that his name was really Coldbath, which, I have been told, is a characteristic gypsy name in England. However this may be, he was born in the utmost obscurity and poverty. He had no chance for any schooling and no friends to help him. He learned the trade of shoemaker, made his own living, educated himself, entered politics, rose to be one of the leaders of the Republican party in Massachusetts, then became senator, and died Vice-President of the United States. He was not only able to hold his own in the great positions he filled, but, so far as I could see, there was no trace of roughness about him, or of that almost ferocious self-assertion which is so apt to show itself in men who have fought their way from humble beginnings and through great difficulties up to success. He was dignified and simple in manner, and there was nothing to suggest to any one, seeing him as I did, that he was not to the manner born.

Governor Andrew I never really knew, although as a child I saw him often at his home, for I knew his family well, and his oldest son, who died comparatively young, was a close friend of mine for many years. We served together in the legislature and in Congress, and although we parted politically our friendship was never in the slightest degree interrupted. He was very quick and clever, a delightful companion, a loyal friend, but he did not possess his father's ability nor his unusual strength and depth of feeling. As I have just said, I never knew the governor, for he died while I was still a boy, soon after the war, worn out by his labors during those terrible years. Yet Governor Andrew remains in my memory as one of the most vivid figures of my early days, just as he was one of the commanding figures of the time, a great war governor, a pillar of support to Lincoln and the Union cause. I see him now with greater clearness than many persons whom I knew a great deal better. My vision of him is always as he stood reviewing the troops when they marched past the State-house, and I used to look after him, when I passed him in the street, with wondering eyes. To me, who had never been beyond the borders of Boston and its neighborhood, he seemed the incarnation of the government, of freedom, and of union. A short, heavily built, squarely solid figure, a large head covered with tight, curling light hair, a smooth, round face, and inseparable spectacles, he was not physically the kind of man who would by his looks appeal to a boy's imagination as a hero. Yet to me he was unquestionably heroic. I cannot recall a word that he uttered when, a small unit in the crowd, I heard him speak. I was moved because everybody about me was moved by what he said, and the contagion of a crowd is very powerful. Still, the fact of the impression remained, and I now explain it by the man's real greatness, by his sincerity of soul, and, above all, by his emotional force, which so carried his audiences away and which struck so deep into my boyish imagination that my recollection of him has never been effaced or even dimmed.

Doctor S. G. Howe was another of the antislavery leaders whom I cannot be said to have known, but who stands out sharply in my memory. Both he and Mrs. Howe were friends of my mother, to whom, as a young girl, Doctor Howe's expedition to Greece and his part in the war of liberation made him appear, as indeed he was, a romantic hero with the temper and courage of a crusading knight. I think I saw him first when I was fourteen years old and went to a picnic at the Howe place near Newport. I looked at him with eager curiosity, for I had not only heard of his exploits and wild adventures in behalf of Greek liberty but the story of Laura Bridgman was familiar to me, and I had always wanted to see the man who had worked such wonders. Doctor Howe, as so seldom happens, fully satisfied my imagination. He was a most striking-looking man, hawk-eyed, hawk-nosed, with the expression of wild daring which I expected. The Laura Bridgman side was not apparent, at least to a small boy staring at the hero of many adventures. Yet that was really the dominant side, for if ever a man lived who without a thought of self devoted his life to helping his fellow-men, the poor, the deformed, the crippled in mind and body, all the heavy-laden of our struggling humanity, it was Doctor Howe. That such a man should cast himself into the movement to free the slaves was inevitable. He had no love for politics, but he fought the battle of the slave politically

and in every other way, on the plains of Kansas and in the streets of Boston. He was one of Sumner's closest and most devoted friends, a friend who never flattered and was all the more valuable to Sumner on that account.

Of Wendell Phillips I saw much more, as it happened, after I grew up. He cannot be said to have belonged to the group of human-rights statesmen who took possession of the stage when I was a child and held it for many years afterward, for he was not a statesman and never acted long with anybody. Brought up in a Free Soil, Republican household, I had imbibed the notion that Phillips was an agitator who injured the good cause. His assaults on the union of States, his denunciation of the Constitution, and his attacks upon Lincoln all combined to foster this idea. Later, as I began to think for myself, these early impressions were strengthened by Phillips's support of Butler and Butler's candidacy for governor of Massachusetts, by his zeal for the negro governments of the South, by his praise of assassination in the case of the Czar, in his Phi Beta Kappa speech, and by his reckless diatribes against everybody who crossed his path. He was in truth an Ishmael and his hand was against every man's. When Judge Hoar, on being asked if he was going to Phillips's funeral, replied, "No, I cannot go, but I entirely approve of the proceedings," he expressed by his jest the general feeling about Phillips. Yet when I came to know Wendell Phillips, although I did not alter my opinion of him as a public man, I could not help being attracted by him personally. He was tall, singularly high-bred and distinguished-looking, handsome, and with the most beautiful voice, I think, that I ever heard. The well-known anecdote of Lord Morpeth and Mr. Ticknor gives the best idea of the way Phillips appeared so far as mere exterior went. Lord Morpeth was in this country in 1842. In Boston he stayed with Mr. Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, who had travelled much and had made a business of seeing every one of note. He therefore, very naturally, took charge of most of the distinguished foreigners who visited Boston. Lord Morpeth, standing at the window of Mr. Ticknor's house in Park Street, said: "Who are those two men walking together? They are the most aristocratic, the most distinguished-looking men I have seen in America." Mr. Ticknor looked out and said: "Those men are Edmund Quincy and Wendell Phillips, two abolitionists and agitators, violent, dangerous persons." Mr. Ticknor was a conservative, a friend of Webster, a "cotton" or "hunker" Whig, as they were afterward called, and Lord Morpeth's comment on Quincy and Phillips was not to him a sympathetic observation. Yet the two agitators were entitled to their looks, if birth, good family, and generations of education and refinement mean anything. But Mr. Ticknor regarded them much as an anarchist of the extreme type is regarded now, and could not see them in any other light. I was too young to have known Mr. Ticknor, but I remember as a boy seeing him constantly walking slowly in the sunshine on winter days along Beacon Street, where we then lived, not far from his house. He was short, looked like a typical elderly Englishman of the Palmerstonian period, had rather a stern expression and an air of conscious importance. He was a man of learning and real scholarship, especially in his own department of Spanish literature, and did most admirable work in that field. But he was, I imagine, somewhat conceited and arrogant, and these qualities, together with his political attitude during the years of the war and those immediately preceding it, had made him unpopular.

But I have drifted away from Phillips. Through our common descent from John Walley, the provincial lieutenant-general of the time of William III, we were kinsfolk, and my father, to whom Phillips's fearlessness appealed, had always kept up relations with him. My mother had always known him, and despite his many violences and many attacks had, I think, retained a certain admiration for his early services to the antislavery cause in the very dark days when few people dared to say a word upon that perilous subject. In any event, he used to dine with us now and then, especially when Sumner was at our house. It is on those occasions that I best remember him. He had a most delightful manner and was a most agreeable and interesting talker. He was a man of wide reading and talked

well on many subjects. He cared nothing for accuracy; his many enemies said he cared nothing for the truth, but this failing does not make conversation less amusing, however much it impairs its moral value. He would also say witty and bitter things about people whom he disliked, and they were many, but all in his quietest manner and in the most silvery tones of his beautiful voice. I remember very well how interesting he was once in discussing public speaking, of which it is needless to say he was a great master, and the rules to be observed. "Use the conversational tone as much as you can," he said; "in fact, no other if possible, for in that way the inflections are preserved which are all lost when a man shouts. Moreover, shouting and roaring often defeat themselves by mere noise and monotony. Making an audience hear depends on the pitch, not on the loudness of the voice. Another great point overlooked by most speakers is the position of the head and the direction in which you send your voice. Most speakers drop the head a little and talk to the people seated in the middle of the hall on the floor level. Nobody hears them, or hears only very imperfectly, back of that point in the audience. Always talk to the most remote man in the gallery. If you can make him hear, as you can with a proper pitch and clear enunciation, everybody between you and him will hear too." I had no thought at that time that I should ever make a public speech, but what Phillips said struck me very much. I always remembered the simple rules he laid down that evening, and they have been of the utmost use to me in speaking, at all times and under all conditions.

Another of the leaders of the Free Soil movement whom I came to know in those years, and who was of a very different type from the men I have already mentioned, was Mr. Charles Francis Adams. Through my intimacy with two of his sons, Henry and Brooks, the youngest of the family who had been in college with me, and also as a member of the Historical Society and of the Wednesday Evening Club, I saw a good deal of him. He was not an easy man to know, and he was the reverse of expansive, but I watched him with interest and talked with him whenever I had a chance. He was a short, strongly built man with a very marked resemblance to his father, John Quincy Adams, and the characteristic look of the family. His forehead was broad, with abundant room behind it. His features were sharply cut, the eye keen, and the jaw, his most noticeable feature, large, square, and strong, giving an impression of a grip like a bull-dog. His mouth corresponded to the jaw, not handsome, but of straight, clear line and, as Carlyle said of Webster's, "accurately closed." Altogether his head and face gave an unmistakable impression of intellectual power, of iron will and calm determination. He seemed always perfectly poised, absolutely sure of himself and of his own self-control. The outward appearance told the truth. Mr. Adams had all these qualities in a high degree. He was popularly supposed to be hard and cold-blooded, and his political enemies made this charge in season and out of season. Superficially there may have been reason for the popular idea, but I am sure that he was neither cold-blooded nor hard. I know that he was a man of warm affections; I think that he possessed naturally a high temper, but he concealed the one and controlled the other. He was very reserved, and reserve and self-control, as is often the case, were mistaken for hardness and coldness of disposition. I met him abroad when he was in Europe on the Geneva arbitration, and I saw him often in Boston afterward. He was very taciturn, joined but little in general conversation, but when I got an opportunity to talk with him he was as kind and pleasant as possible. He never, so far as I could see, talked about himself or his experiences or what he had done. His talk, always good, marked by an independence of opinion and by great lucidity both of thought and expression, was always impersonal, but was none the less interesting, although it was somewhat remote and detached. Yet it never lacked strength and was wholly free from anything like arrogance or conceit. I recall one little anecdote which Mr. Adams told me that interested me very much, for it was one of those stories which bring men long dead close to us, and make them live again for a moment. Stuart painted a portrait of John Adams in extreme old age when he was nearing his ninetieth year. It is a

very fine portrait of the old man leaning on his cane. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, a boy of eighteen, used to keep his grandfather company during the sittings and watch the painter at work. He said that Stuart, who was old too and near the end of his career, was physically feeble. Both his hands shook violently. From a quivering palette he would take his color and with his brush shaking and trembling he would touch the picture. Mr. Adams said it looked as if he might dash the paint on anywhere, but the brush always touched the portrait, extraordinary as it seemed, in exactly the right spot and in the right way. Despite his shaking hands and trembling fingers the old artist never made a mistake.

Mr. Adams left with me not only a feeling of affection and a memory of kindness, but the assurance that he was a very strong, very able, very remarkable man. He was stanch and true and entirely fearless, an American in every fibre, a patriot of the highest type of patriotism. He was as providential in his place as minister to England during our Civil War as Lincoln was in the White House. The heir and representative of a line of statesmen, trained in history, diplomacy, and politics as very few men ever are, he met the public men of England on something more than an equality. He could not be awed or overridden, he was as highly trained as the best of them, abler and stronger than any whom he encountered, and much better informed. He was calm and quite incapable of bluster or violence, but when the right moment came he could strike harder than any one and with all the pent-up force of the strong man who knows how to wait. I have always thought that he went through those four terrible years of unparalleled difficulty, trial, and danger without making a single mistake and with the utmost degree of effectiveness. There could be no higher praise.

Another man distinguished in public life in the trying years which preceded the Civil War whom I came to know well at the time was Robert C. Winthrop. In politics he was the antipodes of the men I have thus far mentioned, and in the atmosphere in which I had been brought up I had imbibed the vague idea that he was little better than a pro-slavery Democrat and that like Webster he had made the great refusal and abandoned the cause of freedom and of the country. When I came to know him I changed my conception of him very materially, although I never thought that he was right in the political course which he adopted. He was president of the Historical Society when I became a member and I think that my election was largely due to him. He was nearly seventy when I first knew him and seemed to me much older, for he appeared to cultivate an appearance of age, although he was really strong and active and lived to be over eighty. To me he was kindness itself. His first wife, the mother of his children, was a cousin of my grandfather, and he took a great deal of interest in the work I was doing in collecting my great-grandfather's letters and preparing a memoir of him. A descendant of John Winthrop, the founder and first governor of Massachusetts, he was a gentleman in every sense and in the best sense. His manner was formal and very courteous, with the savor of an elder day. He was accomplished, a scholar in the old and generous acceptation of the word, widely read, widely travelled, and a most delightful companion. Early in life he had entered politics and had been highly successful. From the legislature he had gone to Congress and had been elected speaker when the Whigs had control. He was a Whig candidate for the Senate and had filled an unfinished term, but had lost his election owing to the rising antislavery tide and to the coalition which had swept Massachusetts from her Whig moorings. This was the end of Mr. Winthrop's political career. He could not bring himself to accept Republicanism. He fell out of the race and ended by opposing the Republican ticket and losing all hold upon the people of Massachusetts. He was embittered by his experience but he did not complain, behaving with dignity and turning to historical subjects for occupation. Only once did the old feeling flash up in all my talks with him. One day we were discussing Webster, with whom I had always placed him as an ally and follower, and to my great surprise he spoke of Webster with a bitterness and energy which revealed to me a vigor and intensity of feeling of which I had not thought him capable. I do not remember what the precise grievance was, but he felt that

Webster had betrayed him and he had not forgiven him. The real man came to the surface through the gracious formal manner, and I was interested to see what a strong man of very human feelings the real man was. Mr. Winthrop was an orator of much power. His style was of his day, stately, careful, and dignified, and his addresses and orations on many notable occasions gave him a large reputation throughout the country. But what I think of chiefly as I recall him is the kindly, high-bred gentleman, thoughtful and well-mannered, who was always so helpful and encouraging to a young man who had no claim upon him except that we both loved books and history.

Let me turn now from the men of public affairs to the men of letters whom I remember from my boyhood and whom I knew or came to know in the years which followed my return from Europe. I was born just at the time when the remarkable group of writers who made New England and Massachusetts famous were at their zenith or rising to their highest achievement. In the fifties *The Atlantic Monthly* was started and the essays of the "Autocrat" begun. The first series of the "Biglow Papers" had been written, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Longfellow had already won their fame, and Prescott, Motley, and Bancroft had established their reputations as historians. Hawthorne I never saw, a misfortune I deeply regret, for I should have liked to possess at least a memory of his looks. All the others I saw frequently and in the process of the years came to know personally and well. Let me begin with the one whom I knew first and who is associated with my very earliest memories, John Lothrop Motley. Mr. and Mrs. Motley, although much younger, were intimate friends of my grandfather and grandmother Cabot, and this friendship was extended to my father and mother. Lady Harcourt, Mr. Motley's oldest daughter, was named Elizabeth Cabot for my aunt, a very beautiful girl who died when she was only nineteen years old. Whenever the Motleys were in the country, as I have already said, they stayed with us at Nahant; I was taught to call them uncle and aunt, and the friendship thus begun with their three daughters has lasted through life, undiminished and unchanged either by time or separation. Mrs. Motley, whom I loved much better than most of my blood relations, was a handsome woman of unusual charm, warm affections, and with an intensity of feeling and an energy of opinion, when she was moved, which made her only the more attractive.

It is not easy for me to describe Mr. Motley, for the very reason that he was so entirely a part of my childish world that I accepted him as a matter of course, just as I did my father and mother, and never thought of looking at him from the outside point of view. He was a very handsome man; that fact impressed me at a very early day. He had, as I realized later, a singularly high-spirited look, eager, sensitive, proud; he always made me think of a thoroughbred horse, with its brilliant eyes just touched with wildness, its quick response to every movement, its undaunted courage which holds until nature gives way and it drops, never to rise again. Mr. Motley's nature corresponded to his looks. He had great intensity of feeling coupled, of course, with an unusual power of expressing it. His opinions were strong, and calculating discretion never caused their concealment. As is common in such sensitive and emotional natures, he was full of fun and humor, which always lie near the sources of anger or of tears. He was deeply loyal to his friends and very bitter toward his enemies. He felt keenly and fiercely resented wrong, whether to himself, to his friends, or to the weak and oppressed; above all, he resented any wrong to his country, for despite his living so much in Europe he was an ardent American, intense in his patriotism as in all else.

The romantic movement in literature and art was in full strength as Mr. Motley came to manhood and like other men of imagination he was in entire sympathy with it and was a part of it. He began his literary life with two novels, "Merry Mount" and "Morton's Hope." The stories dealt with one of the episodes of the early settlement of New England, which was enveloped in an atmosphere of mystery and romance not too common in the history of the grim struggle to found a State on that bleak and rugged coast. These romances were by no means devoid of merit, but they had no great success, and were overshadowed by the genius which, going to the same field, produced "The Scarlet Let-

ter," the "Twice Told Tales," and "The House of the Seven Gables." Mr. Motley was dissatisfied with them and never alluded to them. They were not republished and have been long out of print, a rarity for the collector of first editions. Leaving fiction to others, Mr. Motley turned to history and selected as his subject the struggle of the Dutch for liberty and independence. No part of modern history could have been better adapted to his talents and his temperament. His love of liberty, his gallant spirit, his hatred of oppression, were all appealed to by the heroic battle of the Dutch against the power of Spain, and the romantic episodes of that long fight against overwhelming odds touched the chords which vibrated so readily in those days of successful revolt against the dry, cold conventions of the eighteenth century. With a care and diligence remarkable in one of his quick mind and impatient temper he explored the archives and toiled through untouched and original authorities like the veriest antiquarian. The result was "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," which had an immediate and great success, both at home and abroad, and which made his fame secure. He carried into his books the same energy of enthusiasm which made him so inspiring and so fascinating in private life. Long before I had read his history or knew anything of the period I had become deeply interested in all his heroes, especially in William the Silent, just from hearing him talk about them. He made me feel as if they were all alive and fighting their great fight at that moment and boy-like I longed to be a "Beggar of the Sea," and hated Philip II with an energy which I confess a larger knowledge has not diminished. Mr. Motley comes back to me now, as I recall those early days, with his flashing eye, his high-spirited look, his head flung back, talking with eager eloquence about Egmont and Horn and William of Orange, or about American slavery and North and South, always with the same intensity when he was moved, and with the same hatred of wrong and oppression, whether among the dikes of Holland or on the plantations of the South. I wish that I could manage to give in words some idea of the effect of his presence and manner which in some ways were the most striking I have seen in any man. But my attempt at description seems to me painfully inadequate. He had something in his look, something in his manner, which arrested attention as soon as he entered a room and was in some indefinable way at once exciting and inspiring. In reading the pleasant reminiscences of Lady St. Helier I was much gratified to notice that Mr. Motley produced upon her the very effect which I have tried to describe. She says: "There are some figures and faces one can never forget, and Mr. Motley was one of the most striking people I have ever seen. At this moment the impression he made upon me is as vivid as on that evening when I first looked upon the author of one of the most entertaining books of history that it is possible to read." When I read this testimony of a disinterested and keen observer I felt that my own impression of Mr. Motley's striking looks and inspiriting manner had not gone astray through the influence of propinquity and affection. He was, as Lady St. Helier says, one of the rare people who are not only vivid but can never fall a prey to forgetfulness among those who have seen and known them. He had, and I am inclined to think that his books had, something of that "wrath and partiality" which Byron admired in a historian. But these qualities make his writings more and not less attractive, especially in these days of "scientific history" when it is the fashion of a certain school to hold that history is not literature, unmindful of the fact that it is only the history which is also literature which survives and is read and so serves to enlighten and convince the world.

The success of the Republican party found Mr. Motley in Europe, where he plunged into the fray in defence of the Union cause, outraged by the attitude of England and English opinion. He was soon appointed minister to Vienna, and there we found him late in the winter of 1867 and renewed the old friendship and intimacy. When he returned to the United States after Grant's election he was constantly at our house in Boston. That was, I think, the happiest time of his life. His place as a historian had been won, the Union cause in which his heart was bound up had triumphed, his party was successful, and he was on the eve of the recognition to which both his success in literature and his public services entitled him. I wish

that I had known enough to make notes of his talks in those days, as they ranged from affairs at home over European politics and the history of the seventeenth century. I can only recall his description of Bismarck, then just assuming his great place in Europe and with whom Motley had been intimate as a fellow-student at Göttingen. Bismarck's greatest achievements were still in the future, but Mr. Motley had the utmost confidence in his powers and told us much of those qualities of force and intellect about which the world was then wondering and speculating.

Mr. Motley was appointed minister to England, and his ambition was gratified. Into the unhappy incidents which led to his quarrel with the administration and his removal from office this is not the place to enter. The blow was a cruel one. To a man of his sensitive nature and quick feelings it was wounding to the last degree. When we were abroad in 1871–2 we went to The Hague, whither he had gone to complete his life of John of Barneveldt, and there we saw him and all the family as full of kindness and affection for us as ever. A proud man, Mr. Motley kept a brave face to the world, but in his own house he could not and did not conceal his bitter resentment at the treatment which he had received. I could see how much he had changed under the wrongs which he felt had been inflicted upon him. The old enmities and the old friendships, the intense feeling, the deep interest in past and present were unaltered, but the high spirits, the fun and the laughter, always so engaging, were largely gone, and his talk was tinged with bitterness, while there was an air of depression about him when he was silent which had never been there before and which it was sad to see.

When I saw him next, three years later, it was still sadder. Mrs. Motley had died and the light of his life had gone out. He had been crushed under the blow, and had suffered a touch of paralysis from which he was rallying, but which affected his walk although not seriously. He came home in 1875, and passed the summer with my mother at her house in Nahant, his two daughters, the eldest, now Lady Harcourt, and the youngest (now Mrs. Mildmay), being with him. I saw him constantly during all that summer, was with him almost every day, and I think that I was of some comfort to him. His mind was as keen, as brilliant, as ever, and although he was broken in spirit he liked to talk of history, of the events of the world past and present, and of the men he had known. He also took the most affectionate interest in all that I was doing, in my hopes and ambitions, in my speculations about life and its meaning. How much I wish now that I had made some note or record of those long talks, but I enjoyed them and let them pass, as is the fashion of youth. I can only recall one little remark and why that should have struck me and remained in my memory I cannot tell, except that it seemed to body forth the sensitiveness of Mr. Motley's nature and the sadness which then pervaded him. We were on the Point one evening toward autumn and watched the moon rise out of the sea and slowly climb upward from the horizon. It was a fine, cool night and the moonlight was very clear and brilliant. He remarked upon it and I said: "Nothing could be more brilliant except our moonlight in winter glittering on the snow." He turned on me almost fiercely and said: "I cannot bear moonlight on the snow. I hate it. It is so cold, so cruel, so unfeeling." He had suffered so much in his pride and his affections that he quivered under the slightest touch, and even the thought of the cold radiance of a moonlit winter night pained him.

He returned to England that autumn. He wrote to me occasionally, delightful and affectionate letters, and I shall yield to the temptation of giving one or two of them here, for he died two years later and I never saw him again.

5 Seamore Place,
Mayfair
London, 11 *March*, '76.

My Dear Cabot:

I ought to have sooner acknowledged and thanked you for your kind and interesting letter of 25 Jan., together with the excellent centennial number of the *N. A. R.*

Unluckily writing is more difficult to me than ever as in addition to unsteadiness of right hand has come dimness of right eye —so that I am inclined to howl "solve senescentem" to all to whom I owe letters. At the same time with national recklessness I am all for contracting fresh obliga-

tions while in a state of notorious bankruptcy.

So I beg you to write to me frequently, constantly, unremittedly. I should so much like to hear from you as often as you can find a spare quarter of an hour to enlighten me a little as to our political conditions.

You say in your letter "in politics, as you have probably seen, there is the most absolute calm. But it is only the treacherous stillness which precedes the storm."

Truly you are a prophet and the grandson of a prophet—for is not the gale blowing freshly enough now?

I only hope it may blow away some of the vile effluvia by which the political atmosphere has become almost too poisonous for human existence.

Certainly the daily telegrams from Washington to the London press make every patriotic and honest American hang his head.

But I believe in the American people nevertheless as I always have done and I trust that this very putrid administration will soon be buried out of sight with all its belongings.

I have had read to me two of the articles in the *N. A. R.* and shall have the others read also. I liked those on politics and on economic science very much.

Is your thesis on Anglo Saxon Law printed? If so would you send me a copy?

I should like to have the *N. A. R.* regularly sent to the above address. If you will kindly attend to it and send the bill to J. L. Stackpole. I hope future numbers will have many articles from your (and my) favorite author.

Give all our love to your wife and mother and believe me always

Affectionately yours,

J. L. Motley.

P. S.—When you see Professor Peirce I wish you would give my love to him and tell him how much I wish to thank him for his most kind and genial reference to myself at the Harvard Club dinner. It gratified and touched me very deeply. I need not say how interesting the whole speech was.

Kingston, Russell House,
Dorchester,
Dorset, 2 *June*, 76.

My Dear Cabot:

I received the letter you were kind enough just two months ago to write to me and had very great pleasure and I may add instruction in reading it—which I did several times—besides showing it to one or two persons able to comprehend and kindly enough to sympathize with the mental condition of honest men in the present shameful condition of our politics.

As I never despaired for one moment throughout our war with slavery from the beginning of it to the end, so I am able to hope now. I believe that the American people have not yet sold themselves to the devil. It looks very like it just now. It looked very like it during the long period of compromise and prevarication which preceded the war. But the people are better and braver than the politicians. They found out the issue then. I hope they will again. I trust they will smash paper money as they smashed slavery and at much less expense. I even hope to live long enough to see a beginning of purification in the Civil Service. As soon as the vile phrases "to the victors the spoils" and "rotation in office" can be expunged from the politicians' creed there may be a chance for decent government. Not till then.

I also received the invitation* which you sent to me thinking I might like to see it. Of course I understood that it was not addressed to me personally and so did not answer it. I trust it is hardly necessary for me to say how fully I am in sympathy with the object and the men. Only in this way can that most vulgar and dangerous tyrant King Caucus and his elaborate and skillful system be deposed and destroyed. Since your letter came I see by the papers that the movement in which you did such good service has proved a success even if you don't force either Bristow or Tilden this time. But I think you will. Probably the latter.

I hope you may find time to write me again. The sooner the better. I take great interest in you and I am likewise much interested in what you write. I wish I could send you something in return. But I am in the deepest retirement and I am also rather shaky so that writing is a great effort. Nothing however could be more insipid than English politics or more intensely respectable.

I shall look for your impending publica-

* This refers to the gathering known as "The Fifth Avenue Conference."

tion with greatest interest. Meantime with much love to your Mother and your Wife I am

Always Affectionately yours,

J. L. Motley.

One other American historian of that time who was nearly ten years younger than Motley I knew well, and my remembrance of Francis Parkman, and of his friendship and unvarying kindness to me, is among the best of the possessions which are assured to me by the grim security of the past.

Some years ago Theodore Roosevelt and I published a little volume entitled "Hero Tales of American History," and I found a subject for one of the tales which I tried to tell in the life of Parkman. One does not look usually to the lives of historians and men of letters for examples of heroism and yet if there ever was a heroic life and a victory of will and courage over pain and infirmity, it was that of the man who wrote the books which tell the story of the great struggle between France and England for the control of the American continent. For many years practically blind, never able to use his eyes except in the most limited way, crippled at times physically by affections of the nerves, a constant sufferer from sleeplessness and intense pain in the head, he examined difficult manuscripts, toiled through dusty archives, amassed material for an almost untouched subject, and wrote a great history in many volumes. If he had simply cared for his health and borne without complaint that long disease, his life, those who knew him would justly have wondered at and admired such fortitude. But he trampled pain and infirmity under foot, performed an amount of labor which would have been heavy for the strongest, and if ever there was a high and victorious spirit it was his. As to his work, I agree with my friend Mr. Rhodes that it is the one achievement of an American historian which belongs to that small number of histories which never become obsolete and are never superseded. There is no room for the discovery of new material sufficient to supplant his story or seriously modify his conclusions. It will be no more possible for the future historians of the American continent to push Parkman aside than it is for new writers on the Roman Empire or the early middle ages to relegate Gibbon to obscurity or remove him from the lonely height which he occupies with Thucydides and Tacitus. So thorough was Parkman's work that but little new material exists untouched by him and his histories have, moreover, the enduring qualities of precision, fairness, and dignity, as well as a finished and simple style, usually somewhat cold but capable of rising to great heights, as in the chapter which describes the victory and death of Wolfe and the defeat and death of Montcalm, heroic figures both.

I remember well seeing Mr. Parkman when I was a boy, and he made an impression on my memory and imagination which is vivid to this day. A tall, slender figure in a long gray coat, with a fur cap, in winter, drawn down close over his head, he would come walking up Beacon Street moving with great rapidity, a heavy cane in each hand, on which he rested his weight and by which he propelled himself. Going at a tremendous pace, he would suddenly stop and lean against a house or a railing as if exhausted. Then in a few minutes he would resume his canes, and push away as if running a race. I learned afterward that he was at that time much crippled, and that only in this way could he get air and exercise, but he could not move deliberately and his intense nervous energy drove him forward with restless rapidity, although every exertion was a pain to him. I remember asking my mother who the gentleman was who thus arrested my wandering attention, and she explained to me that it was Mr. Frank Parkman and told me what a battle for life he was compelled to make.

When I came to know him after my return from Europe he was much better. He walked normally, he was one of the corporation of Harvard College, he was able to go about and see his friends, now and then he dined out, but not often, for his sleep was still insecure and his eyes required the most delicate and constant care. I found on nearer view that the striking figure of my boyhood was accompanied by a face and look even more striking. All Mr. Parkman's features were irregular. Under analysis I do not suppose one of them could have justly been praised as handsome. Yet I have seldom seen a finer face. Whatever the details the ef-

fect was that of beauty; intellect, force, character, breeding, distinction, were all there in his strongly marked features, and, despite all he had passed through, so powerful had been his will that he had no expression of suffering nor in the least the look of an invalid. My acquaintance with Mr. Parkman began, as did that with Mr. Bancroft, and was continued in roses. Both were rose-growers and most successful. Mr. Parkman, however, carried his pursuit, taken up when he could not work at his history, to the perfection of a profession. He not only won prizes everywhere with his roses, but he wrote a most excellent book in regard to them and their cultivation. The manner in which he dealt with this amusement was most characteristic. He pursued the occupation with relentless energy until he had made himself complete master of his subject and attained the highest degree of excellence. Spurred by these illustrious examples, I, too, began to cultivate roses and, writing to Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Parkman for information, received the most cordial advice and help from both, which enabled me to succeed in growing the most beautiful of flowers sufficiently well to give myself much pleasure until absorption in other and more serious occupations compelled me to turn my bushes over to my gardener.

From that time forward I saw a great deal of Mr. Parkman and talked with him freely about politics and history and the affairs of the college. He dined with us occasionally, came to see us frequently, and was most kind to my children, who thought him the best of companions, for he had the qualities which attracted children, although I do not think that side of his character was generally appreciated, any more than his abundant humor, sometimes a little grim but always very real and true. He was a perfectly fearless man and would set forth unpopular opinions with an entire disregard of consequences. As he expressed all his views on any subject with a most incisive vigor, no one was ever in doubt as to what he thought. But the memory which dwells with me was of his constant kindness and sympathy freely given to a very young man, of the patience with which he would listen, the help and advice which he would give, and the freedom with which he would discuss all subjects, interesting me very much and teaching me more.

THE ETHICS OF THE PROFESSION

By Gerald Chittenden

Illustrations by Anton Otto Fischer

"THAT'S all very well," said Seaforth, "but what becomes of the men who don't take honors at a medical school, and don't land in a first-class hospital, or get chosen to assist eminent surgeons?"

Clarendon waited till Wilkinson, the doctor of the *Durban*, had passed through the smoking-room, leaving behind him in the air a suggestion of iodoform with an undertone of scented soap.

"Generally," he answered then, a faint smile on his well-cut lips, "generally they go to sea—become doctors on passenger-boats."

Seaforth checked him with a raised hand. Wilkinson had paused on the threshold, and Clarendon did not seem to have the faintest idea of the carrying power of his very agreeable voice.

"Did he hear me?" he asked.

"I'm afraid so."

"I'm sorry." He was not in the least sorry. "But it's true, what I said. In my profession inefficiency seeks the high seas."

"Always?"

"Well, not always. There are soft berths ashore also—sanitariums for hypochondriacs, water-cures—that sort of thing. Soft berths for little men, and it's

not a soft man's profession, or a little man's."

"No," assented Seaforth. He had a trick of rubbing the back of his neck when people irritated him. "By no means a soft profession. But I'd rather hear that from some one who wasn't a doctor."

Clarendon, slightly annoyed, groped after the graceful equivocation.

"It might come better from a layman," he admitted. "But one has to think of the ethics of the profession."

"There are such things, I have heard."

"Laugh if you like. One shouldn't go into it to make money, primarily. There are other factors."

"Many others," agreed Seaforth, almost enthusiastically. "I'm very far from decrying your work. But the less efficient man must do something for his bread and butter—lie in the bed he has made, whether it's soft or hard."

Clarendon shrugged his shoulders.

"True," he said, "and for that very reason the less efficient men, as you call them, are apt to run counter to the ethics of the profession."

"Always?" queried Seaforth again.

"Well—nearly always."

For the moment, Clarendon seemed to have said all that he had to say about doctoring, and Seaforth heaved a covert sigh of relief. Twice before in the early days of the voyage, Clarendon had enlarged upon the idealism of his profession; at least twice Seaforth had wondered if he really deserved his reputation as the coming man. Habitually he distrusted men who talked too much.

"You're going through to Capetown?" he asked. A man's destination is generally fairly far from the region of the ideal.

"No; Sierra Leone."

"That's an odd place to choose for a vacation."

"It's not a vacation. The Institute is sending me to investigate sleeping sickness."

"Don't stay too long. They call it the 'White Man's Grave,' you know."

"I know." Clarendon paused a moment, and then added, "I'm alone in the world—no one dependent on me. That's the reason they gave me the job."

Seaforth rubbed the back of his neck very violently indeed.

"Rum," he said, "kills more men than fever—even in Sierra Leone. Let's go on deck."

They strolled outside, and, with the abundant leisure of long voyages, stood an hour or so at the rail, talking of a thousand things, and of no one thing for any time together. Such desultory conversation showed Clarendon in a different and a pleasanter light; when he permitted himself to be less the doctor and more the man, there was in him not a little of that freshness of youth which Seaforth found eternally engaging. He was relieved to find it present even in the highly evolved and absurdly serious Clarendon. After a little the younger man went below, and left Seaforth gazing overside, half hypnotized by the incredible blue of the semi-tropical sea.

He turned at a step on the deck and faced Wilkinson.

"Good morning," he said, rather expecting that the ship's doctor would answer and pass on.

"Good morning, Mr. Seaforth." Wilkinson stopped and leaned on the rail. "A fine day."

"Been on these steamers long?" asked Seaforth.

"Four trips only. Before that I was on the Booth boats to South America."

"One gets tired of South America—the coast of it particularly."

"Quite so," responded Wilkinson. "And the world is a pretty large place. It's hardly worth while to keep going to the same countries over and over again. You've travelled a good deal, sir?"

"I've done little else for the last five or six years."

"Health?"

"Partly at first. But mostly inclination."

Wilkinson put a foot on the lower iron of the rail, found the position uncomfortable after a moment, and turned his back to the sea. Seaforth looked at him out of the corner of his eye; the man's face was baffling, full of contradictions, and therefore interesting. The eyes, deep-set and steady, with faint crow-foot markings at the corners, bony temples, and a heavy bush of brow, gave the lie to the incerti-



Drawn by Anton Otto Fischer.

The captain stepped to the rail. "Is it bad?" he called out to Shaw.—Page 738.

tude and immaturity of the mouth. If the man's strength—and the flat muscles at the corner of the jaw bespoke strength—had altogether come into its own, the general effect of the face would have been one of fineness, despite the over-full chin and lower lip; as it was, there was something unsatisfying about it, something as evident and elusive as the difference between a man who knows how to wax his mustache ends and a man who doesn't. Refinement there was undoubtedly, but it was the sort that harmonized with the scented soap and not with the iodoform; Seaforth suspected that it might be the raw material of the man's character, and not the by-product of experience thoughtfully undergone. Observation had led him to believe that refinement without strength is womanish or worse; he was as yet loath to brand Wilkinson as effeminate, just as he was loath to admit that Clarendon was strong. Rather suddenly, as the live contrast between the two men leaped into focus, his interest in this voyage waxed as keen as though it were his first instead of his thirtieth. Far apart as they were in opportunity, in achievement, in point of view, yet both doctors lay under the scalpel of circumstance, and no man could tell what the scalpel would expose.

"Who is this man Clarendon?" suddenly asked Wilkinson.

"He's one of Webster's assistants, and the most able of them, I understand."

"Humph! Did he tell you so himself? On a vacation, I suppose?"

"He says not. He's on his way to Sierra Leone to carry on the investigation of sleeping sickness."

"The white man's grave, eh? I guess there's truth in that nickname, though I've only seen the place from the shore. A hell of a hole. Shouldn't care to stay there long myself."

"Not even for the sake of research?"

"Research isn't in my line. I wasn't first in my class at Johns Hopkins."

So many answers to that remark occurred to Seaforth that he made no answer at all. It was his usual way out of a conversational difficulty.

"Some men," went on Wilkinson, "have all the luck."

If there was one word Seaforth hated, it was "luck." He said so.

"That's not just what I mean." Wilkinson's manner changed suddenly, and lost all taint of peevishness. "It's this way. There's only one place at the head of a class—maybe ten or fifteen places that count in a big way. Then comes the ruck, and there are hundreds in that. They aren't all there because they're loafers, either. Perhaps they're in the wrong business, and it's too late to change, so they have to keep on and do the best they can in a harness that doesn't fit. Do you see what I mean by luck—fate—Kismet—whatever you care to call it?"

"Isn't what you say true of any occupation?" asked Seaforth. "There are only a few places at the top."

"You don't understand me yet. It isn't Clarendon's success that I'm kicking at. It's his confounded arrogance."

"It's not sporting," agreed Seaforth.

"No," said Wilkinson, rather vehemently, "it's not sporting." Then he laughed. "I suppose you think that's the pot calling the kettle black?"

"I wasn't thinking anything of the kind. Would you care if I did?"

"Not in the least."

That was a lie, Seaforth reflected, when Wilkinson had left him; exactly the sort of a lie one would expect from a man who cared too much. Clarendon would have countered differently; he cared too little for other people's opinions, and therefore treated them with apparent consideration. Seaforth's mind presently wandered from the two doctors, and drifted into the state of vague speculation that was usual with him at sea. Parenthetically, he thanked heaven that there were still routes and steamers where passengers were unconsidered trifles, where the apparatus of amusement did not obtrude and interfere with the proper study of mankind. It was a study for which he had ample opportunity on this voyage. It is impossible to avoid one's shipmates entirely, no matter how much one may wish to do so; Clarendon and Wilkinson met occasionally, and clashed once.

There was a boy aboard the *Durban* considerably more than half idiotic. Though nearly twenty years old, according to his keeper, he spent most of his time playing with paper dolls and snarling his clumsy fingers in inextricable and

amorphous cat's cradles. His peanut-shaped head bore witness to the fact that all attempts to educate him were futile, and had been so since his birth; at times he slavered at the mouth, and almost always he talked and giggled to himself. Seaforth looked at him as little as possible; the abnormal sickened him. Clarendon regarded him coolly and scientifically; Wilkinson kept a guardian eye on him, untangled the intricacies of his string games, and even succeeded in teaching him a few knots. In consequence, the boy followed him like a dog, and obeyed like a well-trained dog when Wilkinson sent him away, as he always did when he wanted to talk with Seaforth. On one occasion Clarendon joined the other two.

"Interesting study, that idiot," he remarked.

"Yes," answered Wilkinson, speaking slowly. "Very interesting—if you regard the poor devil as a microscopic section."

"How else can you regard him? Not as a human being, certainly."

"I don't like to regard him at all," put in Seaforth.

"That's natural," said Wilkinson. "We doctors have to get used to abnormalities; even with us a little of them goes a long way."

"A very long way," agreed Clarendon, "though they're interesting scientifically, as I said." He turned and looked over at the boy, who was sitting not far off, every now and then casting a hopeful glance at Wilkinson's back. "He ought never to have been allowed to live," went on Clarendon. "No hope from the first—look at that cranium! A clear case; the doctor ought to have put him mercifully out of the way as soon as he was born. For that matter, a thing like that ought never to be born in a civilized community. Bah!" He turned again to the sea. "Eugenics is the coming science."

"Eugenics, perhaps," agreed Wilkinson. "But that's different from child-murder, isn't it?"

"Why not child-murder?" demanded Clarendon. "A little of it would be for the good of the race, and mere sentimentality shouldn't be allowed to block that."

"Sentimentality, no. But how about unscrupulous doctors? They must be blocked; there are too many unwelcome and perfectly normal children in the world as things stand. If you allow child-murder at all, how are you going to control it?"

"It could be controlled," retorted Clarendon positively. "And you're wrong about some of the unwelcome children being perfectly normal. Not one in a thousand is, and they'd all be better out of the way."

Wilkinson grunted.

"God help the race, then," he said. "That kind of thing has been tried."

"Oh, Sparta!" Clarendon dismissed the Spartans with the pettishness of pure intellect. "I'm not talking about Sparta. It's never been tried in a civilized state."

"How about the ethics of the profession?" interjected Seaforth.

"Change them," answered the now recklessly radical Clarendon.

"They're not so easy to change," said Wilkinson. "And didn't I hear you say once that you were a stickler for them, or something like that?"

"Maybe you did. The essentials of them are good, but there are things about them that haven't been changed since Galen. We've outgrown those clothes, and there's no sense in wearing them."

"How convenient that is!" said Wilkinson. "Then we should change them whenever they get a little uncomfortable?"

"Not at all!" Clarendon, disliking opposition from the unsuccessful, was losing his temper. "It's impractical to keep the same ideas till judgment day."

"Perhaps it is," assented Wilkinson, "but you've got to prove that a change is a change for the better. You're talking about human nature, and not a chemical formula."

"Control marriages, and births, and survivals, and you'd come precious near reducing human nature to a formula."

"Not all human nature," drawled Wilkinson.

"We disagree, clearly. A matter of point of view, I suppose. Good morning."

Clarendon's exit was dignified; almost too dignified. Wilkinson chuckled.

"What a fool!" he said to Seaforth.

Later that day Clarendon made the same remark about Wilkinson.



Drawn by Anton Otto Fischer.

Clarendon leaped forward and laid a shaking hand on his shoulder.—Page 738.

From that time on, though Seaforth played picquet almost every day with Clarendon, he found more pleasure in Wilkinson's company, and sought it frequently. There was more in common between them, it seemed; besides, as the voyage slipped into the second lazy week, Clarendon, cut off from his usual resources, began to yield to what he called monotony, and became every day more irritable and opinionated.

"How do you stand it?" he asked Seaforth on the tenth day out, as the two were watching a tramp steamer some five miles away. "That's the first living thing we've seen for a week."

"Stand it?" replied Seaforth. "Why, I enjoy it more than anything else in the world."

"I don't. I wish something would happen—anything. Another ten days like these last would reduce me to the condition of that idiot of Wilkinson's."

"And then what about your eugenics?" murmured Seaforth from under his binoculars. "I think you'll have your wish," he added, lowering the glasses. "That tramp is flying the British ensign upside down, and there are signal flags in her fore-rigging."

He handed the glasses to Clarendon, and looked astern.

"We're changing our course," he remarked. "Wonder what those signals mean?"

The two ships crept nearer to each other, and details of the tramp's gear took on definition. An officer's whistle shrilled from the bridge of the *Durban*, and the boatswain's pipe forward wailed in answer.

"Swing out the starboard quarter boat!" a voice commanded. "Look sharp, now!"

A dozen or so sailors hurried past Seaforth and Clarendon, and the first officer slipped down the bridge gangway on his way aft to take command.

"Wait for the doctor, Mr. Shaw," the captain called after him.

"Very well, sir."

"Sickness, eh?" commented Clarendon.

"Looks that way," returned Seaforth.

"I'd like to offer my services." Clarendon moved toward the bridge, but Seaforth restrained him.

"Better wait," he said. "They're busy top side just now. There'll be time enough."

The tramp, not half a mile away, had stopped her engines, and was rolling in the trough, while on her forward deck two or three men listlessly lowered a ladder. The *Durban's* telegraph rattled overhead, and the ship began to lose way. Seaforth and Clarendon moved astern to watch operations.

"Lower away!" ordered the first officer. The ropes creaked through the falls, and the boat dropped handily into the water, looking small and frail as she trailed to her painter alongside. The oars fell into the rowlocks, and she spraddled away, the first officer standing in the stern, and the doctor sitting close beside him. The *Durban* got under way again and steamed to leeward of the other ship so that the men would not have to row up-wind on their return. Seaforth and Clarendon saw Mr. Shaw hail; the answer apparently caused some consternation in the boat, and there seemed to be a dispute between the doctor and the first officer, while a man in shirt-sleeves gesticulated at them from the deck. Then Shaw waved his hand, and the spidery oars began to dip and rise again as the boat turned back to the *Durban*.

"Nothing serious, I guess," said Clarendon in his best bedside manner.

"I'm not so sure," replied Seaforth. "Look at the decks of that steamer."

"They're not ship-shape, certainly," agreed Clarendon. "But then she's a tramp."

"Even a tramp's generally ship-shape. That ship looks sick, somehow. I can't tell just why."

"And no one but Wilkinson to kiss her and make her well. I hope he's a better shipwright than doctor."

"Wait before you get flippant. Perhaps you'll have a chance to volunteer—for research work—and show Wilkinson what the ethics of your profession really means."

"You think it's bad, then?"

"Sure to be. One ship doesn't stop another on the high seas because the captain's cat has singed his whiskers. They may need you."

"But I've got my work at Sierra Leone. The work I was sent to do."

"Yes," said Seaforth slowly. "You've got the work you were sent to do."

Unable to endure the man any longer just then, he stepped down to the main deck. Clarendon, uncertain and a little wilted, followed. The quarter boat was close alongside now; the bow man took in his oar and caught the line.

"What's the trouble?" asked the captain. The doctor answered.

"Bubonic plague. Lower a ladder; I want some stores and my kit."

"The lunatic says he's going back," explained Mr. Shaw.

"Going back? He can't!" answered the captain. He turned to Wilkinson, who had reached the deck. "You can't go back."

"I can, and I'm going. You've got Dr. Clarendon if any of the passengers should fall ill here."

"I won't allow it."

"You've got to. You must give aid to ships in distress, and if I want to go you can't stop me."

"But plague! Have you any idea what a plague ship is?"

"That's one to windward. Let me get my stores."

"Go, then, you young fool!"

But the word as the captain pronounced it was a sort of accolade. He stepped to the rail.

"Is it bad?" he called out to Shaw.

"Four deaths in the last two days, and five more men down," was the answer. "They cleared from Antilla eleven days ago. Wilkinson," Shaw spat into the sea, "Wilkinson is a damned fool."

In Shaw's mouth also the curse was no curse.

"Why don't you go?" Seaforth asked Clarendon.

Clarendon did not answer. Since Wilkinson had gone below, he had not taken his eyes from the tramp; the arrogance was all gone from his face, leaving it oddly expressionless.

Wilkinson, followed by a laden steward, presently appeared. The idiot boy, who long since had sensed that something concerning his friend was toward, twisted free from his keeper and ran to him.

"Well, Frank?" asked Wilkinson kindly.

"You are going away in that little boat?" The boy giggled as he spoke.

"Yes, Frank. But only for a little row."

"Take me with you?"

"No, Frank."

The boy held out his huge soft hand, and let drop into Wilkinson's palm a tangle of string and torn paper dolls. Then he shrank back into the crowd; Wilkinson gulped and walked on.

"For the last time," urged the captain, blocking the doctor from the ladder, "don't go. Send the stores, if you like, but don't go."

"I am going."

The seaman's red fist closed over the doctor's fingers.

"By God, sir," he said, not explosively, "you're a brave man."

With that he stepped aside. Wilkinson swung himself onto the ladder; he paused when his shoulders were at the level of the rail, and for the first time saw Seaforth. He took one hand from the rung and waved it.

"So long, Mr. Seaforth," he said, and at once began to go down again.

Clarendon leaped forward and laid a shaking hand on his shoulder.

"Man, you're crazy!" he chattered. "You don't stand a dog's chance! Cooped up with them on that ship! You mustn't go! You mustn't!"

Wilkinson looked coolly into Clarendon's eyes. Then he smiled.

"The ethics of the profession, Dr. Clarendon," he said.

His head disappeared below the level of the bulwark; he dropped into the boat as it rose on a swell.

"Let go!" called the first officer. "Give way!"



The Galata Tower marks the highest point of the walls.—Page 742.

THE MAGNIFICENT COMMUNITY

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"Galata, que mes yeux désiraient dès longtemps . . . "—ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.

"In Pera sono tre malanni:
Peste, fuoco, dragomanni."
—LOCAL PROVERB.

IT is not the fashion to speak well of Pera and Galata. A good Turk will sigh of another that he has gone to Pera, by way of saying that he has gone to the dogs. A foreign resident will scarcely admit that so much as the view is good. Even a Perote born pretends not to love his Grande Rue if he happens to have read Loti or Claude Farrère. And tourists are supposed to have done the left bank of the Golden Horn when they have watched the Sultan drive to mosque and have giggled at the whirling dervishes. A few of the more thorough-going will perhaps take the trouble to climb Galata Tower or to row up the Sweet Waters of Europe. For my part, however, who belong to none of these categories, I am perverse enough to find Pera and Galata a highly superior place of habitation. They merely suffer from lying under the shadow of Stamboul—though that gives them one inestimable advantage which Stamboul herself lacks, namely the view of the dark old city crowned by her imperial mosques. Pera occupies a really magnificent site, it has a history of its own, and it fairly drips with that modern pigment known as local color. Moreover, it seems destined to inherit the renown of the older city. Stamboul tends to diminish, whereas Pera grows, and has unlimited room for growing. The left bank is already the seat of the Sultan, of Parliament,

and of the bulk of the commerce and finance of the capital. And the battles of the revolution fought there in 1909 give the place a peculiar interest in the eyes of the Young Turks. On that soil, less encumbered than Stamboul with the débris of history, they may find conditions more favorable for the city of their future.



The birthplace of André Chénier.

If her story cannot compare with that of the gray mother city, Pera nevertheless can boast associations of which communities more self-important might be proud. Jason stopped there on his way to Colchis, and after him Beshiktash was known in antiquity as Iasonion. In the valley behind that picturesque suburb there later existed a famous laurel grove, sacred of course to Apollo, who with Poseidon was patron of Byzantium. The sun-god was also worshipped at a sacred fount which still exists in Galata, within the enclosure of the Latin church of St. George. Legend makes this spring the scene of the martyrdom of St. Irene, daughter of a Roman ruler, who was put to death for refusing to sacrifice to Apollo, and who became herself the patron saint of the new Christian city of Constantinople. Christianity is said to have been brought there by no less a person than the apostle Andrew. He is reputed to have preached at Funduklu, where the Turkish Parliament sits today, and to have died in Galata. As for Apollo, his cult was divided between the two new saints, George and Elias. The dragon of the one and the other's fiery ascent to heaven recall the python and the sun-chariot of the Far Darter, and their feast days are doubtless reminiscences of ancient festivals of spring and summer.

Among the antiquities of the town its names have been the subject of much research and confusion. Pera is a Romaic word meaning opposite or beyond, and first applied to the whole rural suburb on the

north shore of the Golden Horn. This hill was also called Sykia, from the fig trees that abounded there; and when the mortar-loving Justinian rebuilt and fortified the suburb in the sixth century he renamed it after himself. With regard to the word Galata there has been infinite dispute. I myself thought I had solved the question when I went to Genoa and saw steep little alleys, for all the world like those I knew in Genoese Galata, which were named Calata—a descent to the sea—and of which the local dialect made the C a G. But I lived to learn that the name, as that of a castle on the water's edge, has been found in Byzantine MSS. dating from two hundred years earlier than the time Genoa founded her colony there. I therefore pin my faith at present, still despising the favorite derivation from the Greek word for milk, to the legend that the name comes from Brennus and his Gauls, or Galatians, who passed this way with fire and sword in the third century B. C. In any case it is known that Franks were settled there long before the Genoese period. By the Latins the two names were used interchangeably; but Galata now means the lower part of the hill formerly enclosed by the Genoese walls, while Pera is the newer town "beyond" the old, on top of the hill.



The most charming fragment of all, and probably the oldest . . . a little Turkish street passes through an archway, with Genoese escutcheons above the arch.—Page 743.

The history of the town we know begins in 1261, when the Greeks retook Constantinople from the Latins of the Fourth Crusade. Before the Franco-Venetian conquest the Genoese, with the other Latin colonists, had been established along the southern shore of the Golden Horn. But with the Greek restoration and the temporary eclipse of Venice the Genoese were given the opposite suburb for their own. The conditions were that they should not fortify it and that they should respect the Emperor as their suzerain. But the old rivalry with Venice and the decadence of the

Greeks brought it about that Galata presently built walls, captured the ancient Byzantine fortress which stood in the vicinity of the present custom-house, and otherwise conducted herself as an independent city. The existing Galata Tower marks the highest point of the walls, which were twice enlarged, and which in their greatest extent ran down on the east to Top Haneh and on the west to Azap Kapou. The colony was governed by a podestà, sent every year from Genoa, who was also accredited as minister resident to the Emperor.

Galata existed as a flourishing Italian city for nearly two hundred years. The coming of the Turks in 1453 put an end to the conditions which had made her independence possible. Although cut off from Genoa, however, she did not immediately cease to be an Italian city. Indeed, the conqueror might have been expected to deal more hardly with the Latin suburb than he did. For while the Galatiotes had entered into amicable relations with the invaders and had in the end voluntarily surrendered, they had also been the backbone of the Greek defence. But in accepting the keys of Galata Mohammed II assured the colonists the enjoyment of their goods and their faith, merely enjoining them to build no more churches, to forego the use of bells, and to throw down their land fortifications. This last condition seems never to have been carried out. If the conqueror had followed the less humane course of getting rid of the embarrassing Christian population of the two cities, instead of confirming their religious liberty and organizing them into those separate "nations" which are so peculiar a feature of Turkish polity, he would have spared his successors many a painful problem.

Under the new régime Galata proceeded to reorganize herself as the *Magnifica Communità di Pera*. The head of this Magnificent Community was a *Magnifico*, prior of the Brotherhood of St. Anne, who was aided by a sub-prior and twelve councillors. Their deliberations chiefly concerned the churches, since in civil affairs they were naturally subject to the Porte. The Rue Voivoda, the Wall Street of Galata, perpetuates the title of the Turkish functionary who was the superior temporal power of the Magnificent Community. The churches diminished in number, however, as the Latin population dwindled, and by 1682 their administration had passed into the hands of the orders occupying them or of the Patriarchal Vicar. This dignitary represented that member of the papal court whose title of Patriarch of Constantinople was the last shadow of the Latin conquest. On the other hand, the ambassadors of the Catholic powers, and particularly of France, gradually assumed protection of the Latin colony. The Magnificent Community accordingly ceased to exist. But the Latin "nation" still forms one of the constituent elements of the Ottoman empire. And while the population of Galata is now more Greek, even more Turkish and Hebrew, than European, it is only within a generation or two that French has begun to supersede Italian as the *lingua franca* of the town, and it still retains an indefinable Italian air.

Of that old Italian town modern Galata contains little enough, except for the fanatic in things of other times. The tower, of course, the whilom *Torre del Cristo*, is the most visible memorial of the Genoese period. The top, however, has been repeatedly remodelled. This great round keep was built in 1348, during the first enlargement of the walls, which first extended no farther than the Rue Voivoda. It has now degenerated to the peaceful uses of fire watchers and of those who love a view, the small square at its base being also visited once a year by a Birnam Wood of Christmas-trees. Of the fortifications that extended from it, there remains here only a reminiscence in the name of the Rue Hendek—Moat Street. The greater part of the walls were torn down in 1864, the inscriptions and coats of arms they contained being ultimately removed to the Seraglio Museum. Farther down the hill remnants of masonry still exist and a few turrets. The garden of the monastery of St. Pierre is bounded by a fragment of the turreted city wall of 1348, while in the monastery wall of St. Benoît is another turret, probably of the wall of 1352. A square tower of that wall existed until very recently at Bit Bazaar—otherwise Louse Market, the resort of second-hand men! I had long intended to photograph this picturesque ruin, but learned that procrastination is the thief of more than time when I finally went there one day with my camera and found workmen pulling down the last stones of the

tower. The municipality ought to see to it that no man ever pulls down the most charming fragment of all, and probably the Voivoda are a number of stout stone buildings with corbelled upper stories and heavily grated windows which are popularly



The bell tower of St. Benoît.

oldest, not far from the inner bridge, where a little Turkish street passes through an archway, with Genoese escutcheons above the arch and an olive-tree waving on top of the wall.

Galata has always been famous for its fires, to say nothing of its earthquakes. These, and changes of population, with the street-widening and rebuilding of our day, have left us very little idea of the domestic architecture of the Genoese colony. In the steep alleys on either side of the Rue called Genoese. They bear too close a resemblance to Turkish structures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to be so named without more study than any one has taken the trouble to give them. But they are certainly mediæval and they suggest how Galata may once have looked. The façade of one of them, in the Rue Pershembeh Bazaar, is decorated with a Byzantine marble panel. This was the fashionable quarter of Genoese Galata. The palace of the podestà was there, at the corner of

the Rue Pershembeh Bazaar and the Rue Chinar, and until recently survived as an office building.

Such slender honors of antiquity as Galata may boast cluster chiefly about certain churches and missions. The story of these is a picturesque chapter in the history of the mediæval orders. The Franciscans were the first to come to Constantinople, opening a mission in Stamboul during the lifetime of St. Francis and establishing themselves in Galata as early as 1227. No trace of them now remains there, each of the various branches into which the order divided having eventually removed to Pera. The church of San Francesco d'Assisi, belonging to the Conventuals, was the cathedral of the colony, and one worthy of Genoa the Superb. Partially destroyed by fire in 1696, it was seized by the mother of Sultan Mustafa II, who built on its site—below the Imperial Ottoman Bank—the existing Yeni Valideh Mosque. The church of Sant' Antonio, on the Grande Rue de Pera, is the direct descendant of the cathedral of San Francesco and of the missionaries of 1219.

The Dominicans were also settled at an early date on both sides of the Golden Horn. Arab Jami, the mosque whose campanile-like minaret is so conspicuous from the water, was formerly their church of San Paolo. Tradition ascribes its foundation to St. Hyacinth, the great Dominican missionary of the Levant. The fathers were dispossessed about 1535 in favor of the Moorish refugees from Spain, who also invaded the surrounding quarter. The quarter is still Mohammedan, though the Albanian costume now gives it most color. Refugees of a less turbulent character had come from Spain a few years earlier and were given land outside the walls of Galata at the point now called Hasskeui. These were the Jews driven out by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492. Their descendants live there to this day.

The Dominican fathers took refuge in what is now the monastery of St. Pierre, diagonally across the Rue Pershembeh Bazaar from the palace of the podestà. The building had originally been a convent of nuns of St. Catherine, and gardens were added to it by a generous Venetian, in whose honor a mass is still performed once a year. This monastery has been burned and remodelled so many times that little can be left of its original appearance. The church, however, contains an ancient Byzantine icon ascribed to the prolific brush of St. Luke, supposed to have been acquired in Jerusalem by the Empress Eudoxia in 450 and by the Latins in the sack of 1204.

In the court of the church and on the façade of the monastery toward the Rue Chinar—the Street of the Plane Tree—are stone escutcheons bearing the lilies of France and the arms of a Comte de St. Priest. He was the French ambassador at the time of our Revolutionary War. The building, being under French protection and on a desirable street, was occupied in part at different times by the notables of the colony. Among these, about the middle of the eighteenth century, was a merchant named Louis de Chénier. Coming as a young man to Galata, he had become Deputy of the Nation—an office peculiar to the French colony from the time of Colbert—right-hand man to the ambassador, and husband—like many a European before and after him—of a Levantine lady. Her family, that is to say, were of European origin, but by long residence in the Levant and by intermarriage with Greeks had lost their own language. The seventh child of this couple was André Chénier, the poet of the French Revolution. His birthplace is marked by a marble tablet above the Rue Chinar. The poet never saw the Street of the Plane Tree, however, after he was three years old. He grew up in Paris, where he lost his life during the Terror.

The largest mission left in Galata is St. Benoît, whose walls now overshadow the least monastic quarter of the town. Its history is even more varied than that of St. Pierre, having been occupied and reoccupied at different times by the Benedictines, the Observants, the Capuchins, and the Jesuits. The last were the longest tenants, carrying on a devoted work for nearly two hundred years. After the secularization of their order in 1773 they were succeeded by the Lazarists, who have not fallen behind in the high traditions of the mission. The place has a distinctly mediæval air, with its high walls, its Gothic gateway, and its machicolated campanile. Nothing is left, alas, of the mosaics which used to decorate the church. After so many fires I fear there is no chance of their being dis-

covered under modern plaster, as has sometimes happened in the case of mosques. But the pillars of the porch are doubtless those which a diplomatic father obtained by gift from the Sheikh-ul-Islam in 1686. And there are a number of interesting tablets about the building. One of them, above the main entrance, records not too truthfully the rebuilding of the church by Louis XIV. The most notable is the tombstone of Rakoczy, Prince of Transylvania and pretender to the throne of Hungary, who lived twenty years in exile at Rodosto, on the Sea of Marmora. When he died there in 1738 his friends asked permission to bury him in Galata, but were refused. They accordingly pretended to inter him at Rodosto. As a matter of fact, his coffin was sent in one of the many boxes containing his effects to St. Benoît. There the royal exile was secretly buried in the church, his grave long remaining unmarked.



The imperial suburb of Beshiktash.

The stones of Galata have more to tell than those who ungratefully tread them are wont to imagine. But they are by no means Christian stones alone. Although the Latins naturally diminished in number after the Turkish conquest, the city quickly outgrew its walls. While part of this growth was due to the influx of Venetians and later of Greeks from the opposite side of the Horn, a good deal of it came about through Turkish colonization. This was chiefly without the walls. You can almost trace the line of them to-day by the boundary between populations. The Turkish settlements grew up around mosques, palaces, and military establishments built by different sultans in the country about Galata, but mainly on the water-front. Detached at first, in sheltered bays and valleys, they now form a continuous city from the inner waters of the Golden Horn to the imperial suburb of Beshiktash on the Bosphorus.

The oldest of these settlements must be Kassim Pasha, in the deep ravine which gives Pera so enviable a western view over the Golden Horn. The name was that of a vizier of Suleiman the Magnificent, twice governor of Egypt. He was known as Handsome Kassim, but he ended his days in bad odor. His quarter takes after



The American embassy (rear).

him in the latter rather than in the former particular. It is traversed by a doubtful watercourse whose enemies call it an open drain. I myself shall be sorry to see it disappear—as it is destined to do—because of its picturesque wooden bridges and its bordering coffee-houses. I shall be sorrier, however, to see the last of the cypresses that darken the eastern slope of the ravine. They are all that is left of the great grove of the *Petits Champs des Morts*, the old burial-ground of Galata. As the city grew the cemeteries, both Christian and Mohammedan, were removed to the *Grands Champs des Morts*, at the Taxim. They, too, have now been overtaken by the streets and turned in great part to other uses. But a field of the dead was there again when the Young Turks took Pera from Abdul Hamid in 1909.

The true honor of Kassim Pasha rests on its associations with the naval glory of the Turks. That valley is supposed to have been the final scene of the celebrated exploit of Mohammed II when he hauled a squadron of eighty galleys out of the Bosphorus, dragged them over the hills in a night, and launched them into the Golden Horn. There is no doubt, however, about the famous arsenal that sits solidly at the mouth of the valley to this day. It was first built by Selim I, father of Suleiman the Magnificent. The galleys of the great admirals of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were laid down there, and there some of the spoils they brought home from the Mediterranean are still to be seen. One of those admirals is buried outside the arsenal, near his own mosque of Pialeh Pasha. The son of a Croat shoemaker, captured as a boy by the Janissaries, he grew up to command the fleets of his captors, to conquer sixty-seven islands, and to marry the daughter of a sultan. But his highest achievement was to defeat the renowned Genoese admiral, Andrea Doria, off Jerbeh, the African island of the Lotus-eaters.

A detail of history connected with this old ship-yard is that we probably get our word arsenal from it, through the Italian *darsena*. The accepted derivation is from the Arabic *dar es sanaat*, house of construction—from an ancient ship-yard in Egypt



Grande Rue de Pera. It mounts through a commerce of stalls and small shops.—Page 753.

captured by the founder of this arsenal. But a likelier origin is the Turkish word —from the Persian, I believe—*Terssaneh*, the house of slaves. At all events this is where the great bagnio of the galley-slaves used to be. These were Christians, captured in war, and did the work of the arsenal. At all times during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries there were from three to four thousand slaves in the bagnio, while four or five thousand more were chained to the oars of the imperial galleys. No less than fifteen thousand were freed at the battle of Lepanto in 1571. As the Turks became less warlike the number naturally declined, and came to an end with the abolition of slavery in 1846. One of the principal activities of the Catholic missions was among the inmates of this and other bagnios. The fathers were allowed access to the arsenals and even maintained chapels at Kassim Pasha, confessing the slaves, arranging when they could for their ransom, and heroically caring for them through dreadful epidemics. St. Joseph of Leonissa, one of the pioneer Capuchins, caught the plague himself from the slaves, but recovered to labor again in the bagnio—so zealously that he even aspired to reach the ear of the Sultan. He was accordingly arrested and condemned to death. The sentence was already supposed to have been executed when he was miraculously rescued by an angel and borne away to his native Italy, living there to a ripe old age. If the angel might have been discovered to bear some resemblance to an emissary of the Venetian Balio, his intervention doubtless seemed no less angelic to the good missionary.

Another Turkish settlement grew up on the east side of Galata wall, at Top Haneh —Cannon House. The place has been the seat of artillery shops and barracks from early in the Turkish era, for it must be remembered that Mohammed II, in the siege of Constantinople, was the first general to prove the practicability of cannon, and that during the whole of their martial period the Turks had no superiors in this branch of warfare. There was also another ship-yard at Top Haneh, and another famous admiral is buried there near the mosque he built. He was also of Christian

origin, a Calabrian by the name of Ochiali, who, like many an adventurous spirit of the later middle ages, forsook his country and religion and became known as Big Ali. At the battle of Lepanto he succeeded in turning the squadron of Doria and escaping. His forty galleys were the only ones out of three hundred to get back to Constantinople. For this exploit he was made Kaptan Pasha and his name was turned into Sword Ali—Kilij Ali.

The greatest captain of them all lies farther up the Bosphorus, at Beshiktash. The name is merely a corruption of *Besh Tash*, —Five Stones—from the row of pillars on the shore to which he used to moor his galleys. Known to Europe by the nickname Barbarossa, from his great red beard, his true name was Haïreddin. He began life as a pirate of Mitylene, entered the service of the Sultan of Tunis, captured Algiers on his own account, and had the diplomacy to offer his prize to Selim I. Under Suleiman the Magnificent he became the terror of the Mediterranean and his master's chief instrument in a life-long rivalry with Charles V. He died in 1546, full of years and honors, leaving a fortune of 60,000 ducats and 3,000 slaves. He wished to be buried by the sea, at the spot where he moored so often in his lifetime; but shanties and boat-yards now shut him off from the water. Nothing could be quainter or quieter than the little railed garden near the steamer landing, where a vine-covered pergola leads to the *türbeh* of that turbulent man of blood. A great brass ship-lamp swings over his turbaned coffin, and a green-and-white swallow-tailed pennant of crossed scimitars, while another lamp and a brass ornament from the top of a mast hang in niches on either side of the simple mausoleum.

The harbor of Jason and Barbarossa is also the place where Mohammed II started his ships on their overland voyage. At least I never can see the valley of Dolma Baghcheh — the Filled-in Garden — into which the sea formerly entered, without convincing myself that it must have been the channel of that celebrated cruise, and not the steeper hill of Top Haneh. A Turk told me once that Nishan Tash—the Stone of the Sign—the fashionable Turkish quarter that grew up on top of the hill during Abdul Hamid's time, was so named from a pillar that once commemorated the event in question. He was not a lettered man, however, and I only give the statement as hinting at the existence of a tradition. The descendants of Mohammed II, in any case, have long shown a partiality for Beshiktash. Mohammed IV built a summer palace there in 1679, his son Ahmet III constructed the first Chiragan, while for the last hundred years the sultans have lived there altogether. The existing palace of Dolma Baghcheh dates only from 1853. The abandoned buildings of Yildiz are more recent still. The ceremony of Selamlik—Salutation—when the Sultan drives in state to Friday prayer, is the weekly spectacle of the imperial suburb, though less dazzling under Mohammed V than it used to be under Abdul Hamid II. After his prayer the Sultan gives audience to ambassadors and visitors of mark. This custom goes back to the time of Albert de Wyss, ambassador of the Holy Roman Empire in 1566, who used to turn out his embassy when Selim II rode by to mosque.

The water-side quarters outside the walls of Galata were and are prevailingly Turkish. The Christian expansion followed the crest of the hill, founding the modern Pera which has superseded Galata as a residential section. But there is a leaven of Islam even in Pera. Bayezid II, son of the Conqueror, built a mosque in the quarter of Asmali Mezjid—Vine Chapel—and a palace at Galata Seraï. This palace finally became a school for the imperial pages, recruited from among the Christian boys captured by the Janissaries, and existed intermittently as such until it was turned into the Imperial Lyceum. Galata Seraï means Galata palace, which is interesting as showing the old application of the name. The word Pera the Turks have never adopted. They call the place Bey Olou—the Son of the bey. There is dispute as to the identity of this bey. Some say he was Demetrius Comnenus, last Emperor of Trebizond, whose youngest son turned Turk and was given lands in the vicinity of the Russian embassy. Others identify the son of the bey with a certain Aloisio Gritti, natural son of a doge of Venice, who became dragoman of the Porte during the reign of Suleiman the Magnificent and exercised much influence in the foreign relations of that monarch. Suleiman himself

built in Pera, or on that steep eastward slope of it which is called Funduklu—the Place of Filberts—and which is as Turkish as afternoons to visit their *Tekkeh;* and a classic contrast do the noise and smiles of the superior children of the West make with



Fountain of Mohammed II, at Top Haneh.

Some of the drinking fountains scattered all over the city are extremely beautiful.—Page 754.

Stamboul. The view from the terrace of the mosque he erected there in memory of his humpbacked son Jihanguir is one of the finest in Constantinople. It was his father Selim who established the Mevlevi, popularly called the whirling dervishes, in Pera. There they remain to this day, though they have sold the greater part of the estates they once owned—a little island of peace and mysticism in the unbelieving town that has overtaken them. It is the classic amusement of tourists on Friday the plaintive piping, the silent turning, the symbolism and ecstasy of that ritual octagon. Among the roses and ivy of the courtyard is buried a child of the West who also makes a contrast of a kind. He was a Frenchman, the Comte de Bonneval, who, after serving in the French and Austrian armies and quarrelling with the famous Prince Eugene, came to Constantinople, became general of bombardiers, governor of Karamania, and pasha of three tails. He negotiated the first treaty of alliance made

by Turkey with a foreign country, namely, with Sweden in 1740.

There are many other Turkish buildings in Pera, but the suburb is essentially Christian and was built up by the Galatiotes. It began to exist as a distinct settlement during the seventeenth century—about the time, that is, when the Dutch were starting the city of New York. The French and Venetian embassies and the Franciscan missions clustered around them were the nucleus of the settlement, on a hill-side then known as The Vineyards and now by the ingratiating name of Tomtom Quarter. Were the tomtoms the bells or beating-boards of the missions? We have already seen how the Conventuals moved to Pera after the loss of San Francesco. Their grounds for two hundred years adjoined those of the French embassy, but have gradually been absorbed by the latter until the fathers have lately built on another site. The oldest Latin church in Pera, however, is St. Louis, of the Capuchins, who have been chaplains for the French embassy since 1628. Ste. Marie Draperis is also older in Pera than Sant' Antonio. The church is so called after a philanthropic lady who gave land in Galata to the Observants in 1584. It passed to the Riformati because of the scandal which arose through two of the brothers turning Turk, and in 1678 moved to The Vineyards for the same reason as the Conventuals. It is now under Austrian protection and serves as chapel for that embassy, though the fathers are still Italians. The Observants, also known as Padri di Terra Santa, preceded them by a few years in Pera, where they acted as chaplains for the Venetian Balio. Their hospice, marked by the cross of Jerusalem, is between Ste. Marie and the Austrian embassy.

The first European ambassadors were not many in number nor did they regularly follow each other, and they were usually quartered in a *khan* detailed for that use in Stamboul, facing the Burnt Column. The Venetian Balio, who had been a sort of viceroy in Byzantine days, had a residence of his own. The French, however, set up a country-seat at The Vineyards as early as the time of Henri IV. And during the reign of Ibrahim I (1640–49), who in his rage at the Venetians over the Cretan war threatened to kill every Christian in the empire, beginning with the Balio, the ambassadors moved to the other side for good. The Venetians built on the site now occupied by the Austrian embassy. The Dutch, the Russians, and the Swedes later acquired fine properties in the same neighborhood, while the Rue de Pologne is perhaps a reminiscence of the diplomatic relations which once existed between Turkey and Poland. This oldest part of Pera has changed the least; and I must say that I am low enough in my tastes to find some of the small streets dropping off the Grande Rue between garden walls and seigneurial gateways extremely picturesque.

Our embassy, in another quarter, is the youngest member of this venerable diplomatic colony, although the first in Europe to be owned by the American government. Commodore Porter, after difficulties that would make an interesting and amusing history, signed the first Turco-American treaty in 1830 and was our first minister. In 1906 the legation was raised to an embassy, the house occupied by the ambassador being bought a year later. This marble mansion, built and decorated at immense expense by an Italian merchant, was a great bargain and it occupies a desirable enough position. But it is too small for the social requirements of an embassy, while even after a good-sized wing had been added in order to accommodate the chancery there yet could be found space for no more than two masters' bedrooms. The inhabitants of the country, looking at the place from the outside, tell themselves that America must be such a country as Belgium or Bulgaria, whose ministers occupy similar houses. The chief advantage of the embassy is the charming view it enjoys from the back, over the *Petits Champs des Morts* to the Golden Horn and Stamboul. It is only a matter of time, however, before the Little Field of the Dead and the view will disappear behind bricks and mortar. The good old days are gone, when we can do like Sir Stratford Canning, afterward Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—who did pretty much as he chose in Turkey not quite a hundred years ago. His embassy, though not the one where Lady Mary Montague wrote her lively letters, was situated on the same street as ours, with its back on the same cemetery. Deciding that his grounds



Of this bridge one could make a chapter by itself. . . . It is no longer what it was. . . . But the crowd that streams across it is as heterogeneous as ever.—Page 755.

were too small, and assuring himself, no doubt, of acquiescence in high quarters, he annexed a goodly portion of that cemetery to the British empire, digging his trenches and starting his wall in a night in order to confound pious objectors by the *fait accompli.*

The town that grew up around these embassies is one of the most extraordinary towns in creation. First composed of Galatiotes and a few Turks, who followed their several protectors into the wilderness, it has continued ever since to receive accretions from the various nationalities of Europe and Turkey until it has become a perfect Babel, faintly Italian in appearance but no more Italian than Turkish, no more Turkish than Greek, no more Greek than anything else you please. Five larger worlds and nobody knows how many lesser ones live there, inextricably intermingled yet somehow remaining miraculously distinct. There is, to be sure, a considerable body of Levantines, of those, namely, who have mixed; but even they are a peculiar people. The fact gives Pera society, so far as it exists, a bewildering hydra-headedness. The court is not the centre of things in the sense that European courts are. The palace ladies do not receive men, while in other ways there are profound causes of separation between the ruling race and the numerous non-Moslem elements of the empire. By the very constitution of the country the Armenians, the Greeks, the Hebrews, and the smaller fractions of the population form communities apart. Even the surprisingly large European colony has historic reasons for tending to divide into so many "nations." These have little in common, save for the ubiquitous adventurer, with the foreign colonies of Paris, Rome, or Berlin. Not students and people of leisure but merchants and missionaries make up the better part of the family that each embassy presides over in a sense unknown in Western cities. The days are gone by when the protection of the embassies has the literal meaning that once attached to many a garden wall. But the ambassadors cling —not always with dignity—to the privileges and exemptions granted them by early treaties, and through the quarter which grew up around their gates the Sultan himself passes almost as a foreigner.

This diversity of traditions and interests has, of course, influenced the development of Pera. Not the least remarkable feature of this remarkable town is its lack of almost every modern convenience. Though a generation before New York thought of a subway Pera had one—a mile long. It has no electric lights, no trolley cars, no telephones. Abdul Hamid objected on principle to those modernities, it is true, and always suspected that a dynamo had something to do with dynamite. I should not suppose that there are fifteen lifts in the place. There are no boulevards, no race-courses, no parks other than two dusty little municipal gardens laid out in old cemeteries and the inaccessible grounds of Yildiz, which are closed in summer. Pictures, libraries, collections ancient or modern, there are none. I had almost said there is neither music nor drama. There are, to be sure, a few modest places of assembly where an intelligent Turkish actor is trying to start a national theatre, where excellent companies from Athens may be heard, and where Bernhardt or Réjane occasionally give half a dozen performances. On these boards you may oftener behold a peripatetic Aïda welcome Rhadames and a conquering host of five Greek supers; but Brünnhilde and the Rhine maidens have yet to see the Bosphorus. Not so, however, a translated "Tante de Charles." The Merry Widow tried to make her début a winter or two ago, but met with an unexpected rebuff. Every Perote who respects himself has a big Croat or Montenegrin, who are the same rose under different names, to decorate his front door with a display of hanging sleeves and gold embroidery. It having been whispered among these magnificent creatures that the "Lustige Witwe" was a slander on the principality—as it was then—of Nicholas I, they assembled in force in the gallery of the theatre and proceeded to bombard the stage with chairs and other detachable objects until the company withdrew the piece.

Hence it is that Pera is sniffed at by those who should know her best, while the tarriers for a night console themselves with imagining that there is nothing to see. I have never been able to understand why it should be thought necessary nowadays for one town to be exactly like another. I therefore applaud Pera for having the originality to be herself. In despite, moreover, of the general contempt for her want of intellectual resources, I submit that merely to live in Pera is better than many universities. No one can hope to entertain relations with the good people of that municipality without speaking at least one language besides his own. It is by no means uncommon for a Perote to have five or six at his tongue's end. Turkish and French are the official languages, but Greek is more common in Pera and Galata proper, while you must have acquaintance with two or three alphabets more if you wish to read the daily papers or the signs in the streets. And then there remain an indeterminate number of dialects used by large bodies of citizens.

A town so varied in its discourse is not less liberal in other particulars. Pera observes three holy days: Friday for the Turks, Saturday for the Jews, Sunday for the Christians. How many holidays she keeps I would be afraid to guess. She follows four separate calendars. Two of these, the Julian and the Gregorian, followed by Eastern and Western Christians respectively, are practically identical save that they are thirteen days apart. There are, however, three Christmases in Pera, because the Armenians celebrate Epiphany (Old Style), and sometimes only one Easter. As for the Turks, they have adopted for certain official purposes an adaptation of the Julian calendar; but their religious observances are determined by the inconstant moon and fall eleven days earlier every year. Their years begin from the Hegira. The Jews also follow a lunar calendar, not quite the same, which is supposed to start from the creation of the world. Thus the Christian year 1911 is 1329 for the Mohammedans and 5671 for the Jews. There are also two ways of counting the hours of Pera, the most popular one considering twelve o'clock to fall at sunset. Watches partial to this ancient mode of keeping time therefore lose or gain a minute or two a day. These independences cause less confusion than might be supposed. They interfere very little, unless with the happiness of employers. But where the liberty of Pera runs to license is in the matter of post-offices. Of these there are no less than seven. The six powers of Europe have an unworthy right to maintain post-offices of their own, which they exercise

to the general grief. For they do not deliver letters, and to be certain of getting all your mail—there is not too much certainty even then—you have to go or send every day to every one of those six post-offices.



Caïque station on the Golden Horn.

For those branches of learning of which Pera is so superior a mistress, an inimitable hall of study is her much-scoffed Grande Rue. It begins under another name in Galata, in a long flight of steps from which you see a blue slice of the harbor neatly surmounted by the four minarets of St. Sophia. It mounts through a commerce of stalls and small shops, gaining in decorum as it rises in altitude, reaches its climax of importance in the vicinity of Galata Seraï, and keeping ever to the crest of the hill passes out into the country like another Broadway between apartment houses and vacant lots. Other Grandes Rues are broader, give access to larger and finer shops, are adorned by more splendid or more historic architecture. Some Grandes Rues are more bizarre and sketchable. Not that this one is barren of possibilities—where a motor-car will turn out for an ox-cart or a sedan-chair, and where pedestrians are stopped by an Anatolian peasant carrying a piano on his back, by a flock of sheep pattering between two gaunt Albanians, or by a troop of firemen hooting half-naked through the street with a gaudy little hand-pump on their shoulders. But few Grandes Rues are so full of contrasts more profound. They unconsciously teach tolerance to a watcher of them, if they do not suggest disconcerting questions. I do not suppose that a procession moving with crosses and banners has ever encountered that strange pageant of camels and sword-play that gives the Sacred Caravan godspeed to Mecca. There are nights, though, that are noisy with the selling of candles for midnight mass and with the wakeful drums of Ramazan. There is also New Year's eve, when Greek boys go about with lights in cages—in pursuance of what ancient superstition I have never known. And there are festal days like Baïram, beloved of Turkish children; like Easter Monday, when the open places about the Taxim are full of dancing and drumming; like

the Feast of Tabernacles, solemnized under cut boughs on high balconies; and the day in May when Christians and Mohammedans alike, filling the valleys of Beshiktash and the meadows of Kiat Haneh with the sound of pipes and the smell of roast lamb,



That anchored armada that is incredibly crowded in winter. — Page 755.

celebrate under different names the antique festival of the return of the sun.

There are other streets in Pera, and streets that are visibly as well as philosophically picturesque. They are likeliest to be in the Turkish quarters, which contain almost all that Pera and Galata may boast of architectural charm. The old Turkish houses are always simple and dignified, while some of the drinking fountains scattered all over the city by imperial and private generosity are extremely beautiful. The *saka*, the carrier of water from these fountains, with his dripping goat-skin, or more often in these degenerate days with his kerosene tin, is still a familiar figure. But for the sketchable, for the pre-eminently etchable, Galata is the place—humble, despised, dirty, abandoned Galata, with its outlying suburbs. If the Grande Rue de Pera is Broadway, the main street of Galata is the Bowery. It runs along the curve of the shore from Azap Kapou, at the inner bridge, to the outer bridge and the Bosphorus. The purlieus of this street are inhabited, says Mr. Murray's guide-book, by the most depraved population in Europe. Of depravity I am not connoisseur enough to pass judgment on this dictum. I can only say that if the Galatiotes are the worst people in Europe the world is not in so parlous a state as some persons have feared. I presume it must be to the regions called Kemer Alti—Under the Arch—lying between Step Street and the pious walls of St. Benoît, that the critic refers. Here the primrose path of Galata winds among dark and dismal alleys, Neapolitan save for the fezes, the odor of mastic, and the jingling *lanterna*, the beloved hand-piano of Galata. Yet even here *naïveté* would be a truer word than depravity. Among primrose paths this is at once the least disguised and the least seductive—except for its ingenuous openness—which I have happened to tread. There is so little mystery about it, its fantastic inhabitants make so little attempt to conceal their numerous disadvantages, that

no Ulysses should be compelled to stop his ears against such sirens.

But Galata is by no means all primrose path. Other, more laborious paths abound there, of drudgery manifold, but chiefly of those who go down to the sea in ships. And is there not the famous path that crosses the Golden Horn? Of this bridge one could make a chapter by itself, if De Amicis had not done so already. It is no longer what it was, though, in the day of De Amicis, when it was commanded like a ship by a captain and crew, and when its tolls went into the ingenious pockets of the minister of marine. The dogs, the beggars, the shops that adorned it then are gone. The bridge itself is presently to go, to make way for a bigger one made in Germany. But the crowd that streams across it is as heterogeneous as ever. If it is somewhat less gayly colored it has merely followed the same law as the modern stage and the modern novel, being less striking in incident than in implication. And the view is always there—of the windy blue harbor and the superb silhouette of Stamboul.

The tangle of narrow streets between the "Bowery" and the water is given up almost entirely to sailors and watermen, their lodging, their outfitting, and their amusement. Between Top Haneh and the bridge a modern quay stretches, where all the flags of Europe fly. This is the quarter of custom and warehouses, of international coffee-shops, and of many a device for parting the sailor and his money. But its latter-day activities are given a local color by the variety of languages and costumes swarming here. The swarthy longshoremen, especially those who stagger through the streets in pairs carrying bales slung from long poles, are Kourds. Wolves, that is; and wolves these half-tamed tribesmen from the borders of Persia used to be whenever Abdul Hamid needed any killing.

The true Galata, the Galata which the Genoese first walled in, lies between the two bridges. How can I have wasted so many pages over Latin monks and humdrum Pera, when so many perfections are here? The Grande Rue is as nothing to the purlieus of Pershembeh Bazaar, which you may know by the prodigious wistaria making an arbor of the street. Pershembeh Bazaar means Thursday Market, and Thursday is the day to come here. Then awnings shade the little streets around Arab Jami, then venders of dreadful Manchester prints, of astonishing foot-wear, of sweets, of perfumes, of variegated girdles, leave no more than a narrow lane, and then is there infinite bargaining from sunrise to sunset. The next morning there will be not a sign of all this commerce. It has gone elsewhere —to be precise, to Kassim Pasha; for these merchants have a market for every day in the week. On Tuesdays you will find them at Top Haneh.

If the Thursday Market goes, the rest of Galata remains, and the best of it: the alleys of jutting upper stories that know so well the value of a grape-vine, the quaint shops and coffee-houses, the cavernous bakeries, the place of broken lights where the oar-makers ply the local variation of their trade, the ferries and caïque stations along the water-front. The boatmen of the inner harbor are another tribe by themselves, coming from Trebizond and the country of the Laz. Another picturesque spot on the water-front is the crazy floating wharf where the Greek sail-boats that bring oil and wine from the Marmora and the Ægean make a bobbing street. But best of all, supreme among the resources of Galata, is the nobler mass of shipping which is so striking a detail of the view from the bridge. A few steamers are in that anchored armada that is incredibly crowded in winter. But most of them are sailing-vessels that look as if they too had come down from mediæval times. There are heaven-piercing prows, there are poops of fantastic carving, there are systems of rigging that could scarcely serve an end other than to compose the most decorative lattice-work through which to look at the somewhat bald outline of Galata—and all waiting to make the fortune of the man who will etch them. Where were Mr. Murray's eyes when he came to the Golden Horn? Surely he would have forgiven Galata if he had taken in the virtue of her contribution to the pictorial.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

BY EDITH WHARTON

BOOK III

XXI

THE spring in New York proceeded through more than its usual alternating extremes of temperature to the threshold of a sultry June. Ralph Marvell, wearily bent to his task, felt the fantastic humours of the weather as only one more incoherence in the general chaos of his case. It was strange enough, after four years of marriage, to find himself again in his old brown room in Washington Square. It was hardly there that he had expected Pegasus to land him; and, like a man returning to the scenes of his childhood, he found everything on a much smaller scale than he had imagined. Had the Dagonet boundaries really narrowed, or had the breach in the walls of his own life let in a wider vision?

Certainly there had come to be other differences between his present and his former self than that embodied in the presence of little Paul in the next room. Paul, in fact, was now the chief link between Ralph and his past. Concerning his son he still felt and thought, in a general way, in the terms of the Dagonet tradition; he still wanted to implant in Paul some of the reserves and discriminations which divided that tradition from the new spirit of limitless concession.

For himself it was different. Since his transaction with Moffatt he had had the sense of living under a new dispensation. He was not sure that it was any worse than the other; but then he was no longer very sure about anything. Perhaps this growing indifference was merely the reaction from a long nervous strain: that his mother and sister thought it so was shown by the way in which they mutely watched and hovered. Their discretion was like the hushed tread about a sick-bed. They permitted themselves no criticism of Undine; he was asked no awkward questions, subjected to no ill-timed sympathy. They simply took him back, on his own terms, into the life he had left them to; and their silence was free from those subtle implications of disapproval which may be so much more vexing than speech.

For a while he had a weekly letter from Undine. These missives, vague and disappointing though they were, helped him through the days; but it was rather as a pretext for replies than for their actual contents that he looked forward to them. Undine was never at a loss for the spoken word: Ralph had often wondered at her verbal range and her fluent use of terms outside the current vocabulary. She had certainly not picked these up in books, since she never opened one: they seemed rather like some odd transmission of her preaching grandparent's oratory. But in her brief and colourless letters the same bald statements were reiterated in the same few terms. She was well, she had been "round" with Bertha Shallum, she had dined with the Jim Driscolls or May Beringer or Dicky Bowles, the weather was too lovely or too awful: such was the gist of her news. On the last page she hoped Paul was well and sent him a kiss; but she never made a suggestion concerning his care or asked a question about his pursuits. One could only infer that, knowing in what good hands he was, she judged such solicitude superfluous; and it was thus that Ralph put the matter to his mother.

"Of course she's not worrying about the boy—why should she? She knows that with you and Laura he's as happy as a king."

To which Mrs. Marvell would answer gravely: "When you write be sure to say I sha'n't put on his thinner flannels as long as this east wind lasts."

As for her husband's welfare, Undine's sole allusion to it consisted in the invariable expression of the hope that he was getting along all right: the phrase was always the same, and Ralph learned to know just how far down the third page to look for it. In a postscript she sometimes

asked him to tell her mother about a new way of doing hair or cutting a skirt; and this was usually the most eloquent passage of the letter.

What satisfaction he extracted from these communications he would have found it hard to say; yet when they did not come he missed them hardly less than if they had given him all he craved. Sometimes the mere act of holding the blue or mauve sheet and breathing its scent was like holding his wife's hand and being enveloped in her fresh young fragrance: the sentimental disappointment vanished in the penetrating physical sensation. In other moods it was enough to trace the letters of the first line and the last for the desert of perfunctory phrases between the two to vanish, leaving him only the vision of interlaced names, as of a mystic bond which her own hand had tied. Or else he saw her, closely, palpably before him, as she sat at her writing-table, frowning, and a little flushed, her bent nape showing the light on her hair, her short lip pulled up by the effort of composition; and this vision had the violent reality, the haunting precision of dream-images on the verge of waking. At other times, as he read her letter, he felt simply that at least in the moment of writing it she had been with him. But in one of the last she had said (to excuse a bad blot and an incoherent sentence): "Everybody's talking to me at once, and I don't know what I'm writing." That letter he had thrown into the fire. . .

The letters, after the first few weeks, came less and less regularly: at the end of two months they ceased. Ralph had got into the habit of watching for them on the days when a foreign post was due, and as the weeks went by without a sign he began to invent excuses for leaving the office earlier and hurrying back to Washington Square to search the letter-box for a big tinted envelope with a straggling blotted superscription. Undine's departure had given him a momentary sense of liberation: at that stage in their relations any change would have brought relief. But now that she was gone he knew she could never really go. His feeling for her had changed, but it still ruled his life. If he saw her in her weakness he felt her in her power: the power of youth and physical radiance that clung to his disenchanted memories as the scent she used clung to her letters. Looking back at their four years of marriage he began to ask himself if he had done all he could to draw her half-formed spirit from its sleep. Had he not expected too much at first, and grown too indifferent in the sequel? After all, she was still in the toy age; and perhaps the very extravagance of his love had retarded her growth, helped to imprison her in a little circle of frivolous illusions. But the last months had made a man of him, and when she came back he would know how to lift her to the height of his experience.

So he would reason, day after day, as he hastened back to Washington Square; but when he opened the door, and his first glance at the hall table showed him there was no letter there, his illusions shrivelled down to their weak roots. She had not written: she did not mean to write. He and the boy were no longer a part of her life. When she came back everything would be as it had been before, with the dreary difference that she had tasted new pleasures and that their absence would take the savour from all he had to give her. Then the coming of another foreign mail would lift his hopes, and as he hurried home he would imagine new reasons for expecting a letter. . .

Week after week he swung between these extremes of hope and dejection, and at last, when the strain had become unbearable, he cabled to ask the cause of her silence. The answer ran: "Very well best love writing"; but the promised letter never came. . .

He went on steadily with his work: he even passed through a phase of exaggerated energy. But his baffled youth fought in him for air. Was this to be the end of all his visions? Was he to wear his life out in purposeless drudgery? The plain prose of it, of course, was that the economic situation remained unchanged by the sentimental catastrophe and that he must go on working for his wife and child. But at any rate, as it was mainly for Paul that he would henceforth work, it should be on his own terms and according to his inherited notions of "straightness." He would never again engage in any transaction resembling his compact with Moffatt.

Even now he was not sure that there had been anything crooked in that; but the fact of his having instinctively referred the point to Mr. Spragg rather than to his grandfather implied a presumption against it.

His partners were quick to profit by his sudden spurt of energy, and his work grew no lighter. He was not only the youngest and most recent member of the firm but the one who had so far added least to the volume of its business. He knew that his partners were making him pay for this and that for the time he must take his place as the office drudge. His hours were the longest, his absences, as summer approached, the least frequent and the most grudgingly accorded. No doubt his associates knew that he was pressed for money and could not risk a break. They "worked" him, and he was aware of it, and submitted because he dared not lose his job. But the long hours of mechanical drudgery were telling on his active body and undisciplined nerves. He had begun too late to subject himself to the persistent mortification of spirit and flesh which is a condition of the average business life; and after the long dull days in the office the evenings at his grandfather's whist-table did not give him the counter-stimulus he needed.

Almost every one had left town; but now and then Miss Ray came in to dine, and Ralph, seated beneath the family portraits and opposite the desiccated Harriet, who had already faded to the semblance of one of her own great-aunts, listened languidly to the kind of talk that the originals might have exchanged about the same table when New York gentility centred in the Battery and the Bowling Green. Mr. Dagonet was always pleasant to see and hear, but his sarcasms were growing faint and recondite: they had as little bearing on life as the humours of a Restoration comedy. As for Mrs. Marvell and Miss Ray, they seemed to the young man even more spectrally remote: hardly anything that mattered to him existed for them, and their prejudices reminded him of sign-posts warning off trespassers who have long since ceased to intrude.

Now and then he dined at his club and went on to the theatre with some young men of his own age; but he left them afterward, half vexed with himself for not being in the humour to prolong the adventure. There were moments when he would have liked to affirm his freedom in however commonplace a way: moments when the vulgarest way would have seemed the most satisfying. But he always ended by walking home alone, and tip-toeing upstairs through the sleeping house lest he should wake his boy. . .

On Saturday afternoons, when the business world was hurrying to the country for golf and tennis, he stayed in town and took Paul to see his maternal grandparents. Several times since his wife's departure he had tried to bring about closer relations between his own family and Undine's; and the ladies of Washington Square, in their eagerness to meet his wishes, had made various tentative advances to Mrs. Spragg. But they were met by a mute resistance which made Ralph suspect that Undine's frequent strictures on his family had lingered in her mother's brooding mind; and he gave up the struggle to bring together what had been so effectually put asunder.

If he regretted his lack of success it was chiefly because he was so sorry for the Spraggs. Soon after Undine's marriage they had abandoned their polychrome suite at the Stentorian, and since then their restless peregrinations had carried them through half the hotels of the metropolis. Undine, who had early discovered her mistake in thinking hotel life fashionable, had tried to persuade her parents to take a house of their own; but though they refrained from taxing her with inconsistency they did not act on her suggestion. Mrs. Spragg shrank from the thought of "going back to house-keeping," and Ralph suspected that she depended on the transit from hotel to hotel as the one element of variety in her monotonous days. As for Mr. Spragg, it was impossible to imagine any one in whom the domestic sentiments were more completely unlocalized and disconnected from any fixed habits of life; and he was probably aware of his changes of abode chiefly as they obliged him to ascend from the Subway, or descend from the "Elevated," a few blocks higher up or lower down.

Neither husband nor wife complained of

their frequent displacements, or assigned to them any cause save the vague one of "guessing they could do better"; but Ralph had already noticed that the decreasing luxury of their habitations synchronized with Undine's growing demands for money. During the last few months they had transferred themselves to the "Malibran," a joyless structure resembling a grain-elevator divided into cells, where dingy linoleum and lincrusta simulated the stucco and marble of the Stentorian, and fagged business men and their families consumed the watery stews dispensed by "coloured help" in the grey twilight of a basement dining-room.

Mrs. Spragg had no sitting-room, and Paul and his father had to be received in one of the long public parlours, between ladies in the throes of correspondence and groups of listlessly conversing residents and callers.

The Spraggs were intensely proud of their grandson, and Ralph perceived that they would have liked to see Paul charging uproariously from group to group and thrusting his bright curls and cherubic smile upon the general attention. The fact that the boy preferred to stand between his grandfather's knees and play with Mr. Spragg's Masonic emblem, or dangle his legs from the arm of Mrs. Spragg's chair, seemed to his grandparents evidence of ill-health or undue repression, and he was subjected by Mrs. Spragg to searching enquiries as to how his food set, and whether he didn't think his popper was too severe with him. A more embarrassing problem was raised by the "surprise" (in the shape of peanut candy or chocolate creams) which he was invited to hunt for in gran'ma's pockets, and which Ralph had to confiscate on the way home, lest the dietary rules of Washington Square should be too visibly infringed.

Sometimes Ralph found Mrs. Heeny, ruddy and jovial, seated in the armchair opposite Mrs. Spragg, and regaling her friends with selections from her last batch of clippings. During Undine's illness of the previous winter Mrs. Heeny had become a familiar figure to Paul, who had learned to expect almost as much from her bag as from his grandmother's pockets; so that the intemperate Saturdays at the Malibran were usually followed by languid and abstemious Sundays in Washington Square.

Mrs. Heeny, unaware of this sequel to her bounties, formed the habit of appearing regularly on Saturdays, and encouraging the little boy to scatter the grimy carpet with face-creams and bunches of clippings in his thrilling quest for the sugar-plums at the bottom of her bag.

"I declare, if he ain't in just as much of a hurry f'r everything as his mother!" she exclaimed one day in her rich rolling voice; and stooping to pick up a long strip of newspaper which Paul had flung aside she added, as she smoothed it out: "I guess 'f he was a little mite older he'd be better pleased with this 'n with the candy. It's the very thing I was trying to find for you the other day, Mrs. Spragg," she went on, holding the bit of paper at arm's length; and she began to read out, with a loudness proportioned to the distance between her eyes and the text:

"With two such sprinters as 'Pete' Van Degen and Dicky Bowles to set the pace, it's no wonder the New York set in Paris has struck a livelier gait than ever this spring. It's a high pressure season and no mistake, and no one lags behind less than the ever-bewitching Mrs. Ralph Marvell, who is to be seen daily and nightly in all the smartest restaurants and naughtiest theatres, with so many devoted swains in attendance that the rival beauties of both worlds are said to be making catty comments. But then Mrs. Marvell's gowns are almost as good as her looks—and how can you expect the other women to stand for such a monopoly?"

Ralph, to escape the strain of these visits, finally tried the experiment of leaving Paul with his grandparents and returning to fetch him in the late afternoon; but one day on re-entering the hotel he was confronted by a small abashed figure clad in a kaleidoscopic tartan and a green velvet cap clasped with a silver thistle. This experience of the "surprises" of which gran'ma was capable when she had a chance to take Paul shopping, showed Ralph the imprudence of abandoning his son, and their subsequent Saturday afternoons were passed together in the sultry gloom of the Malibran.

Conversation with the Spraggs was almost impossible. Ralph could talk to Mr.

Spragg in his office, but in the hotel parlour he sat in a ruminating silence broken only by the emission of an occasional "Well—well" addressed to his grandson. As for Mrs. Spragg, her son-in-law could not remember having had a sustained conversation with her since the distant day when he had first called at the Stentorian, and had been "entertained," in Undine's absence, by her astonished mother. The shock of that encounter had moved Mrs. Spragg to eloquence; but Ralph's entrance into the family, without making him seem less of a stranger, seemed once for all to have relieved her of the obligation of finding something to say to him.

The one question she invariably asked: "You heard from Undie?" had been relatively easy to answer while his wife's infrequent letters continued to arrive; but a Saturday came when he felt the blood rise to his temples as, for the fourth consecutive week, he stammered out, under the snapping eyes of Mrs. Heeny: "No, not by this post either—I begin to think I must have lost a letter;" and it was then that Mr. Spragg, who had sat silently looking up at the ceiling, cut short his wife's exclamation by an abrupt enquiry about real estate in the Bronx. After that, Ralph noticed, Mrs. Spragg never again renewed her enquiries; and he understood that his father-in-law had divined his embarrassment and wished to spare it.

Ralph had never thought of looking for much delicacy of feeling under Mr. Spragg's large lazy irony, and the incident drew the two men nearer together than they had ever been before. Mrs. Spragg, for her part, was certainly not delicate; but she was simple and without malice, and Ralph liked her for her silent acceptance of her diminished state. Sometimes, as he sat between the lonely primitive old couple, he wondered from what source Undine's voracious ambitions had been drawn: all she cared for, and attached importance to, was as remote from her parents' conception of life as her impatient greed from their passive stoicism.

One hot afternoon toward the end of June Ralph suddenly wondered if Clare Van Degen were still in town. She had dined in Washington Square some ten days earlier, and he remembered her saying that she had sent the children down to Long Island, but that she herself meant to linger on till the heat grew unbearable. She hated her big showy place on Long Island, she was tired of the spring trip to London and Paris, where one met at every turn the faces one had grown sick of seeing all winter, and she declared that in the early summer, New York was the only place in which one could escape from New Yorkers. . . She had put the case amusingly, and it was like her to take up any attitude that went against the habits of her set. But she lived at the mercy of her moods, and one could never tell how long any one of them would rule her.

As he sat in his office, with the noise and glare of the endless afternoon rising up in hot waves from the street, there wandered into Ralph's mind a vision of his cousin's cool shady drawing-room. All day it hung before him like the mirage of a spring before a dusty traveller: he felt a positive thirst for her presence, for the sound of her voice, the wide spaces and luxurious silences surrounding her.

It was perhaps because, on that particular day, a spiral pain was twisting around in the back of his head, and digging in a little deeper with each twist, and because the figures on the balance sheet before him were hopping about like black imps in an infernal forward-and-back, that the picture hung there so persistently. It was a long time since he had wanted anything as much as, at that particular moment, he wanted to be with Clare and hear her voice; and as soon as he had ground out the day's measure of work he rang up the Van Degen palace and learned that she was still in town.

The lowered awnings of the inner drawing-room cast a luminous shadow on old cabinets and consoles, and on the pale flowers scattered here and there in vases of bronze and porcelain. Clare's taste was as capricious as her moods, and the rest of the house was not in harmony with this room. There was, in particular, another drawing-room, which she now described as Peter's creation, but which Ralph knew to be partly hers: a heavily tapestried apartment, where Popple's portrait of her throned over a wilderness of gilt furniture. It was characteristic that to-day she had had Ralph shown in by another way; and

that as she had spared him the polyphonic drawing-room, so she had skilfully adapted her own appearance to her soberer background. She sat near the window, reading, in a clear cool dress: and at his entrance she merely slipped a finger between the pages of her book and held out her hand to him.

Her way of receiving him made him feel that her restlessness and stridency were as unlike her genuine self as the gilded drawing-room, and that the quiet creature smiling up at him was the only real Clare, the Clare who had once so nearly been his, and who seemed to want him to know that she had never wholly been any one else's.

"Why didn't you let me know you were still in town?" he asked, sitting down in the sofa-corner near her chair.

Her dark smile deepened. "I hoped you'd come and see."

"One never knows, with you."

He was looking about the room with a kind of confused pleasure in its pale shadows and spots of dark rich colour. The old lacquer screen behind her head looked like a lustreless black pool with gold leaves afloat on it; and another piece, a little table at her elbow, had the brown bloom and the pear-like curves of an old violin.

"I like to be here," Ralph said.

She did not make the mistake of answering: "Then why do you never come?" Instead, she turned away, and drew an inner curtain across the window to shut out the sunlight which was beginning to slant in under the awning.

The mere fact of her not answering, and the final touch of well-being which her gesture gave, reminded him of other summer days they had spent together, long rambling boy-and-girl days in the hot woods and sunny fields, when they had never thought of talking to each other unless there was something they particularly wanted to say. The remembrance made his tired fancy stray off for a second to the thought of what it would have been like to come back, at the end of the day, to such a sweet community of silence. . . But his mind was too crowded with importunate facts for any lasting view of visionary distances. The thought faded, and he merely felt her nearness as a great rest. . .

"I'm glad you stayed in town: you must let me come again," he said.

"I suppose you can't always get away," she answered; and she began to listen, with grave intelligent eyes, to the account of his tedious toil.

With her eyes on him he felt the sudden exquisite relief of talking about himself as he had not dared to talk to any one since his marriage. To Undine he would not for the world have confessed his discouragement, his consciousness of incapacity; and since his return to Washington Square he had been conscious that any hint of failure would have been taken as a tacit criticism of what his wife expected of him. But to Clare Van Degen he could cry out his present despondency and his loathing of the long task ahead.

"A man doesn't know till he tries it how killing uncongenial work is, and how it destroys the power of doing what one's fit for, even if there's time for both. But there's Paul to be looked out for, and I daren't chuck up my job—I'm in mortal terror of its chucking me. . ."

Little by little he slipped into a detailed recital of all his lesser worries, the most recent of which was an annoying experience with the Lipscombs, who, after a two months' tenancy of the West End Avenue house, had decamped without paying their rent.

Clare laughed contemptuously. "Yes—I heard he'd come to grief and been suspended from the Stock Exchange, and I see in the papers that his wife's retort has been to sue for a divorce."

Ralph knew that, like all their clan, his cousin regarded a divorce-suit as a vulgar and unnecessary way of taking the public into one's confidence. His mind flashed back to Undine's first dinner in Washington Square: the family feast in celebration of their engagement. He recalled his grandfather's chance allusion to Mrs. Lipscomb, and Undine's startling answer, fluted out on her highest note: "Oh, I guess she'll get a divorce pretty soon. He's been a disappointment to her."

Ralph could still hear the horrified murmur with which his mother had rebuked his laugh. For he had laughed—had thought Undine's speech fresh and natural! Now he felt the ironic rebound of her words. Heaven knew he had been a disappointment to her; and what was there in her own feeling, or in her in-

herited prejudices, to prevent her seeking the same remedy as Mabel Lipscomb? He wondered if Clare were thinking of that too. . .

They began to talk of other things: books, pictures, plays; and one by one the closed doors opened and light was let into dusty shuttered places. Clare's mind was neither keen nor deep: Ralph, in the past, had often smiled at her rash ardours and vague intensities. But she had his own range of allusions, and a great gift of momentary understanding; and he had so long beaten his thoughts out against a blank wall of incomprehension that her sympathy seemed full of insight.

She began by a question about his writing, but the subject was distasteful to him, and he turned the talk to a new book in which he had been interested. She knew enough of it to slip in the right word; and thence they wandered on to kindred themes. Under the warmth of her attention his torpid ideas awoke again, and at the same time his eyes took their fill of pleasure as she leaned forward, her thin brown hands clasped on her knees and her eager face reflecting all his feelings.

There was a moment when the two currents of sensation were merged in one, and he began to feel confusedly that he was young and she was kind, and that there was nothing he would like better than to go on sitting there, not much caring what she said or how he answered, if only she would let him look at her and give him one of her thin brown hands to hold. Then the corkscrew in the back of his head, which had temporarily suspended its operations, dug into him again with a deeper thrust, and she seemed suddenly to recede to a great distance and be divided from him by a fog of pain. The fog lifted after a minute, but it left him queerly remote from her, from the cool room with its scents and shadows, and from all the objects which, a moment before, had so keenly impinged upon his senses. It was as though he looked at it all through a rain-blurred pane, against which his hand would strike if he held it out to her. . .

That impression passed also, and he found himself thinking how tired he was and how little anything mattered. He recalled the unfinished piece of work on his desk, and for a moment had the odd illusion that it was there before him. . .

She exclaimed: "But are you going?" and her exclamation made him aware that he had left his seat and was standing in front of her. . . He fancied there was some kind of an appeal in her brown eyes; but she was still so dim and far off that he couldn't be sure of what she wanted. . . The next moment he found himself shaking hands with her, and heard her saying something kind and vague about its having been so nice to see him. . .

Half way up the stairs little Paul, shining and rosy from supper, lurked in ambush for his evening game. Ralph had a way of stooping down to let the boy climb up his outstretched arms to his shoulders. Today, as he did so, Paul's hug seemed to crush him in a vice, and the shout of welcome that accompanied it racked his ears like an explosion of steam-whistles. The queer distance between himself and the rest of the world was annihilated again; everything stared and glared and grabbed him. He tried to avert his face from the child's hot kisses; and as he turned his head away he caught sight of a letter among the hats and sticks on the hall table.

In an instant he knew the mauve envelope and the sprawling superscription. He passed Paul over to his nurse, stammered out a word about being tired, and sprang up the long flights to his study.

The pain in his head had suddenly stopped, but his hands trembled as he tore open the envelope. Within it was a second letter bearing a French stamp and addressed to himself. It had the look of a business communication and had apparently been sent to Undine's hotel in Paris and forwarded to him by her hand. "Another bill!" he reflected grimly, as he threw it aside and felt in the outer envelope for her letter. There was nothing there, and after a first sharp pang of disappointment he tore open the enclosure.

Inside was a lithographed circular, headed "Confidential" and bearing the Paris address of a firm of private detectives who undertook, in conditions of attested and inviolable discretion, to investigate "delicate" situations, look up doubtful antecedents, and furnish reliable evidence of

misconduct—all on the most reasonable terms.

For a long time Ralph sat and stared at this document; then he began to laugh and tossed it into the scrap-basket. After that, with a groan, he dropped his head against the edge of his writing table.

XXII

When he woke, the first thing he remembered was the fact of having cried.

He could not think how he had come to be such a fool. He hoped to heaven no one had seen him. He supposed he must have been worrying about the unfinished piece of work at the office: where was it, by the way, he wondered? Why—where he had left it the day before, of course! What a ridiculous thing to worry about—but it seemed to follow him like a dog. . .

He said to himself that he must get up presently and go down to the office. Presently—when he could open his eyes. Just now there was a dead weight on them; he tried one after another in vain. The effort set him weakly trembling, and he wanted to cry again. Nonsense! He must get out of bed.

He stretched his arms out, trying to reach something to pull himself up by; but everything slipped away and evaded him. It was like trying to catch at bright short waves. Then suddenly his fingers clasped themselves about something firm and warm. A hand: a hand that gave back his pressure! The relief was inexpressible. He lay still and let the hand hold him, while mentally he went through the motions of getting up and beginning to dress. So indistinct were the boundaries between thought and action that for a moment he really felt himself moving about the room, in a queer disembodied way, as one treads the air in sleep. Then he felt the bedclothes over him and the pillow beneath his head.

"I *must* get up," he said, and pulled at the hand.

It pressed him down again: down, down into a dim pool of sleep. He lay there for a long time, in a silent blackness far below light and sound; then he gradually floated up with the buoyancy of a dead body. But his body had never been more alive. Jagged strokes of pain tore through him, hands dragged at him, not pacifying but torturing, with nails that bit like teeth. They wound thongs about him, bound him, tied weights to him, tried to pull him down with them; but still he floated, floated, danced on the fiery waves of pain, with barbed light pouring down on him from an arrowy sky.

Charmed intervals of rest, blue sailings on melodious seas, alternated with the anguish. He became a leaf on the air, a feather on a current, a straw on the tide, the spray of the wave spinning itself to sunshine as the wave toppled over into gulfs of blue. . .

He woke on a stony beach, his legs and arms still lashed to his sides and the thongs cutting into him; but the fierce sky was hidden now, and hidden by his own languid lids. He felt the ecstasy of decreasing pain, and courage came to him to open his eyes and look about him. . .

The beach was his own bed; the tempered light lay on familiar things, and some one was moving about in a shadowy way between bed and window. He was thirsty, and some one gave him a drink. His pillow burned, and some one turned the cool side out. His brain was clear enough now for him to understand that he was ill, and to want to talk about it; but his tongue hung in his throat like a clapper in a bell. He must wait till the rope was pulled. . .

So time and life stole back on him, and his thoughts laboured weakly with dim fears. Slowly he cleared a way through them, adjusted himself to his strange state, and found out that he was really in his own room, in his grandfather's house, that alternating with the white-capped faces about him were those of his mother and sister, and that in a few days—if he took his beef-tea and didn't fret—Paul would be brought up from Long Island, whither, on account of the great heat, he had been carried off by Clare Van Degen.

No one named Undine to him, and he did not speak of her. But one day, as he lay in bed in the summer twilight, he had a vision of a moment, a long way behind him—at the beginning of his illness, it must have been—when he had called out for her in his anguish, and some one had said: "She's coming: she'll be here next week."

Could it be that next week was not yet here? He supposed that illness robbed one of all sense of time, and he lay still, as if in ambush, watching his scattered memories come out one by one and join themselves together. If he watched long enough he was sure he should recognize one that fitted into his picture of the day when he had called for Undine. And at length a face came out of the twilight: a freckled face, benevolently bent over him under a starched cap. He had not seen the face for a long time, but suddenly it took shape before him and fitted itself into the picture. . .

Laura Fairford sat near by, a book on her knee. At the sound of his voice she looked up.

"What was the name of the first nurse?"

"The first——?"

"The one that went away."

"Oh—Miss Hicks, you mean?"

"How long is it since she went?"

"It must be three weeks. She had another case."

He thought this over carefully; then he spoke again. "Call Undine."

She made no answer, and he repeated irritably: "Why don't you call her? I want to speak to her."

Mrs. Fairford laid down her book and came to him.

"She's not here—just now."

He dealt with this also, laboriously. "You mean she's out—she's not in the house?"

"I mean she hasn't come yet."

As she spoke Ralph felt a sudden strength and hardness in his brain and body. Everything in him became as clear as noon.

"But it was before Miss Hicks left that you told me you'd sent for her, and that she'd be here the following week. And you say Miss Hicks has been gone three weeks."

This was what he had worked out in his head, and what he meant to say to his sister; but something seemed to snap shut in his throat, and he closed his eyes without speaking.

Even when Mr. Spragg came to see him he said nothing. They talked about his illness, about the hot weather, about the rumours that Harmon B. Driscoll was again threatened with indictment; and then Mr. Spragg pulled himself out of his chair and said: "I presume you'll call round at the office before you leave the city."

"Oh, yes: as soon as I'm up," Ralph answered. They understood each other.

Clare had urged him to come down to Long Island and complete his convalescence there, but he preferred to stay in Washington Square till he should be strong enough for the journey to the Adirondacks, whither Laura Fairford had already preceded him with Paul. He did not want to see any one but his mother and grandfather till his legs could carry him to Mr. Spragg's office.

It was an oppressive day in mid-August, with a yellow mist of heat in the sky, when at last he entered the big office-building. Swirls of dust lay on the mosaic floor, and a stale smell of decayed fruit and salt air and steaming asphalt filled the place like a fog. As he shot up in the elevator some one slapped him on the back, and turning he saw Elmer Moffatt at his side, smooth and rubicund under a new straw hat.

Moffatt was loudly glad to see him. "I haven't laid eyes on you for months. At the old stand still?"

"So am I," he added, as Ralph assented. "Hope to see you there again some day. Don't forget it's *my* turn this time: glad if I can be any use to you. So long." Ralph's weak bones ached under his handshake.

"How's Mrs. Marvell?" he turned back from his landing to call out; and Ralph answered: "Thanks; she's very well."

Mr. Spragg sat alone in his murky inner office, the fly-blown engraving of Daniel Webster above his head and the congested scrap-basket beneath his feet. He looked stale and fagged and sallow, like the day.

Ralph sat down on the other side of the desk. For a moment his throat contracted as it had when he had tried to question his sister; then he asked abruptly: "Where's Undine?"

Mr. Spragg glanced at the calendar that hung from a hat-peg on the door. Then he released the Masonic emblem from his grasp, drew out his watch and consulted it critically.

"If the train's on time I presume she's somewhere between Chicago and Omaha round about now."

Ralph stared at him, wondering if the heat had gone to his head.

"I don't understand you."

"The Twentieth Century's generally considered the best route to Dakota," explained Mr. Spragg, who pronounced the word *rowt*.

"Do you mean to say Undine's in the United States?"

Mr. Spragg's lower lip groped for the phantom toothpick. "Why, let me see: hasn't Dakota been a state a year or two now?"

"Oh, God—" Ralph cried, pushing his chair back violently and striding across the narrow room.

As he turned back, Mr. Spragg stood up and advanced a few steps. He had given up the quest for the tooth-pick, and his drawn-in lips were no more than a narrow depression in his drooping beard. He stood before Ralph, absently shaking the loose change in his trouser-pockets.

Ralph felt the same hardness and lucidity that had come to him when he had heard his sister's answer.

"She's gone, you mean? Left me? With another man?"

Mr. Spragg drew himself up with a kind of slouching majesty. "My daughter is not that style. I understand Undine thinks there have been mistakes on both sides. She considers the tie was formed too hastily. I believe desertion is the usual plea in such cases."

Ralph stared about him, hardly listening. He did not resent his father-in-law's tone. In a dim way he guessed that Mr. Spragg was suffering hardly less than himself. But nothing was clear to him save the monstrous fact suddenly upheaved in his path. His wife had left him, and the plan for her evasion had been made and executed while he lay helpless: she had seized the opportunity of his illness to keep him in ignorance of her design. The humour of it suddenly struck him and he laughed.

"Do you mean to tell me that Undine's divorcing *me?*"

"I presume that's her plan," Mr. Spragg admitted.

"For desertion?" Ralph pursued, still laughing.

His father-in-law hesitated a moment; then he answered: "You've always done all you could for my daughter. There wasn't any other plea she could think of. She presumed this would be the most agreeable to your family."

"It was good of her to think of that!"

Mr. Spragg's only comment was a sigh.

"Does she imagine I won't fight it?" Ralph broke out with sudden passion.

His father-in-law looked at him thoughtfully. "I presume you realize it ain't easy to change Undine, once she's set on a thing."

"Perhaps not. But if she really means to apply for a divorce I can make it a little less easy for her to get."

"That's so," Mr. Spragg conceded. He turned back to his revolving chair, and seating himself in it began to drum on the desk with cigar-stained fingers.

"And by God, I will!" Ralph thundered. Anger was the only emotion in him now. He had been fooled, cheated, made a mock of; but the score was not settled yet. He turned back and stood before Mr. Spragg.

"I suppose she's gone with Van Degen?"

"My daughter's gone alone, sir. I saw her off at the station. I understood she was to join a lady friend."

At every point Ralph felt his hold slip off the surface of his father-in-law's impervious fatalism.

"Does she suppose that Van Degen's going to marry her?"

"Undine didn't mention her future plans to me." After a moment Mr. Spragg appended: "If she had, I should have declined to discuss them with her."

Ralph looked at him curiously, perceiving that he intended in this negative way to imply his disapproval of his daughter's course.

"I shall fight it—I shall fight it!" the young man cried again. "You may tell her I shall fight it to the end!"

Mr. Spragg pressed the nib of his pen against the dust-coated inkstand. "I presume you would have to engage a lawyer. She'll know it that way," he remarked.

"She'll know it—you may count on that!"

Ralph had begun to laugh again. Suddenly he heard his own laugh and it pulled him up short. What was he laughing about? What was he talking about? The thing was to act—to hold his tongue and act. There was no use uttering windy threats to this broken-spirited old man.

A fury of action burned in Ralph, pouring light into his head and strength into his muscles. He caught up his hat and turned to the door.

As he opened it Mr. Spragg rose again and came forward with his slow shambling step. He laid his hand on Ralph's arm.

"I'd 'a' given anything—anything short of my girl herself—not to have this happen to you, Ralph Marvell."

"Thank you, sir," said Ralph.

They looked at each other for a moment, then Mr. Spragg added: "But it *has* happened, you know. Bear that in mind. Nothing you can do will change it. Time and again, I've found that a good thing to remember."

XXIII

In the Adirondacks Ralph Marvell sat day after day on the balcony of his little house above the lake, staring at the great white cloud-reflections in the water and at the dark line of trees that closed them in. Now and then he got into the canoe and paddled himself through a winding chain of ponds to some lonely clearing in the forest; and there he lay on his back in the pine-needles and watched the great clouds form and dissolve themselves above his head.

All his past life seemed to be symbolized by the building-up and breaking-down of these fluctuating shapes, which incalculable wind-currents perpetually shifted and remodelled or swept from the zenith like a pinch of dust.

His sister told him that he looked well —better than he had in years; and there were moments when his listlessness, his stony insensibility to the small pricks and frictions of daily life, might have passed for the serenity of recovered health.

There was no one with whom he could speak of Undine. His family had enveloped the whole subject in a pall of silence which even Laura Fairford shrank from raising. As for his mother, Ralph had seen at once that the idea of talking over the situation was positively frightening to her. There was no provision for such emergencies in the moral order of Washington Square. The affair was a "scandal," and it was not in the Dagonet tradition to acknowledge the existence of scandals. Ralph recalled a dim legend of his childhood, the tale of a misguided friend of his mother's who had left her husband for a more congenial companion, and who, years later, returning ill and friendless to New York, had appealed for sympathy to Mrs. Marvell. The latter had not refused to give it; but she had put on black cashmere and two veils when she went to see her unhappy friend, and had never mentioned these errands of mercy to her husband.

Ralph suspected that the constraint shown by his mother and sister was partly due to their having but a dim and confused view of what had happened. In their vocabulary the word "divorce" was wrapped in such a dark veil of innuendo as no ladylike hand would care to lift. They had not reached the point of differentiating divorces, but classed them indistinctively as disgraceful incidents, in which the woman was inevitably to blame, but the man, though her innocent victim, was yet somehow vaguely contaminated. The time involved in the "proceedings" was viewed as a penitential season during which it behoved the family of the persons implicated to behave as if they were dead; yet any open allusion to the reason of the motive for adopting such an attitude would have been regarded as the height of indelicacy.

Mr. Dagonet's notion of the case was almost as remote from reality. All he asked was that his grandson should "thrash" somebody, and he could not be made to understand that the modern drama of divorce is sometimes cast without a Lovelace.

"You might as well tell me there was nobody but Adam in the garden when Eve picked the apple. You say your wife was discontented? No woman ever knows she's discontented till some man tells her so. My God! I've seen smash-ups before now; but I never yet saw a marriage dissolved like a business partnership. Divorce without a lover? Why, it's—it's as unnatural as getting drunk on lemonade."

After this first explosion Mr. Dagonet also became silent; and Ralph perceived that what annoyed him most was the fact of the "scandal's" not being one in any gentlemanly sense of the word. It was like some nasty business mess, about which

Mr. Dagonet couldn't pretend to have an opinion, since such things didn't happen to men of his kind. That such a thing should have happened to his only grandson was probably the bitterest experience of his pleasantly uneventful life; and it added an ironic touch to Ralph's unhappiness to know how little, in the whole affair, he was cutting the figure Mr. Dagonet expected him to cut.

At first he had chafed under the taciturnity surrounding him: had passionately longed to cry out his humiliation, his rebellion, his despair. Then he began to feel the tonic effect of silence; and the next stage was reached when it became clear to him that there was really nothing to say. There were thoughts and thoughts: they bubbled up perpetually from the black springs of his hidden misery, they stole on him in the darkness of night, they blotted out the light of day; but when it came to putting them into words and applying them to the external facts of the case, they seemed totally unrelated to it. Once more white and sun-touched glory had gone from his sky; but there seemed no way of connecting that with such practical issues as his being called on to decide whether Paul was to be put into knickerbockers or trousers, and whether he should go back to Washington Square for the winter or hire a small house for himself and his son.

The latter question was ultimately decided by his remaining under his grandfather's roof. November found him back in the office again, in fairly good health, with an outer skin of indifference slowly forming over his lacerated soul. There had been a hard minute to live through when he came back to his old brown room in Washington Square. The walls and tables were covered with photographs of Undine: effigies of all shapes and sizes, expressing every possible sentiment dear to the photographic tradition. Ralph had gathered them all up when he had moved from West End Avenue after her departure for Europe, and they throned over all his other possessions as her image had throned over his future the night he had sat in that very room and had a vision of soaring up with her into the blue. . .

It was impossible to go on living with her photographs about him; and one evening, going up to his room after dinner, he suddenly began to unhang them from the walls, and to gather them up from book-shelves and mantel-piece and tables. Then he looked about for some place in which to bury them. There were drawers under his book-cases; but they were full of old discarded things—college text-books, paint-boxes, broken pipes, foolish superfluities in morocco and metal—and even if he emptied the drawers, the photographs, in their heavy frames, were almost all too large to fit into them. He turned next to the top shelf of his cupboard; but here the nurse had stored Paul's old toys, his sand-pails, shovels, and croquet-box. Every corner was packed with the vain impedimenta of living, and the mere thought of clearing a space in the chaos was too great an effort.

He began to replace the pictures one by one; and the last was still in his hand when he heard his sister's voice outside. He hurriedly put the portrait back in its usual place on his writing-table, and Mrs. Fairford, who had been dining in Washington Square, and had come up to bid him good night, flung her arms about him in a quick embrace and went down to her carriage.

The next afternoon, when he came home from the office, he did not at first notice any change in his room; but presently, when he had lit his pipe and thrown himself into his arm-chair, he became aware that the photograph of his wife's picture by Popple no longer faced him from the mantel-piece. He turned to his writing-table and saw that her image had vanished from there too; then his eye, making the circuit of the walls, perceived that they also had been stripped. Not a single photograph of Undine was left; yet so adroitly had the work of elimination been done, so skilfully the remaining objects readjusted, that no want of symmetry in the disposal of the various objects about the room attracted attention to the change.

Ralph was angry, sore, ashamed. He felt as if Laura, whose hand he instantly detected, had taken a cruel pleasure in her work, and for an instant he hated her for it. Then a sense of relief stole over him. He was glad he could look about him without meeting Undine's eyes. What had been done to his room he must do to his memory and his imagination: he must so

readjust his mind that, whichever way he turned his thoughts, her face should no longer confront him. But that was a task that Laura could not perform for him, a task to be accomplished only by the hard continuous tension of his will.

With the setting in of the mood of silence all desire to fight his wife's suit died out. The idea of touching publicly on anything that had passed between himself and Undine had become unimaginable to him. Insensibly he had been subdued to the point of view about him, and the possibility of calling on the law to repair his shattered happiness struck him as even more grotesque than it was degrading. Nevertheless, some contradictory impulse of his divided and tormented spirit made him resent, on the part of his mother and sister, a too-ready acceptance of his attitude. There were moments when any assumption on their part that his wife was banished and forgotten exasperated him like the hushed tread of sympathizers about the bed of an invalid who will not admit that he suffers.

This irritation was aggravated by the discovery that Mrs. Marvell and Laura had already begun to treat Paul as if he were an orphan. One day, coming unperceived into the nursery, Ralph heard the boy ask when his mother was coming back; and Mrs. Fairford, who was with him, answered: "She's not coming back, dearest; and you're not to speak of her to father."

Ralph, when the boy was out of hearing, rebuked his sister for her answer. "I don't want you to talk of his mother as if she were dead. I don't want you to forbid Paul to speak of her."

Laura, usually so yielding, on this occasion defended herself. "What's the use of encouraging him to speak of her when he's never to see her? The sooner he forgets her the better."

Ralph pondered. "Later—if she asks to see him—I sha'n't refuse."

Mrs. Fairford pressed her lips together to check the answer: "She never will!"

Ralph heard it, nevertheless, and let it pass. Nothing gave him so profound a sense of estrangement from his former life as the conviction that his sister was probably right. He did not really believe that Undine would ever ask to see her boy; but if she did he was determined not to refuse her request.

Time wore on, the Christmas holidays came and went, and the long winter continued to grind out the weary measure of its days. Toward the end of January Ralph received a registered letter, addressed to him at his office, and bearing in the corner of the envelope the names of a firm of Sioux Falls attorneys. He instantly divined that it contained the legal notification of his wife's application for divorce, and as he wrote his name in the postman's book he smiled grimly at the thought that the stroke of his pen was probably signing her release. He opened the letter, found it to be what he had expected, and locked it into his desk without mentioning the matter to any one.

He supposed that with the putting away of this document notice he was thrusting the whole subject out of sight; but not more than a fortnight later, as he sat in the Subway on his way down town, his eye was caught by his own name on the first page of the heavily head-lined paper which the unshaved occupant of the next seat held between his grimy fists. The blood rushed to Ralph's forehead as he looked over the man's arm and read: "Society Leader Gets Decree," and beneath it the subordinate clause: "Says Husband Too Absorbed In Business To Make Home Happy." For weeks afterward, wherever he went, he felt that crimson blush upon his forehead. For the first time in his life the coarse fingering of public curiosity had touched the secret places of his soul, and nothing that had gone before seemed so humiliating as this trivial comment on his tragedy. The paragraph continued on its way through the press, and for weeks, whenever he took up a newspaper, he seemed to come upon it, slightly modified, variously developed, but always reverting with a kind of unctuous irony to his financial preoccupations and his wife's consequent loneliness. The phrase was even taken up by the paragraph writer, called forth excited letters from similarly situated victims, was commented on in humorous editorials and became the text of pulpit denunciations of the growing craze for wealth; and finally, at his dentist's, Ralph came across it in a Family Weekly,

as one of the "Heart-problems" propounded to subscribers, with a Gramophone, a Straight-front Corset and a Vanity-box among the prizes offered for its solution.

XXIV

"If you'd only had the sense to come straight to me, Undine Spragg! There isn't a tip I couldn't have given you—not one!"

This speech, in which a faintly contemptuous compassion for her friend's case was blent with the frankest pride in her own, probably represented the nearest approach to "tact" that Mrs. James J. Rolliver had yet acquired. Undine was impartial enough to note in it a distinct advance on the youthful methods of Indiana Frusk; yet it required a good deal of self-control to take the words to herself with a smile, while they seemed to be laying a visible scarlet welt across the pale face she kept valiantly turned to her friend. The fact that she must permit herself to be pitied by Indiana Frusk certainly gave her the uttermost measure of the depth to which her fortunes had fallen.

This abasement was inflicted on her in the staring gold apartment of the Hôtel Nouveau Luxe in which the Rollivers had established themselves on their recent arrival in Paris. The vast drawing-room, adorned only by two high-shouldered gilt baskets of orchids drooping on their wires, reminded Undine of the "Looey suite" in which the opening scenes of her own history had been enacted; and the resemblance and the difference were emphasized by the fact that the image of her own past self was not inaccurately repeated in the triumphant presence of Indiana Rolliver.

"There isn't a tip I couldn't have given you—not one!" Mrs. Rolliver reproachfully repeated; and all Undine's superiorities and discriminations seemed to shrivel up in the crude blaze of the other's tangible achievement.

There was little comfort in noting, for one's private delectation, that Indiana spoke of her husband as "Mr. Rolliver," that she twanged a piercing *r*, that one of her shoulders was still higher than the other, and that her striking dress was totally unsuited to the hour, the place and the occasion. She still did and was all that Undine had so sedulously learned not to be and to do; but to dwell on these obstacles to her success was but to be more deeply impressed by the fact that she had nevertheless succeeded.

Not much more than a year had elapsed since Undine Marvell, sitting in the drawing-room of another Parisian hotel, had heard the immense orchestral murmur of Paris rise through the open windows like the ascending movement of her own hopes. The immense murmur still sounded on, deafening and implacable as some elemental force; and the discord in her fate no more disturbed it than the motor wheels rolling by under the windows were disturbed by the particles of dust that they ground to finer powder as they passed.

"I could have told you one thing right off," Mrs. Rolliver went on with her ringing energy. "And that is, to get your divorce first thing. A divorce is always a good thing to have: you never can tell when you may want it. You ought to have attended to that before you even *began* with Peter Van Degen."

Undine listened, irresistibly impressed. "Did *you?*" she asked; but Mrs. Rolliver, at this, grew suddenly veiled and sibylline. She wound her big bejewelled hand through her pearls—there were ropes and ropes of them—and leaned back, sinking her lids over her hard clear eyes.

"I'm here, anyhow," she rejoined, with "*Circumspice!*" in look and tone.

Undine, obedient to the challenge, continued to gaze at the pearls. They were real; there was no doubt about that. And so was Indiana's marriage—if she kept out of certain states.

"Don't you see," Mrs. Rolliver continued, "that having to leave him when you did, and rush off to Dakota for six months, was—was giving him too much time to think; and giving it at the wrong time, too?"

"Oh, I see. But what could I do? I'm not an immoral woman."

"Of course not, dearest. You were merely thoughtless—that's what I meant by saying that you ought to have had your divorce ready."

A flicker of self-esteem caused Undine to protest: "It wouldn't have made any difference. His wife would never have given him up."

"She's so crazy about him?"

"No: she hates him so. And she hates me too, because she's in love with my husband."

Indiana bounced out of her lounging attitude and struck her hands together with a rattle of rings.

"In love with your husband? What's the matter, then? Why on earth didn't the four of you fix it up together?"

"You don't understand." (It was an undoubted relief to be able, at last, to say that to Indiana!) "Clare Van Degen thinks divorce wrong—or rather awfully vulgar."

"*Vulgar?*" Indiana flamed. "If that isn't just too much! A woman who's in love with another woman's husband? What does she think refined, I'd like to know? Having a lover, I suppose—like the women in these nasty French plays? I've told Mr. Rolliver I won't go to the theatre with him again in Paris—it's too utterly low. And the swell society's just as bad: it's simply rotten. Thank goodness I was brought up in a place where there's some sense of decency left!" She turned to Undine with a pitying look. "It was New York that demoralized you—and I don't blame you for it. Out at Apex you'd have acted different. You never *never* would have given way to your feelings before you'd got your divorce."

A slow blush rose to Undine's forehead.

"He seemed so unhappy—" she murmured.

"Oh, I *know!*" said Indiana in a tone of cold competence. She looked impatiently at Undine. "What was the understanding between you, when you left Europe last August to go out to Dakota?"

"He was to go to Reno in the autumn—so that it wouldn't look too much as if we were acting together. I was to come to Chicago to see him on his way out there."

"And he never came?"

"No."

"And he stopped writing?"

"Oh, he never writes."

Indiana heaved a deep sigh of intelligence. "There's one perfectly clear rule: never let out of your sight a man who doesn't write."

"I know. That's why I stayed with him—those few weeks last summer. . . "

Indiana sat thinking, her fine shallow eyes fixed unblinkingly on her friend's embarrassed face.

"I suppose there isn't anybody else——?"

"Anybody——?"

"Well—now you've got your divorce: anybody else it would come in handy for?"

This was harder to bear than anything that had gone before: Undine could not have borne it if she had not had a purpose. "Mr. Van Degen owes it to me—" she began, with an air of wounded dignity.

"Yes, yes: I know. But that's just talk. You know what I mean. If there *is* anybody else——"

"I can't imagine what you think of me, Indiana!"

Indiana, without appearing to resent this challenge, again lost herself in meditation.

"Well, I'll tell him he's just *got* to see you," she finally emerged from it to say.

Undine gave a quick upward look: this was what she had been waiting for ever since she had read, a few days earlier, in the columns of her morning journal, that Mr. Peter Van Degen and Mr. and Mrs. James J. Rolliver had been fellow-passengers on board the *Semantic*. But she did not betray her expectations by so much as the tremor of an eye-lash. She knew her friend well enough to pour out to her the expected tribute of surprise.

"Why, do you mean to say you know him, Indiana?"

"Mercy, yes! He's round here all the time. He crossed on the steamer with us, and Mr. Rolliver's taken a fancy to him," Indiana explained, in the tone of the absorbed bride to whom her husband's preferences are the sole criterion.

Undine turned a tear-suffused gaze on her. "Oh, Indiana, if I could only see him again I know it would be all right. He's awfully, awfully fond of me; but his family have influenced him against me——"

"Oh, I know what *that* is!" Mrs. Rolliver interjected.

"But perhaps," Undine continued tentatively, "it would be better if I could meet him first without his knowing—without your telling him. . . I love him too much to reproach him!" she added nobly.

Indiana considered this: it was clear that, though the nobility of the sentiment impressed her, she was disinclined to re-

nounce the idea of taking a more active part in her friend's rehabilitation. But Undine pursued: "Of course you've found out by this time that he's just a big spoiled baby. Afterward—when I've seen him—if you'd talk to him, or if you'd only just let him be with you, and see how perfectly happy you and Mr. Rolliver are!"

Indiana seized on this at once. "You mean that what he wants is the influence of a home like ours? Yes, I understand. I tell you what I'll do: I'll just ask him round to dine, and let you know the day, without telling him you're coming."

"Oh, Indiana!" Undine held her in a close embrace, and then drew away to say: "I'm so awfully glad I found you. You must go round with me everywhere. There are lots of people here I want you to know."

Mrs. Rolliver's expression changed from vague sympathy to concentrated interest. "I suppose it's awfully gay here now? Do you go round much with the American set?"

Undine hesitated for a fraction of a moment. "There are a few of them here who are rather jolly. But I particularly want you to meet my friend the Marquis Roviano—he's from Rome; and a lovely Austrian woman, Baroness Adelschein."

Her friend's face was brushed by a shade of distrust. "I don't know as I care much about meeting foreigners," she said indifferently.

Undine smiled: it was agreeable at last to be able to give Indiana a "point" as valuable as any of hers on divorce.

"Oh, some of them are awfully attractive; and *they'll* make you meet the Americans."

Indiana caught this "point" on the bound: one began to see why she had got on in spite of everything.

"Of course I'd love to know your friends," she said, kissing Undine; who answered, giving back the kiss: "You know there's nothing on earth I wouldn't do for you."

Indiana, at this, drew back to look at her with a comic grimace under which a shade of anxiety was visible. "Well, that's a pretty large order. But there's just one thing you *can* do, dearest: please to let Mr. Rolliver alone!"

Undine's laugh showed that she took this for unmixed comedy. "Mr. Rolliver, my dear? That's a nice way to remind me that you're heaps and heaps better-looking than I am!"

Indiana gave her an acute glance. "Millard Binch didn't think so—not even at the very end," she said.

"Oh, poor Millard!" The women's smiles mingled easily over the distant reminiscence, and once again, on the threshold, Undine enfolded her friend.

In the light of the clear autumn afternoon she paused a moment at the door of the Nouveau Luxe, and looked aimlessly forth at the brave spectacle in which she seemed no longer to have a stake.

Many of her old friends had already returned to Paris: the Harvey Shallums, May Beringer, Dicky Bowles and other westward-bound nomads lingering on for a glimpse of the autumn theatres and fashions before hurrying back to inaugurate the New York season. A year ago Undine would have had no difficulty in introducing Indiana Rolliver into this group—a group above which her own aspirations already beat an impatient wing. Now her place in it had become too precarious for her to force an entrance for her protectress. Her New York friends were at no pains to conceal from her that in their opinion her divorce had been a blunder. Their logic was that of Apex reversed. Since she had not been "sure" of Van Degen, why in the world, they asked, had she thrown away a position she *was* sure of? Mrs. Harvey Shallum, in particular, had not scrupled to put the question squarely to her. "De Chelles was awfully taken—he would have introduced you everywhere. I thought you were wild to know smart French people; I thought Harvey and I weren't good enough for you any longer. And now you've done your best to spoil everything! Of course I feel for you tremendously—that's the reason why I'm talking so frankly. You must be horribly depressed. Come and dine to-night—or no, if you don't mind I'd rather you chose another evening. I'd forgotten that I'd asked the Jim Driscolls, and it might be uncomfortable; for *you*, I mean. . ."

In another world she was still welcome, at first perhaps even more so than before:

the world, namely, to which she had proposed to present Indiana Rolliver. Roviano, Madame Adelschein, and a few of the freer spirits of her old St. Moritz band, reappearing in Paris with the close of the watering-place season, had quickly discovered her and shown a keen interest in her liberated state. It appeared in some mysterious way to make her more available for their purpose, and she discovered that, in the character of the last American divorcée, she was even regarded as eligible to a small and intimate circle of their loosely-knit association. At first she could not make out what had entitled her to this privilege, and increasing enlightenment produced a revolt of the Apex puritanism which, despite some odd accommodations and compliances, still carried its head so high in her.

Undine had been perfectly sincere in telling Indiana Rolliver that she was not "an immoral woman." The pleasures for which her sex took such risks had never attracted her, and she did not even crave the excitement of having it thought that they did. She wanted, passionately and persistently, two things which she believed should subsist together in any well-ordered life: amusement and respectability; and, despite her surface-sophistication, her notion of amusement was hardly less innocent than when she had hung on the plumber's fence with Indiana Frusk.

It gave her, therefore, no satisfaction to find herself included among Madame Adelschein's intimates. It embarrassed her to feel that she was expected to be "queer" and "different," to respond to pass-words and talk in innuendo, to associate with the equivocal and the subterranean and affect to despise the ingenuous daylight joys which really satisfied her soul. But the business shrewdness which was never quite dormant in her suggested that this was not the moment for such scruples. She must make the best of what she could get and wait her chance of getting something better; and meanwhile the most practical use to which she could put her shady friends was to flash their authentic nobility in the dazzled eyes of Mrs. Rolliver.

With this object in view she made haste, in a fashionable tea-room of the rue de Rivoli, to group about Indiana the most titled members of the band; and the felicity of the occasion would have been unmarred had she not suddenly caught sight of Raymond de Chelles sitting on the other side of the thronged room.

She had not seen de Chelles since her return to Paris. It had seemed preferable to leave their meeting to chance, and the present chance might have served as well as another but for the fact that among his companions were two or three of the most eminent ladies of the inaccessible quarter beyond the Seine. It was what Undine, in moments of discouragement, characterized as "her luck" that one of these should be the hated Miss Wincher of Potash Springs, who had now become the Marquise de Trézac. Undine knew de Chelles and his compatriots, however scandalized at her European companions, would be completely indifferent to Mrs. Rolliver's appearance; but one gesture of Madame de Trézac's eye-glass would wave Indiana to her place and thus brand the whole party as "wrong."

All this passed through Undine's mind in the very moment of her noting the change of expression with which de Chelles had signalled his recognition. If their encounter could have occurred in happier conditions it might have had far-reaching results. As it was, the crowded state of the tea-room, and the distance between their tables, sufficiently excused his restricting his greeting to the most eager of bows; and Undine went home heavy-hearted from this first attempt to reconstruct her past.

Her spirits were not lightened by the developments of the next few days. She kept herself well in the foreground of Indiana's life, and cultivated toward the rarely-visible Rolliver a manner in which impersonal admiration for the statesman was tempered with the politest indifference to the man. Indiana seemed to do justice to her efforts and to be reassured by the result; but still there came no hint of a reward. For a few days Undine restrained the question on her lips; but one afternoon, when she had inducted Indiana into the deepest mysteries of Parisian complexion-making, the importance of the service and the confidential mood it engendered seemed to warrant a discreet allusion to their bargain.

Indiana leaned back among her cushions with an embarrassed laugh.

"Oh, my dear, I've been meaning to tell you—it's off, I'm afraid. The dinner is, I mean. You see, Mr. Van Degen has seen you 'round with me, and the very minute I asked him to come and dine he guessed——"

Undine coloured. "He guessed—and he wouldn't?"

"Well, no. He wouldn't. I hate to tell you."

"Oh—" Undine threw off a vague laugh. "Since you're intimate enough for him to tell you *that* he must have told you more—told you something, I mean, to account for, to justify, his behaviour. He couldn't—even Peter Van Degen couldn't—just simply have said: 'I won't see her.'"

Mrs. Rolliver hesitated, visibly troubled to the point of regretting her intervention.

"He *did* say more? He gave you a reason?"

"He said you'd know."

"Oh, how base—how base!" Undine was trembling with one of her little-girl rages, the storms of destructive fury before which Mr. and Mrs. Spragg had cowered when she was a charming golden-curled cherub. But life had administered some of the discipline which her parents had spared her, and she pulled herself together with a gasp of pain. "Of course he's been turned against me. His wife has the whole of New York behind her, and I've no one; but I know it would be all right if I could only see him."

Her friend made no answer, and Undine pursued, with an irrepressible outbreak of her old vehemence: "Indiana Rolliver, if you won't do it for me I'll go straight off to his hotel this very minute. I'll wait there in the hall till he sees me!"

Indiana lifted a protesting hand. "Don't, Undine—not that!"

"Why not?"

The other's eyes grew vague. "Well—I wouldn't, that's all."

"You wouldn't? Why wouldn't you? You must have a reason." Undine faced her with levelled brows. "Without a reason you can't have changed so utterly since our last talk. You were positive enough then that I had a right to make him see me."

Somewhat to her surprise, Indiana made no effort to elude the challenge. "Yes, I did think so then. But I know now that it wouldn't do you the least bit of good."

"Have they turned him so completely against me?" Undine broke into a combative laugh. "I don't care if they have! I know him—I can get him back."

"That's the trouble." Indiana shed on her a gaze of cold compassion. "It's not that any one has turned him against you. It's worse than that——"

"What can be?"

"You'll hate me if I tell you."

"Then you'd better make him tell me himself!"

Even at this Indiana did not flinch or evade the issue. "I can't. I tried to. The trouble is that it was *you*—something you did, I mean. Something he found out about you——"

Undine, to restrain a quick spring of anger, had to clutch both arms of her chair. "About me? How fearfully false! Why, I've never even *looked* at anybody ——!"

"No, no. It's nothing of that kind." Indiana's mournful head-shake seemed to deplore, in Undine, a hitherto unsuspected moral obtuseness. "It's the way you acted to your own husband."

"I—my—to Ralph? *He* reproaches me for that? Peter Van Degen does?"

"Well, for one particular thing. I don't see why you insist on my telling you. He says that the very day you went off with him last year you got a cable from New York telling you to come back at once to Mr. Marvell, who was desperately ill."

The blood left Undine's face. "How on earth did he know?" The cry escaped before she could repress it.

"It's true, then?" Indiana exclaimed. "Oh, Undine——"

Undine sat speechless and motionless, the anger frozen to fear on her lips.

Mrs. Rolliver turned on her the reproachful gaze of the deceived benefactress. "I didn't believe it when he told me; I'd never have thought it of you, Undine. Before you'd even applied for your divorce!"

Undine made no attempt to deny the charge or to defend herself. For a moment she was lost in the pursuit of an un-

seizable clue—the explanation of this monstrous last perversity of fate. Suddenly she rose to her feet with a set face.

"The Marvells must have told him—the beasts!" It relieved her to be able to cry it out.

"It was your husband's sister—what did you say her name was? When you didn't answer her cable, she cabled Mr. Van Degen to find out where you were and tell you to come straight back."

Undine stared. "He never did!"

"No."

"Doesn't that show you the story's all trumped up?"

Indiana shook her head. "He said nothing to you about it because he was with you when you received the first cable, and you told him it was from your sister-in-law, just worrying you as usual to go home; and when he asked if there was anything else in it you said there wasn't another thing."

Undine, following her with throbbing intentness, caught at this with a spring. "Then he knew it all along—he admits that? And it made no earthly difference to him at the time?" She turned almost victoriously on her friend. "Did he happen to explain *that*, I wonder?"

"Yes." Indiana's longanimity grew almost solemn. "It came over him gradually, he said. One day when he wasn't feeling very well he thought to himself: 'Would she act like that to *me* if I was dying?' And after that he never felt the same to you." Indiana lowered her empurpled lids. "Men have their feelings too—even when they're carried away by passion." After a pause she added gravely: "I don't know as I can blame him, Undine. You see, you were his ideal."

(To be continued.)

DISCORDS

By C. A. Price

HAVE I known patience on a summer day,
  Or hope beside the springing of the corn,
Or joyed to hear the blue-bird's matin lay,
  Or found love in the clasp of my first-born?

But what in wintry weather, or the blast
  That levels the young promise of the field?
What, when the dawn without a song has passed,
  Or days which no responsive kiss can yield?

Have I given thanks at tables richly spread?
  Have I felt awed by childhood's purity?
When unjust fate strikes down a once-proud head
  Has brother-pity stirred the heart of me?

But when the board is mean, and scant the fare?
  But, ah! when childhood turns a leering face?
When the fallen head no majesty doth wear—
  Have thanks, awe, pity in my heart no place?

And shall the hiss of Self be ever plain
  When Life strikes full about us her vast chord?
Oh, to be one with all that is again!
  Forgive, forgive what I call virtue, Lord!

ENGLISH FRIENDS

FROM LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

Edited by Sara Norton and M. A. DeWolfe Howe

III

THE last extract from the London journal in the preceding instalment of these papers was written at the end of 1872. The coming of 1873 marked the Nortons' impending return to the United States, which took place in May. Through the few intervening months the relations with those whose friendship affected all the future years became more frequent and intimate. So busy, indeed, were the final weeks in England, and so filled were the days at sea with the care of the children and the companionship of Emerson, who returned on the same ship with the Nortons to Boston, that the recording of the last experiences was deferred until the family was established for the summer at Ashfield, among the Massachusetts hills. From the diary of 1873 the ensuing passages are taken:

Monday, January 13, 1873.

Dined with Forster—Carlyle, Miss Welsh, cousin to Mrs. Carlyle, and Miss Hogarth, the only other guests. Forster much better than before his late stay at Torquay, but I fear he will never be well again; in one of his gentlest and pleasantest moods. His knowledge of and memory for the English dramatists and poets often gives a fine flavour to his talk. Carlyle talked excellently of many things, and he and Forster are such old friends that it is pleasant to see them together.—Heads of talk,—Browning's spoiling; Tennyson's decline, and the exaggeration of his admirers, his maltreatment and perversion of the old Round Table Romance; Coleridge, the surprising potential powers in him, "but no man can hope to do anythin' worth doin' and that has the temper of eternity in it without strenuous effort, and that's just what Coleridge was afraid of and hated. They're a poor lot, the Coleridges, most self indulgent mortals." —Schiller and his family; the "Copper Captain" Louis Napoleon; the difficulty of being independent in London, &c., &c.; Child and his Ballad Circular,* (in which both Forster and Carlyle took cordial interest).

Friday, January 17, 1873.

After lunch went to Carlyle's and found him sitting alone in his study, smoking his long clay pipe. He gave me a pipe and we sat for an hour by the fireside and then went for a walk to the Park. He was in a most pleasant mood;—as I grow familiar with him, and a certain intimacy unites us, his character becomes more and more open and delightful, and I feel a real affection for him. The sincerity and simplicity and modesty of his nature are even more striking in personal intercourse than the originality of his genius, the liveliness of his fancy, and the geniality of his humour. He is one of the most sympathetic of men.

"I've not had much sleep since I last saw ye. It's an old complaint, and I'm wonted to it. That dinner at Forster's gave the finishin' stroke; I was as prudent as man could be, but I did not get to sleep till six o' the clock the next morning. And one's troubled with all kinds o' whirlin' thoughts in the long nights; spectres and hobgoblins that won't be laid by any exorcisms, dance a wild reel through one's head. We were talkin' about prayer the other day,—well,—I remember one night I'd been lyin' awake, tossing from one side to the other, and at last I turned over on my back, a posture I don't often take in bed, and all of a sudden the Lord's Prayer flashed before me, an' I saw it all

* Professor F. J. Child, of Harvard, Norton's classmate, friend, and neighbor, had begun his monumental collection of "English and Scottish Popular Ballads" by sending a circular to scholars and owners of large libraries in England and Scotland, asking for information about unpublished ballads.

plain written out from beginnin' to end. I don't think I'd used it officially for fifty years at least, but there it was—Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name; thy Kingdom come,—and I thought to myself that it was just the varra best compendium of everythin' that a man had need to say if he desired to make a prayer,—and as I was thinkin' I fell asleep.

"Yes (with a laugh) as you say, 'twould not be a bad notion to issue a tract entitled, 'Remedy for Sleeplessness, addressed to Sinners by Thomas Carlyle.' . . .

"And so you've never read anythin' o' Smollett's. Well, I commend him to you. There's a vast gift of observation in the man, and great humanity, and varra little untruth or affectation. He gives a clear picture of things as he saw them. One o' the most delightful days in my life was one summer's day when I was thirteen or fourteen years old, and I got hold o' 'Roderick Random,' and went out into the fields, and lay down on the bank of a dry ditch, on the grass, with the trees over my head, and the birds singin' in them, and spent the whole day readin' that book.

"Before I bid ye Good night I must not forget to ask ye after my little sweetheart, S——. Take my blessing to her."

Thursday, February 6, 1873.

A quiet morning of reading and writing. . . .

At three went to see Carlyle; found "poor little Allingham" with him. . . . Froude soon came in; had just been reading an article of Leslie Stephen's offered him for "Fraser," on Strauss's book and the general condition of religious thought; found it too strong and outspoken for the Magazine. I urged that it was well that such men as Stephen should speak the truth plainly, . . . saying that it seemed to me the great sin of English society was insincere profession, pretending to believe that in which it had no belief whatsoever. Carlyle's sympathies were divided,—on the one hand he is wearied with talk about these things and thinks it does no good, on the other he approves moral honesty, hates paltering with the conscience, and likes manly outspokenness in the face of an hypocritical public.

In walking we fell into twos, and Carlyle walked with me;—he talked much of Fitzgerald and his sad life,—a man of genial nature, son of a rich man and a handsome woman, many children, and the family always quarrelling, and living in detachments in different houses on the father's various estates. After a while Edward Fitzgerald with a fortune of £800 a year went off to live alone; for many years in Tennyson's poor days he used to give him £300 out of his annual income. He became intimate with Bernard Barton, who lived with an only daughter,—"a clumsy lump." After Barton's death she went as housekeeper or companion into the family of one of the Gurneys. Fitzgerald took a notion that she was attached to him, and he ought to marry to her. So they were married, and he brought her to London, but she was awkward and uncongenial, and he miserable. He treated her with utmost consideration, but after a year he said to her that it was intolerable and they must part, and he divided his income equally with her, and went off to solitude and became more shamefaced than ever, and lives now much alone, in a big boat in summer, in which he sails round the coast, and lives in the presence of the melancholy sea. Was a warm friend of Thackeray, but fell off from companionship with him when he got into grand society. Lived at one time at Naseby, as solitary and gloomy a place as there is in England. Faithfully writes once a year to Carlyle; at one time they saw much of each other, but such was the modesty of the man that he never so much as mentioned the name of Omar Khayyam to him.

Carlyle had an engagement with Forster who is ill, and Allingham having left us, Froude and I continued our walk together for an hour through Kensington Gardens and the Park. We grew amicable as we walked, and he talked much and well of his American experiences. How much he conceals it is hard to say; but he said nothing but pleasant things to me. One of his remarks amused me, —"The only manners I met with that reminded me of the elegant old style of the Old World were those of the negro waiters."

He dreads the influence of Catholicism on our institutions; noted the change for

the worse in the decline of the rural population of New England; found no hostility to England except among the Irish; fancied we should annex Cuba before long, &c. &c.

Wednesday, March 26, 1873.

Leslie Stephen and Morris dined with us,—they had never met before. Morris complained of feeling old, Monday was his 39th birthday; his hair, he said, was turning gray. He was as usual a surprising piece of nature; certainly one of the most unconventional and original of men. His talk was much of old Northern stories, and sagas, very vivid, picturesque and entertaining from its contents and from its character.

Stephen was pleasant, but he is best and shows his worth most in tête-à-tête.

Friday, March 28, 1873.

A beautiful spring day; warm, soft, and with a country fragrance in the London air.—A letter from George Curtis telling us of his illness, which makes me very sorry.—In the afternoon went to Carlyle's; and after sitting with him half an hour, had a pleasant walk with him and Froude from Chelsea through Kensington Gardens. . . . Carlyle seemed a little weary, perhaps weakened by the mild, unbracing weather; but was full of kindness and humour. He had not taken to Omar Khayyam,—"the old Mahommedan blackguard," had found his scepticism too blank and his solution of life in drink too mean. Of all Oriental poems had cared most for some translated by Rückert. . . . Carlyle's talk about Omar . . . was the Philistinism of a man of genius.

As for the miracles of the early church and of modern times he believed in the sincerity of most of them; that is, that the men who report them reported as honestly as they knew, and had faith in the truth of their own narrations; while imagination worked its due wonders, and powers of nature seemed miraculous to those who knew nothing of them, and of their operations.

His laugh might have been heard half across the gardens when I told him Burne-Jones's story of the youth at a College examination in history, who having succeeded but poorly, and being asked by the examiners to give some account of Cromwell, replied, "He played a conspicuous part in English history, and after a brief career, was heard on his death bed to murmur, 'Would that I had served my God as I have served my King!' ". . .

April 12, 1873.

. . . I have seen Leslie Stephen more frequently than usual during these days. He has dined with us often; his wife and their little girl and Miss Thackeray being at Freshwater, while their new house in Southwell Gardens is being made ready for occupation. The keenness and sincerity of Stephen's intellect, his moral independence, his pleasant humour, his deep feeling hidden at times under a veil of playful cynicism, his ready intellectual sympathies, and his interest in the most important matters of thought, make his companionship at once agreeable and interesting. Last night he brought to read to me the first draught of an essay which is to form the conclusion of his forthcoming volume of collected essays, to appear in the autumn under the title of "Freethinking and Plainspeaking."* The new essay is a striking and powerful statement and assertion of the grounds and claims of Freethinking as against the current theology. I found myself in essential agreement with the whole of it. The volume will be the clearest and most definite statement yet made of the attitude of the thought of serious men who reject the old religion, and of their view of morality, duty, and life. It is not merely an attack on the old creeds,—not merely a negative answer to the question "Are we Christians?" but a deeply felt, and ably thought statement of "Why we are not so," and of the rectitude and superior manliness of our position. The satisfactory nature of the principles that are held by a freethinker of the present day as a foundation alike for the best development of individual character, and for the establishment of better social relations among

* This volume, published in 1873, bore the following dedication:

"My Dear Norton:

"I venture to dedicate this book to you in memory of a friendly intercourse never, I trust, to be forgotten by me; and in gratitude for its fruitfulness in that best kind of instruction which is imparted unconsciously to the giver.

"Your affectionate friend,

"Leslie Stephen."

men than now exist, is perhaps not presented as fully and strongly as it might be to advantage. Stephen's mind is essentially critical in its bent, and his experience has confirmed the native tendency of his mind.

The contrast between him and his brother Fitzjames is striking, and in personal relations amusing. Fitzjames is burly and broadshouldered in mind as in body. He has one of the clearest and strongest of solid English intelligences. In practical affairs on mother earth, where things may be seen and touched, his reason has the quality of an almost brutal force and directness. It is an implement most serviceable in his generation; compelling appreciation and respect in the performance of difficult and useful work. But off the pavement his powers fail. Leslie is a far better climber of mountains than he; with a lighter step, a steadier head, stronger wind, and clearer vision.

The virtues of the practical and the speculative intellects are well illustrated in the two brothers.

Last Sunday, April 5, Grace and I lunched with the Darwins, who are spending a few weeks in town, in a house in Montagu Street. Mr. Darwin was even more than usually pleasant; his modesty, his simplicity, his geniality of temper, the pleasant unaffected animation of his manners, are always delightful; but on Sunday there was a sweet tenderness in his expression, and he was in better health for the day than common. His talk is not often memorable on account of brilliant or impressive sayings,—but it is always the expression of the qualities of mind and heart which combine in such rare excellence in his genius. . . .

Mr. Emerson and his daughter Ellen have returned from Egypt, and came to see us two days ago. The Nile has renewed his youth, and brought back to him a becoming growth of hair. Each time I see him the sweetness of his nature, as shown through his face, his manner, and his words, impresses me more and more deeply. It is very beautiful, and very encouraging. He is the pattern of the cheerful philosopher in our modern times. He has made the best of life, and is master of its fit conduct;—serene, simple, with generous sympathies, and liberal interests, with large thoughts, and kindly wisdom. It makes one happier and better to be with him.—There is some hope that he may return on the steamer with us to America. I shall be very glad if he does so.

The difference between Emerson and Carlyle is very wide; life and its experience and its teachings have led them along widely diverging paths; the outcome of their creeds and philosophies is so unlike as to limit their mutual sympathies. They have fewer opinions and sentiments in common than they had forty years ago. They will be friends to the end; but neither is dependent for sympathy on the other. But how few are the deep, unbroken friendships founded on intimate sympathy! Happy the man who has one friendship of this sort!

Saturday, April 19, 1873.

Carlyle gave me today the cast from the mask* taken from Cromwell's face after death, which he promised me some time ago, and with it an interesting statement by Woolner concerning it. It is one of seven casts taken from the original mask. He said he had long had one of the common casts such as may be found in the plaster workmen's shops, that had been given to him by John Sterling. It had hung in his dressing-room for years, and his associations with it made it more valuable to him than the one that he gave me; but the cast I was to have was far the better, and much the more faithful likeness. He would like to have me see the difference, and so he took me upstairs,—the stairs of an old-fashioned house,—to his bedroom, and through this to his dressing-room; both scantily yet sufficiently furnished, far from luxurious, and save for the look of frugality about them with nothing special to mark them except the number of portraits, photographs, lithographs and engravings on the walls. "Here," said he, as we passed through the bedroom, "is the only room in the world where I can find quiet enough to sleep, and not always even here." On the dressing-room walls were in one frame a common German lithograph or engraving of Goethe and Schiller; in another of Herder and Wieland; on one side was the

* This mask, with Carlyle's collection of books on Cromwell and Frederick the Great, is now in the Harvard College Library.

photograph from my portrait of Emerson by Rowse, and on another the cast of Cromwell, much smoked and darkened by long exposure to the London air, and much inferior by the obliteration of the finer points of likeness to the cast taken direct from the mask.—His face as represented in the better cast one of the most impressive of human countenances, with an expression of grave tenderness, and of delicate sensibility such as no other likeness of it renders. It is a noble head, and the face such as one would wish Cromwell's to have been, massive in proportions, but fine in form, with features well proportioned and shaped with such lines as to indicate the depth of the soul and the sweetness of the nature of which they were the outward sign. Carlyle spoke as usual with the utmost earnestness of admiration of Cromwell. He speaks much more and oftener of him than of any of his other heroes.

As we were walking, he began in answer to some question of mine to tell me of his early literary life. He found himself when he was toward twenty years of age in a very solitary and fettered condition of mind. The only man with whom he had any sort of free communication was Edward Irving, who was then the colleague of Dr. Chalmers in Glasgow, a man of very generous nature, so that though very much bound up by all sorts of ecclesiastical wrappings, he was still able to feel a kindly and human sympathy for such as were not similarly situated. "I used often to reduce him to sighin', and I remember well the day when I told him that of all the things he held dear there was not one that was tolerable to me, and with what a kindness he heard me, and how sorrowfully and yet affectionately we parted. Well, if it had not been for him, I should have had no single soul to whom I could express anythin' whatsoever of the convictions that had taken possession of me, but I should have been altogether compelled to silence, and to shut up in myself what was very likely to burst me."—It was about this time, Carlyle went on to say, that he read Madame de Staël's "Germany" and found in it some indication that men were thinking in a different sort there from what they were doing elsewhere. He had read the Scotch and the English philosophers and metaphysicians without getting much light or satisfaction from them, but here he found suggestions of another philosophy of which he wanted to learn much more than Madame de Staël was able to tell him. But he knew not a word of German, and on inquiring for a teacher, he could hear of none but a vagabond Polish Jew in Edinburgh, who professed to be familiar with the language, but of whom as an instructor he heard no good. But not long after this a college acquaintance of his, Jardine by name, who had been spending some time at Göttingen, as tutor, with a young nobleman, came back to his home some four miles away, a dull sort of fellow, but good enough in his way, and he agreed with Carlyle to give him one lesson in German a week in exchange for a lesson in French that Carlyle should give to him, and so by degrees Carlyle got a feeble introduction to the language. But there were no books to be had, and casting about how to get them, Carlyle bethought him that there was a flourishing trade at Leith with the east coast of the Baltic, and he asked the Provost of Leith who was a very kindly man, and had much to do with the trade, to order his correspondent to send over to him a copy of Schiller's Works. And in four or five months the book came, a big bundle of folded sheets, and Carlyle took it off to the binder's, and when he got the volumes home, he set to work to study them out with his Dictionary. And perhaps the next year it was that he got Goethe's works in the same way, and he tried "Wilhelm Meister," and got but a little way in it, and did not discover the real contents of it, and put it aside. And after a while he took up "Faust," and it was an epoch in his life, for here he found expression given to his own dim thoughts and dumb feelings, and he found himself in strange intellectual sympathy with the book such as he had never felt with any book before, so that it was a sort of Apocalypse to him, and he recognized at length that other men were thinking and feeling as he was.

By this time the language was becoming familiar to him, and he went back to "Wilhelm Meister," and read it from beginning to end, and found it full of the most precious assistance and instruction

to him.—"Na, I've not in later years set the same value on 'Faust' as when I first read it. It's very far from bein' the best of Goethe's works; the philosophy of it is varra shallow and unsatisfying. There are splendid passages, and very deep sentences in it, but it's not a school for life. And as for the Second Part of it I've never been able to find much interest in it; it's a confused jumble, the rakin's out of his mind. Na doubt he had some purpose in it, but it gets altogether indistinct and formless.

"It was near this time that I first came to London, looking after some work by which I could earn an honest livin' and ready to do whatever came to hand. But though all my friends urged me to stay there, I told them it was quite impossible, for I could neither eat nor sleep, and I should die of the bad air and the bad food. And so I came back to Scotland with great uncertainty of prospect, and I went to see Lockhart who was in Edinburgh, much distinguished in society and among the literary people, to get some counsel from him. And he was varra kind and friendly, as I always found him afterwards whenever I had occasion to see him,—and he advised my tryin' some translatin' such as might be acceptable to the public, and he bade me beware of the publishers, which was an excellent piece o' counsel.

"And so the result of all was, that, havin' some three or four hundred pounds that I could honestly call my own, I took, with my Father's advice, a pretty farm with a varra comfortable farm house on it, some miles awa from my father's home, and one o' my brothers came to live with me to manage the farm, an' I set to work translatin' the stories that afterwards got printed as 'Specimens of German Romance,' and that was perhaps the happiest year o' my life, for I was surrounded by all sorts of affectionate treatment, my Mother and sisters would come to stay with us there, and I took interest in translatin', and the place was beautiful, and I could look away from my windows far southward toward the Irish Sea and the English mountains, and I had a pony on which I used to take long gallops across country, and all went well with me.

"One day after 'Wilhelm Meister' came out I saw a review written by de Quincey, reviling the book, an' its author an' its translator, an' heapin' every species of opprobrium on 'em. And I said to meself, that Goethe was able to bear it, an' that, for my part, it lay in me to correct the Scotticisms that he said were found in my English, and that as for the rest I could not agree with him in one word. The truth was that he had got a slender kind o' reputation for his knowledge of German, and he took it as very presoomptious in any other man to pretend to know a word of what he held as his exclusive preserve. He was a cross-tempered, hard beset, poor little wretch of a bein'. I met him many months afterwards, and he looked pale and tremblin' as if he was afraid I was about to devour him; but we got into amiable conversation, and he appeared to agree with everythin' one said, till after a little you found there was no point of agreement whatsoever. I never was able to read much o' what he wrote; his 'Opium Eater' was the only book o' his I could read to the end; and I read that in Edinburgh once when I had been sleepless for many nights, and I'd begun to think of takin' some laudanum in order to get sleep, but when I finished his book, I said to myself 'better a thousand times die from want of sleep than have anythin' to do with such a drug of the devil's own.'

"He was nothin' but legs and a head, a queer spectral figure; and he led on the whole a very poor, miserable, jealous existence, and grew warse and warse I've been told, as he grew old. An' so a daughter o' his has been stayin' with ye? And what might her name be?* I remember once seeing a little daughter of his, a varra sweet child, named Margaret; she might have been much about the age of my little sweetheart S——, when I saw her; but she was the only one of his children that I ever saw. . . ."

London, *April* 20–*May* 10, 1873.

These were full weeks; and yet I could do but little of what I desired, for the weather was for the most part chilly and east windy, and my chest remained so sensitive as to compel me to unwelcome prudence.

* De Quincey's daughter Florence, then Mrs. Richard Baird Smith.

I am writing now at Ashfield. It is the middle of June. Tomorrow will make up a month since we left England. In depth of experience the time is not to be reckoned by days or months. Many a year of life has less of change, less of feeling in it than have been crowded into the past weeks. I go back to my last days in England as if they were a long way off; they do belong to another life from that which I am now leading, to conditions that do not exist in America. They belong to my past. I foresee that time is likely to be ruthless in pilfering memories that I would but can not keep. Before I forget them I will note down some of the incidents which marked the last days of our stay in Europe.

On Monday, April 21, according to a long-standing engagement, Jane, Grace and I dined at the Forsters, with Mr. Carlyle, Miss Welsh, and Miss Hogarth. Mackay went with us. It was a pleasant dinner, for Forster was in far better condition than in the early winter, and in one of his mild and simple moods. The effect that Carlyle has on him is always beneficial, and their humours played well together. Carlyle was very sweet, a little quiet, but ready to be animated and vivacious.

The other day Froude said to me, "It's a great shame that someone shouldn't keep a record of Carlyle's talk. He never fails to say something memorable or admirably humourous. Why he called somebody the other day 'an inspired red herring.'" "Pray," said I, "who is it that deserves such a label?" but Froude had forgotten. . . . Some days afterwards I asked Carlyle to whom he had applied the phrase, but he had forgotten, and said, he trusted he was not to be made accountable for all the extravagant phrases he had uttered in talk—there would be "varra many to rise in judgment" against him—but he wouldn't disown "the inspired red herring."

I told all this to Forster, abusing Froude at the same time, much to Carlyle's amusement, which was increased when Forster broke out, "By Heavens! my dear Norton, I heard that precious utterance, but I, too, have forgotten to whom it was fitted. Mrs. Forster will remember." But when we went to the drawing-room, Mrs. Forster could not remember, and Forster called down wrath on her and himself. The next morning the post brought me a note from him at breakfast time which contained only the name,—Henry Thomas Buckle!!

The day that Emerson dined with us with Lewes there was some talk after dinner about Goethe,—and in the course of it Emerson said energetically "I hate 'Faust.' It is a bad book." Lewes was amazed. The agreement of opinion concerning it of Carlyle and Emerson is interesting. Emerson does not like the "Dichtung and Wahrheit"; values the "Italian Journey,"—and is accustomed to carry with him the "Sprüche" when he travels. Has had them this year on the Nile. . . .

On the 5th of May Lowell arrived from Paris, to spend two or three days with us before our departure. These eight months in Europe have done him all the good which I had hoped. He is refreshed and rejuvenated; in far better health and spirits than when he was with us in Paris in October. He has begun to feel the relief from the yoke of College duties, and the hair, he says, is growing on his neck again. He always carries, however, too much of Cambridge with him; and John Holmes* [and he] have managed to make the Quais and the Rue de Rivoli mere continuations of Brattle Street. I wish he had come abroad ten years ago; for at fifty-four youth is too far behind one for the hope that any change in life or external circumstance will be such that it can catch up with one again. James, however, said he had begun to dream again, and he had as many projects for poems, and plans for work, as if he had never disappointed himself by making too many.

Life has not treated him well in making him shy, sensitive and inexpressive in general society; he who was made to be one of the most social of men, who is, with those whom he loves, the most agreeable and delightful of companions, seldom does himself justice with strangers, and turns to them often the unsympathetic outside of a most tender and sympathetic nature.

* Brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

He was as sweet and dear as man could be during the days he spent with us. It pleased me that he saw Carlyle, and Ruskin, and Morris for the first time, at our house. Ruskin lunched with us one day, having come to Herne Hill* for a short visit. He was pleasant, but not at his best, and was too much preoccupied to do justice to Lowell's excellence. Lowell was far more just to him.

Morris dined with us one evening, and was as usual, his own surprising, simple, vigorous, homely, pleasant and interesting self. Much animated talk as usual of Iceland, more than of Italy from which he had returned the last week, after a week in Florence,—his first visit to that marvel of cities. He had seen the Academy more than once; he had been through the Uffizi, and had seen the pictures and frescoes in S^ta^. Maria Novella, and S^ta^. Croce; he had seen pictures enough and did not enter the Pitti.

Florence was not at its best when he was there; it was in one of its chill, cheerless, grey Northern moods. Italy to be Italy must be warm and Southern.

Another evening Georgie Burne-Jones dined with us, and the next day Lowell and I went to the Grange to see the pictures that were visible in the Studio. We saw the multitude of schemes, and half finished works and of works near completion that make Ned's studio incomparably the richest that I have ever entered; for there is not a design among them all that is not instinct with imagination, and that does not show, as no other modern pictures show, the pure pictorial genius as distinguished by its expression in colour and in harmonious design. There were the new Chant d'Amour; the Dream of Fair Women; Merlin and Nimuë; the Car of Love; the series from the story of Pygmalion; the Angels of the Creation; the Sleeping Beauty series; the Hope, and the Charity; Pan and Psyche; the Dance by the Mill; and many more; but we did not see the too unfinished pictorial story of Troy,—a series of pictures that seems to me quite unparalleled in truth of imagination and fullness of conception and realization since the great days of Florentine art.

*Ruskin's early home, at this time occupied by his cousin, Mrs. Arthur Severn, and her husband.

Georgie was her delightful self; and James was as greatly struck and pleased and interested as I hoped he would be. . . .

May 7, Wednesday afternoon Carlyle came in with Forster to say Goodbye to us. He asked me to send for the children that he might see them once more. He took "his little sweetheart" S—— on his knee, kissed her with great tenderness, and gave her a little package to open when she liked. Her eyes sparkled and she ran out of the room to see what it contained. In a moment she came back, came to me with a face brimful of sweetness and pleasure, and showed me a little gold locket in which the tender-hearted childless old man had put a lock of his own hair. Seldom has a child received a more precious gift. S——'s thanks were very earnest and pretty. Little M——, with a strong sense of individual rights and interests, longed for a present also, and, going quite fearlessly up to the old man, began to feel in the capacious pockets of his great coat. Carlyle was talking at the moment, and I did not notice that he paid any special attention to her. I called her away, and she came with rather a disappointed and down-cast look.

Carlyle, as he gave the little box containing the locket to S——, "Here's a love token for ye, my poor little dear, with an old man's love and blessing. May all good be yours!"*

Carlyle asked me to come for one more walk with him, and I promised to do so on Friday.

I had to go to the Barings, a long way, on Friday morning, and to do other errands, and reached Leslie Stephen's where I had promised to meet Lowell at lunch, only at two o'clock. In driving from the city I had been pained to see on the news boards, the telegraphic message from Avignon announcing Mill's death. It was but the day before that we had first heard of his serious illness. He will be greatly missed by the best men; if his authority

*Carlyle's tenderness for this child continued till his death, and showed itself in various ways. In a copy of his "Cromwell" he added to the inscription, in "the usual blue pencil," of her name and his, the words, in brackets, "to be read so soon as she is ten years old." His last gift to her, his wife's silver *étui*, contains Mrs. Carlyle's work-worn gold thimble, with the words "*Ah de mi*" engraved upon it.

as a thinker has been weakened by his later essays, his moral influence has by no means diminished. No man has done more than he in England to keep the standard of thought high, and its quality pure. Every man of thought, however he may have differed from him in opinion, has had an unqualified respect for Mill. My feeling for him has in it a very tender element mingled with respect. Susan's deep regard for him, the pleasant personal relations between us in 1869, his marked kindness, the interest of his occasional letters,—all add a sense of private loss to the deeper sense of the public loss in his death.

In the first days of our stay in London, last autumn, I went out with Chauncey Wright* to Blackheath, in hope of finding Mill there. It is a long time since some very interesting letters passed between them, and Wright before returning home wanted to see Mill.

It was a very beautiful English autumn day; soft, misty, with tender lights and colours. The air of Blackheath Park was damp and heavy with autumnal odours. The last time that I had walked along the pleasant way was full in my memory; and it was not discordant with my feeling to find the house deserted, the doorstep mossy and overgrown, and to learn that Mill had left it more than a year before. The lease of the house, as I afterward heard, had run out, and Mill now spent more time than ever at Avignon.

In the winter, while I was ill, Mill was in London for a few weeks. I had no communication with him,—though perhaps I might have seen him toward the end of his stay. Lady Amberley asked me to come one Sunday to meet Mill, and Huxley, and Herbert Spencer, and Max Müller! And I might have gone, but such a congregation had no attraction for me. I would gladly have gone to see Mill alone.

Lowell was at the Stephens' before I reached there. It was the first time I had been in their pleasant new house, which is not yet in complete order,—No. 8, Southwell Gardens. I was glad to see them in it, and to have a sight of their future home. They were both very pleasant, but there was the tinge of sadness and last-ness over the hour.

Leaving them I went to Carlyle's. He received me with even more than common affection. I was hardly seated when he said,—"And how are all your little folks? That wee thing that I hear you call Gretchen, poor little dear, she thought I was very oonmindful of her the other day, and came feelin' in my pocket for the gift I ought to have brought her. And so I've put up a little packet for her, that you shall take to her with my blessing." And so saying he handed me a little envelope on which was written in his usual blue pencil, "Dear little Maggie Norton's little conquest in England! To Papa's care.—T. C. 9 May, 1873."—When I opened it, after parting from Carlyle, I found the little packet contained some American postage stamps, and four little bits of our silver or nickel money, and on the inside paper was written: "Sent to frank Chelsea Autographs; couldn't act in that capacity; go now, as *spolia opima*, a better road!—T. C. (May 1873)." The packet was sealed with a seal bearing the word *Entsagen*.—Prettier, tenderer, sweeter gifts were never given to little children.

As he put the little parcel into my hands, Carlyle said, "I've been thinkin' about your voyage, an' I've laid out here a few books that might amuse you. They're old books that maybe I should never open again if I kept them on my shelves. I daresay you know this one, *Scaligerana*—it's not without its worth; not much wisdom in it, but some curious learnin' and entertainment for a scholar. And this other old volume is one of a series, I believe, of Anecdotes as they were called, of different nations, published in France some hundred years ago. This is the only one I have,—'Anecdotes Arabes,'—but I've seen the 'Anecdotes Persanes.' I don't know, I never could find out who compiled the books, but they're done with something varra like judgment, and are not deficient, so far as I ever discovered, in accurate statement. And here's that old beggar's story that I've so often spoken of to ye, it's not the best edition,

* An American philosopher, now little known, with whose views Norton was in close sympathy, and for whose "Philosophical Discussions" (1877) he wrote a biographical preface. See also the revelation of an interesting personality in "Letters of Chauncey Wright, with Some Account of His Life," by James Bradley Thayer, 1878.

for the first editions contain much about Fielding that's of interest, but it's all omitted from the book 'The Autobiography of Bamfylde Moore Carew' as one finds it nowadays. This was the best I could find for you; it has some interest for you, for there's much about America in it, a curious picture of things in Virginia. I've marked the passage which shows the year when he was over there. He met Whitefield and practised his art on the good man. At any rate, here it is for ye. I'll have all done up in a parcel ready for your man if he can come for them."

And as he went upstairs to put on his coat for the walk, he called Miss Welsh, and begged her to do up the books that they might be ready when Blake should come for them.

Miss Welsh stayed with me while Carlyle was upstairs, very kindly, and simple, and a good friend for him. She spoke in a way that touched me of Carlyle's regret at my departure; and she told me of the great interest he had taken in the locket for S——, and of the regret he felt when, too late, she had suggested to him that on the other side of the locket, within, to face the hair, should have been a little photographic miniature of himself. He was very sorry not to complete his gift in this way.

As we went out of the door I spoke to Carlyle of the sad news of Mill's death. He had not even heard of his illness, and he was deeply moved at hearing thus without preparation of his death. "What! John Mill dead! Dear me, Dear me! John Mill! how did he die and whar? And it's so long since I've seen him, and he was the friendliest of men to me when I was in need of friends. Dear me! it's all over now. I never knew a finer, tenderer, more sensitive or modest soul among the sons of men. There never was a more generous creature than he, nor a more modest. He and I were great friends, an' when I was beginnin' to work on my 'French Revolution' there was no man from whom I got such help. He had lived a long while as a youth in France, and he's made an excellent collection of books, and he'd observed much, and the Revolution had been a gret interest to him, and I learned much from talk with him, and nothin' would satisfy him but that I should have all his books that could be of any sort of use to me. And he was always forward with the most generous encouragement, and as the book went on he began to think there never had been such a book written in the warld,—a varra foolish piece o' friendliness,—and when the first volume was finished nothin' would serve him but that he should have it, and needs must take it to that woman, Mrs. Taylor, in whom he'd discovered so much that no one else could find. And so she had it at her house on the riverside at Kingston, and I never shall forget the dismay on John Mill's face one day when he came to tell me that the housemaid had lighted the fire with it, and it was gone. There's no denyin' it was a terrible blow! But he behaved in an entirely generous and noble manner about it. But the year's hard work was gone,—and it was a calamity quite irreparable.—Oh, as for her, I never heard that it very much diminished her content in life.—A varra noble soul was John Mill, quite sure, beautiful to think of. I never could find out what more than ordinary there was in the woman he cared so much for; but there was absolute sincerity in his devotion to her. She was the daughter of a flourishing London Unitarian tradesman, and her husband was the son of another, and the two families made the match. Taylor was a varra respectable man, but his wife found him dull; she had dark black, hard eyes, and an inquisitive nature, and was ponderin' on many questions that worried her, and could get no answers to them, and that Unitarian clergyman that you've heard of, William Fox* by name, told her at last that there was a young philosopher of very remarkable quality, whom he thought was just the man to deal with her case. And so Mill with great difficulty was brought to see her, and that man, who, up to that time, had never so much as looked at a female creature, not even a cow, in the face, found himself opposite those great dark eyes, that were flashing unutterable things while he was discoursin' the utterable consarnin' all sorts o' high topics." Carlyle went on to tell me that their intimacy grew, Mill devoting himself to Mrs.

* William Johnson Fox, for whom South Place Chapel, in London, was built.

Taylor, spending all his evenings and every Sunday with her, till officious friends suggested to Mr. Taylor that he was letting matters go too far; that he, good man, then interfered, and the result was that, a longer or shorter time afterward, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor determined to have separate establishments, and that she took a small house at Kingston-on-Thames, where Mill was in the habit of going on Saturdays to spend the next day, and whither Carlyle had sometimes been in his company. Carlyle was convinced that their relations were entirely innocent; that the only blame which could be visited upon them was that, being deeply attached to each other, they had been perhaps too indifferent to Mr. Taylor's feelings and interests, but of this inner part of their experience he (Carlyle) knew nothing. (And this conviction I have found to be universal among those who have known Mill most intimately; and it would be wholly in disaccord with Mill's principles, character and temperament, to suppose that the relations between him and Mrs. Taylor had ever been other than pure and innocent. It agrees with this that I heard, I forget from whom, in the course of the past winter, that Mill had refused to become acquainted with Mrs. Lewes, had spoken in terms of the strongest reprobation of her course, and had expressed himself very warmly as to the wrong committed by her in its effect on society, and its influence on women exposed to temptation to violate the conventional relations between man and woman.)

"At one time," continued Carlyle, "the poor woman became very feeble, and fancied she was goin' to die, and she sent for me, and I went with Mill, and she wanted me to become trustee of such property as she had, for the benefit of her children. It was all varra pathetic, but I had to tell her that she couldn't have made a warse choice, that there was no man less fit to take charge of other people's property, for I could scarcely mind my own, and that if by chance I ever happened to have a hundred pounds o' my own I was altogether at a loss to know what to do with it. And I begged her to ask some one else, and to let me off, though I wad gladly ha' sarved her if I could.

"Wull, John Mill and I were very near friends for many years, and I know not what parted us, but I remember the last time we ever met. It was when your countrywoman, Margaret Fuller, was here. She brought me a letter from Emerson, to which I wanted to do honour, and I determined to ask some o' the people she would like to see to meet her at dinner, and John Mill among them. And I went one day to the India House to invite him, and before I got there I met him coming along the street, and he received me like the very incarnation o' the East Wind, and refused my invitation peremptorily. And from that day to this I've never set my eyes upon him, and no word has passed between us. Dear me! And many a night have I laid awake thinkin' what it might be that had come between us, and never could I think o' the least thing, for I'd never said a word nor harboured a thought about that man but of affection and kindliness. And many's the time I've thought o' writin' to him and sayin' 'John Mill, what is it that parts you and me?' But that's all over now. Never could I think o' the least thing, unless maybe it was this. One year the brother o' that man Cavaignac who was ruler for a time in France,*—Godefroi Cavaignac, a man o' more capacity than his brother,—was over here from Paris, an' he told me o' meeting Mill and Mrs. Taylor somewhere in France not long before, eatin' grapes together off o' one bunch, like two love birds. And his description amused me, and I repeated it, without thinkin' any harm, to a man who was not always to be trusted, Charles Buller,† a man who made trouble with his tongue, and I've thought that he might perhaps have told it to Mill, and that Mill might have fancied that I was making a jest o' what was most sacred to him; but I don't know if that was it, but it was the only thing I could ever think of that could ha' hurt him.

"And after a time when Taylor died, he married the widow, and then he gave up all society, and refused all invitations, for he knew that hard things had been said about his wife and about himself, and he would see no one who was not ready to do her absolute honour. And they were always said to be very happy together, till

* Louis Eugène Cavaignac, dictator in 1848.
† Liberal politician, pupil of Carlyle.

she died, and now he's gone after her whom he loved."

All this talk went on as we walked up through the Chelsea Streets, by Onslow Square, to Queen's Gate. As we were going up Queen's Gate the rain began to fall and during one shower we sought shelter under a porch. The shower passed and we started to walk again, but before we had reached the Park the rain began again, more heavily than ever, and put a stop to further walking. We hailed a Hansom, and Carlyle said I might take him to Forster's, close by. We parted in the cab. "I'm sorry to have ye go. The relations between us this winter have been very humane;" were among his last words to me. He was very grave, very tender, and my last sight of him was as he waved farewell to me with his hand from Forster's door.*

On Tuesday, May 13, I breakfasted with Ruskin. Acland† came in after breakfast full of zeal in the defence of the Dean of Christ Church, and the new work and restorations of the Church itself.

Ruskin and I parted at the gate of Corpus,—the last friend to whom I bid farewell in England. . . .

At two we left Oxford for Liverpool,—the last sight of the England of one's fancy and one's heart. .

* Carlyle wrote in his note-book, 8 June, 1873: "Emerson, and Norton with family, sailed for Boston from Liverpool, 15th of last month. Kind parting from both, from Norton almost a pathetic, not to meet again.

† Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, then Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford.

THE CATCH

By John Kendrick Bangs

I've enjoyed the chase to-day
Through the woodland wild.
Fortune in a lavish way
Hath my heart beguiled.

I have filled my game-bag well—
Better than I thought.
Fat and teeming it doth swell
With the things I sought.

Songs of birds, and songs of trees.
Gentle whisperings of the breeze.
Splendid mess of mountain air.
Odors of wild-flowers fair.
Happy thoughts that grew apace
As I watched the rillets race.
Wondrous pictures in the skies.
Vistas soft for tired eyes.
Hints of peace, and hints of rest.
Gorgeous colors in the west.
Stores of gold flung far and wide
O'er the gleaming country-side,
As the sun smiled on the scene,
Lighting up the forest green.

O the joy, the glad delight,
O the taste of bliss,
Making homeward through the night
With a catch like this!

·THE FIELD OF ART·



Holford Landscape. By Meindert Hobbema.
From the Morgan Collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE PAINTINGS IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN

THE counsel for the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, Mr. John Quinn, in presenting to the House Committee on Ways and Means, at Washington, January 30, 1913, a brief in favor of repealing the present duty on contemporary art, after reciting the accepted arguments in favor of untaxed importation—"A tax on art is a tax on culture and education," "The United States is the only civilized country in the world that places a tax upon art," etc.—went on to declare that "the educational value of contemporary living art is greater than the educational value of historic paintings or old art, however intrinsically interesting or important." This distinction between the value of the new and the old is scarcely worth making; and Mr. Quinn's statement may be doubted. Civilization never progressed by burning its bridges behind it; it is as important to maintain communications with the base of supplies as to push forward into an unknown country on which alone—it is probable—*this* army cannot live and thrive. In this maintaining connection with tradition, in founding the new views and the new developments on "the old truth and beauty," all good art comes more or less under the definition which has been given to the "classic." That development and exploitation of the individual, which is held to be of so much importance to the painter and sculptor, can best be brought about in the ways of continuity and general cognizance: "as in water," sayeth the Scripture, "face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." Certes, that artist who—whatever the new call which he feels stirring within him—can go carefully through the collection of foreign paintings belonging to Mr. Pierpont Morgan, recently placed on exhibition in one of the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and not find his ideas and sensations, human and technical (and if his humanity be starved so will be his art), enriched either by encouragement and suggestion or by entirely new things—if from all these pictures he gains nothing, then is he, like Touchstone's shepherd, "in a parlous state." And if the artist, and likewise the layman, be thus benefited, the community at large profits thereby. Attention has been called by some commentators, taking this extraordinary collection

for a text, to the very great advantages enjoyed by those who are now living in the matter of acquaintance with the art and culture of the past, owing to the development of modern facilities and methods: "It has been only in our own day," says Mr. Humphry Ward, in his introduction to Mr. Morgan's sumptuous catalogue, "since the rise of public galleries, and since the beginning of scientific criticism, that Rembrandt's works have not only been collected with passion, but classified, catalogued, and compared with real thoroughness. Such cataloguing and such criticism was impossible before the days of modern photography, which gives us perfect records of all known pictures, and thus enables the scientific critic to have all his evidence under his eye at once." And the special advantages enjoyed by the inhabitants of the United States, millionaires' country, have also been dwelt upon—complacently at home and enviously abroad. The prices of paintings of certain schools, those admitted to that "odd hierarchy," says Mr. Ward, "the class of masters whom the collectors and museums consider worth their notice," have been pushed up to such enormous sums that the regular grants made by foreign governments to their official museums are entirely inadequate, and have to be supplemented, on great occasions, by special appropriations or by appeals for private subscriptions. A recent writer in the *New York Evening Sun* asks: "What, for instance, would the special grant of $100,000 to the National Gallery have amounted to had Mr. Morgan been as active as he is to-day when the Hamilton Collection was sold?" It is the public-spirited private collector who has enabled this country to repair, in great measure, its own lack of an historic and cultured past; but our sympathies may well go out to the despoiled foreigner, partner though he be in his own undoing.



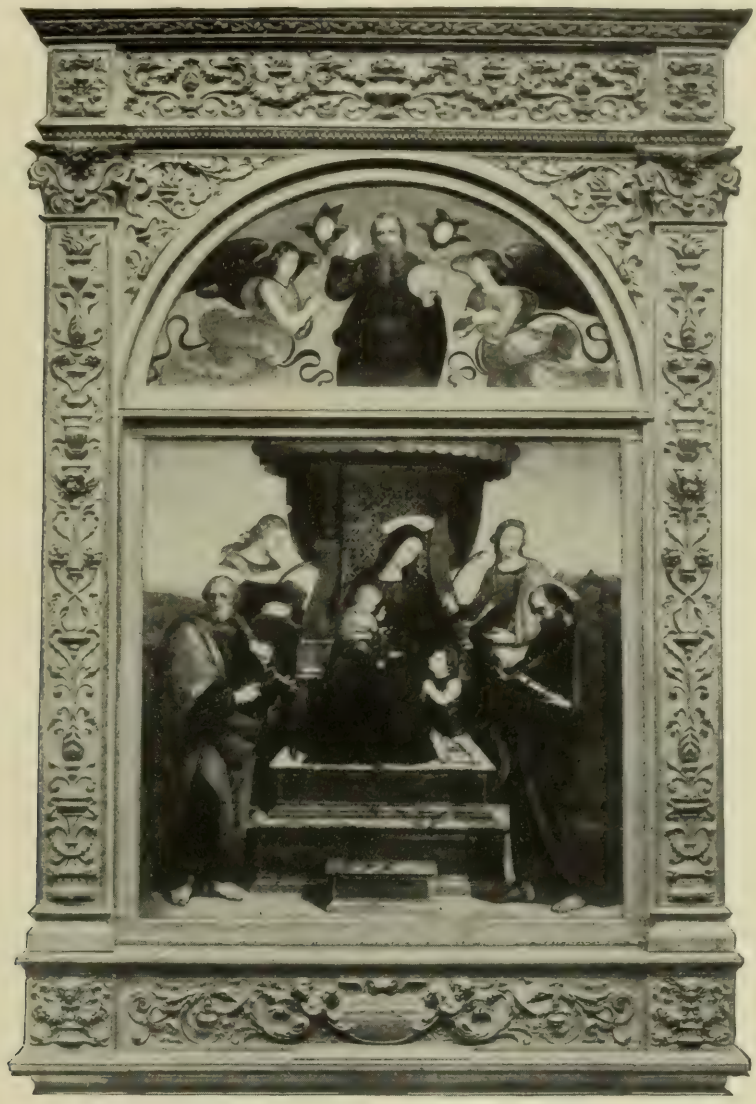
Portrait of a Child. Artist unknown. Spanish School, 164-?

From the Morgan Collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

In thus raising the standard, both of the nation's art treasures and of its appreciation of them, these munificent private and public collections may be of service in increasing its productiveness.

It would be strange if a collection planned upon such broad lines as this, and with a discriminating judgment, and not altogether unfavored by fortune in the matter of unusual chances to purchase, should not have become monumental. We are informed that it was begun somewhere about 1892; that the intention at first was apparently merely to supplement the small collection made by Mr. Junius Morgan, which consisted largely of modern pictures and drawings, with one or two fine works of the early English school acquired later in his life. But this modest filial motive was gradually replaced by a desire to possess in paintings at least one or two examples of each of the great schools, and these the finest that could be obtained; of the English and French schools of the eighteenth century natural predilections led to the acquirement of a much greater number. Quite departing from the usual custom of contemporary collectors there have not been secured any examples of the Barbizon painters, but many of the older schools are represented, and some of them by works which are unrivalled. It was not the intention to undertake to represent the Dutch and Flemish pictures with anything like completeness, in landscape, *genre*, or marine; but the names that appear are the great ones, Rembrandt, Hals, Rubens, Van Dyck, Hobbema, Aelbert Cuyp, and Caspar Netscher. Of the Italian pictures there are but two, a Raphael and a Canaletto, separated by a period of more than two centuries; and of the first, it is stated that it is the most important work of art ever brought to this country, much the most important work of the artist that has appeared in the market since the Ansidei Madonna was purchased

by the British National Gallery, and probably more important than any other that ever will come on the market. "Short of the possibilities of wars and revolutions," says Mr. Ward, "it is not easy to see where the next great Raphael is to come from. The great private houses of England still contain three or four Madonnas, pictures of small size, but of the large altar pieces outside the churches and museums, the Ansidei Madonna, the Dudley Crucifixion, and the Madonna di Sant' Antonio (the present one) were the last." The Ansidei Madonna was purchased by the authorities of the National Gallery from the Duke of Marlborough, in 1884, for £70,000; like this one it was finished in 1505, after Raphael's visit to Florence, but is smaller in size, having four figures only, while this contains seven exclusive of those in the lunette above.



Virgin and Child Enthroned with Saints. Known as the Colonna Madonna by Raphael.

From the Morgan Collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

It was painted for the nuns of the Convent of Saint Anthony of Perugia, and was taken to Spain in the baggage of Francis II, King of the Two Sicilies, when driven from his throne into exile, in 1861. Sir William Gregory, a trustee of the National Gallery, hearing that it might be purchased, went to Disraeli, then in office, and—according to the story—was promptly told to "get it." The French, hearing of these dispositions, had the picture brought to Paris and exhibited in the Salle des Batailles de Le Brun, in the Louvre; the Empress Eugénie and the Parisian press were very desirous of securing it for the Louvre, at the price asked, a million francs, but the outbreak of the war with Germany in the spring of 1870 prevented. The picture was lent by its royal owner to the South Kensington Museum, and after his death his heirs decided to dis-

pose of it. Vasari says: "To these two holy virgins, Santa Cecilia and Santa Catarina, the master has given the most lovely features and the most graceful attitudes; he has also adorned them with the most fanciful and varied head-dresses that could be imagined—a very unusual thing at the time." On the shoulder of the Infant's tunic is embroidered the scapular of Saint Anthony of Padua; the complete clothing of the two children was in accordance with the scruples of "these simple and pious ladies."

Of the brilliant collection of French paintings of the eighteenth century only a very few were shown in the Metropolitan Museum gallery; among them was an admirable pastel portrait of Madame de Mondonville, by La Tour—a beautiful example of the art of lifting the vivid presentation of a sitter, feminine and distinguished, into the realms of high art. To go from this lifelike rendering of a serene and charming lady on one wall to Rembrandt's, of one Nicolaes Ruts (1631), on another, appreciatively, was to acquire a liberal education in the art of portrait-painting. If Mr. Morgan's two examples of Frans Hals, De Heer Bodolphe and his wife Vrouw Bodolphe, in another gallery had been visited also, the intelligent visitor could have taken a post-graduate course. In commenting upon the exhibition of these last two canvases in Agnews' Galleries in November and December, 1906, the *London Times* said regretfully: "Mr. Pierpont Morgan lately bought them from the Graf Mniszech collection in Paris, and intends to lend them to the Metropolitan Museum, New York. It may be permitted us to envy that museum its good fortune, for already, among the Marquand pictures, it possesses two fine Hals of similar size to these, whereas our National Gallery is in this respect far behind all other first-rate collections. . . . "

From these to the Fragonards, Bouchers, Lancrets, Natiers, and Paters of this collection is a long cry; and the journey is well worth taking. It might even be said that, from the collector's point of view, from the educator's, from that of the general student of man and his civilizations, these paintings are among the most valuable. Contemporary art can furnish nothing like them; it may be doubted if the art of the future ever will. And to remain ignorant of them, or to repudiate them, would be deplorable. Peculiarly interesting are the first three or four pictures of Fragonard's series, *Roman d'Amour de la Jeunesse*, commenced about 1772, intended for the new Pavilion of Louveciennes, built by Ledoux for Madame Du Barry, but never placed there. The first two show this art at its soap-bubble best; in the first of all, *La Poursuite, ou La Vierge et l'Amour*, the head of the youthful lover, tilted on one side in his earnestness, silky-haired, diffident, pleading, expressing a boyish timidity too charming to be real, and the wild panic of the little *vierge* at the mere sight of his proffered rose, are both delicately admirable. In the second scene, *La Rendezvous*, the lovers are both older, and are said to be undoubtedly intended for Louis XV (made fifty years younger than he was at the time) and Madame Du Barry; the figure of the girl is very handsome, beautifully balanced and composed, and her expression of apprehension and the sweeping gesture of her rounded young arms quite appropriate to the roses around her. There are also four Paters, examples of his beautiful *Fêtes Champêtres*, inspired by Watteau's, and the success of which, we are told, was said at the time to have been the cause of the estrangement between the two painters.

The portraits selected from the collection for exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum included a Velasquez, the Infanta Maria Theresa, at the age of ten or thereabouts; a stately and beautiful full-length Van Dyck of a Genoese lady and child, whose identity is, rather curiously, not fully determined, and another, of the second Earl of Warwick; several by Rubens; and a most valuable and important representation of the English portraitists of the eighteenth century—including the famous and much discussed Duchess of Devonshire; and—according to Mr. Ward—"what is by common consent the most attractive Lawrence in the world." Certainly that desirable art of giving a beautiful sitter a setting and a representation that are worthy of her is well exemplified in this portrait of the charming Miss Farren. And the spirit of the landscape painting of to-day may pause long before the Hobbema and the Constable seen in this gallery—canvases in which it would seem that the old artist had taken a somewhat broader and more comprehensive view of his mission, occupied himself with a fuller presentation of a larger aspect of nature, and with the building up of a composition that should be varied, detailed, lighted, atmospheric, and approached with something like ambition.

William Walton.

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